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THE

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TO THE

NATIONAL MAGAZINE

Volume XXXIV: May to September, 1911, Nos. 1-5

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"In spite of everything that has happened between you and my father I would like to have you remain to luncheon"

(See "The Guest of Honor," page 49)

"*His eyes were drawn back to the wretched wisp of twisted rods and crumpled sheathing, shooting downward over the blue of the river*"

(See "The Insurrecto," page 34)

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NATIONAL MAGAZINE

MAY, 1911

Affairs at Washington

by Joe Mitchell Chapple

ALL nature is aglow in merry May-time, and no spot in the land seems more radiant than our park-festooned Capital City. The extra session has no terrors for the merry groups in the parks and in the woods. The staid Senator steps more lightly, the consequential Congressman finds himself in a more congenial mood; and if Capitol Hill legislators partake of spring sports, there will be little acrimony in arguments over schedule and schism.

The thirty days' respite from congressional grind has worked wonders in legislative Washington. The President returned from the Georgia golf fields with the Big Stick hidden in his bag. His lightness of step indicated that the Chief Executive had enjoyed a good spring outing, and that he was now ready to take a brassie for the troublesome bunker.

The new Democratic House is stealthily arranging a few hazards for the President, but Mr. Taft's public career has been a succession of untying knots and taking care of difficulties, and as everyone gathers about the "tee," the presidential stick sends the challenge-ball a-glimmering on a long drive.

Stirring breakfast news is supplied in the war reports from the Alamo at old San Antonio and the military maneuvers on the border, but the executive club is swinging in another direction.

Meantime the Roosevelt dam has been dedicated by the redoubtable Colonel; the water rushes forth; irrigation is a great national fact—while the government at Washington moves along as usual, with a few national policies which are still under consideration.

* * *

THE change from gloomy London and misty Paris to the fresh, spring-like beauty of Washington seems like escaping from a prison dungeon to the bright sunlight of freedom. With due appreciation of Old World capitals, there is no dome so impressive in its proportions, so beautiful in its setting, as that of our own Capitol on the Potomac.

The difference between the people of the Old World and those of the New is also marked. Our nervous energy may lack poise, and the American woman may not be as soft of voice or as charming in her strict tailor-made suit, as is her European cousin. The grim lines about American mouths, the natural impatience, the nasal twang of our voices, in strident staccato, may shock the somnolent nerves of the Old World. But in all this, we see only an evidence of the abyss that lies between the viewpoint of the two hemispheres. One is founded upon monarchial customs and traditions of past centuries; the other upon the force of initiative and enterprise, slowly crystalized in homogeneity.

* * *

A NEW story on Lincoln emanates from the Navy Department; but the Great Emancipator's "way to do it" in this case would be rather dangerous for general adoption.

JOHN HAYS HAMMOND
Appointed Special Ambassador by President Taft to attend the Coronation of George V

Early in the war a naval captain decided to enter the Confederate service. His wife pleaded with him to remain with the Union, not only because of loyalty but because it meant the support of his family. But the resignation was dispatched to the Department at Washington, and the wife, left alone with her little family, decided that she would go to the Capitol and would herself see if something could not be done.

At the Navy Department she told her story, but the officials said that she was quite too late, because the resignation had been accepted. Finally the Secretary, touched by her appeal, suggested that there was one person in the country who might do something for her—that was President Lincoln.

With her luncheon basket on her arm and with her little tots tugging at her skirts, she made her way to the White House. She found the President, and he, having heard her story, at once sent over for the Secretary of the Navy, that he might see the papers in the case. The Secretary, who was himself won to the cause, presented the facts. As Lincoln looked at the anxious little wife, he asked:

"Mr. Secretary, is there no way that this can be arranged?"

"I know of no possible way, Mr. President."

"Let me see the resignation."

It was handed to him. He examined the document carefully and then deliberately tore it across and into shreds. "This," he said, turning to the Secretary and to the little mother, "this is one way to do it."

Thus the officer remained with the Union because of his wife and the President, and the service-record of this Southern captain is among the brightest in the annals of our naval history.

* * *

LOCATION on the earth's surface often reverses customs. In school we learned that the Chinese use white for mourning, while in western countries black is of course worn:

"That which we are," said Sir Gilbert Hammerton, "is due in great part to the accident of our surroundings." Again he remarks, "We are like blank paper that takes a tint by reflection from what is nearest, and changes as its surroundings change."

Diversity prevails throughout the world, and we are inclined to criticize everything abroad that does not harmonize with our approved customs at home. But as we reflect upon these lands of past centuries, from which many of our own customs and traditions have come, international tolerance grows. Then, too, the exhilaration of being safely home again in the "greatest land on earth," and of witnessing the beauty of nature on every hand, makes us less harsh in the cynicism with which we speak of countries across the water, where the weight of centuries seems to influence people and customs.

* * *

MARBLES were the innocent cause of many sighs in the opening day's program of the House. Not even the contest back of the schoolhouse was more hazardous, for the game of marbles in the House of Representatives had to do with the selection of seats in the legislative chamber.

The floor of the House was cleared when the drawing began, and the members filed to the cloak-room, reflecting upon past luck in lottery. Marbles numbered to correspond with those assigned to members on the alphabetical roll-call were placed in a box, and proceedings began. One by one the marbles were drawn out at random by the page, and as each number was called, there was a scramble to the House chamber as the member selected the best available seat.

The early birds got the choicest sittings, and veterans of many terms watched new young members jump and depart for the House chamber as their number was drawn, while they waited in vain for the calling of their "unlucky number" and reflected upon obscurity in the end wing.

* * *

NEVER did the House of Representatives resound with more enthusiastic cheering than when Speaker Champ Clark walked down the center aisle, and ascended to the marble desk.

He had been notified in his room of his election as Speaker without a single dissenting Democratic vote, and before he had reached the doorway of the Democratic side of the House, pages waved small American flags aloft while Democrats and Republicans on the floor, assisted by hundreds of men and women in the galleries, greeted the new Speaker with a deafening welcome.

It had been a strenuous morning for Mr. Clark. Before election, visitors thronged his office. Governor Harmon of Ohio had come in to pay his respects; William Jennings Bryan made a fifteen-minute call; Samuel Gompers, President of the American Federation of Labor, left the office smiling visibly. Representative James R. Mann, the minority leader, came early in the morning personally to offer congratulations to the man who was his rival for the honors of the speakership.

PRESIDENT TAFT AND PARTY IN CUBA
See "Presidential Trips by Land and by Sea"

Following his acceptance of the speakership Mr. Clark spoke for a few moments on the measures which the Democrats in the House proposed to enact. Emphasis was laid upon tariff revision, election of the Senators by popular vote, publication of campaign contributions, the admission to statehood of Arizona and New Mexico, and such changes in the House rules as would permit proper consideration of public measures.

After having delivered a brief peroration in which he remarked to his "fellow-members on both sides of the big aisle" that "he serves his party best who serves his country best," the oath of office was administered.

* * *

DIGNIFIED and tearful swan-songs are the custom at the Capital.

Retiring Clerk McDowell of the House of Representatives delivered the introduction to his with a seriousness which might lay claim to both those characteristics.

WALTER L. FISHER
New Secretary of the Interior, who makes a specialty of hard jobs

For sixteen years, the major said, he had served in the House of Representatives, during which period seventy-eight members had died.

The living House prepared itself to weep over these departed predecessors and to reflect upon the terrible rate of mortality, as the orator continued that these dead had "gone beyond the great river where they await the supreme committee on committees for assignment to their proper places." Peals of laughter rang through the House at this sally at the Democrats.

Graceful thanks were then tendered to the members of the new Congress for "what they were about to do" to him. Major McDowell had been Clerk of the House during sixteen years of Republican leadership and his "acceptance of the fate" which removed him from office showed more of the quality of humorous philosophy than of grim resignation to the edict of the new committee on committees.

* * *

HARD jobs have for years been the specialty of Walter L. Fisher, the new Secretary of the Interior. Although born in Wheeling, West Virginia, and educated in Indiana at Hanover College, of which his father was president, yet Mr. Fisher's name has for years been connected with Chicago. He has there found many "hard jobs" since his first acceptance of public office in 1888. Some of his most notable work has been performed as secretary, and later as president, of the Municipal Voters' League of his city. This organization was formed for the improvement of the Chicago City Council, and Mr. Fisher developed rare faculties for disturbing the "Gray Wolves" who were at the time comfortably ensconced in municipal chairs.

As traction counsel for his city under Mayor Dunne, Mr. Fisher disentangled a municipal knot that seemed to defy ingenuity. He opposed the Mayor's desire for municipal ownership and found a solution of the public-utility questions that Chicagoans heartily endorsed on a referendum vote.

Mr. Fisher has long been an enthusiast on the conservation problem, and his appointment by the President has on every hand met with approval.

* * *

WHILE looking about for the new Senator from Connecticut, someone advised, with a smile, that I watch out for "the gentleman with a nutmeg watch-charm." The "nutmeg" joke on Connecticut members of both Houses seems to have outlived even the old story of the Kansas windstorms.

But one might almost expect some insignia of his state to be worn by the new Senator from Connecticut, for if the "Nutmeg State" ever had a loyal son, George

Payne McLean is the man. He has served in almost every capacity in his State, from that of Chairman of the Commission on State Prisons to that of Governor, in which office Mr. McLean proved to be one of the best executive heads that his state ever had.

Aside from his arduous gubernatorial duties, many social demands were made upon his time. The Governor of Connecticut is expected to appear and to speak at social functions anywhere and everywhere in his state—and this program seriously impaired the health of Governor McLean. He was obliged to take a long rest and has been practically out of politics since the end of his term as Governor in 1902.

Occasionally he has come out from the retirement of his country home at Simsbury, to deliver one of his inimitable orations. They still tell in Connecticut of his eulogy at the funeral of Governor Lilley, his close personal friend. "McLean's speeches always held his audience," said a politician who heard the Lilley eulogy, "but that day he delivered a classic." Those who have read Senator McLean's addresses or other writings must regard him as a lawyer who has had the broadest educational advantages. Yet he is neither a college nor a law school graduate; he passed the bar following hard study in a Hartford law office.

The political gift seems to be in Senator McLean's blood; he has a ready smile and a sincere regard for his fellow-men. Though he declares that he doesn't "expect to set the Potomac on fire," George P. McLean can be depended upon to labor in the Senate with the same loyalty that has characterized his thirty years' service to his state.

* * *

As he made his way along the hall from the House restaurant, the new Southern member was chuckling.

"What's the joke?" he was asked.

"Joke's all right, as far as it goes," he said, "but I think the fellow was joshing. By George," as the audience waited patiently for the story, "but that's great stuff to send down home on negro sensibilities.

"You see," he began, "I was amazed at the activity of the waiters downstairs—never saw niggers move fast before. One of them took my order—I didn't have to holler my head off at him, either—and brought it back without a mistake. The fellow across the table was taking it in.

" 'Pretty clever nigger, eh?' he asked. "I told him I was dumfounded. I never would have believed that a nigger could walk fast, let alone take an order straight, and show ordinary intelligence.

HON. GEORGE P. McLEAN
United States Senator from Connecticut. A loyal son of the "Nutmeg State"

" 'You don't know Washington niggers,' advised my friend. 'Why, they have the most acute sensibilities in the world. First time I came in here I looked at the bill-of-fare and said to the old fellow who was fussing at the back of my chair:

" 'Got frogs' legs?'

" 'He came around front and said, quick as a flash:

"'*No, I hasn't, sah, got frogs' legs! Ise had rheumatism these fo'teen years, an' I reckon that'd make anyone's legs crooked.*'"

The Southern member retired to the Committee room still wondering if he had been "joshed."

* * *

FRATERNAL interest has been manifested at the Capital in the future of those "ducks" who were "lamed" in the last election. Many of the late members had been so long in office that it seemed impossible for them to be other than a part of legislative Washington. It was even suggested—by a Washington reporter, of course—that the "Lame Ducks" be gathered into a school of legislative sages who should take in training those new and inexperienced members who were ignorant of the "Rules of the House." Several outgoing lights of the Sixty-first Congress were so impressed with the importance of this duty that they remained in the city to be present at the opening of the new Congress.

EX-SENATOR CARTER
Who has been appointed chairman of the Canadian Boundary Commission

However, important work of another kind presented itself to the "Lame Duck Alley" habitants. Ex-Congressman Henry S. Boutell has already departed for Lisbon, Portugal, in capacity of American minister. Former Senator Thomas H. Carter has been appointed chairman of the United States section of the joint commission on the boundary between the United States and Canada. Mr. L. White Busbey, former secretary to Speaker Cannon, has been made secretary of the American commission, and ex-Representative James A. Tawney, of Minnesota, is also a member.

The first full meeting of this body will take place after all the Canadian members have been appointed, and the sessions will be held at Washington.

* * *

REASONING *a priori* upon the President's message to the Sixty-second Congress was as rife in Washington as though the annual December message were forthcoming.

The doubt was whether he would urge action on any of the pending issues save reciprocity with Canada. If not, just what stand would he take to make more forcible his determination for settling this matter? With these thoughts in mind, Washington awaited the special message from the White House.

In due time the message came—a plain, matter-of-fact statement on reciprocity. The history of the negotiations was outlined; the fact that the House of Representatives of the Sixty-first Congress had confirmed the bill was mentioned; and, "with a realizing sense of duty to the great masses of our people whose welfare is involved," the President asked for early action upon "this most important subject." Not a dictatorial sentiment appeared in the message. Facts were given, action was urged, and it was left for the Senate and House of Representatives to move in the matter as seems best.

* * *

PERHAPS the great Anglo-American treaty will not be concluded in the present administration, but President Taft may justly claim the honor of arousing both English and Americans to a realization of this treaty's importance. Two of

THE LATE TOM LOFTIN JOHNSON

Who died in Cleveland, Ohio, April 10, was one of the most picturesque characters in American public life. Beginning work as a newsboy at 11, Mr. Johnson rose from a clerkship in a street railway office to the ownership of large street railway interests in Cleveland, Detroit and Brooklyn. He served in the House of Representatives from 1891 to 1895 and was Mayor of Cleveland for four consecutive terms. Many will remember his championship of 3-cent car fares and his advocacy of the single-tax theory.

JOHN W. KERN, THE NEW UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM INDIANA the President's suggestions were quoted and extensively commented upon in the recent address of Sir Edward Grey before the House of Commons. The British Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs called "bold and courageous" those words that proposed Courts of arbitration for the settlement of international misunderstandings. He was much impressed, also, with President Taft's belief that two governments might exist as amicably as do two individuals. Sir Edward nobly pointed out to the conservative British mind that an Anglo-American peace agreement was by no means impossible.

His speech on "Peace and Arbitration" sounded a new note, and is regarded universally as one of the greatest utterances made in the interest of disarmament.

* * *

JOURNALISTIC comments showered upon new members are of many kinds and colors. No Senator has been the object of more extensive publicity than Atlee Pomerene of Ohio, whose euphonious name gave the jaded news-gatherer more inspiration than reams of data upon a life career and political achievement.

There was something distinctly *new* in the possibilities of "writing up" the new Senator from Ohio. It was not necessary to expatiate upon his humble life, with the regular curriculum of farm work in summer, and the diversion of attendance at the log cabin schoolhouse in winter. Nor was family history needed to supply a "story." The name of the man was irresistible, and the reporters have been busy ever since deciding whether the cognomen reminds them of a facial cream, a new hair-tonic or some luscious tropical fruit.

Out Ohio way, however, Atlee Pomerene means more than a poetic name. To his "home" record—as prosecuting attorney, as member of the Ohio State Tax Commission, and as Lieutenant-Governor—enthusiastic Ohioans point with pride. They feel that the late Tom L. Johnson made a real "discovery" when he met the young Canton lawyer at a Democratic mass meeting.

Progressive in his ideas, honest in his convictions, and pleasing in personality, Senator Pomerene promises to furnish his country with more important matter for discussion than mere gossip over his euphonious name.

* * *

THE pure food crusade, under the direction of the United States District Courts, is by no means a figure of speech. Eight prosecutions were initiated in Massachusetts during the last week of March.

One attacks a nerve food preparation as by no means calculated to recuperate shattered nerves. A cracker especially devised for diabetic sufferers, and declared to possess remarkably beneficial qualities, is also under investigation. Certain "compound" vanilla, lemon and orange extracts for soda fountain syrups are practically shut out from the coming renewal of pop concerts and soft drinks. An excess of phosphoric acid is alleged against a "Boston Brand Imitation" of currant jelly; a fatal impurity and unfitness of material ascribed to certain "figlettes"; also an excess of cheap glucose in maca-

ATLEE POMERENE
New United States Senator from Ohio, whose poetic name has furnished the press with many humorous possibilities

HON. CURTIS GUILD
Governor of Massachusetts 1906–08, has just been appointed as Ambassador to Russia by President Taft. He enters diplomatic life with a long training in political and economic affairs

roons; a deficiency of citrate in lemon extract; and an overplus of opium in a syrup for the placation of insomnolent babies.

Here is striking evidence of the price we pay in substituting "preparations" for the old-fashioned output of the housekeeper and chemist. A large number of manufacturers are honest and public benefactors, yet there are still upon the market altogether too many sophisticated commodities.

* * *

BIOGRAPHIES of public men are usually well known before they get to Washington—that seems to be part of the campaign. Not many people are unfamiliar with the fact that Charles Fletcher Johnson, the first Democratic Senator elected from Maine for sixty years, began life in the home of a village harness maker, teaching school in winter and working in his father's shop in the summer, to earn a college education.

Mr. Johnson hails from Waterville, up in the Kennebec country. Although he has many times suffered defeat as nominee for Governor, the Waterville lawyer cheerfully withstood the force of Republican landslides.

His courage in accepting the Democratic nomination against tremendous odds has had its reward at last, and Senator Johnson's career in the Upper House will be followed with interest not only by the "home-folks," but also by the nation.

The Senator is a lover of nature and of horses, as all good men around Waterville should be. He has a hearty, infectious laugh, and he loves to tell good stories. He says "hoss" just like everyone else in the good state of Maine, and many stories are going the rounds in regard to the certain "hoss" that he prefers to the "best automobile in the country."

* * *

MUCH attention has been paid of late to the matter of fire protection and life-saving precautions at Washington, and many arguments in favor of federal fire legislation have been advanced. The recent factory fire in New York—its cause, its ravages and its horribly fatal results—revived in different towns and cities the necessity of enforcing stricter building laws.

The national government will be called upon to enact fire legislation unless the cities and states revise their codes—this is the opinion of Mr. Richard L. Humphrey, who conducted the government investigation of the Baltimore and San Francisco fires.

The ordinary fire escape is the object of Mr. Humphrey's sharpest criticism. "These iron escapes," he says, "are built as cheaply as possible, and are so constructed that it is a difficult matter for anyone to walk down safely under normal conditions, much less in the hurry and frenzied excitement of a fire. Many of these escapes are so steep that it is necessary to go down backward. Besides, descent of the ordinary iron ladder-escape is too slow to empty a building filled with people." He continued to exclaim against the inefficiency of the present methods of escape from city structures. There is no question but that his earnest efforts will accomplish in time the object in view.

MISS ALICE BOUTELL

Daughter of former Congressman Henry S. Boutell, who has recently been appointed United States Minister to Portugal. She will accompany her parents to Portugal

A VERMONT visitor at the Capital, who listened intently to Mr. Humphrey's argument, made a suggestion. The matter resolved itself, he insisted, to one requirement—practice in using fire-escapes.

"Go down the fire-escapes backward, do they?" he asked, with fine scorn.

SENATOR DUNCAN U. FLETCHER
President of the Southern Commercial Congress

"Women, I s'pose. They'd go down back to, anyway!

"But make 'em practice. Have laws made so they'll learn to walk down. Just laziness, that folks can't use fire escapes like ordinary stairs. If I was a builder in the city, I'd have 'em put to that use."

The fire-escape in the tenement-house, however, has other uses—uses almost as important in the flat-dweller's eye, as "ordinary" stairs. The Green Mountain man does not know the ice-box, plant-shelf, and general receptacle facilities offered by the friendly back-window fire escape to the dweller of the modern apartment-house, but this is one phase of the fire-escape problem that must be reckoned with just as surely as any other part of the problem.

THE important part that sentiment still plays in the conduct of national affairs was revealed at the Southern Commercial Congress, recently held in Atlanta. The convention was opened by striking upon a slab of Georgia marble with a gavel whose head was made of sixteen pieces of wood, each piece from a different Southern state, and held together by a handle from an elm planted by John Quincy Adams in the White House grounds. A new union of the Southern States is represented by this Congress, whose purposes are outlined by the managing director, Mr. G. Grosvenor Dawe, as follows:

G. GROSVENOR DAWE
Managing Director of Southern Commercial Congress

"The Southern Commercial Congress was held to produce two effects, both absolutely essential to national greatness and to national cohesion. Its first great object was to bring the mind of the whole South into fuller light regarding the possessions and the destiny of the South. The second purpose was to so attract the world's attention to the South along affirmative lines that negative impressions regarding the South and its conditions might be swept away forever."

The program of the convention was worked out with such elaboration that the eyes of the entire nation were cynosured upon Atlanta during the three days' sessions of the Congress. At times there were as many as one hundred nationally important men on the platform at once. "Such a program," as Mr. Dawe remarks, "could not be worked out for any other portion of the United States, because no other section has the defined significance of the word *South*. If we speak of *East* when on the Pacific Coast, it may be anything from Iowa to Maine. If we speak of *West* when on the Atlantic Coast, it may be anything from Ohio to California. When we speak of *North* when on the Gulf of Mexico, it may be anything from Maine to California. When, however, we say the word *South*, it defines in the mind of everyone the territory lying south of the Potomac and the Ohio Rivers and extending southeasterly through Missouri and around Oklahoma and Texas.

CLARENCE J. OWENS
Commissioner of Agriculture, Southern Commercial Congress

"The significance of the word *South* has its advantages; for if once, by skill and by determination, we can create the impression throughout the nation and the world that the South is moving, rising, thriving, and again nationally important, every square mile of this homogeneous region will feel the good effects of such a counterblast to the publicity of disorder or disease that has hitherto been too largely attached to the South. The South is the greatest region of unused opportunity in the Union at the present time."

EDWIN L. QUARLES
Secretary o: the Southern Commercial Congress

The historic phase of the meeting made Atlanta the scene of a most dramatic occurrence in the history of the United States. As Mr. Dawe has pointed out, "When President Taft, the tenth man to occupy the presidential chair since Lincoln, was called to preside over the destinies of a disrupted country, he saw the business men of the South group the emblems of their individual states around the flag of the Union, thus establishing forever, in the eyes of the world, the greatness of the

American heart. Past struggles and defeats were forgotten in a new pledge of men's hearts and minds to the problems of the nation of which the South is now, and ever will be, an integral part. Fifty years after the beginning of the strife, the Southern States have come into their own; they rest serene in the house of their fathers and they are now ready to proffer their strength to national problems.

"The meeting at Atlanta was only an incident in the work of the Southern Commercial Congress. It was in a measure planned out in order that the work of the Southern Commercial Congress, as an effort, might go on from great things to greater along the clearly defined lines of non-partisanship and of development to which it has been devoting its attention since it was first organized in Chattanooga in August, 1908."

Senator Duncan U. Fletcher was elected president of the Congress; John M. Parker, honorary president; David R. Francis, first vice-president; Thomas S. Southgate, second vice-president; G. Grosvenor Dawe and Edwin L. Quarles were re-elected managing-director and secretary respectively. Dr. Clarence J. Owens, commander-in-chief of the United Sons of Confederate Veterans, is commissioner of agriculture of the congress, and during the coming year other commissioners will be appointed to work "For a Greater Nation through a Greater South"

* * *

THE cordial friendship between New Orleans and Cincinnati is explained by Congressman Ransdell of Louisiana. During the height of the terrible yellow fever epidemic in Louisiana, a strict quarantine on the North was maintained by the State of Arkansas. In the dire distress there was a strenuous effort among Louisianans to get away by the most direct route, but no one could pass through Arkansas. Those who escaped went around by way of Memphis, and were taken in and cared for at the Cincinnati hospitals. For this act of true charity not one cent would be accepted by the generous people of the "Queen City." Their kindness will ever be held in grateful remembrance by the people of Louisiana.

FEW diplomatic messages have caused so much nodding of heads as the personal word brought to President Taft from the Emperor of Japan by his Ambassador, Baron Uchida.

The Mikado is satisfied that the President has "given no credence to the false and wicked reports regarding Japan," and assures him of the cordial relations between the two countries.

MISS LOUISE FLETCHER
Daughter of United States Senator and Mrs. Fletcher of Florida, who is very popular with the younger set at the Capital

In view of this friendly exchange of felicitations between the two chief executives, the Japanese-American War is left to be conducted by what a leading paper of Japan calls "the chauvinist press."

To call our press "chauvinistic" is, however, a softer condemnation than to brand it as "yellow." Chauvinism would hardly approve of "false and wicked reports."

AN INDUSTRIAL LEADER

James A. Farrell

NEW PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES STEEL CORPORATION

BY ROBERT J. THOMPSON

A QUIET, young-faced, white-haired man leaned over his morris chair before one of the big fireplaces on the "Lusitania" as she was pounding her way through head seas in a westerly gale on her trip to New York just before last Christmas and said, addressing the young man beside him, "John, perhaps you had better put all your dutiable things in one trunk in order to facilitate the customs examination at New York."

The young man replied instantly: "Why, dad, I've only got one trunk, you know that!"

There was silence for a moment and then a short, hearty laugh on the part of the father and the writer. The little instance was not discussed, but those present knew that the father was proud in his heart because of the genuineness of the boy's answer, the entire absence of pretense, and his unconscious refusal to stand for what might have been a pretty good bluff on the "modern" transatlantic voyager's allotment of unnecessary baggage.

The son was a clear-cut specimen of the young American: the father was James A. Farrell, who has recently become the head of the greatest industrial combination (other than the German Empire—the real and model article in the way of business combination) that the world has ever known.

* * *

During the past year the gross sales of the Steel Trust amounted to about $750,000,000. About twenty per cent of this was to supply customers of the United States Steel Products Company, a company organized by the steel corporation for the purpose of handling the export market. This export business was under the direction of James A. Farrell, who was President of the Steel Products Co.

To sell in one year nearly $100,000,000 worth of the products of the Steel Trust in lands and to peoples beyond our frontiers is to do something a little better than had ever been done in this line. No other highly manufactured product, springing from the American industrial world, comes anywhere near equalling this vast sum. And eight years ago the exports of steel products by the mills taken over by the steel corporation amounted to about $2,000,000. It was at that time that James A. Farrell first entered the service of the big corporation after a successful career in various positions in practically every branch of the manufacturing and commercial branches of the industry. And there is nothing in his antecedents or in the history of his service to justify any suspicion that he owes his present elevation to any "pull."

When an American company can take care of the home trade, especially in wares of such universal demand as steel and iron, and then go out into the markets of the world and sell another fourth of the amount of its home consumption, it means that someone is going to sit up and take notice —of the fourth.

* * *

Near the close of 1910 Farrell was feeling pretty good over the record for the year of the Steel Products Company. And why not? One hundred million dollars' export trade is nothing to be sneezed at. This is the age of steel, and to direct the sale and distribution of such a stupendous quantity of the sinews of civilization in cities and plains across the seas calls for a real captain of industry, whether the man at the head is conscious of being in the captaincy business or not. So, when James A. Farrell arrived in New York from a business trip to England last December, he was surprised to learn that Judge Gary, chairman of the Steel Corporation, desired to see him. It was getting on near to Christmas, and I think the corporation wanted to combine a little sentiment with its far-seeing selection of Farrell as its head and put the thing over before Santa Claus had come and gone. Anyway Farrell got the prize package on the 1910 Christmas tree. If Judge Gary had practiced the role of Santa Claus for years, he couldn't have pulled off a better stunt.

"It came like a thunderbolt out of a clear sky," said President Farrell to the writer. "There is all the difference in the world in moving your desk from one room to another, and yet I believe I appreciate the importance of the position, not only to the steel corporation and the steel interests throughout the world generally, but to the public as well." The newspaper boys had a hard time to trace him up, nothing in the "morgues" and no photographs in existence. Here was a man quiet, modest, unobtrusive, whose career had some points of similarity to the old fable of the tortoise and the hare. Undoubtedly the principal thing in business is dividends, but after all that is not the whole thing.

* * *

If a man can place a record of that kind behind him, being otherwise all right, why shouldn't he be president of the steel trust? The hundreds of thousands of employees, the scores of thousands of stockholders, the bondholders of the steel corporation—yes, even the patrons of those libraries and educational institutions dependent upon the interest which the bonds must yield for their support, will know and feel, in one way or another, that the man at the head of the great machine is either a live wire or a dead one—and you can place your last shekel on James A. Farrell being no dead one.

He is spoken of by his associates as a master of detail and of industrial executive work, and as having the soundest judgment. "Holland," writing in the Philadelphia *Ledger*, says that as a great organizer and director of subordinates, Mr. Farrell has demonstrated his preeminent capacity to the executive authorities of the United States Steel Corporation.

To be a salesman of his kind entails profound knowledge of the markets of the world, of the politics prevailing in various countries, and of the personalities in authority in those countries. This information is at Mr. Farrell's command. There is probably in New York today no man in business life who has at his tongue's end more far-reaching or more accurate knowledge of commercial, industrial and political condition in other countries than that which this man possesses.

Here is just one instance of his performance, as he organized and systematized the export steel business of the United States.

Few people on this side of the world thought there was going to be war between Japan and Russia—that few did not include Farrell. He felt it in advance, whether through some prophetic sense or through connections in Korea (for he has them both), I cannot say; but when Japan ordered steel rails and other equipment for a strategic railway to the Yalu River, Mr. Farrell promptly covered his shipments with war insurance. This before the war, of course, and at a nominal premium. When that British captain of the "Knight Commander," laden with railroad supplies, refused to lie to on the command of the Russian battleships which had intercepted her, the "Knight Commander" was sunk, and the insurance companies paid over to The Steel Products Company a little item of indemnity which the London underwriters are still talking about. I cannot refrain from the observation that the foresight of the president of the Steel Products Company in this affair will just nicely take care of the salary of the president of the big corporation for some years.

* * *

Just that touch of imagination was put into Mr. Farrell's work which raised him to

JAMES A. FARRELL
The new president of the United States Steel Corporation

a class by himself. There has been a lot of talk during the past decade or two about the American manufacturer's failure to take heed of the climatic and transportation conditions incident to the foreign market. Here is where Farrell made good. Wire is wire, all right, but he saw to it that a different process was used in making wire for Alaska than was used for that sent to the tropics. Wire should be annealed one way to stand frost and another way for rust. By scientific adaptation of the product to great heat or intense cold, to rarefied or humid atmosphere, Farrell laid the foundation of his mastership of the American foreign steel and wire market. At the same time he had the courage to develop the use of Bessemer steel and wire for the manufacture of bolts, screws and many articles which up to this time had been made largely from Swedish and charcoal iron. Farrell made the first Bessemer wire in a quality suitable for wood screws and among other mementos of the early vicissitudes of producing a suitable quality is a letter from one of the largest manufacturers in Connecticut stating that Bessemer wire would never supplant the charcoal quality. Farrell subsequently convinced this skeptic and found a customer for thousands of tons. When the great steel corporation was formed he was naturally chosen as the head of the Steel Products Company. That was eight years ago.

He has steadily developed the American steel export business during the years from 1903 to 1911. He has travelled over the entire world, making friends on whichever road he took. He is as well known in the Steel centres from Birmingham to St. Petersburg as he is in this country. Today the Steel Products Company is represented directly in fifty-five foreign trade centers, and in every one Farrell is known and respected for his ability and fairness, as well with competitors as with buyers. He is noted in shipping circles for having done more than any one man in America toward the employment of a large fleet of steamers for our greatest manufacturing industry and for having provided a material basis for the operation of regular lines to distant parts of the world hitherto little known and untapped by American commerce.

* * *

Two industrial policies have been approved by Mr. Farrell—giving the workingman an interest in the company that employs him by some form of co-operative ownership, and solving the problem of unstable prices and markets by conciliation and compromise between steel producers.

"The problem," said President Farrell to the writer, "of how to dispose of our products without demoralizing the markets of our competitors will, I believe, practically be solved by a policy of conciliation and consideration. It has often been said that steel is either a prince or a pauper. Under conditions of extreme competition the latter is inevitable, but experience has proved that with co-operation as the guiding policy steel need never be a pauper, nor yet occasionally a prince, and normal conditions may be maintained, to the benefit of manufacturer, merchant, consumer and laborer.

"A general adoption of the principle of co-operation in place of ruinous competition, resulting in more stable conditions in the steel industry, would naturally enable manufacturers to carry out plans for the betterment of labor, which the changeable conditions of the steel industry have heretofore impeded, such as pensions, insurance against accidents and amelioration of working conditions. It would lead to refinement of practice, improvement of plants and the installation of safety appliances. It would ultimately permit of reduction in costs, and it has been the history of every industry that reductions in cost of manufacture are invariably reflected in the prices to the consumer. Thus the consumer must eventually benefit, and without reducing the fair and normal profit to the manufacturer."

* * *

James A. Farrell is now forty-eight years old. He was the son of John Farrell, a shipowner back in the early seventies, who lived in New Haven. It is to be presumed that from his early life, the son acquired the instinct and knowledge which make for success in sea transportation and shipping.

For many years he has handled the vast ocean transport business of the Steel Corporation with the skill of a master, and as the movement of the hundreds of thousands of tons of steel to all the ports reached by the seven seas requires a peculiar knowledge of shipping and its many aspects, Farrell set to work and mastered the details. Thos. Royden, Deputy Chairman of the great Cunard Line Steamship Company, said to the writer, speaking of Farrell, "I always regard him as a good shipowner spoiled by being in another business." The father met with losses of vessels in the closing years of his life, and when he died young Farrell left school at sixteen to go to work in a wire mill in New Haven. It was hard work, the first thing he could get, and his wages were only $4.65 a week. Being the oldest child, the duty, and as he now puts it, the privilege, fell upon him to help his mother, sisters and brothers in the struggle which lay before them.

* * *

Not the least interesting thing about Farrell's career is the fact that now, after these thirty-three years, his mother and a sister are still with him, living in an adjoining house in Brooklyn. His younger brother, William H. Farrell, is a leader in the steel trade of Canada. Last year James A. sent his brother William a couple of barrels of apples picked from one of the choice trees of his Norwalk orchard. The duty, Canadian duty, on these apples was nine dollars. Since then the brothers have both been ardent advocates of Canadian reciprocity. A younger brother, Thomas J. Farrell, died years ago when only thirty, at the beginning of a promising business career, having occupied the post of Foreign Manager in London of a large steel company.

Farrell stuck to his job in the New Haven wire mill until he had thoroughly learned the processes of wire-making and up to a time when his brothers had become old enough to lend a hand in the support of the family. After all, the holding together of the family was the main proposition. The young wire-maker then pulled out for Pittsburg, the mecca at that time, as it is today, of the steel worker. Farrell's experience in the East, coupled with his personality, got him a place at once as foreman of a wire mill. In less than a year he was made assistant superintendent. Promotions came to him rapidly after that. He kept in close touch with the old home at New Haven, however, indulging in the one extravagance of frequent trips to see his mother and the sweetheart he had left behind. One day he brought this young lady, Miss Catherine McDermott, back with him as his wife—a lucky move, for a few months later he was made general manager of the Pittsburgh Wire Company.

His family now consists of five children. The oldest, John, is nineteen, and is preparing for Yale. When the father covers his snow-white hair with a steamer cap, he and the boy look like brothers. Then there are Theresa, seventeen; Catherine, twelve; James Jr., ten; and Rosamond, eight. All attend St. Francis Xavier's Academy in Brooklyn. The family is inseparable. They have a country home up near Norwalk, Connecticut, on one of the little islands there, and Farrell senior likes to play sailor with the boys in their catboat. He hasn't had much recreation besides that since he was a small boy, before his father's death.

* * *

"One of the phases of success," according to James Carlton Young, the book-king, "is the doing of one worthy thing better than anyone else has ever done that thing before." And whether it be in the collection of autographed and inscribed books, the building of aeroplanes or the drawing and manufacture of wire, it has its reward. To do one thing better than anyone else has ever done that thing before you, means advancement, promotion, the entering into wider and higher spheres of activity. It is simple enough. If you are otherwise normal and balanced, you just naturally move from one room to another, from this desk to that, from New Haven or Waterloo to Pittsburg, from Pittsburg to New York (always doing the one thing better than it has ever been done before you, a perception of the possibilities of manufacturing, and an ability to realize these possibilities in marketing the product), and there you are—president of the United States Steel Corporation.

An advance in salary from $4.65 a week to one just about five hundred times as much—from spool-boy in a wire mill at New Haven, Connecticut, in 1879, to president of the Steel Corporation in 1911—this, as they say at the mills, is going some, all right. I don't believe that James A. Farrell started out, on entering that New Haven wire mill, with the thought of becoming the head of the American iron and steel industry. He is one of the kind of men who fully measure up to the present task, and then, just for the pure joy of the game, add a few hundred per cent. That's Farrell. Did anyone ever hear him talk about himself? The country is used to reading in the newspapers about Steel Corporation presidents, but a steel man who for obvious reasons did not wish to be quoted by name, describes this new president tersely. "Who's Farrell?" he said. "Certainly I'll tell you. He's a family man, and he lives in Brooklyn."

* * *

The lesson to young men in the appointment of James A. Farrell as president of the United States Steel Corporation is perhaps not uncommon, but it is none the less worth the while of young men to ponder. Mr. Farrell is a self-made man in the fullest sense of the term. Although he now stands at the head of the greatest corporation in the world, receiving a large salary and exercising a power and responsibility which distinguish him in an enviable manner, he started in the battle of life with absolutely none of the advantages of birth or position and got where he is simply because of faithfulness and efficiency and because at all times he gave to his employers, to his family, to himself, the very best that there was in him.

The young man who goes to work every morning filled with the determination to win will find infinitely more happiness in life than the one who blames his failures upon his luck instead of upon himself. Few perhaps will rise as high as James A. Farrell, but determination will lift them far from the plane of the malcontent. Prizes worth having are not won without a fight; but the achievements of James A Farrell and thousands of other self-made men prove that in spite of all drawbacks the door of opportunity in America is still open to all and that right spirit will bring results.

* * *

The great capacity of James A. Farrell was acquired from the only available sources—perseverance and experience. His life has been one of toil and great enterprise, tempered always with an open mind and a fine sense of humor. I had the pleasure of meeting him many times before he became president of the steel corporation—before he ever thought that this responsibility would be given to him, and I have met him frequently since. He is as simple and unpretentious now as he was then—before he was chosen to stand at the head of a corporation which does upwards of a billion dollars of business, American business, yearly. He is a big man—big in body, brain and heart, and it is natural to predict and to expect, from his past performances, that he will "deliver the goods" so far as the steel corporation is concerned. His personality, character and ability will also be felt in another sphere, and where it is perhaps more urgently needed, that is, in putting American manufacturing and shipping on a plane of international efficiency and world-wide readiness to meet and handle the great economic problems which we have before us. His address before the Pan-American Congress in Washington last February showed that he had this feature of our country's progress well in hand.

"Remember the MAINE"

by

MITCHELL MANNERING

SEVERAL years have passed away since the Governor-general of Cuba smote his desk at the ever-memorable explosion of the "Maine," saying: 'This is the saddest day Spain ever saw." How true his prophecy was subsequent events have proven.

The student of history who attempts to trace back the wars of men and of nations to their primal source will often find that a certain event was the first or last step in a long succession of more or less militant conditions. Thus the destruction of the United States warship "Maine," in the harbor of Havana on the evening of February 16, 1898, was one of the results of the jealousies engendered when Pope Alexander VI gave one-half of the New World north of the equator to Spain, and that moiety south of the line to Portugal.

From the very first the Spanish viceroys and governors-general of Cuba and Hispaniola were inimical to English settlement in any part of the New World, and even in time of peace her slavers, smugglers and privateersmen turned pirate with expert facility, and an immunity which pointed unmistakably to great complaisance on the part of the Cuban government. The American Revolution not only destroyed the reigning dynasty in France but convulsed every dominant house in Europe, and was followed by the meteoric career of Napoleon, who simply drove out the kings of Spain and Portugal, who regained their own thrones with difficulty, through the armies of the Allied Powers. But Spain through that convulsion lost every foot of American territory that she possessed, excepting only Florida, Porto Rico and "the ever-faithful isle" of Cuba.

Spanish Florida played fast and loose with the settlers of Georgia, giving murderous Indian and negro pillagers an asylum and market for their plunder, and supplying them with long-barrelled Spanish guns, ammunition, etc., until General Jackson cut the Gordian knot with his sword, taking Pensacola in 1818, which settlement the United States Government returned to Spain only to acquire it more peacefully a few years later.

Followed years of peace, during which a lucrative trade was carried on between American and Cuban ports, but until about 1830 the depredations and outrages of Spanish pirates upon unarmed merchantmen were only ended by the energy of American and British naval officers who in small armed schooners and brigs not only swept them off the surrounding seas but invaded the outlying ports of Cuba, attacking the pirates in their homes and forts, and taking or destroying their swift schooners and brigantines in harbor. After the pirates were destroyed, the captains-general of Cuba, who from 1825 to 1898 were given unlimited power to rule as they pleased, levied taxes on their subjects and duties on foreign imports and Cuban exports as the French say *au discretion*, although to the alien business man there seemed to be very little discretion and no justice about it.

But the island was rich in resources, and the Spanish-born merchants who could make trouble at Madrid, even for a governor-general, were given enormous advantages, sometimes amounting to a duty of two thousand to twenty-three hundred per cent; insomuch that a Barcelona merchant could pay the freight on a barrel of flour to Spain, reship it to Cuba, and then immensely undersell the American importer. But the misgovernment of the irresponsible satraps, who amassed fortunes by the most questionable decrees and concessions and retired to Spain to be succeeded by others no less avaricious and venal, was in such strong contrast to conditions among a people scarcely a day's sail away that insurrection and political agitation by turns ever threatened to lead to open and general revolution.

In 1829 the "Black Eagle" conspirators made an abortive attempt at insurrection, but were stamped out in the usual merciless Spanish style.

In 1848 Narcisse Lopez, a son of one of the friends and supporters of General Bolivar, the liberator of Venezuela, and heir to a considerable estate, organized an expedition which was to disembark near Cardenas, and be joined by a considerable body of Cuban insurgents. This hostile expedition was so carelessly and openly promoted that it was prevented from leaving New York on the eve of sailing. Probably Lopez would have had the general sympathy of the American people, had it not been for a prevalent opinion in the Northern States that the liberation of Cuba would be followed by its annexation to the United States and as slave territory.

In 1850 Lopez had again conspired and organized three skeleton regiments at Cincinnati, representing Kentucky, Mississippi and Louisiana. His staff and field officers included Colonel Theodore O'Hara, famous as the author of "The Bivouac of the Dead"; Lieutenant-Colonel John T. Pickett, of the Kentucky Regiment, in after life American consul at Vera Cruz, Mexico, from 1883 to 1861, and later an officer in the Confederate army, as was also his major, Thomas T. Hawkins. One hundred and fifty men of the Kentucky regiment left Cincinnati ostensibly bound for California via Chagres, took on men at Covington, Kentucky, and Colonel O'Hara and others at Louisville. They landed them near New Orleans, whence they sailed in the "Georgian," followed by Lopez in the "Creole," and the Louisiana Regiment, 160 men in the "Susan Loud." All cleared for the port of Chagres, but really were to rendezvous at the island of Mugeres, off the coast of Yucatan. On May 6, 1850, Colonel Wheat of the Louisiana contingent organized his regiment, and presented it with the Cuban colors, as they are flown today. A landing near Cardenas and the capture of the port was effected, but an utter failure to secure any considerable support from the Cuban population ended in the collapse of the expedition and its return to the United States.

Photograph by American Photo Company from the book "Cuba," by Miss Irene A. Wright
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MOORING IN THE HARBOR AT HAVANA, CUBA

Undeterred by two failures, Lopez sailed on his third expedition from New Orleans in the summer of 1851, with four hundred American riflemen, forty-nine Cubans, nine Hungarians, and nine Ger-

BATTLESHIP "MAINE" WHICH WAS DESTROYED IN THE HAVANA HARBOR THIRTEEN YEARS AGO AND NOW BEING REMOVED

mans and Swiss on the steamer "Pampero," originally intending to again land east of Havana, but he was led to believe that Pinar Del Rio, the most western province, was ripe for revolution, and changed his plans. It was a fatal error, ending in his complete defeat and the capture of nearly all of the survivors.

Taken to Havana, they were tried by court martial, and forty Americans, four Irishmen, one Scotchman, one Italian, one Filipino and two Germans were condemned to death. They were shot in batches of six men each, beginning at about 11 A. M. August 16, 1851, each succeeding half dozen after the first being marched past the bloody corpses of their fellow-prisoners, and forced to kneel with their backs to the Spanish musketeers, drawn up to continue their bloody work. Colonel William S. Crittenden of Kentucky, a graduate of West Point, and under General Scott in the Mexican War Port-Adjutant at Vera Cruz, Captain Kerr and other Americans refused to kneel and faced the vollies which killed them. After all were dead the rabble were allowed to plunder, strip and even mutilate the dead bodies in a way which utterly alienated from Spain any respect which might have been felt for her resentment at the *filibusteros*.

GEN. ANTONIO MACEO

Lopez was reserved for a more merciful, but less honorable death, the infamous punishment of the garrote, by which he died like an ordinary criminal at Havana, September 1, 1851.

But this heroic treatment of a disease that underlaid the whole body politic only put off the evil day for a time. There were sporadic insurrections in 1855, and on October 11, 1868, at Yara, an important town in eastern Cuba, began that desperate struggle for Cuban liberty, which, except for the collapse of the Carlist revolt, would probably have advanced "Cuba Libre" to her independent place among the nations twenty years earlier.

The "Ten Years War" as it will forever be known in Cuban history cost Spain the lives of two hundred thousand men, and seven hundred million dollars which she could ill afford to lose. Blood flowed in rivers and public and private wealth and prosperity disappeared in the maelstrom of a merciless war of extermination. Its cost to the United States, which, in spite of many exasperating and revolting acts on the part of the Spanish authorities, aggregated many millions of dollars, and American efforts to maintain neutrality undoubtedly crippled the Cuban revolutionists more than any campaigning or diplomacy of Spain.

The most horrible and exasperating outrage perpetrated on Americans during this decade of horrors resulted from the capture on the high seas on the date of October 31, 1872, of the American steamship "Virginius," Captain Frye, laden with recruits and supplies for the Cuban revolutionists. Taken into Santiago de Cuba by the Spanish cruiser "Tornado," the Spanish commandant, General Burriel, tried the officers, crew and passengers by court-martial, giving them no opportunity to secure counsel, prepare testimony, or appeal to their national representatives for assistance. The hundred and fifty-five men and boys on board were all condemned to death, and Captain Frye and fifty-two others were shot to death in the same brutal way as the unfortunate followers of Lopez had been butchered twenty-one years before. Probably all would have perished but for the arrival of a British man-of-war, whose captain declared that if any more executions were attempted he would open with his batteries upon the city. Of course, both the English and American governments sought reparation, and this specimen of medieval barbarity in the Nineteenth Century was settled by the return of the "Virginius" in a sinking condition to the United States authorities and the *amende honorable* to the outraged American flag by a formal salute. The men, illegally taken on the high seas, and therefore barbarously murdered, were paid for on the ancient and honorable system of "weregild," observed by our Norse and Saxon ancestors a thousand years ago, and the Spanish negotiators with the most gratifying expressions of regret promised to investigate and punish General Burriel's untoward and reckless action, which by the way they never did. Curiously enough the English Government settled for nine colored British subjects at three hundred pounds sterling apiece, but exacted five hundred pounds for ten Caucasian citizens; in all about $37,500, a good deal less than it was costing Spain to kill the same number of *insurrectos*. The United States refused to make any reduction on colored men, and about eighty thousand dollars was paid by Spain to the relatives of her American victims.

It is almost impossible today to realize that at this juncture the American President was one of the greatest soldiers of the century, and that popular sentiment was almost unmistakable in its demand for retribution. But the Honorable Caleb Cushing, then minister at Madrid, was almost as prejudiced against Gomez and his associates as the Spanish grandees with whom he delighted to exchange expressions of "distinguished consideration." His correspondence with Hamilton Fish, then Secretary of State, shows clearly that any consideration which could deter or restrain President Grant from interfering with the Spanish barbarities in Cuba were made the most of in beautifully diplomatic verbiage by Mr. Cushing.

With doubtful judgment, in view of our "Monroe policy" he did approach Germany, Russia, France and England, with a proposition to join in inducing Spain to grant amnesty and needed reforms, and make peace with honor. The plan failed, partially owing to a Turkish crisis of more European importance, but more especially from a decided indisposition to encourage American interference with an European kingdom.

Finally, however, Spain decided to offer amnesty and some share in their own government to the Cuban people, and the peace of Zanzon in 1878 ended the terrible and ceaseless destruction of life and property, and swept back the people of Cuba into the old treadmill of Spanish despotism and spoliation.

For the Spanish language, even more than the French, seems to be *par excellence* the "language of diplomacy," in which the ear may be satisfied with gracious and resounding phrases, while nothing of moment is really pledged or meant thereby. The "governor-general" was no less despotic and irresponsible than the "captain-general" had been; the new "authorizations" had all the autocratic force of the ancient "royal decrees"; the Cuban "coasting-trade laws" were elastic enough to especially favor the shipping interest of Spain; and outspoken and too democratic citizens were none the less 'banished" that their deportation from Cuba was in some way managed under the "vagrancy laws" nor less painfully injured because official torture was now euphemistically styled "*Componte.*" "The law of public order" overrode all constitutional privilege; the ballot was confined to about fifty-two thousand men out of a population of 1,600,000, and the qualifications of an office-holder almost shut out the average Cuban from any representative

GEN. MAXIMO GOMEZ
Commander-in-chief of the armies of "Cuba Libre" in 1893–98

capacity. Cuba was burdened with an enormous debt and exploited as before for the benefit of the treasury and industries of Spain.

It was no wonder therefore that in 1893 a long-contemplated uprising broke out in Eastern Cuba, and soon spread over the whole island, except in the cities where Spanish-born officials and business men and the royal army and navy were concentrated. At an early date General Weyler realized that superiority in force failed to extirpate an enemy that living off the country and moving erratically and swiftly from place to place, cut up his detachments and small garrisons, and laughed at the ponderous and ineffective tactics of his subordinates. With rare exceptions, there does not appear to have been any leader on the Spanish side who could oppose skirmishers to skirmishers, sweep great expanses of territory with extended regiments and make friends of the country people by merciful and generous treatment, while steadily and relentlessly bringing the enemy to final arbitrament. Instead of adapting his own movements to the existing conditions, he allowed his soldiery a license which recalls the barbarous massacres of Cortez, [illegible], and other Spanish *conquistadors*.

JOSEPH FRYE
Captain of the S. S. "Virginius"; born June 14, 1826; died at Santiago de Cuba, November 7, 1873

Not content with this ferocious [illegible], he destroyed the dwellings and [illegible] of a large proportion of the rural population and "concentrated" them [illegible] the guns of his garrisons, without any provision of shelter, food, clothing [illegible] sanitation or medical assistance, [illegible] to the brutality, lust and [illegible] own half-bred, ill-paid, [illegible] desperate Spanish levies.

So terrible was the result and world-wide execration that the Spanish Government recalled Weyler and sent General Blanco, who found himself able to do little to relieve the starvation and neglect which Consul-General Fitzhugh Lee estimated at date of January 8, 1898, had done to death two hundred thousand men, women and children out of about four hundred thousand unfortunates. Considerable was done to relieve the sufferings of the survivors by the charitable people of the United States, but the authorities were not helpful, and at Havana mobs attacked certain newspaper offices, cheered for Weyler, abused Blanco and the proposed "autonomy" and it is said proposed menacing the American consulate.

Consul-General Fitzhugh Lee, who in consequence of these demonstrations on January 13, 1898, suggested that American ships might be needed to protect Americans at Havana, later reported all quiet. It was however decided at Washington after consultation with the Spanish ambassador, and the Madrid Government, that a ship ought to be sent and on January 24 the Secretary of State telegraphed Lee as follows: "It is the purpose of this government to resume friendly naval visits to Cuban ports. In that view, the 'Maine' will call at the port of Havana in a day or two. Please arrange for a friendly interchange of calls with authorities."

Consul-General Lee replied forthwith: "Advise visit be postponed six or seven days, to give last excitement time to disappear. Will see authorities and let you know result. Governor-general away for two weeks. I should know day and hour of visit."

To which Secretary Day replied: " 'Maine' has been ordered. Will probably arrive at Havana some time tomorrow. Cannot tell hour, possibly early. Co-operate with authorities for friendly visit. Keep us advised by frequent telegrams."

On the next day Lee made one more effort to prevent a visit, which he evidently dreaded, and wired as follows: "At an interview authorities profess to think United States has ulterior motive in sending ship. Say it will obstruct autonomy, produce excitement, and most probably a demonstration. Ask that it is not done until they can get instructions from Madrid, and say that if for friendly motives as claimed, delay uninportant."

But it had been practically impossible to recall the "Maine," which from December 15, 1897, had lain in the harbor of Key West, under orders to proceed to Havana in case of grave local disturbances, to receive and protect American eitizens. Fitzhugh Lee was to summon her when needed, sending Sigsbee the words "Two dollars" as warning, after which she was to sail two hours after a final and secret preconcerted message was received. No letters passed between them through the Havana postoffice, and as a blind, Sigsbee from time to time sent messages inquiring the price of certain articles. After the riots of January 12 the preliminary message came, but no second message eve followed; and the "Maine," ready for instant departure, remained at Key West until January 23, when she was obliged to join the fleet, then arrived off the reefs, leaving Lieutenant Albert Gleaves of the torpedo-boat "Cushing" in communication with Consul-General Lee. The next night while with the fleet off Tortugas, in rough weather and amid a stormy sea, the torpedo-boat "Dupont" made her advent from the tempest and darkness, with the order from Washington that sent the "Maine" to her doom.

At 11 P. M. she steamed southward, at moderate speed as Captain Sigsbee wished to have his ship in holiday trim and to enter the harbor when "the town was alive and on its feet." At daylight, the Cuban shore was made to the westward, the engines slowed down, the crew dressed ship and took their stations in their blue suits, and the officers in full uniform as if preparing for some great reception. Then the "Maine" was headed to the eastward nearly parallel to the coast, and with ensign at the peak, and the jack at the foremast head passed the city at full speed, and stopping outside the Moro, took a pilot, entered the harbor and was assigned a buoy known as "No. 4," inside of the Spanish cruiser "Alfonso XII" and the German training ship "Gneisenau"; which latter was later replaced by the Spanish despatch-boat "Legazpi."

CAPTURE ON THE HIGH SEAS OF THE AMERICAN S.S. "VIRGINIUS" BY THE SPANISH CORVETTE "TORNADO," OCTOBER 31, 1873

The usual calls were made and returned, the prescribed salutes exchanged with naval punctiliousness; and except for an evident coolness in the civilities of the Spanish officers, and a few cat-calls and whistles from some excursionists there were no unpleasant experiences. The men were not given shore-liberty and were exercised as usual, but not in a way to exhibit superiority, or indicate any fear or readiness to repel attack.

Yet there were sinister omens of popular if restrained hatred, and friendly anxiety. Commander Sigsbee was advised not to attend the usual bull-fights as being occasions at which popular feeling was easily excited, and might break out from some very slight incident. On the same day a small hand-bill was given him by an acquaintance, reading:

"Spaniards! Long live Spain with honor!

"What are you doing that you allow yourselves to be insulted in this way? Do you not see what they have done to us in withdrawing our brave and beloved Weyler, who at this very time would have finished with this unworthy rebellious rabble who are trampling on our flag and on our honor?

"Autonomy is imposed upon us to cast us aside and give places of honor and authority to those who initiated the rebellion, these low-bred autonomists, ungrateful sons of our beloved country.

"And finally, these Yankee pigs who meddle in our affairs, humiliating us to the last degree, and, for a still greater taunt, order to us a man-of-war of their rotten squadron, after insulting us in their newspapers with articles sent from our home!

EXECUTION OF CAPTAIN FRYE, CREW AND PASSENGERS

"Spaniards! the moment of action has arrived. Do not go to sleep. Let us teach these vile traitors that we have not yet lost our pride and that we know how to protest with the energy befitting a nation worthy and strong, as our Spain is and always will be.

"Death to the Americans! Death to Autonomy!

"Long live Spain! Long live Weyler!"

Captain Sigsbee took every precaution that could reasonably be expected to avoid in any way offending Spanish susceptibilities or allowing his splendid vessel to be injured by portable mines or night attacks. His vessel was so large and well-equipped that in the narrow harbor she seemed of immense tonnage and force, and it would possibly have averted trouble, had her stay been brief and some other vessel sent to relieve her and demonstrate that there were other powerful ironclads in the American navy. But the Fates had decreed otherwise.

On the evening of February 16, 1898, the heavens was overcast and the air unusually heavy and oppressive. At nine o'clock, of the twenty-six officers and three hundred and twenty-eight men that formed her complement, only four officers were absent on shore leave, and the most of the men were about to turn in for the night, or had already sought their hammocks. At ten minutes past nine, Captain Sigsbee, having received all the reports for the night, was writing a letter home to his wife, but laid down his pen to listen to Newton, the ship's bugler, as he sounded "taps." The sweet minor refrains, executed as it seemed with more than usual effect, broke the oppressive silence of the harbor and seemed to die away in faint echoes from the massive ramparts and angles of the Moro Castle. It was the swan song of the stately and powerful "Maine," and, albeit the musician knew it not, the only martial dirge which he and many of his gallant companions would ever receive.

Half an hour later, as the commander was finishing his letter "a bursting, rending and crashing sound or roar of immense volume was followed by a succession of heavy, ominous, metallic sounds," and a trembling and lurching motion of the vessel, a list to port, and movement of subsidence. In the great cabin, flooded with light a moment, every electric was instantly extinguished and through the passages forward a dense acrid smoke deepened the gloom and added horror to the sudden catastrophe. There was no doubt as to what had occurred. "The 'Maine' was blown up and sinking." Rushing along the passage to the deck, the commander ran into someone coming to his cabin. It was William Anthony, the marine then acting as orderly, who had come to look after his commander and to report the condition of the ship.

Orders were at once given to ascertain what must be done to prevent further explosions, to extinguish the increasing fire, and to send boats to save the survivors of the crew. It was promptly realized that the sinking of the hull would soon flood every magazine, that the fire protective apparatus was destroyed, and that only three boats remained intact; but these were manned and despatched to the aid of the men who had been thrown into the water. The boats of the Spanish cruiser "Alfonso XII" and of the Ward Line steamer, "City of Washington," and other vessels aided fearlessly in the rescue of the exhausted and wounded survivors, and every courtesy and kindness was shown to those rescued. Only a few moments later, the highest part of the "Maine's" upper deck was on a level with the gunwale of the Captain's gig, into which Captain Sigsbee stepped, as was meet and fitting, the last living man of the "Maine's" splendid crew to leave her. The polluted waters of the bay grew lurid and crimson as the dense smoke of her burning broke into tongues of fierce flame and volcanic jets of detonating light as the ammunition thrown up amid the debris of lumber, cellulose and powder-cases exploded. Some say that from the distant shores there came the murmur of hoarse *vivas*, and cries of exultation, but at best this was uncertain.

Certainly the next day Havana observed all the forms of sincere mourning or the terrible calamity which had destroyed the two officers and two hundred and fifty-two men outright, and injured eighty-six out of the one hundred and two men saved, eight of them so badly hurt that they died of their wounds. Captain Sigsbee calls attention to the fact that in all the engagements and accidents of the Spanish-American War only seventy-five men were killed and wounded in the American Navy, and that the death list of the "Maine" explosion was nearly fifteen times as large as the number of naval officers and men killed in the war.

While everything was done to show sympathy and regret by the authorities and city of Havana, there was a very strong disposition on the part of the authorities to hamper and restrict operations on the "Maine," which might become the basis of a belief that the explosion resulted from an exterior mine.

On February 21, Congress appropriated two hundred thousand dollars for the purpose of reclaiming the bodies of the dead and of saving as much of the battery and outfit as possible. Nearly all the guns of the "Maine" were recovered except the big turret guns, but of these only the breech blocks could be removed. Captain Sharp in charge for the contractors wished permission to use dynamite cartridges and tapes to break up and remove some of the mass of metal, but this the Spaniards would not allow, and the opening of the war soon put an end to wrecking operations.

SIR LAMBTON LORRAINE
Of H. B. M. ship "Niobe," who prevented the massacre of 93 men, crew and passengers of the American S. S. "Virginius" at Santiago de Cuba, November, 1873

No positive statement could be elicited from the Havana authorities as to whether or not the harbor of Havana was defended by mines. But a very positive statement was made in the *Heraldo*, the leading paper of Madrid, in its issue of April 6, to the effect that Vice-Admiral Beranger, a former secretary of the navy, had declared that "Havana as well as Cienfuegos, Nuevitas, and Santiago are defended by electrical and automobile torpedoes which can be worked at a great distance. Senor Canovas del Castillo, who did not neglect these things, arranged in agreement with me for the shipping to Cuba of one hundred and ninety torpedoes which are surely located in these ports at present. The transportation and installation of these war-machines was in charge of the distinguished torpedoist, Senor Chacon."

Before the Committee on Foreign Relations, at date of April 6, 1898, Honore Francois Lainé, correspondent of the *New York Sun* testified that he had received from one Francesco Diaz, a reporter on the *Union Constitutionnel* of Havana, a Weyler organ, a copy of a letter from General Weyler to one Santos Guzman, in which he declared his determination to be a candidate to represent Cuba in the Spanish Cortes. The letter went on to say: "After having commanded during two years two hundred thousand Spanish heroes in Cuba, the title I shall be more proud of is that of deputy from Havana at the Cortes of Spain.

"By the way, I have read these days, that the Americans are pondering about sending one of their warships to that city. During my command in Cuba they did not even dare to dream about it. They knew the terrible punishment that awaited them.

"I had Havana Harbor well prepared for such an emergency. I rapidly finished the work that Martinez Campos carelessly abandoned.

"If the insult is made I hope that there will be a Spanish hand to punish it as it deserves."

This letter dated January 8 was turned over to the *Constitutionnel*, to announce Weyler's candidacy, and as at that time no American warships were visiting Havana, or expected, that part of the letter had no special significance.

Consul-General Lee testified before the same committee to the reliability of Lainé, and further said that he himself had secured a telegram from Weyler, addressed to one Eva Canel and this Santos Guzman, which directed: "Grave circumstances cause me to ask you to destroy a last letter of February 18, signed *Weyler*." It is supposed that he wrote later to much the same effect, and in view of the loss of the "Maine" was anxious that the letter should be destroyed.

The careful and methodical examination made of the wreck satisfied the American Government that the explosion of an external mine destroyed the vessel and so many American lives, and was properly thus commented upon by President McKinley: "In any event the destruction of the 'Maine,' by whatever exterior cause is a patent and impressive proof of a state of things in Cuba that is intolerable. That condition is thus shown to be such that the Spanish Government cannot assure safety and security to a vessel of the American Navy in the harbor of Havana on a mission of peace and rightfully there."

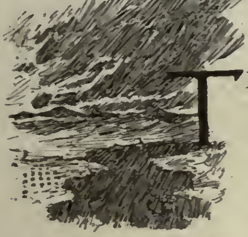
And now the United States after thirteen years' delay is taking measures to raise the shattered hull, reclaim the rusted guns and if possible the poor remnants of humanity, which were once the active mariners and jaunty Marine Guard of the "Maine."

Her fate was a terrible episode in the long centuries of wrong and outrage which have followed the occupation of Cuba by the first Spanish discoverer. Perhaps only this great and murderous crime or catastrophe was necessary to bring to an end a tyranny which for centuries had outraged the conscience and exhausted the patience of the civilized world.

The INSURRECTO

by Wilbur Daniel Steele

ILLUSTRATIONS by Arthur Hutchins



THE glare of a four o'clock Texan sun lay over the construction buildings like a close, stifling blanket. There was a rent in the blanket, a long rip of blue shadow streaming to the northeast, as if the sheet-iron peak of the big construction shed, long since abandoned by the constructors, had gashed the hot fabric. Five men sat with their backs against the shed or lay flat on the ground in this shadow, idle.

Three of the men were Mexicans—two of these frankly "greasers," with the generic discrepancy between the vest and trousers filled with a generous over-flow of soiled shirt, faces oily with the spring heat, hair unkempt. The third was of a finer drawing, a type of the intellectual Latin. The other two of the five were Americans—one of them well-dressed, cheerful, irresponsible, the excitement of new things still strongly upon him, drawing erratically at a brown pipe chased with a fraternity monogram, as he watched the trail which lay like a wire without a bend to the sky-line. The other American, the fifth man of the little *junta*—one of the innumerable covert needle points of rebellion which prick the borders of Mexico—even a casual observer might have known that the fifth man was the first—the hub around which the others played as spokes.

This man was of an indeterminate age, old in the gray over his ears, young in the look of his eyes and the strength of his throat. When he walked, his left leg seemed to drag a little behind the other. He rolled an occasional cigarette, not wetting it with his tongue, but crimping it dry after the manner of the far South, throwing each away after two or three puffs. His legs were incased in puttees, giving place to leather trousers above the knees. Long caped gloves lay on the ground at his side. He also watched the trail.

Alvarez was reading aloud from a day-old paper. Alvarez was the third Mexican, the agent of the central *junta*, and provisional mayor of a little town some four hundred miles to the south—a town he had never seen. The others listened and watched the trail as he read in a droning monotone:

"El Paso, Texas, — —. There is current here today a rumor to the effect that insurrectionary activities have been resumed in the State of Chihuahua, where a band of 160 rebels under the command of Francisco Rosas is reported to have surprised and routed two companies of federal troops in the hills near Pueblo Blanco. The insurrectos afterward retired to their base in the mountains, where they are supposed to be recruiting. This sudden activity was entirely unlooked for, as it was understood that Rosas was without sufficient arms and ammunition to make a demonstration. Where their equipment was acquired is unknown, and the Diaz government has again importuned Washington for a closer patrol of the border. Newspaper men and the military alike are beginning to believe in some mysterious and more than usually effective agency for supplying the rebels with the means of warfare, as it seems impossible that any assistance should have penetrated through the apparently perfect blockade which has been maintained along the line of late. Nevertheless, filibustering evidently continues. Officials are at sea—"

Gilder, the American with the brown pipe, broke in.

"*At* sea—they might as well be under it," he jeered. "Isn't it all mysterious and wonderful—eh, Fred? I wonder what the 'newspapermen and the military alike' would look like if they knew what the 'agency' really is. I'll bet they'd faint."

The lame man, addressed as Fred, crimped a cigarette.

"You might as well remember that my name is Tom Horne," he suggested, lowering his voice. "You can't make too sure of it's not leaking out some time when it would matter. But I am glad Rosas got away with that deal—it looks more like results."

"That's right. You know if they'd leave it to you, you'd finish the whole business in no time."

"Maybe—and maybe not. You can be as cocky as you please, but I want to give you a bit of news. I hear the Twenty-seventh has a 'plane' down at Mancos, a three-passenger Wright, with a wireless aboard. Of course it's a double-decker, pretty heavy for scouting, and they couldn't hold a candle to a monoplane like Nancy in there"—pointing over his shoulder at the interior of the shed—"but still, they'll be snooping around now, and things are going to be a bit more fancy, I have an idea."

Alvarez broke in, with the mechanically faultless English of an educated foreigner.

"There is more of the reading."

"Shoot ahead."

"It is believed here that the aim of the revolutionists is the taking of Pueblo Blanco, one of the principal towns of Chihuahua, and a strategic point, capture of which would mean practical control of the province. It is now garrisoned only by the remnant of the two companies defeated in last week's fight, and would be an easy prey for the insurrectos, were they to beleaguer it before the arrival of the re-inforcements now on their way from the capital. General Garcia is believed to be moving toward the city from the east with a large body of rebels, and it is supposed that Rosas will probably move against the railroad bridge at Rio Chico, destruction of which would stall the federal forces some forty miles south of the town, giving Garcia time to move upon it. Rosas, however, is understood to be without dynamite."

The agent's voice dropped, and he smiled grimly behind his mustachios as he glanced with meaning at the lame man. The latter's eyes left the trail and focussed quizzically on the toe of his boot.

"What do you think of that—about the Chico bridge?" he asked.

The college man spoke up with ready confidence.

"Why, they've got it to blow higher'n high, that's all."

"True. But the chap that wrote that skit 'understands' Rosas hasn't any dynamite—and I *know* he hasn't. What's the answer?"

For a moment no one of the five spoke. A sudden, confounding thought had come to the young man; Alvarez puddled the dust at his feet with the end of his riding crop; the "greasers" smoked, stolid and uncomprehending. Finally Guilder broke out.

"My God, Horne, you can't do it. Not with dynamite."

"I can do it if it has to be done." His voice was quiet and even, his eyes fixed on the road. "They've brought Mausers down that trail when they were needed—cartridge cases when they were needed—medicine when it was needed—and I've taken them over every time. Tonight they'll bring dynamite—wait and see if I'm not right." He got to his feet, picked up his gloves, dusted his trousers and entered the shed. The interior was in a dim half-light, a straight line of blackness showing where the canvas wings of a monoplane racer lay at rest. The lame man's hand fell on a slender rod of the tapering tail half affectionately, and he smiled at his own sentiment.

"There's a fine chance this'll be our last jaunt, Old Girl," he mused.

"Why do you do it, Fred?" It was the boy, who had followed.

"Perhaps it's for love of the game. Or perhaps it's because some of my granddads went on a bat at a place called Lexington and spent the 'morning after' at a certain Valley Forge. Anyhow, you know a great many more people die in bed than anywhere else. Moral—never go to bed." He winked whimsically at the younger man.

"But this is too much. It doesn't give you a show—"

"I didn't have a show in Venezuela, or when they were giving me that little party against the white wall in Cuba, but still, you see I'm here with nothing much wrong but a leg. And to think—I might pass on with a touch of indigestion, any day."

Later. The moon hung low in the west, shooting the shadow of the shed far out over the plain toward the first faint signs of the coming morn. The lame man sat propped against the building, his eyes alternately on the white trail and the slender black lines of the machine poised in the shadow. He had seen to every part of it with scrupulous care after the sun had set. Now he watched. The others lay on the ground near him. It was long now since they had lost faith in his prediction that they would come that night—"they" being the general term for the obscure sources of the contraband of war which ever and anon came down the trail. But he watched. He could not bring himself to believe "they" would slip up on this imperative occasion.

His vigil was awarded by a blur of dust, hazy in the oblique on the skyline. He pulled out his watch and examined its face with a frown of concern. It was going to be bad—bad. He could scarcely make the Rio Grande now before light, and beyond that he would have to pass through a ten-mile strip of dangerous country. He might wait till the following night—and that might be one night too late to stop that regiment of federals on their way from the capital and give Garcia his chance to strike a telling blow for the cause. If "they" could only have been a little quicker—well, they probably knew. He roused the sleepers.

There was no time lost after the arrival of the converted ore wagon. Ten minutes after the Mexican driver jumped down from the box, the lame man sat in the driving seat of the racer, juggling the controls to make sure that everything was right. Guilder came up and rested his hands on the propeller.

"If anything happens to you down there, I'll come in and fight the whole republic," he vowed.

"If anything happens to me down there," echoed the other, "it will be entirely painless, and neither I nor anyone within a radius of a hundred yards will ever suspect that anything has occurred. So long." The lame man spoke a word and four pair of hands sent him away.

Once fairly in the air, he breathed more easily, despite the confidence in his last speech. He had gotten away without a tremor, and he realized it was well he had. His right hand left the wheel and slid over the case on the crating alongside his knee. A delicate burden that—ninety pounds of it there and ninety on the other side—and he must eventually come down, in what kind of country for lighting, Heaven only knew. He speculated vaguely on how far away he would go if the tires under him struck a rut when he came to the ground.

He was going fast—very fast. The night was still as only a southwestern night can be still, and that was in his favor now—how long the calm would last he began to wonder as his eye took in a long black line of storm cloud, coming up out of the western rim of the great bowl. He shook his head. It grew too fast—that line.

He flew low, filling his lungs to the utmost in sheer enjoyment of the warm, sweet air streaming steadily past his face. The storm could wait. Near the ground as he was, the flat plain below threw the fusilade of his motor back at him. Farther on, nearer the border, he would have to go up to a high level to deaden the betraying crackle. Also, a spur of the hills came to the east near the river, sending treacherous side-draughts out of the draws, and it would be better to avoid them. He had little fear of the troops, at four or five thousand feet. He had forgotten the biplane. The moon had gone down in the bank of clouds, and the eastern horizon was beginning to define itself against the paling sky with startling rapidity. It was only a short distance now to the border—ten miles perhaps—but the lame man was only too well acquainted with the suddenness of the dawn in the thin air of the desert. He leaned down and gave an attentive ear to the manifold voice of his engine. Then, reassured, he began to ascend the impalpable stairway to a higher level of the air.

The low range of hills before him went down and down below the horizon—beyond them a sinuous line of darker color came up, pricked here and there with tiny dots of fire. That was the river, and those were the morning fires of the American troops guarding the border. These directly in front of him belonged to a troop of the Seventh Cavalry—he had crossed them many times, but always under cover of the night before. Further down to the left lay the Twenty-seventh Infantry—twelve hundred rifles beneath one, even at a mile, would be a delicate business, especially when so much as a splinter of shot under the inner curve of either wing would mean a stunning hole in the atmosphere and oblivion.

The sun struck him in sudden and complete force. A moment later he saw it catch the sides of the hills below, throwing every little object into an abrupt distinctness. His eyes ran along the range and picked up a blue shadow moving lazily over the white face of a mesa. For a moment its significance escaped him. Abstractedly, his gaze ran out on a line from the shadow, and as they found an object his hands tightened convulsively on the wheel before him.

The object which had intercepted the rays of the sun and cast that blue shadow on the hill sailed along lazily in front and below him like a sluggish beetle. The waving aerilons between the two yellow planes told him he had been mistaken when he spoke of a Wright. It was a Curtiss then, and of problematical speed.

For one time in his life, the man known as Tom Horne was startled out of his self-poise. Had he analyzed the situation, as was his long-bred habit, he would have made for the right, that is, upstream. As it was, he veered to the left, shaping his course to lie directly over the twelve hundred rifles of the Twenty-seventh. It is to his credit, however, that even in his confusion the thought of turning back did not come as a possibility. Perhaps he realized instinctively that his only haven now lay on the other side of the border, for he was aware he had been discovered by the patrol almost at the instant he had made his own observation. The apparently sluggish biplane took on a sudden new life, veering sharply about and presenting to his sight the three black specks that were men crouching between the wings.

The roar of the motor at his feet rose to a continuous shriek. The morning air stung his face like a rain of needles; far below him the blur of a shadow raced along the tips of the bunch grass, and a half mile to the right, a companion shadow jumped the run of an arroyo on a slightly converging course.

The race was on with a vengeance. After the first startled moment had passed, the lame man's machine-like precision of thought and action re-asserted itself once more. He glanced down. The flat plain below streamed past like the singing belt on an immense wheel, bringing ever nearer and nearer the yellow checkerboard of the encampment. He could begin to make out the men now, animated specks scurrying about after the manner of angry ants. They were forming in the company streets—whether in response to the wireless in the biplane or to their own observation of the aerial episode, he could not tell. All he knew was that there were twelve hundred guns, and that he must "get up." He turned his head and regarded his pursuers narrowly. They were holding their own, and at the same time cutting down the lateral distance between the lines of their flight. Somewhere in the back of his brain he was weighing the two alternatives—either he must hold on at the present level and risk the rain of infantry fire from the camp, or he must shift that elevating control and point upward toward a safer height, giving the scout behind an opportunity to cut down the precarious lead the monoplane now held. Under ordinary circumstances he would have chosen the former, being well acquainted with the ineffectiveness of rifle fire on a moving object, but the perilous freight alongside his knees lay like a sinister and unnerving burden on his consciousness. This whole mental transaction was no more than a flash. Before he had consciously thought, the control was back and the wind shifted from his face to the lowered side of his chin as the line of the racer pointed skyward.

Out of the tail of his eye he made out his pursuer coming on at terrific speed. He felt, rather than saw, the glint of a rifle barrel thrust out from between the planes, and the certainty that he had come under fire filled him with a tense uneasiness. He was coming over the edge of the camp now. Peering down between the stays at his left, he could see the spitting vapor from scattered muzzles. He turned at sound of a sharp spat on the right wing. A tiny round mark told him that he had been touched. He turned again to the machine behind him. The sight of a rifle thrust up at him at an awkward angle from under the upper wing gave him a bewildering idea. He laughed at the impossible thing.

No, it was not impossible—he had seen practically the same thing done on the practice fields of France, time and again. What was more, he believed in his craft—trusted implicitly that she would respond to any call he should make on her staunchness. He was going very fast.

The elevator control came back to his shoulder in a quick, easy pull. At the same time his right hand turned the wheel to the right. In response, the crossed planes of the trailing rudder went down and to the left. With a mighty swish and groan of sorely taxed rods and fabric, the great bird came up and up—the lame man clinging in the seat thought that upstroke would never end—and over in a dizzy, slanting loop, and down again. Then the monoplane rode easily, an even balance, her shadow almost touching the yellow top of the biplane, fifteen feet below.

He had done it. Had that flashing circuit been a little more to the perpendicular, he would have "looped the loop," as they say in circus parlance, perfectly. As it was, the slanting figure had done the work. The fire from the camp had ceased, and the rifle in the gliding patrol beneath him was effectually smothered by the sweep of the intervening plane. Horne laughed again and patted the wheel before him.

"Good girl!"

The patrolling plane beneath him began to glide over the camp in wide circles, its occupants evidently at a loss what to do, now that their claws had been clipped by the spectacular maneuver of their chase. The lame man grinned.

"It would be just like those army chaps to cut a hole in their rigging to get a pot at me," he mused. "And about that time they'd hit Mother Earth so hard they'd go right on through. I wonder if they'll do it."

But they did not do it. He had overlooked the perfectly obvious move, and it was not till he began to realize the increasing distinctness of the tents below that he understood. The other machine was simply dropping out from under him.

He had to think quickly. In his sudden, imperative need, the lame man did what every air-man does instinctively—he turned his eyes to the air for help. And the air did not fail him.

Perhaps half a mile down the river bank from the main camp was a corral for the officers' mounts, and nearby stood the mess-cook for the wranglers, stirring his morning fire into life. The smoke from this fire rose in the air for a hundred yards without so much as a quiver, so still was the atmosphere. At that point it suddenly vanished, as though shorn off cleanly by an invisible knife blade. The lame man's gaze fell on this phenomenon with understanding. He turned his eyes toward the range of hills across the stream, backed by the lowering storm he had forgotten. His search ran down this range till it came to what it was seeking—a V-shaped notch in the rocky barrier, opening almost opposite the corral. That was the sheath from which darted the invisible blade—

more accurately, the mouth of a long funnel leading back into the chilly recesses of the mountains, now heavy with the low-lying storm-mists. The abrupt warmth of the sun's rays on the lowlands had had the effect of lifting the blanket of atmosphere enveloping them, thus creating a semi-vacuum near the ground. It was to replenish this vacuum that the heavier air of the hills came pouring down, pursuing the lowest level like a true fluid. The lowest level was the bed of this V-shaped draw, and with the incalculable weight of the atmosphere behind it, the airy river shot from the spout in a sharp, swirling and invisible jet. This is what the lame man saw.

"I don't like to do it," he muttered. "I can't help remembering they're my own people, and probably very good fellows. But they ought not to be playing around in the air — that is, if they're fools enough to let 'emselves in for my game. Well—good-bye, friends."

But he did not go just yet, however. The sweep of the circle was carrying him away from the desired point at this moment. He must wait a little. The plane beneath him, seemingly alive in its own personality, now that its human burden was hidden from his view, slid along through the air like a huge, sibilant insect. He, watchful, covered its every move. The arc of the circle crept to the north of the camp, to the west, to the south, and the time had come.

The lower machine turned to complete the circuit up the eastern side. The upper machine did not turn with it this time. The watchers on the earth, taken off their guard, saw it gather a sudden speed and dart away down the river bank, falling nearer and nearer the water's edge as it went.

The lame man's aim was the column of smoke, as a visible sign-board of the safe road. He cut the vapor some twenty feet below the point of the invisible blade, and once securely beneath the cross-stream of air from the draw, began to test its lower flow, rising gradually to catch its first breath. Now he turned his head and regarded the other craft, which had but now become aware of the gesticulating arms of the troops below, desperately indicating his own defection, and was pointing about in pursuit.

"Let me go—let me go—you fools." The lame man plead with them through clenched teeth, as though they were but a dozen feet away. Still they came, nearing the tell-tale smoke and rising higher as he rose.

"Oh, well—if you must have it—take it."

With a sudden flash of its lithe tail, the racer veered toward the river. It was timed to a second. The pursuer, observing the new direction of the chase, also veered to cut across the monoplane's path. As she veered she canted far to the right, thus presenting the upper surfaces of her delicate twin planes toward the hills across the river.

It was all over very quickly. One moment she was a living creature, power in every singing line, cutting the thin air with the swift ease of a soaring bird. The next moment she had driven into that vicious cross-draught, receiving the full, twisting power of it on the backs of her wings. The result was that of a spider's web under the blow of the housemaid's broom.

The lame man turned his eyes away, but irresistibly they were drawn back to the wretched wisp of twisted rods and crumpled sheathing, shooting downward over the blue of the river. He perceived the dark forms of the air-men, squirming desperately to extricate themselves from the wrecked frame-work, and thanked Heaven it had been done over the water. They would probably get off at the price of a wetting and a broken bone or so. He watched them down, sorry that it had had to be—then he turned and pursued his quest over the borders.

The following half hour afforded him ample opportunity of putting this distressing scene from his mind. Once over the low range of hills, he came abruptly into the black of the spring storm. Every flash of lightning seemed to strike at the very centre of his being, so heavy did the delicate burden alongside his knees weigh upon his senses. Every shock of thunder that left him unscathed was a fresh miracle. But all things that are, pass by. He came out of the shadow into the hot sunlight once more, as a man wakes into the day from the toils of an evil dream.

The whole country lay beneath him, a widespread map in colored relief. Picking up the dark thread of a winding creek, he followed along its general course, knowing that it would lead him to that point in the hills where the newspaper correspondent had correctly supposed Francisco Rosas to be resting and recruiting.

They were in a hollow behind a great rock some miles up the canyon. The lame man craned his neck as he approached to get a first sight of the ragged little camp he had left there on his last departure. The purring bird swept on, circling the massive crag, and now the hidden pocket came into view. The lame man gasped—the place was empty of life.

What had happened? Had they been driven out by the state forces, or had they left of their own accord?

Like a huge soaring bird of prey, its eyes intent on every feature of the earth below, wings rigidly outspread, the yellow creature circled around and around above the perplexingly vacant hollow, searching some answer to his questioning. Then the lame man gave voice to an oath of disgust, as his sight fell upon a bit of paper fluttering from the peak of a forked stick, driven in the ground.

"D—— fools—they must think I can hitch this contraption somewhere up here and slide down a ladder to get at their literature. There's no place to land down there, even if I didn't have these devil-eggs aboard." The man and the machine swept on, the man cogitating. After three circuits were completed, he muttered aloud again.

"The note consisted of but a single word scrawled across the whole sheet, 'Chico—'"

"That note was put there to tell me what to do—I know that as well as I know that no way in God's earth can I get to the ground in this unholy country."

But he did get to the ground, mostly

in a tangle of scrub-oak and mountain cactus, shutting his eyes and biting his lips in agonizing suspense at the instant of contact. Then he walked over to the forked stick and smoothed out the crumpled paper.

The note consisted of but a single word, scrawled across the whole sheet: CHICO.

For an hour after this, the lame man sat in the hot sun, his back against a burning rock, his brain weary with the fruitless attempt at devising a method for leaving this desolate spot. As far as his craft was concerned, he might as well have been marooned on an island in the middle of the Pacific. He was needed at the Chico Bridge—imperatively needed—if the plans of the insurgents were to be carried through, the forces of the state prevented from entering Pueblo Blanco, and Chihuahua saved to the cause for which he and thousands had given the best in their lives.

But he was like an animal chained to a stick. For an aeroplane to rise in the air, it is necessary that a certain length of open ground, fairly level, shall be provided, so that it may gather enough momentum running over the earth to carry it up against the wind when the elevator plane is dipped. The lame man looked about, as he had already looked till his eyes ached with the glare of red rock in yellow sun. With the exception of the little patch of ragged scrub where he had landed, there showed not a dozen square yards of feasible ground in the place.

The minutes slipped away while the lame man raged at his own impotence. After so long a time he got to his feet and began the painful ascent of the bold crag, towering, a colossal sentinel, over the hollow. When he had finally made the summit, he sat down exhausted, and ran a speculative eye over the surface of the rock. Having completed this survey he shrugged his shoulders and returned to the bottom of the pocket. An hour and a half had passed.

"It's hard lines when a man has to dig his own grave," he soliloquized.

Then he went to work, grinning at his dismal joke. His first care was to lift the two "devil-eggs," as he had termed them, from their improvised chests, and deposited them cautiously on the ground beneath a bit of scrub. With them safely out of the way, he began to push the machine over the ground in the direction of the northern exposure of the sentinel rock which afforded a more graded ascent than either of the other three sides. Even on the comparative level of the pocket floor the going was difficult. Every other step he was forced to bring his pocket knife into play to clear away the brush. But once on the face of the torturing slope, every foot became the work of many painful minutes.

The sun climbed to the blistering zenith—went to one and to two and to three o'clock. The fabric of steel and canvas stood on the summit of the rock, and the lame man lay prone in the shadow of the wide wings, exhausted. After a little while he rose to his knees and crawled back over the edge of the rock. It was almost four o'clock when he returned with one of the brown rolls—it was fully five when he came back with the other.

A flat expanse of stone ran back some ten yards from the southern verge of the rock, from which the side of the pinnacle dropped away in a virtual precipice. To the upper end of this space, the end furthest from the edge, the lame man wheeled the monoplane, stopping the wheels with chips of rock thrust as wedges under the tires. Then he whirled the propeller a number of times to heat the motor. Having assured himself that everything was right, he climbed deliberately through the net-work of stays, into the driving seat.

The lame man looked about him, over all the expanse of the parched country, as one who is not sure of seeing its like again. Then he bent and let the spark into his motor. The propeller in front of his face turned slowly, then with increasing speed, till its arc became quite transparent. He sensed the little jar beneath him, and knew it was the tires hunching over the stone wedges in response to the pull. Then the straight, keen edge of the precipice came toward him, and the next instant he felt himself diving forward into sheer space.

His breath was a convulsion. Down and down—forever down—the tumbled boulders and bunches of tree growth at the bottom of the canyon shot toward him with incredible speed. He dragged desperately at the elevator control, praying that the fabric of the tail-plane might somehow stand the shock. One instant he knew he could never avert a stunning impact with the earth—the next, the racer responded to his rough appeal, and he knew he was sweeping out and out and upward again, like a swooping fish-hawk thwarted of its quarry.

Now he was on his way again to the south, and he dared not spare his motor. He had an intuitive feeling that no time was to be wasted if he were to be of use. He was going over comparatively new ground now, flying in the general direction in which he supposed the Rio Chico bridge to lie. Now and then he picked up the faint line of the Insurrectos' trail, and this gave him added confidence as to his aim. He supposed they would be there by this time, probably searching the sky through anxious glasses for first intimation of his approaching craft.

After a time, his infrequent glimpses of the little army's trail moved more and more to the left of his course, making him believe they had resorted to a detour to come at the bridge from the southwest, probably along the line of the railroad itself. His first thought was to cut across straight toward his best idea of the location of the trestle—caution, however, led him to follow the line of march.

For this decision he subsequently thanked his stars. As it turned out, had he acted on his first idea, he would have found neither friend nor foe at the bridge, and would probably have been at a loss what to do with himself. He became aware of this when the guiding trail approached the railroad, about ten miles south of the bridge, which now lay between him and the disputed Pueblo Blanco. The railway here led through an extremely broken stretch of country, cut up in every direction by innumerable canyons and sandy gulches.

It was in one of these gulches, running up toward the railroad and nearly at right angles to it, that the lame man, peering down through the grating, perceived a strange sight.

His first impression was that he was gliding over a scene of massacre—a great number of dead men, each lying prone in the shelter of a rock or yucca plant, as though flung there by the hand of the killer with intent to conceal. This was but a flash—the next moment he understood that those scattered dots were men alive, not dead, and that they were the ones who were doing the concealing, from what he did not know, until his gaze had shifted to the upper end of the gulch, that lying nearer the railroad. This upper end formed a sort of natural platform, affording room and protection for another body of black dots. From this body emanated, now and then, a sharp spit of smoke, followed by a slight report, scarcely audible to the lame man over the roar of his motor.

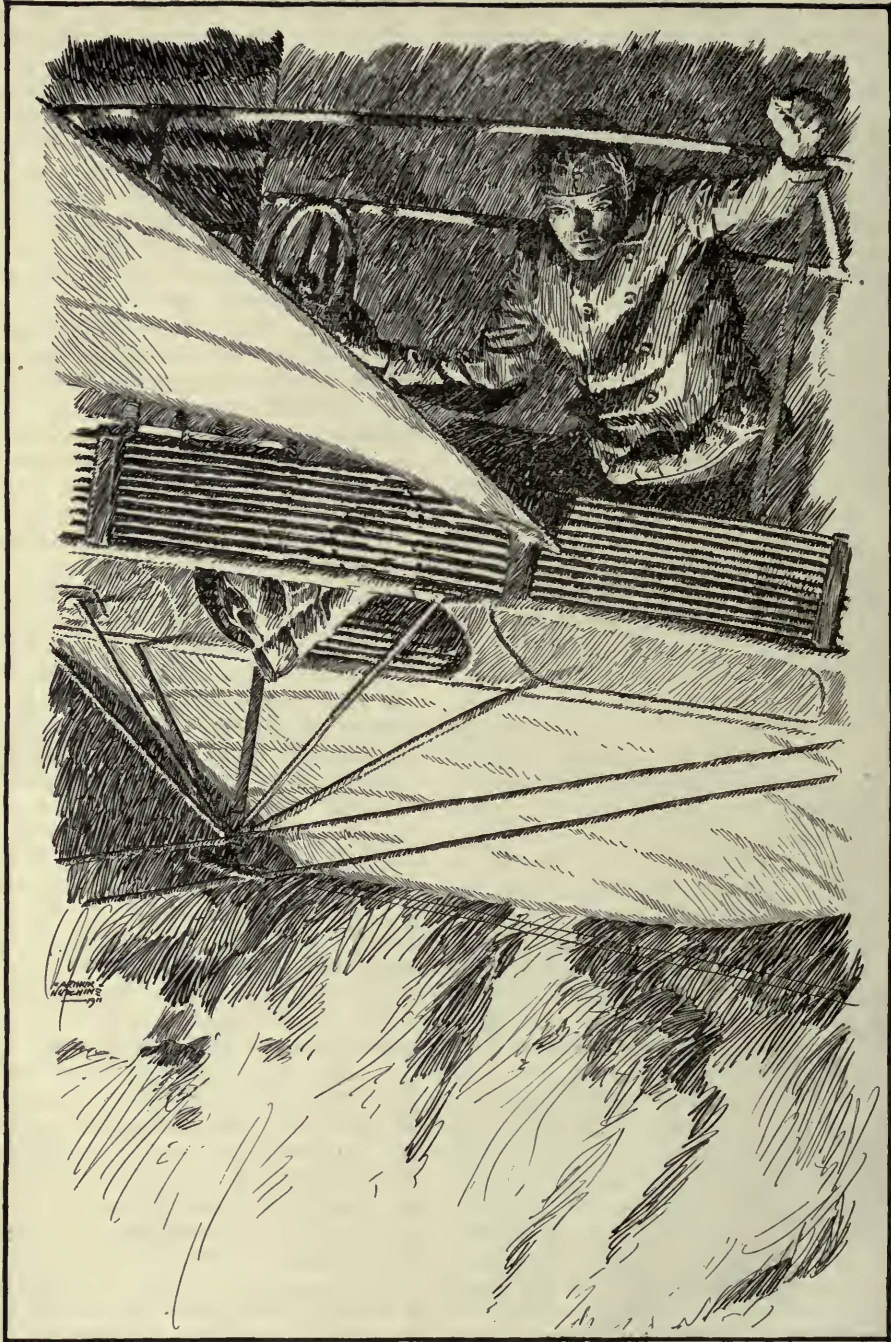
His first glance told him the situation. The rebel band had been held up at the railroad by a company of federals with a rapid-fire gun. He looked about him. The walls of the gulch, together with the general lay of the country, conspired to shut the insurrectos off from any possibility of a feasible detour. They would have to return on their own trail three miles at least before they found another approach toward the railroad. It seemed impossible, in the present state of affairs, for them to rush the railroad in the face of the gun. And the night was coming on. Still—they might be able to work through under cover of the darkness. And again, that might be too late.

He had no idea where the troop-train might be, all this time. He brought his craft about in a long arc, fumbling with one hand under the flap of the driving seat for the field-glasses carried there. He turned the glasses toward the northern horizon. The first object to come across the lense was a blur of dust, standing up like a pillar on the skyline.

"Garcia—coming in from the east," he muttered.

He turned them toward the dots below. He could see that one of the puppets, lying flat on its back, motioned toward the northwest with waving arm. He swung the glasses in line with the arm's indication. For a moment he saw nothing.

He was about to bring them away from



"His eyes were forced open by a great yellow light that seemed to envelope all the world in its fierce embrace" his eyes, at a loss for the meaning of the gesticulating arm, when a sudden, far-away glow fixed his attention. He waited another minute, sweeping slowly around on his gliding course, before the glow came again. And with its second appearance came an abrupt realization of its significance.

That glow was the reflection cast up from an open fire-door upon the rolling column of smoke from a locomotive's stack. It was the troop train—and it had gotten through. How far away was the bridge—the lame man estimated chances, even as he acted.

The man under the brush below, who had been but a puppet to the birdman, groaned in relief and fell to nursing a shattered wrist, as he watched the great bird above him forsake its meaningless circle and line away on a course parallel to the railroad in the direction of the Rio Chico bridge and Pueblo Blanco. The man with the wounded wrist was Francisco Rosas himself.

The lame man was talking to the fabric of steel and canvas. Through long and intimate association with it, it had taken on a distinct life and personality in his eyes. He was pleading, his voice low and tense with anxiety.

"I've been good to you," he urged, "as good as I've known. I asked you for something this morning and you showed me what you were made of. Now I ask you to go—go as you've never gone before—as you've never been able to go before—something very special—"

His words ran on in unconscious monotone. All the while he peered with wide eyes, stung by the hot, dry wind of the falling night, at the point where the twin lines of steel seemed to fuse into one and melt in the dusk. Beyond this point flashed the intermittent glow, now to one side, now to the other of his course, as the distant troop-train zigzagged around alternating curves.

As nearly as he could estimate it, the train had a good five miles in its favor when he caught the first glimpse of its betraying breath. Now he believed—he knew—that he was gaining, how rapidly, he could not say. The flashes were brighter and more distinctly cut out of the night, that was all. Had he known the exact location of the Chico bridge he could have struck directly for it. He cursed his lack of knowledge of the geography hereabouts, and plugged on as the wavering beacon guided.

When the lame man had talked so lightly with the young man of the brown pipe the afternoon before, he had really not known, himself, which sentiment it was that dominated him—love of the game, or the pull of the under dog. In the course of his wild, heart-breaking career through the night, he came to a realization that love of the game could never account for it all. He called himself a sentimental fool, even as he poured out unintelligible encouragement to his motor.

After what seemed a century of nothingness he became aware of a roaring in his ears, other than the roaring of his own engine. Then his nostrils were assailed by a wave of suffocating gases, and the glow which had been his guide stood up large and brilliant over the nose of the racer. He knew he had caught the chase, and exulted.

But his work was not accomplished yet. He knew not at what moment the slim line of the trestle would come flashing out of the darkness ahead to rob him of the fruit of his day's work. For he could not have brought himself to wipe out the train itself, crowded as he could see it was with hundreds of fellow-beings. He must get ahead at all costs.

He swooped down to one side of the engine cab, risking the chance of stray telegraph wires, and tried for the attention of the engine crew. If they saw him at all, they must have been too frightened by the phantom aspect of his craft to make reply, for gesticulations brought forth no response from the cab.

He gave it up and surged ahead. Every faculty was now alert for intimations of the approaching bridge. He knew just what he had to do, realized perfectly the desperate character of it, and went about it with a kind of detached precision. First his left hand came away from the wheel and fumbled in the case at his left knee, till the heavy roll therein was loose of its binding straps. When all was ready the other hand came down, and with the two he lifted the package out and deposited it near the front edge of the left wing, fastening it there with a bow-knot, so that one motion of the hand would let it away. In the moment of inattention, the craft had swerved slightly from the course. The lame man put it right again, and then served the right-hand burden as he had the other. After that he set himself to wait, staring ahead at the road-bed coming out to meet him like an endless ribbon from the night. He was well ahead of the train now, and he was glad. He wanted to give them a chance.

Then it came. He saw the nearer end of the trestle by the light of the bridge lanterns, one on either side of the track.

At one aviation meet or another, during the preceding years, the lame man had played at dropping dummy bombs on the decks of dummy warships. Now he understood why he had done it.

He had to work quickly and surely, for the bridge came toward him appallingly fast. He was still two hundred feet from the nearer end when he reached forward and sent the dynamite away with a sharp jerk of either hand. Then he struggled to get into the higher air.

The brown packages fell slowly. The terrible momentum of the racing flyer had such speed to them that they seemed to follow along under it for an incredible time. Then the lame man knew that they were dropping, fairly at the middle of the structure.

He closed his eyes and clung. His eyes were forced open by a great yellow light that seemed to envelope all the world in its fierce embrace. It was only afterward that he realized there must have been a fearful concussion—all he understood at the time was that he was whirling upward toward the black heavens, and that he felt the rods and stays about him singing in agony. Then he eddied about for a time in a sea of poisonous gases, dimly aware of a sharp whistle and the screaming note of steel wheels coming to a painful halt on steel rails.

But the Chico bridge was down—that was the burden of the tumult surging through his brain. Another tremendous explosion far away on the horizon caught his eye as he eddied about in a maze of flying vapors—and later he understood that it must have been the orb of the moon obtruding itself on the sky.

As control of his machine came back to him, he became aware that the troops had debouched from the train and were firing on him. He laughed at them in irresponsible glee. It was as though a tremendous weight had fallen from his shoulders. He brought the still shivering glider about and circled over them in sheer bravado, like a boy out of school. Then he took up his flight to the north.

An hour later he passed over the fires of Garcia's camp, less than three miles from the outskirts of Pueblo Blanco, the town that was home to many of his ragged men. On his way hither, the lame man had scribbled a note, setting forth the state of affairs. This note he wrapped about a spare nut and dropped into the camp.

The light from the moon and fires showed him the commotion his sudden bullet brought upon the camp, and how men stared up at the scarce-discerned wings of his hovering craft, waving their arms to him to come down. But he did not stop. He was too weary.

Two hours afterward he caught himself nodding over the wheel, as he jogged upward the three thousand foot level over the Rio Grande.

He had been awake for fifty hours. And on the morrow, London and Paris and Yokohama would know that Chihuahua had come over to the insurrection.

The GUEST OF HONOR

By William Hodge
"The Man From Home"

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SYNOPSIS—John Weatherbee, author and poet, comes to New York with his four-year-old adopted son, Jack, and takes rooms at Wartle's boarding house. As finances dwindle, he keeps moving up until the "top floor back" is reached. Amid persistent dunning of Wartle, the landlord, and Mrs. Murray, the housekeeper, Weatherbee is kept in spirits by Warner, a blind newspaper man, who assures the young man that some day he will be famous. Weatherbee becomes rapturous in describing to Warner the girl who recited his prize verse at the exclusive "Ten Club." The same afternoon this young lady, Miss Rosamond Kent, calls personally to urge him to attend a luncheon. Weatherbee introduces himself as his own secretary. Rosamond recognizes a photograph of her sister Marguerite on Weatherbee's table, and later informs her mother. Their conversation is interrupted by the appearance of Rosamond's father, "Dick" Kent, a Wall Street broker, who reprimands his daughter upon learning that a strange author is to be "The Guest of Honor" at her luncheon.

CHAPTER X

HELEN, knowing the frame of mind her father was in, his opinion of Thisby, his usual attitude toward him unless he wished to joke with him about the color of his tie, waistcoat, or the stripes in his shirt, which were seldom any other than a bright red, watched the library door with a great deal of anxiety for several minutes, and when Thisby failed to return, her surprise and curiosity led her ear close to the keyhole.

"Has he gone?" Rosamond whispered in a tone of delight as she entered the room.

"Yes," Helen replied as she tiptoed away from the keyhole. "He has gone in there," and her small, white hand trembled as she pointed to the door of the library.

"Why didn't you send him home?" Rosamond inquired impatiently.

"I just couldn't get him to go—I tried and tried, and he absolutely refused."

The name of Missses Curtis, Page and Alldwin, three members of the "Ten Club," were accurately announced by the butler and each one was greeted affectionately by Rosamond as they entered the room.

Though Helen welcomed each lady with a sincere clasp of the hand, their smartly cut gowns and attractive hats claimed a large share of her attention and as her longing eyes rested on Marjorie Page's large white hat, she wondered if it would be removed during the meeting long enough to see if it was as becoming to her as it was to Marjorie.

"Are we the first here?" Miss Curtis asked. "We came early on account of the business meeting before luncheon."

"I hope all the girls come early today," Rosamond answered eagerly, "so we can have a good, long meeting just about business."

"I was telling Ione," and Miss Alldwin, looked at Rosamond as if she hoped to gain her approval, "that I think it would be a good idea to impose a fine on any of us girls who mention gowns, hats, opera, or anything that isn't connected with the club, during the meeting."

"I think it would be a capital idea," Rosamond exclaimed, and Helen suggested that they all remove their hats and have them where they wouldn't be seen during the meeting, and she was quite disappointed when her suggestion was passed by with a kindly smile.

Miss Curtis became extremely enthusiastic when Rosamond asked her how her little patient was doing, and the unconscious love with which she described the way it was learning to walk made one almost wish she were a crippled child being cared for by a member of the "Ten Club."

"We have built on a board a little sort of a fence that just comes up to his waist—no, there are two fences, one on either side of this board and he walks between the fences, hangs on with each little hand while he drags his little feet along. It is simply wonderful the way he is improving. What do you suppose he said to me this morning when I called to take him out in the car? He was standing between the little fences when I went in, and he looked up at me and laughed and tried to shake the fence with his tiny hand and yelled: "I got 'egs."

"How long have you been caring for this one, Ione?"

"Almost a year."

"Could he walk at all when you first took him?"

"No, he had never touched his little feet to the floor."

"Well, my youngster's back is as straight as my hand," and Rosamond held out her hand, but was interrupted by Miss Page, who was anxious to tell of her little patient whom she was about to dismiss in perfect health, but the arrival of Miss Sprague and Miss Seward delayed her pleasure, but Grace Sprague's hat gave Helen an unexpected pleasure that she hadn't dreamed of, for she hadn't thought of anything more beautiful than Marjorie Page's hat, but as her large blue eyes traveled from one to the other, she couldn't decide which she would look best in. Miss Page made another unsuccessful attempt to tell of her little patient before the ladies had succeeded in exchanging their friendly greetings, for Grace Sprague took the floor and her unconscious enthusiasm enabled her to hold their attention until she had given an imitation of how her little Towser could run.

"He can actually run, girls," she exclaimed in a tone so high that her voice broke before she had completed the sentence. "We took his little steel jacket off yesterday and he just screamed with joy as he ran around the room."

Miss Page rose once more to inform them of the success she had been having when Edith Seward's eagerness led her to the center of the room to describe how her little girl's head was being carried in a frame that rested on her shoulders. Miss Page listened politely until she thought the child had had its share of description and she finally lectured on her case until Mary Cradduck and Catherine Chapin arrived, then the subject was changed just long enough to exchange a friendly, familiar greeting, each girl calling the other by her given name and the atmosphere of long acquaintance and sincere friendship for each other seemed to make interruptions a thing of welcome, so Mary Cradduck silenced everything by exclaiming: "Listen, girls!" and described her patient as a soldier, six years of age, whose name was Mike Finn, named after his father, the late Mike Finn. "The first request I made of his mother was to have Mike's red hair cut, and during my absence the economical Mrs. Finn cut Mike's hair herself and I wish you could see it. Rosamond, I wish you could see it."

"What is the case?" Rosamond inquired eagerly.

"Limb trouble."

"Is it curable?"

"Yes, I'll bet that little tad will be playing football in six months."

"It is your turn now, Catherine," Rosamond remarked tenderly, as she noticed Miss Chapin who had been listening quietly to the encouraging descriptions that each girl had given of her patient and Rosamond saw from the sad expression of her eyes that she was not anxious to talk of her case, so she changed the subject by joyfully exclaiming: "Girls, aren't you delighted to know that Ida is going to become a member today?"

"Isn't it fine?" several of the girls answered with a sincerity that might make one think they were welcoming the home-coming of an absent sister.

"Everyone just loves Ida, anyway," Miss Seward remarked. "She has seemed like a member for a long time. She loves children and she has been taking care of a little tike for almost a year. Out of all the names on the waiting list, Ida's was the only one suggested for membership. It was certainly a great compliment to her. We are lucky to get her. We need her; she is a worker."

The names of Miss Butterwing and Miss Lombard were gently announced by the butler and each girl rose to welcome the new member and waited their turn to clasp her hand and greet her with affectionate congratulations.

If Mr. Gibson and Mr. Christy could have had a few minutes in the corner, unnoticed by the ten young ladies as they unconsciously smiled and chatted in a circle under the sun-tinted light from the large chandelier, they would have given the lovers of their drawings something they would never forget.

"Isn't she the lucky girl?" Miss Butterwing asked.

"Think how lucky *we* are," responded Rosamond, "to secure a worker like Ida in our Club."

"I think so, too," was the mild ejaculation from several of the girls who didn't quite catch the meaning of Miss Butterwing's remark.

"Oh, yes, the acknowledgment of our luck was shown in our selection—I mean that Ida is lucky to be made a member today when we are entertaining an unknown author, and if I am not mistaken, he has been the cause of a few new hats to be worn today, hasn't he?" and she smiled at one or two of the girls whom she suspected of having made a special effort to dress more becomingly than usual for this particular luncheon, and some of the girls did confess that they had thought of Mr. Weatherbee when they were deciding what gown they would wear.

"Tell us about him, Rosamond—what is he like?" Miss Page requested eagerly as she sat on the large settee followed by as many of the girls as could crowd themselves between its ends. Each girl expressed an anxious desire to hear of the poet as they seated themselves and waited patiently for Rosamond.

The sad expression which had unconsciously crept into her eyes as she thought of Marguerite's picture caused several of the girls to remark in a disappointed tone: "Oh, he isn't coming!"

"Yes, he is," Rosamond answered quickly when she realized she had been standing in the center of the room speechless for several moments. "In the first place," she continued in a tone in which she forced sufficient enthusiasm to conceal her grief, "I haven't met Mr. Weatherbee. I met his secretary, a most charming character, quite as quaint as the studio itself, and after we had waited for Mr. Weatherbee for some time, his secretary said there was a chance of his not coming to the studio that day, so I wrote him a very urgent note telling him what a decided hit his poem had made with the audience and especially with the ladies of the club and that we insisted on his accepting our invitation, so the next day I received a note written by Mr. Weatherbee himself on a little sheet of plain paper such as authors use, saying: "With grateful appreciation, I accept the kind invitation of the 'Ten Club.' Faithfully yours, John Weatherbee."

"Three cheers for Rosamond," Miss Butterwing exclaimed, and the nine girls applauded earnestly with their white gloved hands as they cheered Rosamond, who bowed playfully.

"Girls, I wish you could see his studio. It is like something an artist would paint. I just hated to come away," and as Rosamond finished her flowery description of John Weatherbee's home in the attic, each girl was leaning far forward in her chair picturing the tiny room with the worn rag carpet, the broken rocker and the one small window, as a spot used for inspiration, little dreaming that the man whom they expected to entertain so lavishly in the Kent mansion knew no other home and was at that moment sitting in the broken rocker with his elbows on his knees and his face buried in his hands, wondering if he had done right in accepting their invitation.

Miss Butterwing suggested the meeting be called to order and all the business details of the club attended to before the Guest arrived, and Rosamond led the way to the adjoining room, which had been carefully arranged for the purpose. Helen's longing gaze followed Marjorie Page's large white hat until Rosamond closed the door and shook her lace handkerchief at Helen and smiled affectionately, saying: "We won't be long, Kiddie."

The nine young ladies seated themselves in the comfortable chairs that were arranged in the form of a horseshoe facing a large mahogany table, at which Miss Butterwing sat, ready to conduct the meeting, and the serious, friendly attention that each girl bestowed upon their leader was extremely unusual for a ladies' club. No gavel was used to call the meeting to order or to stop the buzz of conversation. Each girl sat silently with her eyes resting tenderly on Miss Butterwing. She did not rise to address the club, but sat with her hands resting on the table and spoke in a colloquial tone.

"Girls, the object of this meeting today, which we term a business meeting, is to welcome Ida as a member of the 'Ten Club' and for her sake I shall state as briefly as possible its history. The organization covers a period of over thirty years; some of our mothers were its original members. It was started by ten girls who were anxious to do something more than chat their lives away around a tea table. Out of a large social circle there were only ten of these girls who got together and decided that they would give at least an hour of their time each day to some crippled child under the age of ten, whose parents were unable to give it proper medical attention. They engaged two of the most celebrated specialists in New York to take charge of these cases. It is the wish of each member to find some crippled child regardless of race or religion, place it in charge of our physicians and spend an hour each day with the child, doing what she can to benefit and educate it. We have the names of over three hundred cases which have been cured during the life of this club. Some have turned out to be prominent business men here in New York. There are no rules or duties known to the club. Everything is done through love. No name, photograph or statement of any child or case is given to any newspaper. Any girl who marries becomes a retired member and her work with the club ceases," and Miss Butterwing laughed aloud as she said: "I guess that is done to enable her to give her husband an hour of her time each day. There are no initiation fees or dues attached to the club. The physicians are paid semi-annually from an equal collection from each member, which they usually collect from 'father,' and if he doesn't pony up at the request of his daughter he is called upon by the entire club, armed with hat pins and we have never failed to collect. We called on Mr. Kent once, and after we had collected we fined him the price of a lunch for our trouble. We like to make these calls, so after you have made a polite request and they don't shell out, just report it to the club and it will do the rest and lunch at his expense.

"The literary side of our club is left to the individual taste and desire of each member. We hold a meeting which is followed by a luncheon every month for the purpose of discussing opera, drama, poetry, or any subject which a member wishes to introduce. We give a benefit performance each year for the club, but this performance is not known or referred to as a benefit. It is advertised as 'The "Ten Club's" Annual Amateur Performance' given exclusively by the members. Each girl takes part and does what she can to make it a success. Rosamond was the bright particular star of our last performance. For these performances we advertise for one act plays, poems and songs by unknown authors. Our last entertainment was the most successful one we have ever given. Rosamond acted as manager, stage manager and general director, and she can give us the particulars. Is there anything that I have

"Thisby invades Kent's library with his detested cigarettes" forgotten to say, Rosamond?" Miss Butterwing asked as she rose to give her the chair.

"You did beautifully," and the ladies showed their appreciation by applauding generously.

Rosamond stood behind the table and faced her companions with a pleasant smile; it was really a proud smile, a smile that might have expressed a tiny note of conceit, for she was more than pleased with her managerial efforts. The entertainment had gone off smoothly and the financial returns were far beyond their expectations.

"As you all know, girls, our entertainment was simply a triumph both artistically and financially—just think, everything is paid and we only lost two hundred sixty-three dollars and thirty-five cents," and each lady cheered and applauded vociferously for many seconds. "And we were just as great a success artistically as we were financially," she continued with increased pride. "Of course, the entertainment was a little too long, but we didn't start until two and were out before seven, and everyone remained until it was over but the men. I guess they wanted to smoke," she said as if she were trying to apologize for their leaving. "Mamma says, (for an entertainment given by girls) it is the best one she ever saw in all her life. Some of us forgot our lines in the play, but mamma said the audience expected us to so they were not disappointed. What else is there to say—Oh, yes, Butty and I bought the prize for Mr. Weatherbee, it's upstairs in my room. I'll send and get it when we finish here and you can see if you like it. If you don't we can change it for something else. That is all I can think of to say—is there anything I have forgotten?" and her question was answered by another outburst of applause.

Ida Lombard was acknowledged a member of the "Ten Club" after each one of the girls had initiated her with a rugged hug and a tender kiss on the cheek and the meeting was thrown open for the discussion of any subject that might be introduced and John Weatherbee's poem was discussed, analyzed and pronounced a masterpiece.

Chapter XI

Thisby's many efforts to interest Kent on such subjects as the weather, automobiles, golf, tennis, bridge, theaters, teas and luncheons proved useless. He replied to some with a grunt, some with silence and others by a nervous tapping on the arm of his chair, but Thisby's courage remained firm and after he had watched the back of Kent's head for many minutes, waiting for a reply to his last question, he informed Mr. Kent that he had forgotten to put his watch on and would like to know the time.

"I haven't my glasses," Kent grunted as he held his watch before Thisby.

"It will soon be time for the bloomin' luncheon," he said as Kent walked out of the library and closed the door with a slam. "I hope the beggar doesn't come," Thisby thought to himself, and he smiled at the rage he had worked Kent into.

Kent paced the drawing room floor with his hands clasped behind his back, puffing savagely at his black cigar.

"Are you feeling any better, Richard?" Mrs. Kent asked in a sympathetic voice as she entered the room.

"No," he replied gruffly. "How can I get a chance to feel better? I can't get a corner to myself in my own house!"

"Why don't you sit in the library?"

"I can't sit in there when that stick of candy is around talking his silly head off."

"Who?"

"Thisby. Now I'm ill, and if he lights a cigarette in this house, I'll ask him to go home. I wish, dear, you would ask this club to have their luncheons some place else. The idea of inviting a strange man here whom they have never seen and know nothing of!"

"The club invited him."

"It is wrong, my dear—it is wrong. He may be someone we would be ashamed to have our children know."

Mrs. Kent sat patiently and listened while he tore through the bitter past that was gnawing at his heart and causing him many sleepless hours which no one knew of but himself.

Weatherbee slowly mounted the marble steps of the Kent mansion and he pressed the electric button firmly. He had pictured the situation and studied it until his mind was unbalanced as to whether he was right or wrong in accepting the invitation. He saw Warner's picture of the cad who would permit a worn suit of clothes to prevent him from meeting a friend who sought his acquaintance, one whom he admired as he had never admired before, and he pressed the button again—and the door opened.

"Who shall I say?" the butler inquired politely when he saw there was no card.

"Mr. Weatherbee," he answered softly.

Kent stood motionless in the center of the room when Weatherbee's name was announced, and when Mrs. Kent requested the butler to show him in, Kent started for the library, opened the door and closed it with a crash, when he was met by a cloud of smoke from Thisby's cigarette.

"Hell," he growled as he returned to the drawing room.

"You talk with Mr. Weatherbee, Richard, until the ladies finish their meeting. They won't be but a few minutes. I'll try and send Thisby home."

"If it weren't for his mother I'd send him home," Kent mumbled half to himself, "and I would do it in a way that would wrinkle some of those, wide, foolish stripes in his trousers, too."

Mrs. Kent explained in a tender, motherly way how busy the girls were going to be and that Mr. Kent was really ill, but it made no serious impression on Thisby; in fact, Mr. Kent's condition amused him and he simply laughed when Mrs. Kent suggested that he run home for awhile and come over tomorrow.

"If he's ill, why doesn't he go to his room and lie down for a bit?" Thisby asked in a tone of amused impatience. "He isn't ill, he's simply ugly. I tried every possible way to entertain him. I talked of everything I could think of and he just simply wouldn't talk. It wouldn't be very considerate of me to go home now. The girls are not sure that Mr. Weatherbee is coming, and if he doesn't come, they may need me to fill in for them. I promised Helen that I would stick around and I'm not going to break my word with her just because Mr. Kent has a grouch on," and he puffed heroically at his cigarette as he crossed his legs and swung his foot contentedly.

Mrs. Kent sat in silence for a few seconds and offered to 'phone him herself if Mr. Weatherbee didn't come, but Thisby replied that it would be more honorable for him to keep his word and wait.

"I'll be broad-minded about it," he said as he placed the thumb of each hand in the armhole of his waistcoat: "If Mr. Kent wants to act peevish and childish about sitting in here and chatting with me, I'll wait upstairs, or any place, but I mustn't go home and break my word to Helen."

Kent paced nervously back and forth in the drawing room and paused under the chandelier as the butler politely bowed John Weatherbee into the room.

Weatherbee's carefully brushed hair, his long thin face, his low white collar that was partly hidden behind a black flowing tie with slightly ravelled ends, his shiny double-breasted blue suit and worn shoes, which had been carefully polished, were taken in by one severe, piercing glance as Kent slowly raised his left hand to remove his cigar and pushed his right hand deep into the pocket of his trousers.

Each man eyed the other carefully, and an expression of bewildered amazement crept into Kent's face as he stepped back on his right foot, drew the left one back slowly and raised himself to the extreme height of his stature. Many thoughts flew through his active mind as he gazed at the careworn character which stood before him, which was so different from any of the many he had pictured since he had heard of the name Weatherbee. His walk in life had never brought him in contact with such a type as now stood before him, for they seldom got beyond his office boy, and never passed his secretary. "What is his game?" he thought to himself as he replaced his cigar and gripped it firmly between his teeth and threw both hands behind his back and stared at Weatherbee in blank amazement. He remembered that Mrs. Kent or Rosamond had told him that they hadn't seen Mr. Weatherbee himself and that was the only excuse he could find for such a dressed person being in his house, and his attitude became more rigid and his stare more savage as his eyes traveled slowly from Weatherbee's head to his feet.

Weatherbee stood between the silk, golden-colored portieres and met his cold, icy reception with a warm courageous smile that flittered away gradually and left his long, thin face with nothing but a twinkling left eye to relieve it of its sad expression.

"He at least does me the honor of being rude," Weatherbee thought to himself as he slowly collected his thoughts and tried to master an embarrassing situation, which in spite of its seriousness was becoming somewhat humorous on account of Kent's lion-like manner. He had schooled himself and was quite prepared to meet a group of young ladies and watch with great interest their disappointment at his appearance or entertain them with verses from their favorite poets, or give his honest opinion of the many authors whose works he was familiar with, but he was not ready for the rude, brutal manner in which Kent was receiving him, though the time that had elapsed while each man waited for the other to speak gave him an opportunity to call on his judgment and decide what tack he would take. His left eye twinkled until it danced and the right eye seemed to applaud it as they both gazed steadily, though tenderly, at Kent, who still stood like a steel statue, and Weatherbee's lips smiled pleasantly as he spoke in a low, dignified tone that was almost a whisper.

"I am Mr. Weatherbee."

"I am Richard Kent," the latter retorted quickly.

"Oh, father of Miss Rosamond Kent?"

"Yes."

"I am glad to meet you," and Weatherbee bowed politely.

"Will you be seated?" and Kent pointed to a chair just inside of the entrance, and Weatherbee seated himself as he whispered an amused "thank you."

"I understand you haven't met my daughter yet."

"Oh, yes, I have had that pleasure," Weatherbee replied, forgetting that he had met her as his own secretary.

Kent became puzzled as he hesitated for a few seconds and muttered to himself: "I understood them to say she hadn't met you."

Weatherbee leaned back in the big chair resting his hands on its cushioned arms and studied Kent calmly and carefully as he ran his nervous fingers through his white hair and gazed steadily at the floor. His coarse, grizzly personality, his rude stare and lack of any trace of politeness or civility, did anything but frighten Weatherbee; in fact, it acted as a tonic to his courage and he became disgusted with the atmosphere of the mansion and grew proud of his poverty and his humble home in the attic.

"Where did you meet my daughter?" Kent asked as he drew his head up slowly and searched Weatherbee with half-closed eyes.

"At my studio," Weatherbee answered in a gentle, polite tone, which increased Kent's astonishment and caused him to open his mouth as wide as he did his eyes, and his voice softened with surprise.

"May I ask where your studio is located?"

"On Twenty-ninth Street."

"Where is your home?"

"In my studio."

"Do your parents live in New York?"

"My parents are dead."

Kent stuck the big cigar between his teeth and walked the full length of the large room with his hands clasped behind his back and his head bowed in wonderment.

Weatherbee followed Kent's heavy figure with a sympathetic eye. The wealth he represented faded into dust, the mansion became nothing but cold stone walls, the silk portieres and damask seemed like rags, while his own shiny blue suit felt like velvet.

"It is a study of life that I wouldn't have missed for a fortune," he thought to himself and tried to decide whether he would leave at once or bear the humiliation and remain as a mere student of human nature.

Kent caught his wife's eye as she entered the room, and his sarcastic smile puzzled her until she saw Weatherbee rise from his chair quickly.

"My dear, let me present Mr. Weatherbee—this is Mrs. Kent."

"I am delighted to know you," Weatherbee whispered in an audible tone as he bowed politely and a forced smile partly covered the unconscious look of surprise that came into her face as she extended her hand and gasped in broken syllables: "I—I am— pl—eased—to meet—you."

"I thank you," Weatherbee answered in a firm tone as he pressed her hand gently and tried to make it appear that he hadn't noticed her embarrassment.

"Sit down," Kent ordered as he sank in a chair facing Weatherbee, who stood until Mrs. Kent was seated.

"Mr. Weatherbee says he has met Rosamond," and he gazed steadily at Mrs. Kent who looked with surprise as she exclaimed: "Oh, I understood Rosamond to say she hadn't met you."

"I don't understand the situation at all," Kent growled as he started on another nervous pace, but was interrupted by Thisby, who yelled as he entered the room and saw Weatherbee: "I jolly well knew it—I told you so—Weather can't come, eh?"

Kent turned suddenly, his eyes flashed and his voice fell to a key of whispering amazement. "That is Mr. Weatherbee, is it not?"

"I'll be jolly well hanged if I know—I hope not—he said yesterday he was Weatherbee's secretary."

A gentle smile of amused defiance came over Weatherbee's face as he watched the three people standing speechless, staring first at him and then at each other.

"Surely—surely," Helen cried in a disappointed tone as she came into the room and saw the four people standing silently gazing into each other's blank faces. "Surely Mr. Weatherbee isn't going to disappoint us at this late hour?" and she stood directly in front of Weatherbee and looked into his eyes reproachfully.

"I think Mr. Weatherbee is going to disappoint you," Weatherbee whispered with a smile as he looked tenderly into the child's eyes.

"Isn't this the gentleman you invited to your luncheon?" Kent asked quietly.

"Why, no-o—he is Mr. Weatherbee's secretary, aren't you?"

Weatherbee nodded his head in the affirmative, and his smile broadened as he still gazed on Helen's wide-open eyes.

"Thisby, show the ladies into the library," Kent ordered, then sank in the chair, propped his elbow on its arm, placed his chin in his hand and tried to look through Weatherbee's eyes that seemed to dance with joy at the savage, speechless figure that looked as if it were panting with rage at something it didn't know just where to bite to cause the most painful wound.

Weatherbee sat leisurely in the large chair, folded his hands together, and watched with dignified ease the muscles in Kent's face swell with rage as he sat waiting for an explanation. He smiled with pity at the financial giant who snarled at his rags, and Kent's dog-like rudeness seemed to call forth and accentuate his quiet sympathetic dignity.

"I have been urgently invited to this house," he thought to himself, "and I'll give them a chance to apologize for the manner in which they have received me or acknowledge that on account of my attire they do not wish to entertain me." He closed his eyes as he forgot Kent's presence and gazed back and imagined he saw the girl who recited his poem. He saw her standing in his tiny attic room and he heard her say: "Be sure and give this note to Mr. Weatherbee," and he wondered if that gentle voice could ever sound rude, or those large, soft, brown eyes could look with the same brutal contempt with which her father was staring at him now.

The door of the adjoining room opened and closed and those two brown eyes opened wide and that gentle voice became mellow with disappointed surprise as it murmured: "Oh, isn't Mr. Weatherbee coming?"

Weatherbee's "no" sounded like a painful throb from his throat as he stood and shook his head slowly. "He sent me to—to—tell you—that—that it is impossible for him to be with you today, he—he is extremely sorry—and he hopes that—that—circumstances will permit him to attend one of your luncheons later—he is most grateful for having been honored with an invitation—and—"

The butler then opened the library door and announced that Kent's office wished to speak with him over the 'phone on important business.

"This gentleman introduced himself

as Mr. Weatherbee," Kent growled sarcastically as he hurried into the library and closed the door with a bang.

Rosamond's face became a study of wonderment. She seemed to unconsciously float to one of the large chairs, sink on its arm, rest her elbow on its back and bury her face in her hand. During the several minutes which flew by in silence, her mind wandered up the narrow stairs into the studio in the attic and she realized the truth.

Weatherbee stood motionless. He hated himself for the cowardly way he had disowned his name on account of the shabby clothes he was now proud of.

"I have disowned my name again," he said to himself bitterly, "but I have done it rather than hurt her by telling her who I am and how I have been received."

"Is Mr. Weatherbee at his studio now?" Rosamond asked quietly without moving.

"No he—he—isn't," Weatherbee answered, as if he had pulled each word from his throat with a struggle.

"Why did you tell me you were Mr. Weatherbee's secretary?" and she placed the other elbow on the back of the chair and rested her forehead in both her hands.

"Because—I—I—"

"Do you think it was quite fair," she interrupted gently, "to permit me to stand in your studio and say all the things I did say about Mr. Weatherbee, thinking he was absent?"

"No, it wasn't. I am sorry and I ask your pardon."

"Why did you do it?"

"I can't tell you now—but—I'd like to tell you sometime later—sometime when things are different."

Rosamond raised her head slowly, her hands fell into her lap, she walked to the back of the chair and drew her finger from one corner to the other many times before she spoke and her voice became mellow with sincerity.

"In spite of anything that has happened between you and my father, I would like to have you remain to luncheon; the others won't know," and she smiled sympathetically at Weatherbee who stood speechless with admiration. His heart seemed to be beating a hurrah for the girl whose false pride it had throbbed in fear of.

"Believe me, I am most grateful," Weatherbee whispered, "but—I—oh—I couldn't remain now—but later—oh, sometime—later—when—things change—when things change—so to speak—I'll—I'll come to you, and tell you why I was Mr. Weatherbee's secretary."

"I know why," she answered in a tone of encouragement. "Won't you permit me to explain matters to my father and remain?"

"I thank you, but it is impossible for me to remain now."

"Why?"

"I can't tell you now—but—sometime."

"I wish you would," she pleaded. "There is something of great importance that I wish to speak with you about."

"Can't you speak of it now?"

"I'm afraid we haven't time."

"What is it?"

"It is regarding the photograph in the gold frame—standing on the table in your studio."

"That is the photograph of a lady who used to live there in the house."

"Does she live there now?"

"No," Weatherbee answered sadly, "she is dead."

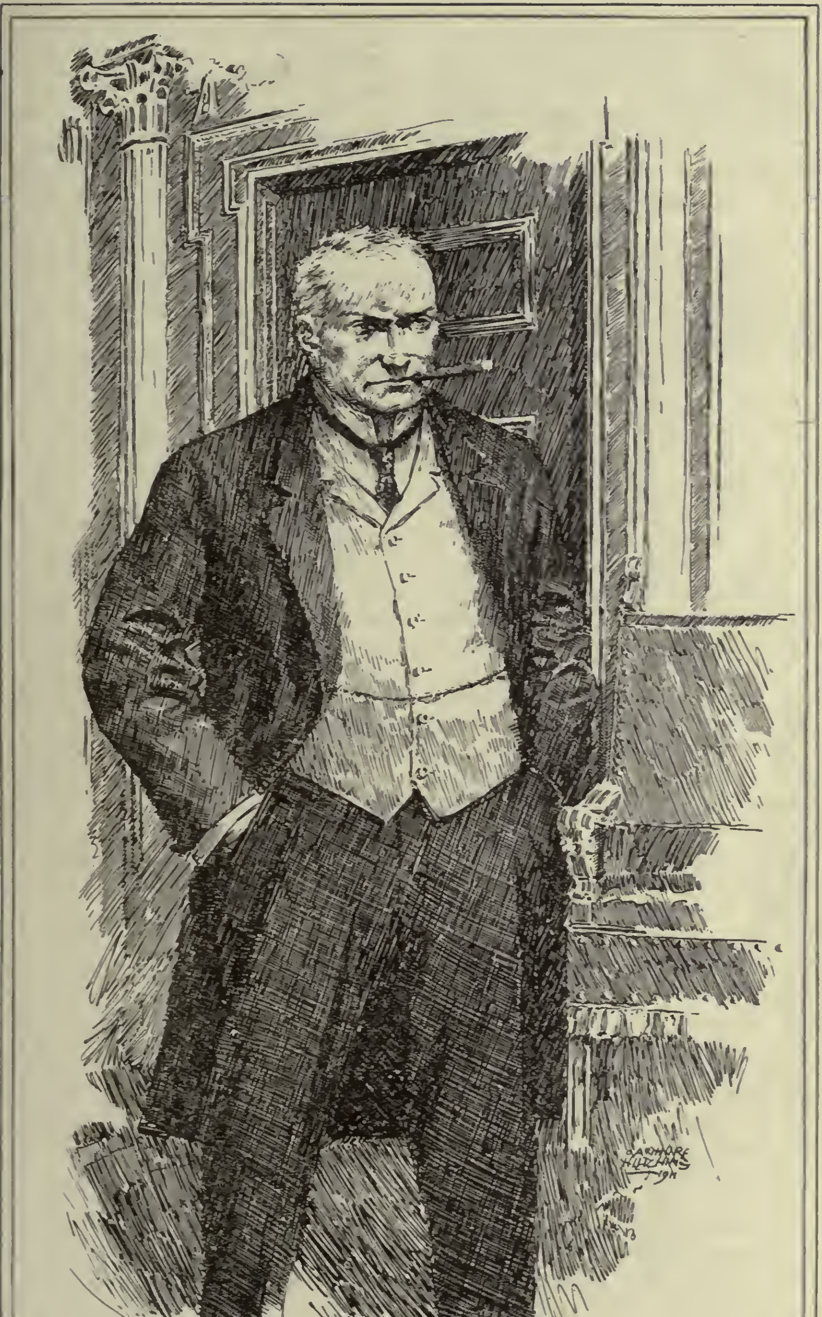
Weatherbee left the room without knowing of the pain his speech caused Rosamond or seeing her face which turned a deathly pale as she staggered and sank into the chair, for the heavy dining room doors had rolled open before he had quite finished speaking and he beheld the gorgeously spread table and the handsomely gowned ladies laughing and chatting and he rushed into the hall, seized his hat and dodged his way down Fifth Avenue studying the experience which he was grateful for.

Rosamond opened her eyes to find Miss Butterwing kneeling at her side and pressing her hand tenderly.

"Alice, I want to go to my room," she sighed as she struggled to her feet.

After Miss Butterwing had left Rosamond in her room with her mother, she entered the dining room, delivered Rosamond's message to the girls, explaining her absence, and ordered luncheon served.

At Helen's suggestion, she and Thisby



"His coarse, grizzly personality did anything but frighten Weatherbee"

were invited to fill the vacant chairs, and he remembered all of his favorite jokes which everyone was familiar with, and Helen prompted him accurately whenever his enthusiasm caused him to omit even a single word.

Chapter XII

"This is Saturday—today is the day," Warner whispered to himself as he slowly and unconsciously slid his feet along the hot stone walk of Twenty-ninth Street. He held his cane loosely in his hand and tapped it before him carelessly. The noise of the tapping sounded lonely to him. The voice of the huckster seemed to have a sad, muffled, disappointing ring to it. He heard no children laughing or singing to the tune of the hurdy-gurdy. The street seemed quieter and more lifeless than it had ever seemed before.

"I hope it is my imagination," he said as he trudged along mechanically counting the steps he had taken since he turned the corner.

Wartle greeted him with an unwelcome grunt as he opened the door and closed it before Warner was far enough away to prevent its edge from striking his arm. The creaking of the old stairs sounded different to him. It was an unwelcome sound that seemed to say good-bye instead of good-morning.

He stood at the head of the stairs in the little attic room holding on to the banister waiting for a familiar voice to welcome him, but no sound came.

"John," he called in a low tone, but there was no answer and he felt his way to the little rocker that squeaked a lonely welcome when his heavy figure sank between its broken arms and sat motionless for many minutes.

He bent forward and listened eagerly to the sound of the approaching steps on the stairs, but leaned back in disappointment when he recognized Mrs. Murray's breathless "Phe-e-u" as she reached the top step.

"Is Mr. Weatherbee here?" she grunted as she looked about the room, hanging onto the banister.

"No," Warner answered politely.

"He's always out whin his criditors call," she snarled.

"I'll tell him you called," Warner answered quickly, hoping she would give him the opportunity by not waiting.

"Thank ye fer yer kind offer, but Oi'll wait fer him," and she seated herself on the bed-couch.

"Faith an' ye'er gittin' moighty ginerous in yer old age," and she glared at him sarcastically. "Weatherbee'll pay me what he owes me today er Oi'll know the raison why," she continued in a rasping tone.

"Mr. Weatherbee will pay you every cent he owes you," Warner replied quietly, after a short silence.

"Well, why don't he do it?" she snapped.

"Because he hasn't the money."

"Why don't he go to work an' earn it?" she shouted as she hastened to the back of his chair and leaned over his shoulder.

"He'll pay me what he owes me, and he'll pay what he owes fer this room today, or out he goes," and she tapped Warner on the shoulder roughly with her forefinger as she uttered each word. "It may surprise ye to know that Oi have somethin' to say in this house *now*."

"*Now*," Warner grunted humorously. "I never knew you to be stuck for anything to say in this house yet, Mrs. Murray."

"Well, Oi'll have more to say," she retorted. "And Oi'll not let thim impose on poor Mr. Wartle anny longer, he's too ginerous."

Warner drew his open hand across his mouth to hide his smile when he thought of Wartle's generosity. It was no easy task to carry his heavy figure down and up four flights of stairs, but it pained him to listen to the slurs which were being thrown at Weatherbee, so he decided to wait on the street by counting his steps to the corner and back.

Wartle's little, fat figure met him at the stairs and his biting question to Warner of "His Weatherbee hin?" was answered in a taunting tone by Mrs. Murray. "I guess he's hoidin' some place."

"When Mr. Weatherbee comes in, will you please tell him I'll be back?" Warner requested gently.

"Yis, an' we'll tell 'im a few other things," Mrs. Murray yelled.

"Han' you'd better 'urry back hif you want to see 'im," and Wartle hung his bald, shiny head down over the banister and talked loud enough to be heard on the ground floor. "Fur hif 'e don't pay what 'e howes 'e don't sleep hin this room tonight." He straightened his little, round figure, turned and gazed at Mrs. Murray with a broad grin. "Hi got tired hof waitin' for you to come down stairs, so Hi come hup," and his grin broadened until the corners of his mouth almost touched his large ears, when Mrs. Murray remarked in a satisfied tone: "Ye look a hundred years younger with thim hair mattresses off the sides of yer face," and Wartle informed her with much pride that he was learning to shave himself better than a regular barber.

"Do you know that when Hi shaved myself this mornhin' Hi honly cut my face hin four places and one place was honly ha scratch," and he touched each of the three pieces of sticking plaster gently with the end of his finger.

"Does Weatherbee own annything in this room?" Mrs. Murray snapped, as she glanced around the room carefully as if she were taking an inventory of its contents.

"'E howns the trimmin's, but Hi howns the bed."

"Does he own that book-box?" and she pointed to the quaint little library with its open doors and empty shelves.

"Yes," Wartle replied as he examined it closely as if studying its value.

"Are ye goin' to let 'im take it away?"

"Hi'm not—'e don't take ha bloomin' thing hout hof this 'ouse till 'e pays hevery cent 'e howes me."

"Ye're roight fer once in yer loife. Did ye hire the chambermaid yit?"

"Hi did, han' she's coming Monday morning."

"Is she Irish?" Mrs. Murray asked quickly.

"No, she's French."

"Thim Frinch fairies are dangerous."

"Why?" Wartle murmured in a frightened whisper.

"They have such bad timpers, they're apt to stick ye wid a knife."

"She seems tame."

"Oi think Oi'll have her move this bed down to the second floor front and bring the bed in there up here. This is a better bed than it is."

"Hi'll tell 'er."

"Ye'll do nothin' of the kind—Oi'll tell her meself, an ye'll have nothin' to say about the runnin' of this house. Oi'll 'tend to that meself, it's a woif's duty to take charge of the house."

Wartle nodded his head slowly and answered in a low feeble tone, "Very well, my dear."

"Have ye had the things made out in moi name?"

"They har made hout hand hin my lawyer's 'and, hand 'e'll give them to you the day we're married."

"Oi must have thim first," and she pointed a warning finger at him as she spoke.

"Hi'll take you hup to 'is hoffice hand let you read them—they hare to be your wedding present from me."

"Have ye got the ring yit?"

Wartle rubbed his fat hands together nervously for a few seconds before he spoke.

"Hi thought you could wear the ring your first 'usband gave you?" and he tried to occupy his guilty mind by moistening the end of his finger on his tongue and wiping an imaginary spot from the corner of his waistcoat, as he waited for Mrs. Murray's reply and hoped that she would look upon the idea from an economical standpoint and consent to his suggestion, but Mrs. Murray looked at him with contempt for a moment, which seemed like an hour to Wartle, who was still rubbing his waistcoat with his finger and waiting painfully for her reply.

"Not on yer loife," she grunted, "no sickon-hand widdin' rings for me."

"Very well, my dear," he sighed, "Hi'll get hit this hafternoon."

"Well, ye'd better be gittin' a hustle on ye, if we're goin' to be married Chewsday. Have ye saw about havin' the house dicorated?"

"Yes, Hi done just has you told me."

"Remimber, Oi want the main entrance and the front parlor smothered in shamrocks—this is an *Irish* weddin', and if Oi see an English flower sittin' in moy house, Oi'll fling it out the windey."

"Hi hordered nothing but Hirish shamrocks."

"And none of yer Johnnie-Bull friends

are to be here. Oi've asked Mr. McCarthy, a frind of moine, to stand up wid ye and his sister is goin' to stand up with me, and Oi've invited about fifty of moy friends and Oi'll show ye a toime ye'll be proud of."

"Who his McCarthy?" Wartle inquired meekly.

"He's a cab driver," Mrs. Murray answered with much pride—"and owns his own cab. He's a foine man, and he's goin' to bring a lot of his frinds."

Wartle didn't disturb any of the sticking plaster on his face by laughing over the unexpected news that Mr. McCarthy was to stand up with him and bring all of his friends. His little hands found their way behind his back and squeezed each other tightly, his head went down slowly until his chin was buried in the rolls of flesh on his neck. He said nothing, but sat on the bed-couch and wondered if they would drink any strong drink or get noisy or rough.

"Carry me up on your back, will you, Dad?" Jack requested as he hung onto the tail of his father's coat and tried to hold him back from going upstairs unless he granted his coaxing demand, and Weatherbee took him by the arms and swung him over his shoulder and mounted the stairs in time to Jack's singing, "Rub-dub-dub, dub, dub," which was his usual habit every time he ascended the stairs.

"Pound your feet hard on the stairs, Dad, when I say rub-dub-dub."

"I mustn't, it makes too much noise."

"Well, pound them just a little," and Weatherbee satisfied him by making believe he was hitting the steps heavily, though he made no noise.

"There you are," and he stooped over and let Jack climb over his head onto the floor.

Weatherbee removed his hat and greeted Mrs. Murray and Wartle politely, but received no reply. Jack pulled his little, torn straw hat from his head, bowed to Mrs. Murray, saying: "How do you do, Mrs. Murray," then looked at his father with a half-guilty smile and giggled.

"Hello, Wartie." Weatherbee placed his hand over the child's mouth gently and tried to speak severely, though it was an effort to conceal the fact that he was amused at Wartle, who jumped to his feet and looked indignantly at Jack.

"Say 'How do you do, Mr. Wartle?'" and he removed his hand from his mouth and placed it on his head.

Jack repeated the words, "How do you do?" and hesitated as he looked up at his father with a daring twinkle in his eye.

"Mr. Wartle," Weatherbee demanded sternly and Jack obeyed by bowing and emphasizing "Mr." with all the voice he could use. "Dad, may I go down and find the cat?"

"If you don't make a noise."

And he ran downstairs calling "Kitty" in a low, muffled tone.

Weatherbee hung Jack's hat in the small closet, while Mrs. Murray and Wartle sat side by side on the edge of the bed-couch exchanging glances which seemed to ask, "Shall I light on him first, or will you?" but Wartle broke the silence as Weatherbee returned from the closet.

"Hi want to know what you hare going to do habout the rent?"

"And Oi want what ye owe me," put in Mrs. Murray before Weatherbee had had an opportunity to answer Wartle's perplexing question.

Weatherbee stood before his two creditors and spoke kindly. "Mrs. Murray, I am very sorry that I *can't* pay you now, but I hope to be able to pay you very soon. You have more than earned every cent I owe you and I'm sorry to have kept you waiting so long and you shall be the very first one I shall pay."

"Whin?" she snapped.

"I can't say now—just—when. I don't want to make a promise and have to break it, though I hope for your sake as well as for my own that it will be very soon."

"Hand what habout me?" Wartle grunted sarcastically.

"I'm going to pay you also, Mr. Wartle, but not until I pay Mrs. Murray, for she needs the money more than you do and I'm going to pay her first."

"Hif you can't pay me today, Mr. Weatherbee, you must get hout hof this 'ouse this hafternoon."

Weatherbee was not in a jesting mood, but the picture of Wartle and Mrs. Murray sitting side by side on the edge of the couch as if they had been blown up with dignity, caused his humor to unconsciously bubble up through his seriousness.

"Not this afternoon, Mr. Wartle?" and he forced a note of surprise into his voice that concealed the fact that he had already prepared to leave.

"This hafternoon," Wartle replied emphatically. "Hand hif you don't get hout, Hi'll call han hofficer," and he looked at Mrs. Murray, who nodded her head and gave him an encouraging wink.

"Oh, well," Weatherbee replied dryly, "if you're going to call an officer, I'll get out without fighting, just as soon as I get my things together."

"You musn't take hanything that his hin this room hout. What's 'ere belongs to me huntil you pay me my rent. You can take the boy's clothes hand that his hall, but hif you hattempt to take hanything helse, Hi'll 'ave you harrested," and he rose to his feet glaring at Weatherbee, and his little eyes were dancing with nervous anger.

Weatherbee gazed at him several seconds, and his voice fell to a kindly, earnest, sympathetic key. "That won't be necessary, Mr. Wartle, I don't want to take anything but the baby's clothes and my hat." Weatherbee glanced about the room at the little trinkets he had gathered from time to time. "They are of no value to anyone but me," he thought to himself, "if they were Uncle would have them."

"Ye've scared him stiff," Mrs. Murray whispered into Wartle's ear and they watched Weatherbee as he stood with his back toward them gazing at a small pencil drawing.

"Mr. Wartle, these pictures were given to me by a friend. Will you ask whoever takes the room to be careful of them?"

"You can 'ave them has soon has you pay your rent," and he walked to the head of the stairs followed by Mrs. Murray, who paused on the top step long enough to say with a great deal of authority:

"Oi'll take care of thim. Ye know Oi'm to be Mrs. Wartle next Chewsday noight," and she followed Wartle down the stairs proudly.

"I wish you every happiness, Mrs. Murray," Weatherbee yelled in a kind voice as he leaned over the banister.

"Good-bye," she answered, and Wartle called back in a high, sarcastic squeak: "Hi hexpect you to get right hout, Mr. Weatherbee."

"I'll get right out, Mr. Wartle," Weatherbee answered in a gentle promising tone.

He walked to the little window, pulled the top sash down, leaned his elbows on its edge, looked up into the blue, saw two soft, brown eyes, heard a gentle sincere voice saying: "In spite of anything that has happened between you and my father, I would like to have you remain—the others won't know," and he slapped his hard luck in the face with a pleasant smile.

Chapter XIII

When Weatherbee heard Warner returning he met him at the top of the stairs with a rugged slap on the back.

"Hello, Warner," he said in a jolly tone, but Warner only returned a gloomy "Hello, John," and leaned against the banister and heaved a deep sigh. He knew Weatherbee's voice too well not to recognize the fictitious note of cheerfulness he had forced into it to cover the sad ones which, in spite of his effort, bubbled up through the happy one often enough to betray the fact that he was not acting.

"He is doing what I knew he would do," Warner thought to himself. "He is smiling through the crack in his heart, a crack big enough to walk through."

Warner's opinion of Weatherbee as an author was still on the same pedestal he had placed it on the first time he had heard his novels read, and he was positive in his own mind that they would be published and make him, not only famous, but rich. He had used the novels as an argument of hope for so many months that Weatherbee laughed every time he referred to them and treated the subject as a joke. He sat on the banister, leaning forward, with both hands resting on the handle of his cane. He searched for something pleasant to say, but found nothing, though his heavy lips moved as he said to himself: "Those novels will be published some day, I'm sure of it. I'm positive of it."

Weatherbee stood in the center of the room, his weight rested on one leg, his right hand hung on his left arm and his chin on the knuckles of the left hand. He studied Warner carefully. He had known him for many years and this was the first time he had ever seen him bow to hard luck. He had always tickled it under the chin and sent it on its way with a smile. He knew Warner was not thinking of himself, and Weatherbee nodded his head in silent gratitude for the love that Warner's sad heart was dealing out to him in aching throbs.

"If they would stand Rosamond Kent out on the curb, I wouldn't take the Kent mansion and all its contents for his friendship," Weatherbee said to himself, and he walked over and struck Warner a blow on the shoulder with the flat of his hand that removed his hat and sent it to the floor.

"Cheer up, Warner," he yelled in a loud, cheerful voice as he picked up the black slouch hat and drew it down on the back of Warner's head until it almost covered his ears.

"I can't, John," and he adjusted the hat and drew it well over his eyes.

"You have got to," Weatherbee growled in a plucky tone. "Do you remember what you said the other day about the old robin in Central Park, that sings for you and how happy it made you, and how it gets jealous when the carriages go by and make a noise, do you remember? Well, I want you to go up there and listen to that robin sing and be happy and forget me and my troubles."

"I can't, John, I can't," Warner murmured in a deep, dry tone.

"You must," and Weatherbee's voice trembled with tenacity. "Go up there and smell the green and hear the children play and forget *me*. Warner, you have been a great help to me—a dear friend—and I love you for it. We've had some good times together in the old room here, and we'll have many more. You know you have always said that I'd be worth a million dollars some day—and we have all that to look forward to, and when it arrives we'll have all those books we've talked about, and I'll read for you; can you see that library we are going to have some day? Can you see it, Warner? Can you see it?"

"I can't see anything but you, without a cent and no place to go," and his heavy voice tried to shake the words out in a firm tone, but each word seemed to stick to his tongue and stumble over his thick lips in separate syllables.

Weatherbee saw that his grief had penetrated his heart and was clinging to its core. He placed his hand on Warner's shoulder and watched the blind eyes that his heart was slowly pumping tears into.

"Why, Warner, you are going back on your own advice—I am ashamed of you," and the two men stood for many minutes without speaking.

Warner had wanted to ask a question, but he hesitated in fear of the answer, and he started it several times before he finished it. "What are you going to do with little Jack?" He tried to hold his voice in a firm key, but it shook and the tones sounded as if they had been beaten and hammered by a throbbing heart.

"You know, Warner, Jack always comes first. I have prepared for him. He goes over to Mrs. Turner's."

The words sounded like the notes of an old, welcome song to Warner's ears, and they seemed to move and try to show their appreciation. "And you, John, are you going there, too?"

"No," Weatherbee replied cheerfully, "but Jack is fixed."

"Why couldn't you go there, John?" and his excited hand fumbled about until it rested on Weatherbee's shoulder.

"Her house is full, Warner. Every room is taken. She is going to take Jack in with *her*. I didn't explain the situation. I told her that I was going away on business and asked her to take care of Jack while I was gone."

Warner sank back against the banister; his right hand found its way to the handle of his cane and gripped it tightly.

"What about you, Warner? I'm due up at your house with the same room rent, and I'm afraid I won't be there when your landlord calls the roll."

"O, don't *think* of me—damn it—I need an airing, anyway," Warner answered gruffly, and he gave the rim of his hat a jerk that brought it down until it almost touched his nose.

"When am I going to see you, John?"

"I'll see you tonight."

"Where?"

"I'll meet you at the Seventy-second Street entrance of Central Park West."

"What time?"

"At seven o'clock."

Warner felt his way to the top step by running his hand along the edge of the banister.

"And we'll sit in the park and talk about Miss Kent."

"All right, Warner," and he patted him on the shoulder affectionately.

"When you came home and told me what a good time you had at that luncheon. I was as happy as if I had been there."

"You were happier, Warner."

"John, they will be giving you another some day, you see if they don't."

He stood on the top step and tried to push his feet down the old stairs for the last time, but they seemed to balk and felt as if they were glued in their tracks.

Weatherbee's face wrinkled into a sad grin as he watched him rest his elbow on the banister and lay his cheek in the palm of his hand and dream until he was awakened by Jack's playful voice at the bottom of the stairs.

"How do you do, Mr. Warner?" he yelled as he ran up the steps on his hands and feet.

"How do you do, sir? How are you today?"

"Pretty well, thank you. Stand there, Mr. Warner, and let me go between your legs," and he formed a bridge for Jack to go under.

"Have you a kiss for Uncle Warner?"

"You bet!" and he wrapped his little arms around Warner's neck and kissed him many times.

"And you are going to be a big, brave boy while your dad's away, aren't you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Just one more kiss," and the child kissed him several times.

"Good-bye—good-bye, John. Seven o'clock tonight," he called back in a broken tone from the floor below.

"At the Seventy-second Street entrance," Weatherbee yelled cheerfully.

Warner leaned his heavy figure against the wall when he reached the lower floor and dried his eyes with the ends of his fingers; then counted his steps to the corner. He ran the end of his cane along the edge of the curb and stood listening to the clanging of the ambulance bell.

"I wish I was in it," he thought to himself as he tapped his way to the middle of the street and an officer jerked him from in front of a street car and pushed him roughly to the opposite curb. He followed his cane to the Seventy-second Street entrance of Central Park and sank on a bench and listened patiently. He heard the puffing of the motor cars, the falling of the horse's iron shoes on the pavement. He heard the officer's surly voice yell, "keep to the right," but the children's playground at his back was deserted. The nurses had watched the black clouds gathering and had taken the little ones home. The thunder mumbled a word of warning to the birds and they bent their heads and squatted under the leaves and waited for the rain, and Warner listened and sighed—and listened, —but his robin didn't sing.

CHAPTER XIV

Jack sat on the floor in the center of the room fussing with the back of his hand, and Weatherbee watched him for some time, then inquired playfully into the cause of the long silence.

"What are you doing?" he asked, as he looked down over the child's head.

"Look where the cat scratched me," he replied, holding his hand up above his curls.

"What were you doing to the cat?"

"Just playing with it."

"Weren't you squeezing its stomach to make it squeak?"

"I just squeezed it a little tiny bit."

"Don't pinch it, that will irritate it and make it sore."

"I'm squeezing it to make the blood come."

But the cat had only drawn his claw gently across the back of his little, soiled hand to frighten him and had left nothing but a red mark, though he squeezed and pinched it to draw the blood which would enable him to heroically boast of a real wound.

Weatherbee spread an old newspaper on the table and tried hard for Jack's benefit to hum the child's favorite air of "There Was an Old Man and He Had a Wooden Leg," while he gathered up his little gingham dresses and what few pieces of clothing he had and placed them on the table.

"Are we going away, Dad?" he yelled in a tone of wild excitement as he jumped to his feet and ran to the table when he saw his father folding up his dress.

"Yes, we are going away."

"I know where—I know where," and he jumped up and down clapping his hands together.

"Where?" Weatherbee asked in a teasing, playful voice.

And Jack continued his clapping and jumping as he sang, "Camping—camping—camping."

"Some day," Weatherbee sang back between jumps, "but not today," and Jack's eyes opened wide as he ran to the edge of the table and asked, "Where are we going today, Dad?"

"You are going—Dad can't go. Dad has got to go away on business," and he studied the child's face carefully as he watched the expression of joy change to disappointment.

"Well, I don't want to go if you can't go, dad."

"But dad is going to take you there."

"And leave me?"

"Yes."

"Oh, dad."

"Oh, but you don't know where you are going. You will like this place."

"No, I won't."

"Yes, you will—you are going to Mrs. Turner's."

"Where are you going, dad?"

"I don't know—just yet."

"Will you be gone long?"

"Not very, I *hope*," and the humor of the remark afforded him a pleasant smile.

Jack turned his back and slowly drifted away from the table, nervously biting the nail of his thumb. His little head hung forward until his curls covered his cheeks.

The smile left Weatherbee's face and the corners of his mouth twitched as he gazed at the little figure and wondered if it would stand up and face the separation bravely. He tried to think of some method he could use to keep him cheerful, but he could find no truthful one, and the few seconds of silence seemed like years to Weatherbee as he tried in vain to think of something pleasant to say.

Jack turned, placed his little hands behind his back and looked into his father's eyes reproachfully and spoke in a low, reprimanding tone. "Dad, are you going to camp out without me?"

He stood Jack on the table and squeezed his tiny hands sympathetically as he studied the injured expression in the child's eyes.

"Do you think dad would go out on a *pleasure* trip without you?"

"You always tell me every night in bed that you will never, never leave me."

"Don't ask Dad why he doesn't take you. If it were possible to take you he would, but he can't, he just can't," and he unconsciously tightened his fingers around Jack's hands until he pulled them away with an "ouch."

"Will I have to stay at Mrs. Turner's all night?"

"Yes."

"Oh, dad, I don't want to go!" and he fell on Weatherbee's shoulder and wound his arms around his neck tightly.

"Stand up here," and Weatherbee stood him back on the table and unwound his arms which were clinging to his neck tightly. "Look at me," and he placed his finger under his chubby chin and pulled his little face up until their eyes met. "This isn't Jack Weatherbee the great big man I know, is it?"

"Ye-as it is!" he cried in a sobbing voice as he threw himself back on his father's shoulder, clinging to his neck and winding his legs around his waist.

Weatherbee leaned over and laid him on the table, removed his arms from about his neck, held his little hands tightly and looked down into his eyes, which were flooded with tears. "Well, then, brace up and be a big man, be a great big man and help dad—you want to help me, don't you?"

"Ye-as," he sobbed.

"I know you do and you are going to help him. Now, dad must go away for a few days—he doesn't want to go, but he must—he's got to go. It just breaks his heart to go, but he must go, he can't help it, and you are going to help him, you are going to be a great, big, brave man and help him; then when you get tall like me, I'll tell you what a brave little boy you were when you were small and how you went to Mrs. Turner's and stayed when Dad had to go away on business, and then I'll tell you where I went and what I did and how I missed you, and how I would sit up nights and think of you and wish I had you in my arms, and you will tell me what you did while I was away and how you missed me and all about the people you met at Mrs. Turner's."

"And will you tell me all about the men you meet where you are going, and where you lived? Are you going to a hotel, dad?"

"I'll tell you all about it and all about the hotel where I lived, where I slept every night, whom I met, and we'll talk it all over and you'll be so happy and I'll be happy," and he raised Jack to his feet, wrapped him in his arms and held him until Wartle's sarcastic voice was heard at the top of the stairs.

"This is the room, sir," he remarked in a loud tone, as he threw a warning glance at Weatherbee. "Three dollars ha week, hall furnished just has hit his."

The young man of foreign appearance glanced about the room quickly and inquired in a thick, German accent if he could move in this afternoon.

"Whenever you hare ready, sir," Wartle answered quickly, with his eyes still fastened on Weatherbee.

"All right, I'll go and get my things and move in this afternoon."

"You'll 'ave to get right hout, Mr. Weatherbee," he squeaked in a taunting tone as he went down stairs.

"I'll get right out, Mr. Wartle," Weatherbee answered pleasantly.

"Dad, is that man going to have our room?"

"I guess so, but we—we don't care, do we?"

"Aren't we going to live here any more?"

"No—we are going to find a new place to live."

"When?"

"Just as soon as I get back."

"Are we going to leave our things here?"

"Yes, until I come back, and then we'll come and get them and move into our *new* home. Come here and let me wash those hands. Oh, such hands," and he held the little, soiled hands up before Jack's eyes and then kissed them tenderly.

"Stand there until dad gets the sponge."

"May I take my rocking-horse with me?"

"You don't want to take your rocking-horse over to Mrs. Turner's. Why, she wouldn't have room for it, her home is so crowded," and he rubbed the little hands playfully and bounded the sponge against his face, hoping he would forget the horse.

"Well, that man who moves in here will ride on it and break it."

"No, he won't; I'll ask him not to. Where is your hat?"

"There it is."

And Weatherbee tied the strings of the little, torn straw hat under his chin and pulled the sleeves of his gingham dress down over his wrists.

"May I take mamma's picture with me?"

"You bet."

"And my story book?"

"Yes."

"And my jumping-jack?"

"You bet you!"

"Mr. Wartle calls *me* a jumping-jack, but I'm not, am I, dad?"

"No, sir; you're a little *soldier*!" and Weatherbee thought he was smiling with admiration as he stood back and looked at his little hero standing in the center of the table with his tiny figure patched in with awkward patches that he had sewn on himself, and his pride for the clumsy stitches he had taken caused him to forget the happy role he was playing and his eyes betrayed his forced smile.

"Dad, you're crying!"

"But you are not going to cry, are you—you are going to be brave—you are going to be a great big soldier—dad's soldier, and when dad takes you over to Mrs. Turner's and leaves you, you are not going to cry, and at night when you go to bed, you are not going to forget your prayers, and you're going to pray for dad, and wherever dad is—no matter *where* he is, or how *lonely* he is—he'll pray for you and ask God to make you that big, *strong*, *honest boy*—that *big soldier*—that *loving* soldier that you *are*—that you have *always* been—that you're always *going* to be, aren't you?" and he clutched the child in his arms and held him until he gasped for breath—pushed his head back, held Weatherbee's face between his little hands and looked into his eyes reproachfully.

"Dad, you're crying now," and he shook his small, white finger in his face until it touched his nose.

"Yes, dad is an old baby, isn't he? But you are not going to cry, are you? And if you get lonely, just think hard and say to yourself that you *know*, that you are *certain* dad is thinking of you."

"And if it thunders, I'll just get under the bed clothes and won't be a bit afraid."

"That's right, and if it thunders I'll think of you and take you in my arms and hold you tight, and you just make believe that you are in dad's arms and that you hear him say, 'don't be afraid,' and he'll be saying it to you no matter *where* he is, no matter *where*. Will you try?"

"Yes."

"You know dad hasn't anyone else on *earth* to think of but you, and you haven't anyone but me."

"Shall I pray for Mr. Warner?"

"Yes, ask God to make his eyes well so he can see. Will you remember?"

"Yes."

Weatherbee placed his hands on the child's shoulders, looked into his big, brave eyes, drew him to his breast, then folded him in his arms and from between his clinched teeth whispered, "good-bye," until the whisper faded into a sob.

"Come on, now," and he jumped him to the floor, "get your jumping-jack and your story book."

And Jack placed the torn story book under his arm and tucked the crippled jumping-jack into the small pocket of his dress. "And I am going to take mamma's picture," he said as he removed it from the table and studied it thoughtfully.

Weatherbee enrolled the child's few pieces of wearing apparel in the newspaper, placed a lead pencil and a few sheets of memorandum in his pocket, took several manuscripts that were lying on the table and threw them on a shelf in the closet.

"Are you going to take my picture, dad?"

"You bet I am, I have it in my pocket," and he glanced about the room quickly, to see if there was any favorite trinket small enough to carry in his pocket, but there was nothing. The tables and walls were bare.

"Are you ready?" he asked in a playful voice as he pushed the newspaper bundle under his arm.

"Yep," was Jack's cheerful answer. "It's raining, dad, and we haven't any umbrella, have we?"

"No, we don't mind the rain," and they started hand in hand while the cool, damp breeze sent the faded window curtains to and fro as if to wave their companions a "good luck and good-bye."

(*To be continued*)

The Story of the Red Machete

BY HOUGHTON HUGHES

INQUIRY through the Woman's Exchange on Park Avenue brought to me the place with the Cropseys. I can barely realize that three years have gone by since I passed through that incredible experience in connection with the mysterious disappearance of Colonel Cropsey and the sinister vengeance of the Seven of Las Vegas, but I remember well that it was the fifth day of the summer vacation of my junior year that I accepted the situation with the family. You see I was taking courses at Teachers College at the time and was earning enough every summer to pay my tuition fees. The vacation of the previous year I had spent very profitably doing secretarial work for Professor Tripp of Red Bank, and when May dawned again and I learned he had sailed for Europe, I began to look around eagerly for another situation.

A client had asked at the Exchange for a maid, specifying that she should be a woman of refinement with whom she could trust her larger children. When I made my fourth or fifth anxious call to see whether they had any opening for me, I was told about this place in an apologetic sort of way, the woman in charge not thinking that I would like to accept a servant's position. I told her that as far as I could see it was just like being a summer governess, with the classes left out, so she arranged a meeting for me with Mrs. Cropsey.

I shall carry to my grave a vivid image of the Colonel's wife; a watery-eyed shell of a woman, timid, pallid, and indifferent with regard to dress, who seemed on the verge of a collapse.

"Good-morning," she whispered, sinking into a chair exhaustedly, "this is Miss Larrabee, I believe. I have three children, Miss Larrabee, too large to have a nurse and too small to be trusted out alone; and I find it impossible to keep them out of doors as much as they need."

"So the secretary explained to me," I murmured.

"They are very quiet; your duties will be light. I—I want to feel that I have someone about whom I can depend upon more than anything else." She turned her tired eyes upon me. "But, dear me, I'm afraid you are too dark after all! You are not a Cuban, Miss Larrabee?"

I smiled a denial.

"Your skin is so very dark, that I—"

"Alabama is my native state," I replied; "that and a fondness for tennis explain my complexion, I imagine."

She drew closer to me and stared into my face; some ever-threatening terror seemed mirrored constantly in her eyes. "Too dark, too dark," she muttered vexedly. "Excuse me one moment, Miss Larrabee." I heard her whispering with the secretary, outside.

A little later the two entered the room. "Mrs. Cropsey is willing to pay fifty dollars a month for your services as companion to her children, Miss Larrabee, and such a munificent salary might justify some sacrifices on your part. Now, for instance, Mrs. Cropsey has explained that her husband has an aversion to dark-skinned persons and suggests that if you would be willing to—to bleach or to whiten your skin, all other details leading to your employment could be satisfactorily arranged."

"To bleach my skin, Miss Watkins?" I asked in amazement.

"Only the face and hands," interposed Mrs. Cropsey timidly.

"And the salary is fifty dollars a month," murmured the secretary in my ear; she reminded me of the girls in college who used to dare me to do stunts in the "gym."

I confess, however, I was undecided whether to laugh out or to resent the suggestion angrily. "I'm afraid, if that is to be one of the conditions of my employment, that I must withdraw," I answered slowly.

Poor Mrs. Cropsey looked crestfallen; the secretary shrugged her shoulders and again they whispered together. "Miss Larrabee, you *must* come with me anyway," she cried as Miss Watkins left the room. "I like your frank, open face. I trust that we shall be good friends—indeed I'm *sure* that we shall be good friends! I *so* need a faithful friend near me. God knows I need one!" Her voice rose suddenly and the sentence ended in a hysterical shriek.

I felt with a qualm that there was something uncanny and tragic about this terror-stricken woman with the frightened eyes. At first I flatly repulsed her overtures, but in the end it was more out of a feeling of pity for her helplessness and evident misery that I agreed to accept the place for June, July and August; though it would be unfair for me to deny that some air of enticing mystery about the whole thing also influenced me to cast my fortunes with the Cropseys.

She arranged for me to meet her later in the afternoon, as my services were to begin at once, and I spent the intervening time in packing up at the "Reville."

"We live away out in Flatbush," Mrs. Cropsey confided in me as she signalled a car; "indeed we should have started earlier."

It seemed to me, that day, as if we were riding for hours; we crossed the Bridge, traversed block after block of houses, skirted the edge of Prospect Park for a weary mile until the courage which had buoyed me up from the start of the journey began to give way to rank misgivings. Mrs. Cropsey was uncommunicative throughout the trip; indeed she seemed too exhausted to talk. I remember her breaking the long silence only once:

"You are not apt to have any callers, Miss Larrabee?"

She seemed relieved when I answered in the negative. So I contented myself with studying the ever-changing vista through the car windows as we began to cross the unsettled flatlands of Long Island.

"The next street is ours," broke in Mrs. Cropsey, staring out suddenly. It was quite dark and a mist was falling as we left the car. In front of us stretched a bleak, forbidding avenue, unpaved and lined with trees. Upon a post at the corner I read the name, "Cortelyou Road."

"The Colonel has many peculiarities to which you will have to accustom yourself, Miss Larrabee," she jerked out as we hurried along. "He wouldn't permit us to live any nearer the city. He served in the army, you know, in the tropics, and he is irascible at times; his nervous system has been wrecked with fever."

We passed two squares and turned into a street from either side of which a few detached dwellings stood back. The one before which Mrs. Cropsey halted was surrounded by an evergreen hedge that effectively concealed it from the walk; a vine on a trellis hid the veranda, and this and the fact that all the shades were drawn lent a cheerless aspect to the place. A few derelict hydrangeas on the lawn lifted their heads feebly.

Mrs. Cropsey let us into the quiet house with a key, and in a back room upstairs I was left to meditate the situation. I met the children, a boy and girl, at dinner; they looked at me shyly; two more reserved and thoroughly subdued children I had never seen. I was wondering where the Colonel was who had a dislike for dark-skinned people; the two children seemed to be all the family.

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As Mrs. Cropsey promised, my duties were sufficiently light; after breakfast I would take them for a walk if it was fair, and if rainy I amused them in the house. The atmosphere of the place was the most melancholy and joyless that you can imagine; the children never raised their voices, there were no visitors, the windows were always darkened and it seemed to me a household over which tragedy brooded. During my first four days, moreover, I caught no glimpse of the irascible Colonel Cropsey.

After much persuasion I secured the use of the attic as a playground for the children and to this we would repair to have our lessons and games. On the fifth day of my incumbency we were up here, I sitting on the floor with my back to the open door throwing a bean-bag to the children, when I saw Edwin's jaw drop suddenly while he stared past my head. Instinctively I turned with the feeling that someone was behind me, and caught sight of a tall, sinewy man framed in the small doorway, who glared at me with puckered eyes. He had a yellowish complexion, a ridiculously bald head, while a band of untanned skin about his forehead and rather large, protruding ears lent him a singular appearance. What struck me most was his frightened manner; his knees seemed actually to shake, his fingers twitched, he looked to be on the point of bolting down the stairs again.

For some minutes I could do nothing but stare at him. "This is Colonel Cropsey, I believe," I managed to get out finally: "I am Miss Larrabee." I knew it was he at the first glance.

"Quite so, quite so," he snapped in a harsh voice, eyeing me narrowly. "Good morning . . . Have you ever been in Cuba, Miss Larrabee?"

"No, I've never been outside the United States," I tried to smile.

His gaze shifted to the children and I went on with the game awkwardly; we played restrainedly for some time until I had almost forgotten his presence.

"Que hora es?" he suddenly boomed out in a ringing voice of command.

I shot around sharply at the words; I did not stop to consider why he had asked me the time in Spanish, but answered clearly:

"Un quarto pare las diez." In my second year at college I had chosen Spanish instead of German.

Upon hearing the words he swung the door shut with a crash that echoed through the house and shook particles of plaster from the ceiling. He clumped down the narrow stairs, shrieking at the top of his voice: "Good God, she's one of 'em! I knew it! I knew it! She's one of the Seven! It's the daughter, the daughter. Marie! Marie!"—the shouting ended abruptly with the slamming of another door and the click of a lock. There are not many things that rob me of my nerve, but the scared shrieks of this man was one of them; I hurried downstairs as soon as I could recover myself and met Mrs. Cropsey, ascending.

"Oh, dear, oh, dear!" she cried distractedly, pushing her gray hair back from her forehead, "what has happened, Miss Larrabee? What *has* happened? I trust you have not annoyed Colonel Cropsey—I told you he was rather irascible at times."

I soothed her as best I could with my explanations while she walked up and down excitedly with blanched face. I had to prepare the children's lunch myself that day and many times after that, for Mrs. Cropsey often seemed totally oblivious of their presence.

I saw no more of the Colonel until three days later when, as I entered the dining room, his puckered face stared at me suspiciously from the head of the table. I nodded to him and seated myself in a constrained silence. The meal was exceedingly miserable; the Colonel drank several cups of coffee and ate part of a melon while I took but little more.

"What did you say her name was?" he bit out, of a sudden. Mrs. Cropsey dropped her fork and stammered out my name with difficulty. I was quite convinced at heart that the Colonel was a coward and a bully. Indeed I have to marvel how I ever endured the many unpleasant things at the Cropseys at all; how I restrained myself from packing up and quitting that house of mystery. As I explain this to Dr. Sanford, who sits beside me as I write, he smiles and declares that had I done so we would never have been brought together; and I begin to realize that the ways of Providence are not altogether without purpose.

We were halfway through the meal that day when the Colonel suddenly sat up and dropped his coffee-cup as if it had scorched him, and a moment later the sound of wagon wheels crunching the gravel outside came to my ears. It was not a usual sound, to be sure, but it held no alarming note that I could see. The four Cropseys turned startled faces toward the street in unison while the Colonel rested both hands on the table's edge as if he were preparing to leap away. He pushed back his chair as the gate clicked open and a footstep mounted the veranda. Mrs. Cropsey's imploring eyes were turned upon me, and I rose to answer the ring. As I passed behind the Colonel's chair I observed with a thrill that his brown hand clutched the butt of a long blue army revolver which oscillated back and forth. The vehicle was a delivery wagon from Baltman's; the driver had mistaken the number of the house.

"Most annoying!" the Colonel cried out angrily afterward. "I want quiet and seclusion here! I've done my work for my country, and now I want quiet and seclusion and I *must have it!*" His voice had the same trick of rising to a discordant shriek that I observed in Mrs. Cropsey.

"A dyspeptic old crank!" I muttered.

That afternoon Mrs. Cropsey came up to the attic. "Miss Larrabee," she began in a forced manner, "it will be necessary for you to give up your bedroom here, so I have arranged for you to have a room in the Tysons' house on the Road. Mr. Tyson will call at three for your trunk."

"This is rather unexpected, Mrs. Cropsey," I remonstrated; I did not like the idea of sleeping out of the house.

"Yes, I know it—I know it; but I can't help it. The Colonel insists! Your room rent will be paid for you, and—and I will give you five dollars extra a month. Miss Larrabee, I really could not do without you now!" I choked any resentment I entertained with the thought of that fifty-five dollars a month all clear; Professor Tripp had paid me only forty.

"You don't know how much I rely upon you in case of any emergency, Edith. I may continue to do so, may I not? If anything *should* happen, I want you by me—I shall run to you first!"

We talked for a little while longer, and although she was always very reticent about the Colonel's affairs she gave me to understand that he had served in Cuba during the Spanish War in command of the 7th U. S. Infantry and was now retired. I imagine also that he had been stationed at Fort Leavenworth for a while, for I saw Kansas tags upon several of their trunks in the hall.

The Colonel had an odd trick of disappearing for three or four days on a stretch and then, of a sudden, I would come upon him sitting in a room in the dark, or peering through the blinds. He never ventured upon the street and I began to feel that he anticipated some bodily attack, for it was no unusual thing to meet him creeping down the stairs with a revolver in his hand; then, also, the wires were so arranged that at night the lights could be switched on simultaneously all over the house. The walls of his room were covered with trophies and weapons of various sorts, one side being taken up by an enormous map of Cuba on which the province of Santa Clara was colored red. There were many time tables littered about and cigar stumps; while on the bureau two large revolvers reposed in the midst of a peaceable array of ties and collars.

I suppose I ought to mention the fact of my acquaintance with Dr. Sanford, whose house was near the Tysons'. Edwin burnt his fingers with a match one morning, when I should have been watching him, and yelled so loudly that I took him in to the doctor to have him ease the pain. I wished to pay him myself so that Mrs. Cropsey might not be worried by hearing of the occurrence; but he refused to take any payment for so trifling a service. I thought this was very kind of him and thanked him. I met him several times after that, in running over to the Tysons', and we became quite friendly.

It was growing on toward the first of September that I observed both the Colonel's and Mrs. Cropsey's nervousness and terror increasing daily. If I had not prepared and pressed food upon her, I do not think she would have eaten at all, while the Colonel never sat at table now. As I played in the attic with the children we could hear the boards below creak under his unceasing tread, up and down. She requested me not to take them out for a week or so, so I opened all the windows of the attic and let them get their air in that way. Indeed for over a week not a window or door in the front of the house was stirred. I began to feel that some kind of a crisis was approaching; I had no one to confide in at that time, but my natural store of courage buoyed me up and I knew that whatever it was I would pull through it.

On September 2 (I remember the date well because it is the Doctor's birthday) I left the house early to go to a green grocer's after a small item she had forgotten to order. As I turned into Loring Place I saw, a half-block ahead of me, a dark, undersized man with a long, white parcel step out from behind one of the maples and come rapidly toward me. The road was deserted; I kept right on. He had the square, ill-fitting coat of a foreigner, and before he opened his mouth I had set him down for a Cuban and felt that he was connected in some way with the Cropseys. He raised his hat politely:

"You are daughter to Colonel Cropsey? Yes?"

"No, I am not," I replied coolly.

"But—but you leeve there," he continued in a less pleasant voice.

"Yes, I live there—I'm employed there."

"Ah! Well, you plees geeve thees to the Colonel." Before I realized what he was doing he had thrust the narrow parcel into my arms. It was almost three feet long and must have weighed several pounds. On the wrapping was scrawled in violet ink the Colonel's name and address in a foreign slant. "Now you go take eet to the Colonel—wait for hees answer. There is the — the writing inside. Now you go!" he reiterated, wiping his brow excitedly.

I was in no mind to hurry back just then, especially when, out of the corner of my eye, I caught sight of Dr. Sanford coming leisurely up the Road with his little black bag from the Hendersons'. "I'll give it to the Colonel when I return," I told him, moving off.

"No! No!" he cried angrily. "You go back now. I wait for re-response!" And he laid a detaining hand upon my arm and tried to force me around. I was a match for the little shrimp myself; but the Doctor, running up, gave him a shove that wellnigh sent him through the Tysons' railing.

"Is this fellow annoying you, Miss Larrabee?" he asked in righteous anger. "I've noticed him skulking around here all morning! Now you be off and *quick* or I'll turn you over to an officer." I never saw him so mad before.

The young Cuban, a little dazed, picked up his hat and walked away. I thanked the Doctor profusely, between my blushes, and I confess my heart was going like a trip-hammer. And I wasn't so afraid of the Cuban.

"I'm mighty glad I happened along at such an opportune moment, Miss Larrabee," he said, and, relieving me of the parcel, we walked arm in arm alongways under the shadows of Cortelyou Road.

On our way back the Doctor left me at the Tysons' where I roomed, and I placed the package on the hallstand to run around to the grocer's. It was long after eleven by the clock there and, wondering what Mrs. Cropsey would think, I hastened back to the house. The Colonel's wife was in singularly good spirits; the children were amusing themselves, and she made no comment upon my long absence. When dinner was served the Colonel came down and nodded pleasantly to me.

"Long past dawn now, isn't it, dear, and no sign of any sort?" he cried to his wife. "I really believe that Miss Larrabee here has brought us good luck!" All through the meal I remember he talked quite brilliantly about the various clubs in Havana, the suffrage movement in England and the breeding of Angora cats as a lucrative occupation. His manner was so unusual that I was at a loss how to take it; the broad knowledge he displayed on many subjects surprised me.

In the middle of the meal the Cuban and his package came back to my mind. Of course I was burning to get away and, as soon as I could get the children asleep, I managed to slip over to my room. I locked the door and drew the blinds; I had determined to inspect the parcel, whatever it was, for I could not very well hand it to them now. It was quite two o'clock. On removing the paper gingerly I found several layers of coarse dried grass, in the midst of which was a heavy, formidable, half-knife, half-cleaver, about two and a half feet long that I recognized at once as a Cuban machete, used to cut sugar cane and also as a weapon in war. There were several ominous nicks in its cutting edge, and, handle and all, it had been stained the dull scarlet hue that coagulated blood assumes.

The gruesome relic held some odd fascination for me; I could not seem to keep my eyes off it. As I turned it over I noticed several scrawls in the dried gore and with some difficulty made out the following message in Spanish:

"We of Santa Clara do not forget. Thy life for the lives thou took.—THE SEVEN OF LAS VEGAS."

And below in smaller script:

"Place the presidente's box on the horse-block tonight."

There were also vile execrations, and the curses of the saints were invoked upon the Colonel and his offspring. Though tempted to drop the thing and scream, I checked myself and laid the red machete on the bed. The moisture from my perspiring fingers had softened the dried blood so that I had to wash it from them. In a few moments I regained my composure and with the weapon in front of me sat down to consider what was best to do. For one thing I could see no good to be had by turning it over to the Cropseys. I felt how the sight of it would freeze him up again, and I declared firmly that he should never see it if I could prevent it; in view of the subsequent events I do not think I was far from right.

What I should have done, of course, was to confide in Dr. Sanford; but I held my peace and wrapping the machete up again in the grass, I secreted the whole in my trunk. The Colonel's good humor remained unchanged for several days, and I began to congratulate myself that I had averted some misfortune from them.

Alas, it was simply like the traitorous calm before a storm that entices a ship at sea. As I look back upon the events of that horrible night that I now come to narrate, I marvel how I ever had the nerve to live through it. But I've always been that way, you know, and the Doctor says I always will be. It was just four days after the machete had come; all evening long we had played at cards and it was rather late for us when I hurried over to Tysons'. The following Monday, Mrs. Cropsey promised, I should come back to the house again.

It was a foggy night, following one of those warm days of early September; the air was heavy and I left my window open to catch any breeze that stirred. All afternoon I had romped with the children and soon fell into a heavy slumber. It was her wild scream aroused me; I could recognize Mrs. Cropsey's peculiar voice among a million. The first shrill cry pulled me upright in bed and before she shrieked again I was at the window. I saw the crazed woman's white night-dress flitting round at the doors of the cottage.

With a reassuring cry down to her, I threw on my clothes; and it was then that I first became conscious of the heavy chugging and panting of a powerful motor, punctuated by impatient gasoline explosions. The sound came from before the Cropsey's house.

"My God, they're after him! They're taking him away!" she cried at me as I threw open the door. "Get help, for God's sake, get help! I broke away—"

I tore across the lawn and she followed me. The arc lamp among the trees cast down a fitful glare and in it I had sight of a huge black touring car drawn up at the curb, puffing out a choking vapor. Several heads were already appearing at neighboring windows. As we came nearer I saw no one in the car save a shrouded figure that bent low over the wheel.

The Cropseys' door banged open with a crash of splintered glass; there was a scuffle of feet upon the narrow piazza, and in the confusion of shadows I made out three figures dragging a fourth between them to the automobile. In one of their terrific struggles we caught a glimpse of the bald head and the face of Colonel Cropsey. It was strained out of all recognition and disfigured with blood. We could hear his labored panting as he resisted every step, calling hoarsely for aid. Mrs. Cropsey with a heart-rending shriek dropped senseless in my arms. I laid her tenderly on the Hendersons' stoop; it was all I could do for her and she was better off.

One of the men was large and portly and swore vilely in Spanish as he tugged and pulled at the Colonel. The other two were swarthy Cubans who struggled with fanatic energy. I lost all control of myself as I got at them; my pulses drummed, my head swam, and with a yell like that we used to give in our basket-ball games, I sprang right into the melee. I tugged and pulled furiously at the big man.

"*Jose! Jose!*" he panted to the chauffeur; "*Ayuda me!*" The fellow sprang out and ran toward us with the lever of a wrecking lift in his hand. I saw the light glint on it above the Colonel's head and then the struggles ceased abruptly. They pushed me aside, bruised and breathless, and with many execrations dragged the helpless man into the tonneau, bundling in after him desperately. With a growl of gear the car shot forward like a catapult toward the road, and as it moved the Colonel leaped upon the seat and raised his arm in a last beseeching gesture; then he was pulled down roughly. I shall carry that agonized appeal of his yellow face with me always—we never saw him again.

It cut me to the bone to be bested that way, as you may imagine, and I stamped with rage as I leaned, exhausted and impotent, against the railings, watching the Cubans' auto spin away. All at once I caught sight of two funnels of light that pierced the darkness like dragon's eyes, turning into our street from Loring Place. They were the lamps of Dr. Sanford's auto! I gave a startled shout and ran as fast as I could toward his house. He got there before I did and was helping his mother and sister out—they were returning from a Manhattan theatre.

My dishevelled appearance springing into the car gave them all a start. "O Doctor, come, for Heaven's sake!" I cried, pointing out the fleeing car which was now making the awkward turn into the Road with difficulty. "Get them! Get them! The Colonel—" I could say no more.

"Sit down there!" Without asking another word of explanation he cranked the motor, sprang in hatless beside me and threw on the high gear clutch. He was always that way. The auto gave a supple spring and the drumming of the engine was music to my ears. The dark car had finally cleared the corner and when we reached Cortelyou Road it was several blocks ahead, tearing along like a termagant wrapped in its pall of smoke.

"The Colonel's in it, is he?" roared the Doctor. "It's a sixty and a good car they've got!"

Our machine, singing like an avenging siren, nestled down to the race after it, never letting it gain a foot. I had never ridden at such speed, and I shrank from the wind and particles of dust that smote the face like bird shot. The Doctor, observing my timidity, drew me toward him tenderly, and with my chin upon his shoulder I acquainted him with the details of the affair, making my voice heard only with difficulty. We shot down the Road, careening into a broad avenue at last without surrendering an iota of speed.

"Prospect Parkway!" screamed the Doctor. "Funny where they're bound for. We'd have caught them at the ferry!"

Occasionally we had a glimpse of a face framed for a moment on the back of the tonneau in front. "If you see the flash of a pistol, duck!" yelled Frank—that is, the Doctor.

The houses and trees of Prospect Parkway shot by in a sickening mixture, and suddenly we swerved again into a blue-white road that danced ahead like a ribbon. We spun along it for some sixty blocks.

"Brixton Road!" . . .

"Bay Ridge Avenue!" . . . They're

bound for the bay all right! . . . Yes, I thought so!"

And sure enough they were. They held to their full speed straight down the decline and gradually gained on us, for the Doctor with a wry look at the water, applied his brakes. Ahead we had a glimpse of the bay shrouded in a fog heavy enough to cut. All at once the car ahead gave out a harsh, quavering summons, from a compressed air whistle, rising rapidly from a low to an acute pitch. Twice it repeated the call; and to cap the mystery, from out over the bay the siren of a steamer answered once . . . twice . . . three times. We slowed down; we could hear the throbbing and fretting of a ship's boilers.

The avenue widens here and takes a steep down grade to the sandy beach which terminates it. At the summit of the declivity Frank stopped his car and we stared open-mouthed at the other machine which tore straight down the slope and reeled drunkenly through the sand.

"The fool!" he muttered; "he'll kill them!" With a splash it struck the water; the red hot cylinders hissed and roared; a muffled explosion followed. Some fifteen feet from the beach in the shallow water it stopped and all was quiet. From the fog ahead came now the staccato beats of a gasoline launch and soon a white shape cut through the mist guided to the machine by the cries of the occupants. They scrambled aboard the launch from the automobile; there were sharp words of command, and, putting its nose about, the little vessel was soon enveloped. Its pants became weaker and weaker. Several moments later the siren gave a loud, hoarse blast like a paeon of triumph and, by straining our eyes through the fog, we imagined we saw the lights of a large steamer as she turned to put out through the Buttermilk Channel.

Huddled close together in the car Frank and I sat mute and thunderstruck. We stayed there a long time striving to pierce the fog-enshrouded mystery; then very slowly he put the car about for home. "There are forces working here too big for us," I remember him saying. "The mystery of all this just grips me, Edith. But his wife must be able to explain." We discussed the uncanny affair and a few other things in whispers as we sped back to Cortelyou Road. The cool night air and a chill sensation of unrest made me shiver quite involuntarily.

"You're frightened, Edith dear, and I don't wonder. The thing galls even me!" Putting his arm around me, he drew me close to him as if to shield me from some unseen attack. The machine, I fancy, was left to run itself for a few blocks and, though the Doctor maintains to this day that such a thing never entered his mind, I felt the pressure of his lips on my hair.

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The Hendersons had revived Mrs. Cropsey in our absence and had brought the children over and had quieted them. Led by the Doctor we hurried up to the Colonel's room; traces of the struggle were to be seen all over the hall, but inside everything was as neat as an empty cage, save that the armchair was toppled over backwards as if its occupant had leaped up in response to an urgent summons.

"My God, Mrs. Cropsey," cried the Doctor to the Colonel's wife, who had followed us up, "tell us the meaning of all this!"

One glance at our faces had told her the futility of our efforts. "You could do nothing," she said slowly. "I knew it before you started."

"But the police, Mrs. Cropsey!" Frank shouted energetically; "We shall try the police! It's a plain case of abduction—if not murder!"

She raised a hand in dissent. "No, Dr. Sanford, above all, the police must not be notified. The Colonel often urged the uselessness of that course, and I—I know too much. It was quite useless even to pursue them. It was the revenge of the Seven of Las Vegas—it is a thing almost supernatural." She spoke in a low, composed voice; the tinge of terror was out of her eyes and in them I read peace. I had anticipated much more trouble with her.

Sleep for the remainder of the morning, of course, was out of the question, so I prepared coffee and made some sandwiches down in the kitchen.

"Thank God, his children shall never know how he met his end," she was saying as I came up with the tray. "I'm sure I don't know how to thank you for your efforts. I suppose some explanation is due you both—to you, Miss Larrabee, for without your devotion I believe I should have collapsed weeks ago under this awful terror, and to you, Dr. Sanford, for your help tonight."

I pressed her to swallow a cup of coffee, and having done this she went on in little gasping sentences. "Colonel Cropsey has gone to his death. No soul shall ever see him again alive—I know this as well as I know that there is a God above us. It is a death which has dogged him for ten years. Colonel Cropsey served in Cuba at the outbreak of the Spanish War. His regiment was stationed in Santa Clara Province, which, as you may know, was peopled by pure Spaniards intensely loyal. They held out to the last and gave us the most trouble. My husband was chosen because of his executive ability and his severity—he had put down the Apache insurrection at Yoga in 1895—and they sent him to Santa Clara. With an iron hand he cleaned out the province. He had the President's congratulatory telegram; only one section still gave trouble—a wild, hilly part near the town of Santiago de las Vegas, where Loynaz de Arroyhos led a band of Spanish renegades by night against the American lines.

"The Colonel then was not the man you knew; he was wonderfully fearless and hot-tempered; he threw himself heart and soul into the work of exterminating them. I have an old letter of his here—" She came back shortly with a packet of old letters and read from one.

"In part of this he says:

"There are seven brothers in Arroyhos' band with about thirty followers. Once I get them I can report Santa Clara pacified. Pursued them fourteen miles yesterday with two Maxims and cornered them near Calabagos. The devils slipped out at that, but we took one of the brothers. Calkins telegraphed to make example of him and I did. Gave him the old Apache medicine—nailed him to a tree, with one arm free, gave him the old red machete and let Maceo's men at him. They made ribbons out of him. We'll treat the whole pack that way. War is hell, as Sherman said.

"How are the children? General Anderson's column passed through today to occupy Cienfuegos . . ."

She pressed the letter convulsively to her lips while we stared at her spell-bound by the story. "That Arroyho family was of mixed Indian and pure Castilian descent. In two months' time the Colonel tracked five more of the brothers and executed them as examples to the province. Only one escaped back to the old mother, hiding in the hills—he never found him. The war in Santa Clara was over. The Colonel returned to Fort Leavenworth in response to a precipitate recall, and from that day to this his life was a game not worth the candle. Peace has been unknown to him; misery and suffering, such as you know, have been his portion.

"The Arroyhos, half Indians, were members of an ancient Voodoo clan that was old when Columbus landed, and the members, led by the surviving brother, dogged him for ten years. He has been shot at in the street, cabs have tried to run him down in crowded thoroughfares, his coffee at Leavenworth twice was poisoned and every year around the first of September, which was about the time of his execution of the sons, some sign has come to remind him of it—a primitive Indian bow and arrows, a bloody shirt, nails from the tree he used, a smashed Remington rifle; his nerves were wrecked; he retired from active service, we fled from Leavenworth to Montreal, to Yellowstone Park to Seattle. Everywhere they tracked us with almost superhuman power. It was like hounds, Dr. Sanford, scenting a trail. Finally we came here to lose ourselves among the four million. Imagine our great joy when September first came and went and no sign from the Voodoo clan!"

As I heard her last words my heart stood just still; I gagged, my tongue clove to the roof of my mouth. I saw the Doctor shoot a swift glance at me.

"It—it *did* come," I managed to ejaculate; "I got it—a machete. I never told of it."

She sat quite still, white-faced, and made no objection as I rose to get it from my room at Tysons'.

"I shall go with you," said Frank; "it's rather late, you know."

We crossed the lawns, his warm hand grasping mine, both of us silent in the grip of the mystery. We have often thought it strange that our happiness should have been so enmeshed in the Cropsey tragedy. He waited below while I reached my room and struck a light. No wonder I gave a startled cry! The place was topsy-turvy! It had been completely ransacked in my absence; the trunk was empty with its contents scattered about the room and the red machete was gone!

I hurried down to tell Frank, and back we ran to Mrs. Cropsey.

"It was probably a final warning, then, and they took it back with them. Well, it is just as well he never saw it! The Colonel made the brothers fight for their lives with a long machete Loynaz had once wounded him with in a skirmish."

"It spared him a few days of agony," volunteered the Doctor hopefully; "the knowledge of it could not have saved him anyhow."

"His last days with me were like the old days," she sobbed softly; "no greater hero ever fell in battle than Raymond Cropsey. It was not from fear he fled from these people; indeed at times he often confessed a temptation to take gun in hand and go down there to have it out to the end. It was not from fear that he guarded his life so zealously, but from the knowledge that with his death his pension would cease and his family be left without support. To avoid that issue he lived ten years of hell on earth."

My cheeks burned as I realized how grossly I had misjudged the man. "There was also scrawled on it a warning to place some box on the horse-block."

"Yes," she explained wearily, "they sent that every year. Well, here it was waiting for them when they came, you see." She picked up a japanned box whose cover had been wrenched off—the one sign of violence in the room. "When his regiment occupied Las Vegas he took the legal papers from the presidente's strongbox. Among them were the old Barcelona deeds to the Arroyhos' plantations; the family was enormously wealthy and is yet. You can see what they found tonight." It was filled with charred paper ashes.

The grey streaks of dawn were peeping in when she finished speaking and, after urging her to retire, we left her alone with her head resting in the Colonel's chair. For the second time that night I walked home with Dr. Sandford and, to intrude a bit of romance into the grim tragedy of this narrative, I may add that on that stroll home in the early morning Frank proposed marriage to me, so that my short sojourn in Flatbush was well varied with mystery and romance.

The case finally came to the attention of the metropolitan police and they listened to the story with an incredulous leer. The only clue was the water-logged machine in the bay; we learned later that three foreigners had hired it for the night at a garage in Bushwick Avenue, paying well for it in advance and leaving no name.

I corresponded with Mrs. Cropsey until she left the city to reside with relatives in St. Paul; and the disappearance of Colonel Cropsey would have remained an unsolved mystery had it not been for my chum at Teachers College, Hazel Finch. Hazel took the Spanish course with me and a few months after our marriage we were visiting her. She was then teaching languages in the High Schools, and, in jesting over my ability as a Spanish student, she handed me a copy of a newspaper to read at sight. I don't know what it was in the little obscure paragraph that took my eye—possibly the odd name of the town—but I hastily turned over the sheet. It was "*El Yara*" of Havana and bore the date of September 29, 1908. With a significant glance at my husband I read aloud the following:

"Our correspondent at Santiago de las Vegas reports a sinister occurrence of last week. On the outskirts of the town, near the demolished Spanish fort, the body of a man was found fastened to one of the rubber trees in Barquin's grove. He had been crucified in the horrible manner made famous by Lieutenant-Colonel Cropsey, which earned him the sobriquet of 'Butcher Cropsey,' when he was engaged in pacifying Santa Clara Province in 1898. Old residents declare that he used these very trees for that purpose during the war. The corpse had been mercilessly slashed and the features were unrecognizable. The only clew is an old red machete found a few feet from the body. The peculiar incident has been reported to the Santiago authorities."

Below this were a few paragraphs on the extension of the Cienfuegos railway to Porto Cabello and after that a little notice which read:

"Pedro Arroyho and his nephews who visited Florida during the past month on a trip of recreation are again busy with the management of their large plantation in Las Vegas."

I saw Frank's hands twitch convulsively. "I trust to God she will never read that," was his earnest comment. "It was a very gruesome and outlandish affair," he remarked on our way home. "I've heard of such occurrences in India and China, but who'd ever imagine such a thing happening in this great city? However, I must not utter a word of complaint, my dear, for it brought me *you!*"

"I think I appreciate Mrs. Cropsey's grief now more than ever before," I whispered, pressing his great, warm hand.

THE MEN WHO LOSE

By EDWARD WILBUR MASON

THERE'S a voice and a shout for the men who win,
There's storm of applause and of wonder;
But never a cheer for the men whose sin
Was only to fall and to blunder.
So here is a song for the men who moil
With the frowning skies above them.
And here is a toast for the sons of toil—
To the men who lose—God love them!

Oh, what is success but an empty game?
What is wealth but a bauble ever?
Yet right is a something more than a name
Though the wrong rides high forever.
So here is a song for the ones that live
Though fortune ne'er caress them.
And here is a toast for the souls that strive—
To the men who lose—God bless them!

Yea, here is a song for the men who fail—
The countless ones who give their beauty
Unto the summer sun and winter gale,
Treading the thorny paths of duty.
Here is a song for the throngs in the dust
With the pitiless fates above them.
And here is a toast for their souls august—
To the men who lose—God love them!

There's a cheer for heroes on land and sea,
There's fame for the high endeavor,
There's a shout for the knight of chivalry,
There's praise for the strong and clever.
But here is a song for the ones that live
Though fortune ne'er caress them.
And here is a toast for the souls that strive—
To the men who lose—God bless them!

KEEP A-SMILIN'

By JOHN NICHOLAS BEFFEL

STILL a-smilin', my good brother?
That's the way through life t' go.
Keep a-laughin', don't y' worry,
An' dull care won't have a show.
Check your trunk for Sunshine Country
Where old Trouble never strays,
An' you'll help th' world be merry
While y' live through happy days.

Keep on dreamin', it won't hurt y';
Let th' world know you don't care
Though the wild winds rage an' ruin
All your castles of the air.
Sing your song—if it's a sad one
Better sing it mighty low,
But if there is sunshine in it
Lift your voice and let us know.

Don't quit hopin', it will bring y'
All y' need an' plenty more.
He who works an' keeps a-smilin'
Finds life sweet unto th' core.
S'pose th' clouds do hide th' heavens?
Can't have blue skies all th' while;
Got t' use th' clouds for somethin'.
Y' won't mind it if y' smile.

If y' feel bad, just remember
There's a heap worse off than you,
But they smile an' keep on hopin'
An' their days are never blue.
What's th' use, friend, o' complainin'?
It won't get y' nothin' good,
While you'll sure be well an' happy
If y' smile an' saw your wood.

MAN'S IDEAL OF CHRIST

As Expressed in Art and the Drama

By MAITLAND LEROY OSBORNE

AS no other individual since humankind emerged from the mists of prehistoric existence has been so much written about, talked about and thought about as Jesus the Nazarene, it is not strange that no other has so often been the subject for the painter's brush. All great artists with but rare exceptions since the beginning of the Christian era have sought by their portrayal of the Man of Sorrows to convey to humankind their individual ideal of the personal appearance of the Saviour. Not alone the great religious painters of the Renaissance, who dedicated their lives and art with all solemnity and sincerity to the portrayal of sacred subjects in the stupendous allegorical paintings in the great cathedrals of Italy and France, but other and more modern artists, equally as noted in their time and place, have approached the task with a similar fervor and humility. Since the primitive masters of the Tuscan school, groping toward the light of artistic expression with the limited knowledge and resources of an art that was still in its infancy, executed the great series of frescoes on the walls of the memorial church of Saint Francis at Assisi, the galaxy of painters who have portrayed the Christ comprises a notable and distinguished assemblage.

IT WAS not fortuitous circumstance alone that led the early painters of the Christian era to choose the portrayal of religious subjects for the exercise of their art. Rather may it be recognized as the natural outgrowth and expression of the fervid religious enthusiasm that in that period dominated Italy and France. The church was more powerful than the state—the prelate more mighty than the prince. Monasteries were the seats of learning, and monks the teachers. How natural then was the outgrowth of religious art! To teach the tenets of Christianity by the written and the spoken word but prefaced its teaching by the painter's brush.

The spoken word conveyed its influence for the moment only—it might even fall upon inattentive ears and be forgotten. The pages of the missal illuminated by the wondrously deft and loving hand of the lonely monk during weary months of ceaseless labor might be locked away from the sight of human eyes in the brass-bound chest of its jealous owner. But the enduring portrayal of the greatest tragedy of humankind upon imperishable walls of stone, where centuries later wondering and adoring eyes might still read its message, was a task upon which a Raphael or a Michaelangelo might well expend a lifetime of endeavor.

The painter is fortunate in that his art speaks to all times, and in all tongues. The wandering American of this Twentieth Century who finds himself standing in silent awe before Lippi's "Coronation of the Virgin" in the Academia of Florence needs not to comprehend the liquid Italian tongue in order to read the message traced by the master's hand nearly five hundred years ago. And when the reverent beholder allows his thoughts to stray backward along the path of the world's history during the more than four and a half centuries that have elapsed since those still glowing colors were mere daubs of paint upon the artist's palette, and reflects how in that time countless mighty rulers of mankind have been born, flourished, died and perhaps forgotten, there grows upon him an awed realization that

that dead hand, now dust for centuries, that limned the lineaments of the Virgin upon which he gazes, still beckons him to follow in that straight and narrow path which it will indicate to countless generations yet unborn.

As man's nature grows, expands, matures, the portrayal of the Christ type changes with it. Each new-born generation adds lines of sorrow to the face of the "Man of Sorrows"—adds to that ineffable countenance sweetness, grace, humility, gentleness, and the peace that passeth understanding. It is inevitable that an artist striving to portray the countenance of Jesus should depict his own interpretation of its expression. Sadness is the universal keynote observable in all paintings of the adult Christ—differing in degree only as different artists have chosen varying periods of his brief progress from a teacher of mankind to his martyrdom in expiation of their sins.

* * *

The main incidents in the history of the Christ as pictorially represented are commonly grouped in the following subjects: the Nativity at Bethlehem, the baptism, his awakening to his sacred mission at the age of twelve, the wedding feast at Cana, blessing the little children, his entry into Jerusalem, healing the sick, forgiving sinners, raising from the dead, the transfiguration, the crucifixion on Calvary, the resurrection, and the ascension into Heaven. Many other incidents of varying importance from a historical and artistic viewpoint have been pictorially treated, it is true, but the artists of all periods of the Christian era have practically agreed in giving most importance to those subjects just enumerated.

While the Nativity is extremely rare in the earlier Christian cycle, it appears almost at the beginning of the mediaeval art period, and from that time to the present day has been a favorite subject for the world's greatest painters, the Florentine school alone furnishing innumerable beautiful examples.

The one recorded incident of that long period which elapsed between the return of the child Jesus with his parents from Egypt and his appearance as a man among the hearers of John the Baptist is of special interest in Christian art as well as in Christian faith. In this incident, for the first time, the artist may allow his imagination full scope in the delineation of the countenance of the youthful Jesus. Now for the first time we eagerly scan the wistful boyish face, with the wondering, questioning eyes and sensitive mouth—searching that expressive countenance for the visible signs of his inheritance.

In Holman Hunt's beautiful painting, "Christ Found in the Temple," the face of the Nazarene boy attracts the beholder's immediate attention and holds it almost to the exclusion of the rest of the magnificent group. Other faces in plenty appear there also: wise, noble, sly, mean, and merely commonplace faces, but almost irresistibly our gaze goes back again and again and yet again to the face of the slender barefoot boy whose tender mouth is all aquiver with the intensity of the strange emotions that struggle within his breast, till at last we turn regretfully away with that face alone of all the group fixed indelibly in our memory.

As Christ's baptism in the river Jordan marks both the culmination of John the Baptist's work and the beginning of Our Lord's, the event has been considered of indispensable importance in all historical art series treating the lives of both; therefore we have an enormous number of representations of this incident. The subject offers a splendid opportunity for fine artistic effect in the strong opposition of the two figures of Christ and the Baptist—the one a type of delicate and sensitive beauty and the other of dark and almost repellent vigor. In "The Baptism," by Cima da Conegliano, one of the finest works of the Venetian school, we see the soft, exquisitely moulded figure that the Venetians so loved to paint, with a calm, handsome, intellectual face looking out of the picture with gentle melancholy. Here also we see the long, flowing locks of hair falling upon the shoulders, and the light, curling beard as depicted in all pictures of the adult Christ. The face of the Christ as shown in the pictures of the Baptism is one that we love to dwell upon. The burden of sorrows that were within so short a time to trace their ineffaceable lines of suffering upon that noble countenance had not yet been placed upon his shoulders. Only the grave and thoughtful melancholy induced by the contemplation of his great purpose are observable. An earnest hopefulness relieves somewhat the gravity of his expression. There is resolution and firmness and tender sensibility expressed in the lines of the mouth and chin and thoughtfulness upon the lofty brow.

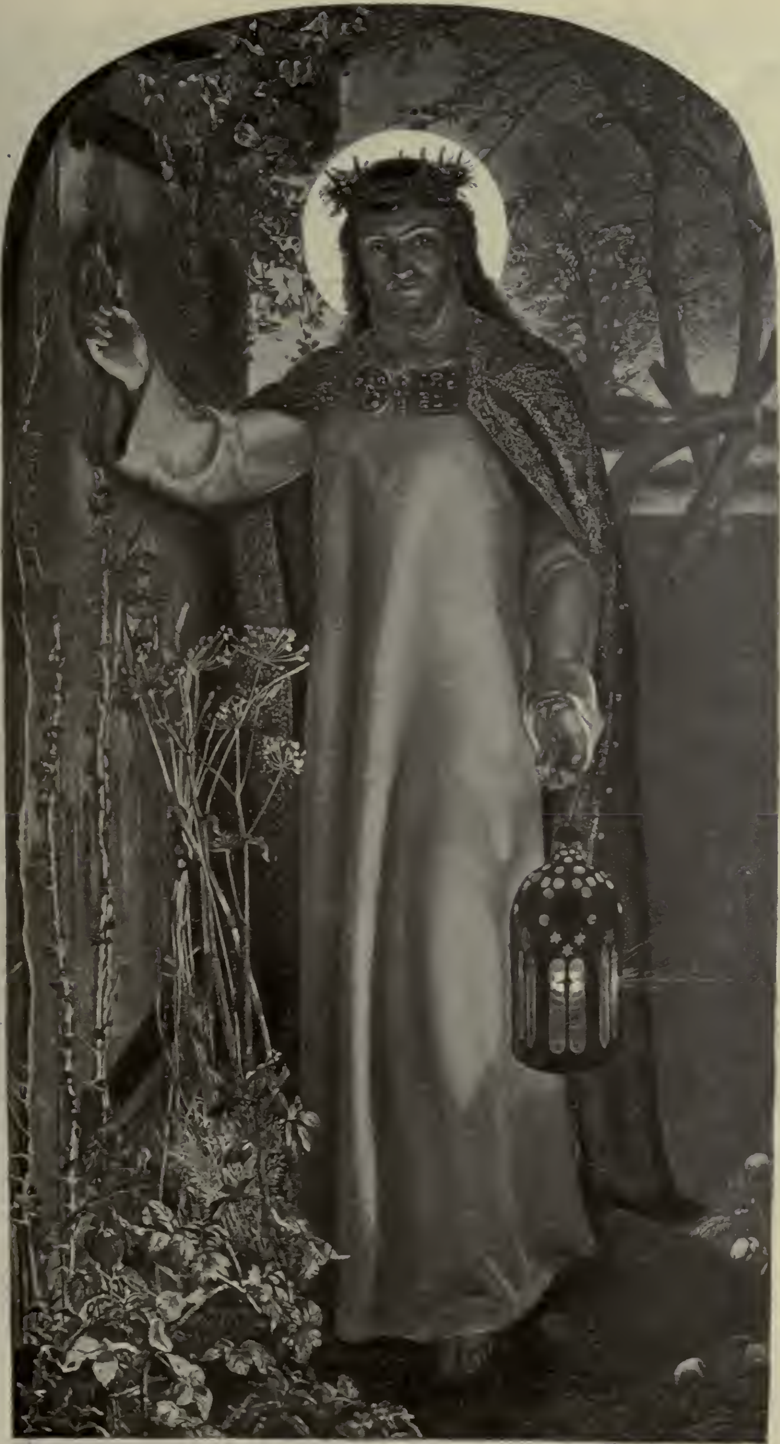
The Temptation, to a student of the Gospels, marks the crisis in the life of Jesus, when he makes his deliberate choice at the parting of the ways. But while theologically this fact is clearly recognized, from an artistic standpoint it has been practically ignored. While it is impossible for the student to reconstruct Christ's life without considering the forty days in the wilderness, the incident is not well adapted to artistic delineation. The "Temptation," by Ary Scheffer, is one of the best examples of its treatment, in which the Christ is a dignified and noble figure, pointing heavenward with a simple but expressive gesture, and turning his face serenely to Satan, whose eyes meet his with a fierce glitter. The well-known picture by Cornicelius expresses forcefully the modern spirit of psychological interpretation. In this, Christ is shown seated, with his arms resting apparently

THE CHRIST CHILD

A beautiful and universally admired painting of the young Christ upon a table. The face has a drawn and haggard look, and the dilated eyes seem to gaze upon great visions.

While no more wonderful than the other miracles that were to follow, the changing of the water into wine at the marriage feast in Cana holds a place of special importance, both from a historical and a religious standpoint. Being in itself "the beginning of miracles," is a sufficient reason for its prominence. Also it was universally accepted by the early church as presaging the institution of the Eucharist. The typical representation of this incident depicts Jesus as youthful and beardless, wearing a toga-like drapery, standing before a row of water pots and touching one of them with a wand. The marriage at Cana was a popular subject in the Venetian school of the Sixteenth Century, and many exceedingly beautiful compositions are the result. But unfortunately for historical accuracy, the simple marriage feast among Galilean peasants is transformed by the magic of the painter's brush into a superb wedding banquet among Venetian nobles; Veronese, indeed, so far departing from the historical standpoint as to depict on his huge canvas many of the royal personages of the time as guests at the feast. Naturally enough, therefore, the beholder, while admiring

THE CHILDHOOD OF JESUS
A notably fine example of portraiture of the child Jesus



"CHRIST KNOCKING AT THE GATE"
A superb creation of the artist's brush, worthy of profound study

many of these really beautiful paintings, misses almost entirely their religious significance. Tintoretto's magnificent painting represents a lofty hall, crowded with figures, with the table running lengthwise through the composition, at the farther end of which sits the Christ, talking with his mother.

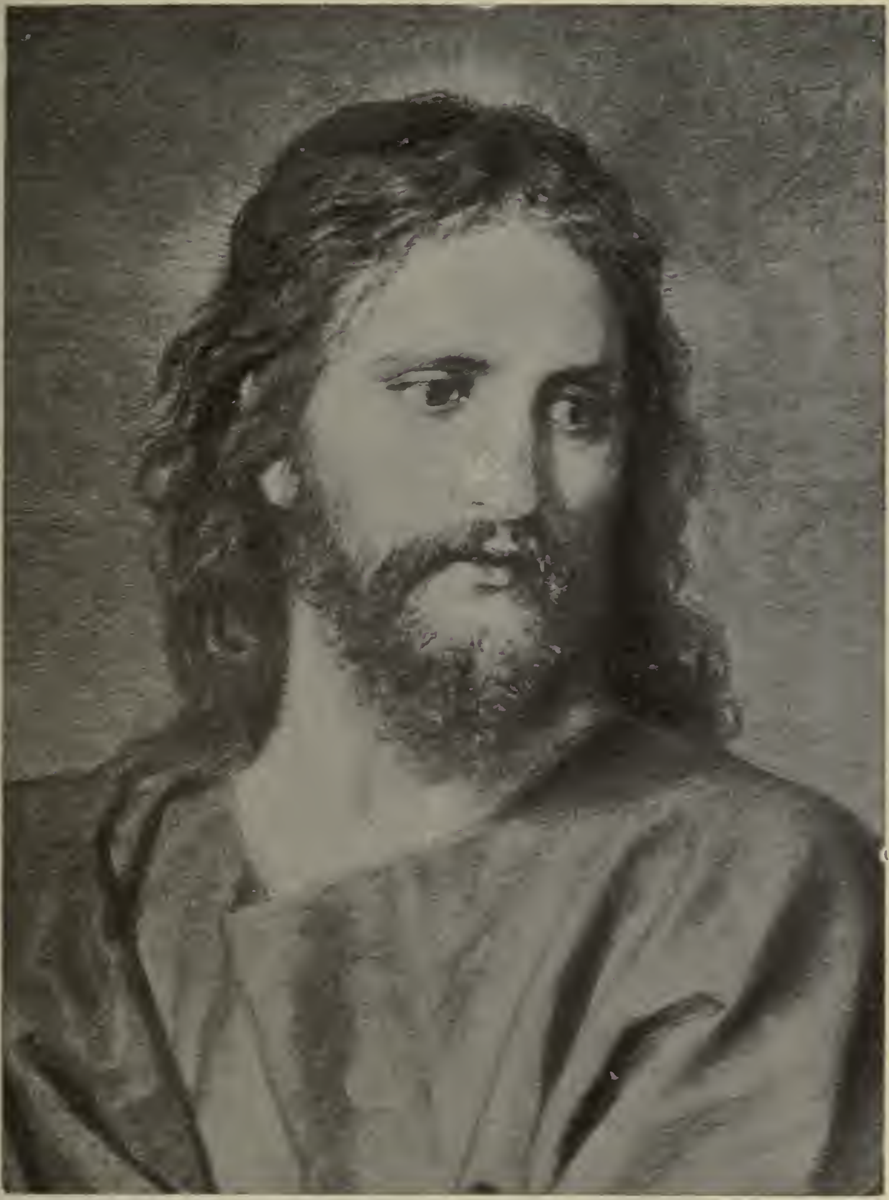
The ministry of Jesus properly dates from the time of the Passover next following his baptism, when he came to Jerusalem to begin his public work. His first recorded act is strikingly depicted by Bonifazio in the chapel of the Ducal Palace at Venice, where he is shown scourging the traders and the money-changers from the temple. In this picture he appears as a most dignified and commanding figure, righteously severe, yet not yielding to the agitation of anger.

In striking contrast with his energetic treatment of the traders in the temple is the next recorded incident of Christ's ministry, his discourse with Nicodemus. In La Farge's well-known fresco in Trinity church, Boston, Nicodemus is seated with a scroll over his knee, while Jesus looks down on him and listens to his questions with an expression of gentle patience.

John, the beloved disciple, whose finer insight into spiritual things has preserved for us Christ's discourse with Nicodemus omitted by the other Evangelists, is alone also in recording his discourse with the woman of Samaria. While the subject frequently appears in the earlier centuries of Christian art in the shape of bas-reliefs and frescoes in the catacombs, it remained for the artists of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries to fully develop the dramatic and pictorial qualities that are so well supplied by this incident. Filippino Lippi's picture in the Seminario at Venice is exquisite with tender feeling. In this painting the Samarian woman's expression is one of eager inquiry, while Christ's is one of gentle explanation. In modern art, despite the striking possibilities of the subject from an artistic standpoint, it has not been frequently treated, though Burne-Jones and La Farge have both made use of it.

The varying versions of the calling of the four fisher disciples as narrated by the Evangelists, while presenting no essential obstacles which the Gospel student cannot readily harmonize, have nevertheless resulted in three distinct pictorial treatments of this incident, namely: the calling of the disciples, the miraculous draught of fishes, and Christ preaching from the ship. The latter subject, however, is extremely rare in any period of Christian art, Tissot's water-color among the illustrations of the "Life of Christ" being one of the most important modern examples. In the church of Saint Andrew at Antwerp a beautiful carved wood pulpit represents the call of Peter and Andrew. In this notable work of art Jesus stands with beckoning hand, a gentle and dignified figure, while the brawny muscles and strenuous faces of the fishermen are admirably depicted. "The Miraculous Draught of Fishes," the great altar-piece by Rubens at Mechlin, is a most striking composition, the chief drawback from the standpoint of historical criticism being that the faces of the sunburned fishermen depict the Flemish rather than the Galilean type, all having been drawn directly from Flemish models. Aside from this, the artistic qualities of the painting are unquestionably great, and its vigorous realism lends an interest distinctly apart from its religious significance. The figure of the Christ, standing erect in the stern of Peter's boat, while lacking somewhat of the slender grace of the typical Christ presentation, is nevertheless of a notable and commanding aspect.

The general subject of Christ healing the sick, as pictorially represented, is distinctly modern, dating from the Seventeenth Century. While the occasions on which he healed large numbers at a time are not mentioned by the Evangelists with definite details, we know that immediately after the call of the first disciples he began his ministry to the sick by healing the demoniac in the synagogue. Next followed the healing of the mother of Peter's wife, and that same evening, the news of his miraculous powers having gone abroad, he was besieged by a multitude of sick and afflicted, whom he restored to health. Thenceforth his teaching was everywhere accompanied by active deeds of mercy among those suffering from sickness, lameness and mental and



"THE MAN OF SORROWS"
An impressive and beautiful artistic conception of the adult Christ

bodily affliction. The most celebrated and beautiful example of the artistic treatment of this subject is Rembrandt's "Hundred Guilders Plate" (so called from the price set upon it by the master)—too well known to require description. "Christ Healing the Sick" is one of the finest compositions in Overbeck's Gospel series, wherein Jesus stands at the foot of a broad flight of stone steps on which the poor and lame and blind are gathered. He is shown bending forward to place his hands with inexpressible tenderness upon the eyes of a blind youth kneeling at his feet. Among the innumerable paintings having this subject as a motif are many that beautifully and touchingly express the meaning of the promise implied in that tender invitation: "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

'THE CHRISTUS" AS ENACTED BY JAMES O'NEIL IN THE PASSION PLAY PRESENTED AT SAN FRANCISCO SEVERAL YEARS AGO

The Sermon on the Mount, important as it is from the religious point of view as laying the corner-stone of Christian morality, is nevertheless so lacking in dramatic incident that it has received but scanty artistic consideration, though Cosimo Roselli, it is true, in the series of frescoes on the walls of the Sistine Chapel, has given us a beautiful composition wherein Christ is seen standing on a slight eminence addressing a great company of people, most of whom are seated on the ground. In this painting Christ appears as a serene and dignified teacher, expounding the doctrines of Christianity to an attentive and reverent gathering.

The feast in the house of Simon, during the progress of which the sinful woman (identified by tradition as Mary Magdalene) anoints the feet of Jesus, being one of the most poetic as well as one of the most touching incidents in the life of Our Lord, has naturally been a popular art subject. Moretto's beautiful painting, "The Feast in the House of Simon," in the church of Saint Maria della Pietà, Venice, while evincing the love of ornate display so characteristic of northern Italian art, nevertheless tells the story vividly and directly. The Christ, pointing to the woman, speaks his parable to the attentively listening Simon, while the Magdalene, prone upon the pavement, anoints his feet with the precious ointment, her countenance transfigured with an expression of exalted devotion, the Saviour meanwhile searching the Pharisee's face with a gentle and entreating glance as if bespeaking human as well as divine forgiveness for the repentant sinner.

Practically all painters of religious subjects in the past century included the raising of the daughter of Jairus among their works, this miraculous incident being apparently more popular than the raising of the widow's son, perhaps because the story is given in fuller detail by the Evangelist. As representative of the characteristic treatment of this subject the picture by Eeckhout in the Berlin Gallery may be taken as an example. In this painting the Christ is depicted as being of the simple peasant type, with an aimost pathetic gentleness of expression, bending over the bed and laying his hand lightly upon that of the girl, not with the compelling power of force, but with the vivifying touch of love.

Though one of the most remarkable exhibitions of humility and faith which transpired during Christ's ministry was the prayer of the Canaanite woman, the incident has received but rare pictorial treatment, Palma's touchingly expressive painting of "Christ and the Canaanite Woman" in the Venice Academy being one of the most adequate. In this really beautiful picture the face of the Christ is represented as being of the fine Venetian type, at once wise and loving, gentle and strong.

Raphael's last work, "The Transfiguration," left unfinished at his death, though originally intended for the Cathedral at Narbonne, hangs in the Vatican Gallery at Rome. This great painting, the crowning work of the great master's life, depicts the one extraordinary manifestation of the divine glory of Christ occurring during the period of his ministry. Previous to this event he had devoted his life to active deeds of mercy and to continuous preaching, apparently with no intention of revealing his own glory. In this painting the face of the Saviour is lifted heavenward with an expression of holy rapture, while the dazzling glory of the vision is indicated by an emanation of golden light that blinds the group of disciples below with its radiance.

The painting by Siemiradzki of "Christ with Martha and Mary" is one of the most original and picturesque presentations of Our Lord's intimacy with the household of Lazarus. It shows the Saviour sitting on a stone bench in the walled garden just outside the house, engaged in conversation with Mary, while Martha is coming down the steps in the rear with a vessel to draw water. The setting is distinctly oriental, and the whole effect of peace and domestic quiet is most pleasing. The Saviour's calm and benign countenance and Mary's adoring regard are most effectively rendered.

Rembrandt's etching of the raising of Lazarus from the dead, assigned to the date 1633, is probably the noblest conception of the miracle in the history of art. The dominating figure is the Christ raising his hand to call forth Lazarus from the tomb. Unmistakably he is here shown as the Lord of Life. One of the most wonderful doctrines of the new religion, to Pagan Rome, was that of the resurrection, therefore it naturally followed that the decorations of the walls of the catacombs and the exterior of the sarcophagi should depict this central idea of the faith—and that the raising of Lazarus, after having actually lain for four days in the tomb, should be the chosen subject.

Sir Charles Eastlake's painting, "Christ Blessing Little Children," owned by the corporation of Manchester, England, is a notable conception of the attitude of Him who said "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of God." The Christ shown in this picture is gentle and refined, with a somewhat sad expression, and the whole composition is touching and beautiful in its simplicity, well deserving the enthusiastic praises accorded it by contemporary critics.

A single notable modern painting—Hofmann's "Christ and the Rich Young Man"—depicts the Saviour's conversation with the rich young man who inquired the way to eternal life. It is a beautiful and deservedly popular rendition of this subject, which has been seldom expressed by art. The face of the Christ in this picture is perhaps the finest of this artist's several ideals of the Saviour, and is the mature counterpart of his boy Christ in the temple.

In a strictly correct sense, the Passion refers to the sufferings of the last fifteen hours of the Saviour's life on earth, from the agony in the garden through his death upon the cross; but the term, in its wider application as applied to descriptive art series, is used to cover the time from the entry into Jerusalem through the Resurrection.

Of all artistic delineations of the triumphant event that ushered in the last week of the Saviour's earthly life, Duccio's composition is the finest. Though "meek and sitting upon an ass," the Prince of Peace is depicted as one with a kingly presence, received with honors and acclamations. The crowd issuing from the city gate strew palm branches in his way, and spread their garments for his steed to tread upon. The Saviour's countenance expresses mild and benignant appreciation of the enthusiastic welcome of the multitude as he raises his hand in benediction.

There are apparently no very early paintings of that gathering of Christ and the disciples at table on the Thursday evening following his triumphant entry into Jerusalem—from which we date the sacrament of the Last Supper, though as the centuries advanced every important art series illustrating the life of Christ has included the subject as a matter of course. A considerable lapse of time was seemingly required to establish the great religious importance of the event so strongly as to compel its consideration in sacred art. Lacking also the strong dramatic elements attending the other recorded incidents of Passion Week, its portrayal has been perhaps more perfunctory than inspired. In Ghirlandajo's painting, "The Last Supper," in Florence, the Christ is represented as a benignant and dignified figure, and the whole composition is impressive and reverent.

Being one of the very few instances in a life of perfect control where strong emotion is expressed, the chief point of interest in the subject of the Agony in the Garden is the portrayal of the Saviour. A soul's agony is not readily written on a face by the painter's brush, and for that reason unfortunately we have few really satisfactory portrayals of this incident. Correggio's painting in the Apsley House, London, is one which many critics have united in calling great. In this the expression of Christ's face, rather than depicting the agony of the moment when he prayed "Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me," expresses the result of the soul conflict instead of the conflict itself.

Occupying supreme pre-eminence as a subject of Christian art, the culmination of the great tragedy has been portrayed with infinite care and detail by all religious painters since the Council of Constantinople in the latter part of the Seventh Century issued the decree which brought Passion art into existence. Previous to that time no representations of Christ's actual sufferings appear in art. Harrowing to the sensibilities as it necessarily must always be to contemplate even the most restrained portrayal of the Crucifixion, the student of sacred art must nevertheless force himself to its consideration in order to gain the fullest realization of the meaning of the Saviour's supreme sacrifice. From every viewpoint the Crucifixion is the culmination of Christ's life—the inexorable tragedy of a life devoted to a great reform—the utmost sacrifice that might be exacted from Him who was given for the sins of the world.

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While the drama of the Middle Ages concerned itself almost as much with the presentation of sacred subjects as did the art of that period, the development of the modern drama has been so markedly away from the highest traditions of its earlier days that we shrink instinctively from even considering the propriety of the portrayal of sacred subjects upon the present-day stage.

Even earlier than the Fourteenth Century, and as late as the Sixteenth in France and England, down to the beginning of the Seventeenth in Cornwall, and almost to our own time in Brittany, the "Miracle Plays," founded on the Gospels, the Acts of the Apostles, and the apocryphal Gospel of Nicodemus were reverently enacted and universally regarded as the highest form of dramatic expression. But today the drama, even when represented in the person of its most thoughtful exponents, can scarcely be considered a fitting and proper vehicle for the portrayal of sacred subjects.

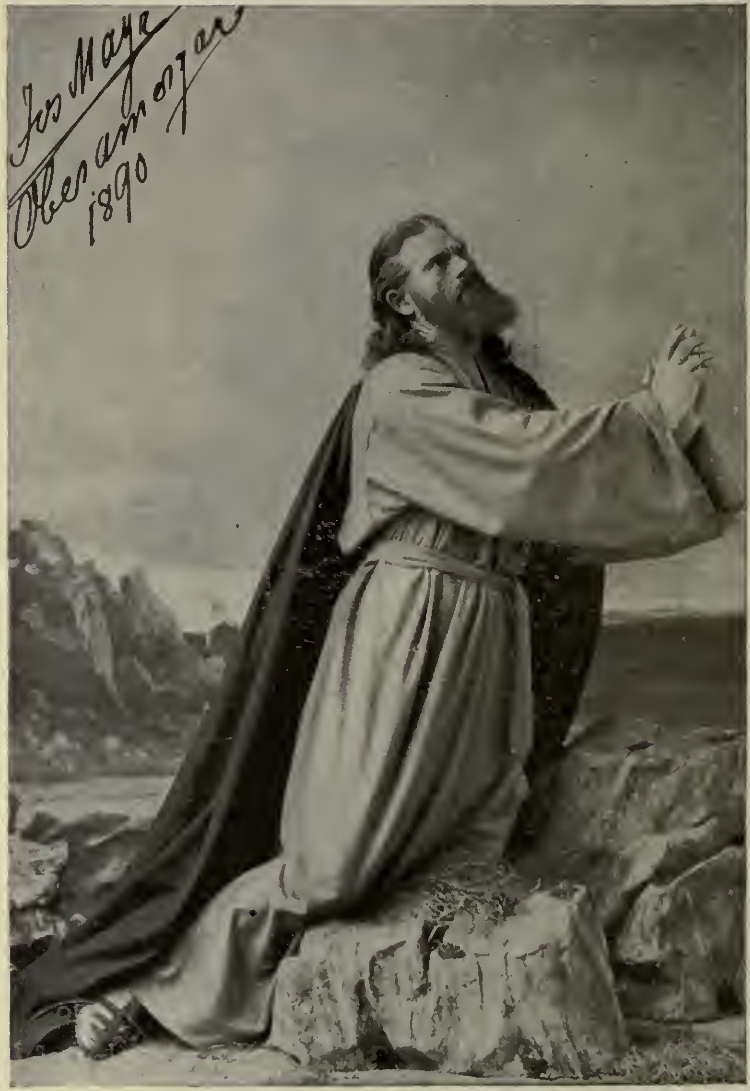
A few tentative attempts at introducing a religious atmosphere into modern playwriting have recently, it is true, been received with a certain degree of popular approval—the most notable instances being the dramatic interpretation of the story of "The Third Floor Back," in which Forbes Robertson unquestionably impersonates the spirit of the Christ; "The

Servant in the House," in which the Son of Man is portrayed in a more or less mystifying way; and Rostand's "La Samaritaine," in which play the character of Jesus visibly appears and has a speaking part upon the stage.

Aside from any question of the histrionic merits of these plays, and certain others less openly introducing religious characters, most thinking people will deplore the significant signs of the liberal spirit of the times denoted by their presentation. Whether we do, or do not, question the propriety and good taste of these particular dramatic productions, it must be conceded that the impersonation of the figure of Christ upon the secular stage does not conduce to an increase in the religious sentiment of a community.

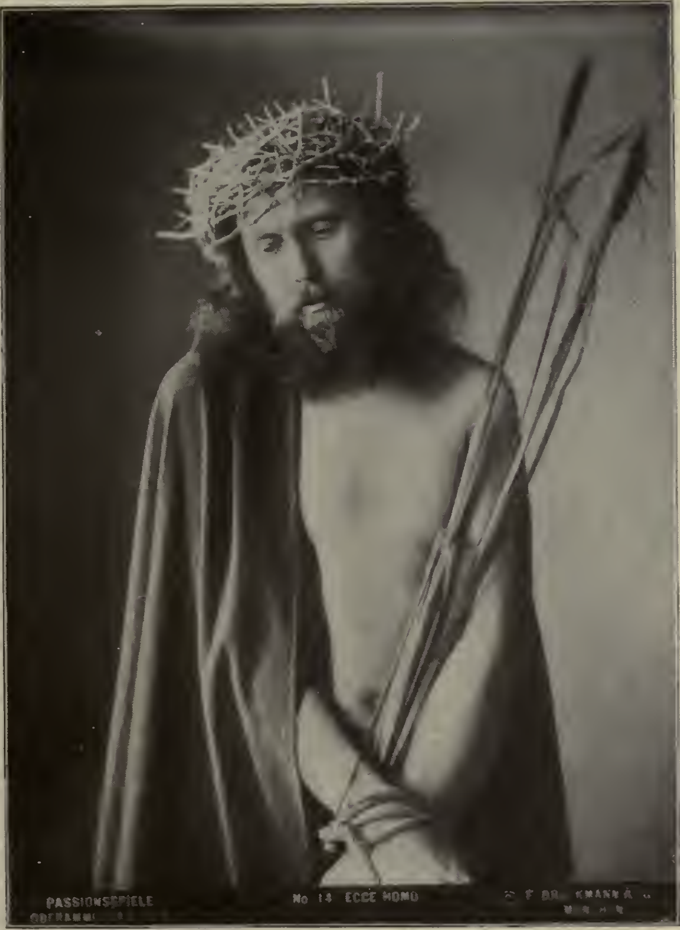
AN AUSTRIAN PEASANT ENACTING THE CHARACTER OF "CHRISTUS" IN A PASSION PLAY IN THE PROVINCE OF TYROL, AUSTRIA

Directly opposed in spirit and purpose to the so-called modern religious drama, and but distantly related even to the now obsolete "miracle play," the Passion Plays, of which but one important example now survives, came into being during the Fourteenth Century. The miracle plays, the earliest form of Christian drama, dating from a much earlier time, had their origin in the liturgical offices of the church itself, and strictly speaking were concerned only with the legends of the Saints, while the "mystery plays" of the same period dealt with scriptural events only, their purpose being to set forth the mystery of the redemption of the world, as accomplished by the Nativity, the Passion and the Resurrection.



JOSEPH MAYR AS CHRISTUS (1890)
Joseph Mayr impressively represented the Christus at Oberammergau in 1870, 1880 and 1890; in 1900 recited the speeches of the Prologus with splendid dignity; he died in 1903

The Passion Plays, as enacted in Augsburg and Nuremberg, the two great art centres of the Middle Ages, and later in



ANTON LANG AS CHRISTUS IN THE OBERAMMERGAU PASSION PLAY, 1900–1910 various parts of Germany and Bavaria, including Oberammergau, were restricted to the enacting of the events of Passion Week, culminating in the supreme tragedy of the Crucifixion.

In 1810, when government edicts forbade the further presentation of these plays, the villagers of Oberammergau, stimulated by their determination to remain true to the historic vow of their forefathers, after repeated solicitations obtained royal permission to continue its production.

Thus it comes about that the only notable survival of the real religious drama is the majestic and splendid spectacle enacted at the end of each decade by simple Bavarian peasants in this little Alpine village in the shadow of the cross-crowned Kofel. That they regard the Passion Play as a solemn act of religious worship removes it at once from the category of theatric productions. Not to be allowed to take part in the play is considered a disgrace by the Oberammergauers, and to enact the part of Christus is looked upon by them as having attained to one of the greatest of earthly honors.

The pure taper lighted at the altar of Faith in Oberammergau centuries ago still burns in that secluded village shut off from the world by snow-capped mountains, as evidence that the promise made by the forefathers in their time of terrible affliction will never cease of reverent fulfillment by their descendants.

Thus is made visibly manifest the impassable gulf between the real and the mock religious drama. "The Man of Sorrows," portrayed with the simplicity, the gentleness, the nobility and the true religious humility of Joseph Mayr or Anton Lang, is impossible of comparison with any presentation of the same character on the secular stage.

THE WIFE

By EDWARD WILBUR MASON

SOMETIMES are you a radiant mystery
Lightfoot and reinless as the fleecy cloud
I touch your garment's hem in wonderment
And know you distant as the whirling spheres.
Yet oft do you approach me as the dawn
Your eyes a galaxy of morning stars
Your silence breathing music like the thrush
The whole magnificence of summertime
Flames then within your beauty and your smile
Riots with roses, roses like the June.

Behold, when all my faiths are overturned
And all my creeds as chaff blown on the wind,
And all my idols broken in the dust,
One with dead Osiris and Bel and Baal—
I turn to thee as to a beacon light—
Pharos upon the rockbound coast of time
Outshining death and doom!

Then do I waken as from troubled dream,
To know your worth and find you ever near:
My Empire in your white encircling arms,
My home and shelter in your woman's heart.

A Whirlwind Excursion ABROAD

by THE EDITOR

THE TALE OF A WINTER SEA

IT WAS all so sudden—that last trip to Europe; for the Editor, while working on a tanglefoot proof, was dispatched forthwith "to visit some of the legislative bodies in Europe." Suppose he did think that he knew something about the ways of the Senate and the House of Representatives at Washington! There were other legislatures in the world—and a pretty argument was advanced that the NATIONAL readers ought to be told, by way of a change, something about other capitals and national policies than our own.

On a dark, rainy Saturday, in New York, the party was hurried through clanging cars and honking taxis, down to the White Star Line pier, where the "Oceanic" lay straining at her hawsers. Her handsome lines were admired by all who saw her. Ten minutes more and she would be on her way—ten short minutes—and our trunk had not arrived. Ten anxious minutes were these; for ours was no common trunk. In its recesses reposed the suit of "customary, solemn black," the expansive shirt-fronts; the frock coat, pink tie, lavender gloves, white spats and cane—all the socially approved requisites for a European legislative campaign. Ten short, anxious minutes—but it got there, and the expressman who nobly saw to it that that trunk reached its destination was an unconscious savior of American dignity. The silk hat was safe.

There is something connected with "going down to the sea in ships" which has not its counterpart among human emotions—a certain, indefinable mixture of regret at leaving, balanced by a light sense of new freedom. As we gazed out at the impressive and lofty skyline of lower New York, gradually fading into the leaden gray of the mist, we were only repeating, although centuries later, the emotions and impressions of the Phoenicians as the citadels of Tyre or Sidon sunk below the Mediterranean horizon behind their roving galleys.

The city disappeared, and one by one the passengers left the decks to find their respective ways about the corridors. In the hall-ways merry voices could be heard in the old debate as to whether one was going aft or forward to find the gangways leading to the cabins below.

When the luncheon bugle sounded there was a buzzing about the steward for favorite seats, but once at the table in the gold-emblazoned saloon we felt a bit strange. So many unfamiliar faces were about us that we welcomed the green-labeled bottle of Poland Water as an intimate and personal friend from New England. But there was a pleasant surprise in store for us; our nearest neighbor at the table had lived for years within a few squares of us at home, a stranger—we had to come to sea to get acquainted.

On Sunday morning the Church of England services were held as usual. The Bible lay open upon the flag of England, and the strains of "Onward, Christian Soldiers" gave the editor a chance to try out his rolling bass in competition with the rolling deep. The pale, serious faces of many sopranos in the dining-saloon made at least an appropriate appearance of deep Lenten piety.

A perusal of the passenger-list revealed the names of two boyhood chums, and when both were located, proceedings began. No time was wasted in exchanging reminiscences which dated back to mud-pie days, while incidentally we so far forgot ourselves as not to have even a suspicion of sea-sickness. The dear fellows had changed not a whit—they were the same old "kids" as of yore, and had it not been for our sense of steamboat dignity it is hard to say what might not have happened to celebrate the reunion.

TOURISTS STILL CRANE THEIR NECKS TO SEE THE TOP OF EIFFEL TOWER

When one takes passage on a winter boat, he should not expect the charms of a summer sea. The "vacation tourist" finds the ocean and the world at their best; the winter traveler sees them in their everyday clothes.

There were few deck parties this trip, and those who did venture out huddled together like crows on a bare limb in the fall. Conversation languished; jokes or compliments were forced from between chattering teeth, and what escaped seemed to lack spontaneity. One young lady, however, persisted in taking her constitutional each day in the open air, despite the wind or weather. Short of stature and decided of step was she, wearing black-rimmed glasses, and attired in a mannish suit and Napoleon turban. After two days aboard her title was conferred; by general consent she was the "Little Corporal."

Literary fervor reigned in the "lounge"—everybody must have a book, and the few volumes of "Nick Carter" variety and "best sellers" were promptly appropriated. Even the stern encyclopedias were drawn upon and furnished new reading for many. The sixteen copies of "Innocents Abroad" were confiscated by gentlemen who had, of course, the most guileless expressions. The organization of the Destiny Club took place in the smoke-room, where the entire field of national and individual affairs was overhauled without regard for boundaries, treaties or ethical considerations.

The White Star liner "Oceanic" is an English ship, but not so brutally British as to offend American sensibilities when one forgets to hold his knife like a pen, or to push away instead of pull his soup-spoon when filling it.

A transatlantic voyage is now a matter of exact calculation—so many days and hours, and you will land on a foreign shore. The days come and go almost unheralded, and date from the whistle announcing twelve o'clock, noon, when the distance covered in the last twenty-four hours is posted. Forty minutes each day is actually stolen from the morning "beauty sleep" of the unsuspecting passenger, for he finds that the clock has been put ahead that much the night before to compensate for the change in standard time.

Every noon the log of the ship was faithfully consulted. In noting the height of the westerly gales the reports contained the term "confused seas." With what a strange, wan look the deck habitants repeated the sad refrain, "confused seas," as they retired to the cabin.

There were some bright young men aboard, who kept the party amused. One had a project for promoting a new steamship line. It was all arranged, he said—Mr. Morgan was to furnish the ships, and he was to furnish the water. And then there was a laugh. A young German, en route for the Fatherland, was trying his picked-up English on every passenger, but the young ladies insisted that he never got his verbs quite straight. His friend, the typical Englishman, always appeared in full dress for dinner, and exclaimed against the inconsistent social customs in America, where ladies go to dinner "properly attired" and gentlemen are permitted to seat themselves at the festal board in "beastly business tweed."

Of course there were salt water baths—and in early morn there were shouts down the hall, "Steward, my tub, my tub!" "Number 26" (weighing 340 net) always varied the call, loud enough to be heard throughout the corridor, "Steward, *steward*, bring me a *hogshead!*"

Skipper Haddock held me up in the companion-way, one morning, and pointed sternly to the regulations in regard to smoking. "Takes some time to read the rules," he murmured, with a casual glance at my smoking pipe. I attempted to prove that I was not a law-breaker, because the breeze on deck had puffed the offending pipe into abnormal activity—"not I, sir, not *I*." The Skipper smiled and we became friends, though ever after I followed regulations. Music and painting are this commander's hobbies. The interior of his cabin evidences his devotion to these forms of art, which seem appropriately associated with his life upon the sea.

A concert was held in the saloon every afternoon, and new recruits were daily added to the list of singers. A cup of tea was the fixed payment for each performing artist, and these tea-time concerts became quite the thing.

A little ballad composed on board will remain in the memories of all as a pleasant souvenir of the voyage. Dr. Beaumont, the ship's surgeon, turned from the piano one day to greet two ladies coming into the saloon. A nurse with a baby was there, and as the two entered, the child clapped its hands in glee and stretched its tiny arms toward one of the ladies. "You seem to be attractive to babies," observed the Doctor gallantly, and as the lady took the little one in her arms, she said, tenderly: "Why shouldn't I? You see—I'm her mother."

Although cut off from the gaiety of the banquets, operas, dances and moving-picture shows of *terra firma*, something usually happens at sea in the way of social festivities. The seventeenth birthday of the daughter of an old playmate enabled "us boys" to realize how venerable we really were. There must be a birthday cake, of course; so Steward Jones was consulted. The cake was "perfectly adorable," as the young ladies exclaimed in chorus; and that birthday party will long be remembered by the seventeen guests who gathered to wish the little maiden a long and happy life. Each brought to her a greeting written on the steamer "Oceanic" paper, and with the glow of seventeen candles on her happy face she read the messages. One was from a young man who wished "joys as countless as the waves" they had watched that day over the rail. The great ship swung in the expanse of crested ocean wave, and the sea seemed indeed like God's great cradle.

* * * * *

A FLASHLIGHT OF FRANCE

THERE was some apprehension about landing on a strange coast in the winter time with not even a Cook's man in sight, but my chum assured us that his French was in excellent order, so we prepared to invade. Our first intimation of approaching land was the sight of the Scilly Islands which, like bright jewels in a vast setting of green, glowed with lilies and tulips even in our American mid-winter.

The landing at Plymouth was slated for the witching hour 4 A. M. Henry Arthur Jones, the dramatist, sat up all night so as to make his "Landing at Plymouth" as sure and certain as the one of historic memory on our eastern shore.

Loath to leave the good ship "Oceanic" farewells were said as we parted with many genial associates, and continued on the way to Cherbourg. The green-mottled fortresses protecting the two entrances of the harbor of Cherbourg—one for merchant vessels

A GOOD VIEW OF THE FAMOUS L'OPERA AT PARIS

and one for men-of-war—made real before our eyes the familiar and famous painting.

Once on the French shore, my old playmate gallantly volunteered as protector-in-general to those of us who knew not the native tongue. Eager to try conclusions, he addressed himself to a gorgeous individual on the dock who might have passed for a "chocolate soldier." The hero looked stunned. Then his Gallic eyes filled with fire and he moved toward my friend with a menacing glare. Our accomplished French linguist had employed an amalgamation of languages in which German predominated; and this fact, coupled with a number of obscure but possibly sarcastic sentences, which crept unintentionally into the address of welcome, had grated harshly on Gallic sensibilities. My knowledge of French is purely emotional, but gesticulating motion I understand—and I was made protector as my friend became protected.

THE ENTRANCE TO THE ORIGINAL TROCADERO, PARIS

A journey through northern France is a wonderful object-lesson in the value of intensive farming. In February, the little plots of ground were already green, or ready for crop; which means that the soil is drained, pulverized, and fertilized. This is a land of small farms, but farther south the great plains remind one of the Dakotas, only instead of single farm-houses there are little villages dotting the landscape, and the Gothic spires on Norman towers give one the sensation of passing through a great art gallery lined with the masterpieces of Millet, Théodore Rousseau, Corot and Rosa Bonheur, who made rural France their pictorial inspiration.

Several railroad wrecks on the way reminded us that the fortunes of Minister Briand were trembling in the balance because of his measures against the railroad strikers. As we sped on to Paris, the disadvantage of government ownership of railroads was explained by one of the strikers. These workmen are government employes, and receive little sympathy from the public; there is no opportunity of working up personal prejudice against magnates, as in America, for the government plays the role of French "monopoly" and protest is direct defiance of law.

* * *

At last our train slid into the St. Lazare Station, and we were in the "Pleasure Capital of the World," as the Frenchman loves to term Paris. The hubbub and chatter of the Custom House *douaniers* only emphasized the excitability of the Latin character. My friend had wisely abandoned his daring assault on the entire French tongue, and we now struggled desperately to "fix things" in English, while a chartered taxi was consuming time waiting for us on the outside.

Paris! Chameleon-like Paris follows the changing color and fashion of the age more quickly and artistically than any other metropolis. The Paris of Victor Hugo, of Balzac, of Heine, is not the Paris of today. Flying, honking taxicabs dash hither and thither in place of the broughams and cabs of a decade ago; the subways were crowded with throngs of hurrying humanity, and the streets were as bright and full of life and color as only Parisian boulevards can be at ten o'clock in the evening. For at that hour Paris really begins to awake. The guests at the Jewelers' ball in the Grand Hotel did not begin to arrive until after midnight, and at six in the morning, just as day was dawning, they were still dancing in the beautiful ballroom below—rather a startling awakening for sober Americans, but an enlightening indication of the nocturnal gaiety of Paris.

The drive in the early Sunday morning through the *Quartier Latin* and up "*Bou Miche*," (the colloquial for *Boulevard St. Michel*), to the Luxembourg Gallery, was an exhilarating prelude to a few hours spent among the masterpieces of contemporary French art. Some of the paintings seemed rather familiar; they were the same that had been brought over to our own World's Fair at Chicago and again at St. Louis.

For many generations France and Paris have stood for what is most exquisite in art, and not without reason, for on every hand one sees evidence of artistic feeling and effort, even to the lamp-posts. In the older parts of the city the streets are delightful pictures in tone and color, and in some of the newer avenues one is impressed by an aesthetic grandeur that is restful and refreshing. But the modern "apartment house"—government owned—is creeping in, and a tentative skyscraper here and there is trying to make its way against the storm of disapproval with which artistic Paris greets its appearance.

THE PANTHEON WAS AS DIGNIFIED AS EVER

About Eiffel Tower, in the *Champs de Mars*, we came upon a great crowd of people, improving their Sunday holiday by simple games and sports which impressed us as a trifle inane for men and women. The children skim along the streets on roller-skates, just as one sees their American cousins in Madison Square. Woe to the pedestrian who hath not "his skates on" in this district.

As we toured the city in a taxi, Paris grew more familiar. There stood the

Opera, the Madeleine, Notre Dame, the Pantheon, Odeon, Trocadero—each in its own particular and incomparable magnificence. Every street and square was intimately associated with some momentous event of history. We passed the dome of the *Invalides* under whose arches rest the remains of Napoleon. The taxi-horns contrasted strangely with Bonaparte's trumpets and suggested the continuous arrival of a victorious college foot ball party.

There are other things in Paris beside architecture, heroes and history. At Duval's the wandering one can get a soup which is truly a triumph of genius, or he may sit at a little table and sip coffee "as black as night, as sweet as love, and as hot as Hades," the Frenchman's approved recipe. Duval, it may be remembered, refused to raise prices during the siege of Paris in 1870, giving freely of his stock as long as it lasted. Here was a true patriot who disdained to profit by the high cost of living and the misfortunes of the patrons who had enriched him. He divided his loaf.

THE NOTRE DAME HAS MANY NAMESAKES ALL OVER THE WORLD

* * *

Of course you want to know the "latest thing" in Paris. Well, first of all, in books —France is agog over "Marie-Claire." Those on shipboard who wished to show a certain superiority read the volume in French, but the rest of us were, perforce, content with it in English. A truly remarkable book is "Marie-Claire," but you will be disappointed if you expect something "Frenchy-French," with the gay life of Paris vividly drawn or overdrawn. Instead of this, a sweet, simple, artistic story of a young girl is told. Taken from a foundling hospital, educated in a convent, and working on a farm, she goes to Paris and becomes a seamstress. The book is written in the terse purity of French prose, the charm of which, it is said, accounts for the lack of French poets.

"Marie-Claire" is the autobiography of a girl. Artistic in expression, and yet full of interest, the story is as simple in plot as in expression. All Paris was talking of this novel, which, written by one without literary training or a finished education, is considered a masterpiece by eminent critics. It was charged at one time that its young author was assisted in writing the story, but this has been disproved.

If Marguerite Audoux continues to write stories such as "Marie-Claire," she will make for her work an assured place in contemporary French literature.

The success of "Marie-Claire" shows that the French have, with all their "wild abandon" and their love of pleasure, a regard for simplicity. French novelists in the future are likely to get away from the scenes of gay Parisian life, and to go back to the country, where the fresh beauty and sweet odors of the woods and fields bring them face to face with that worship of the beautiful in nature and in mankind, which was the basis and glory of Grecian art.

Yes, the harem skirts were in vogue. Even on the streets of blasé Paris it was a sight that provoked attention when a woman alighted from a carriage in the trousered skirt. When their wearers began to walk there was a sensation—and the crowd gaped. The ladies claim that the harem skirt is a sort of Turkish custom, and that it should naturally and logically go hand in hand with the fad of women smoking cigarettes. Again, it is said to be the evolution of the hobble skirt; yet somehow we cannot conceive of our winsome American girls going about attired like the "specters" appearing in the shops of the *Rue de Rivoli.*

* * *

The innovation of closing the shops on Sunday has caused a good many shoulders to shrug in the capital. It is considered an "English idea" and does not graft easily on the continental plan of life.

THE TOMB OF NAPOLEON

In the topmost square of the Louvre stands the equestrian statue of Lafayette, erected by contributions from the school children of America as an expression of gratitude to the French nation for its assistance in the days of our Revolution. The statue is a masterpiece in bronze, almost vibrant with life, and showing equally well from four points of view. The sculptor was Paul Bartlett, an American, and it was a rare privilege to stand before it in company with Mr. Robert J. Thompson, American Consul at Hanover, Germany. Mr. Thompson was the originator of this idea which has established a permanent *entente cordiale* between the two greatest republics of the world. He may well be proud of the work as a great life achievement.

THE "INVALIDES" HOSPITAL AT PARIS

Advertising is always making new and novel records in Paris. Probably no other city evolves so many and such bizarre schemes for publicity. The walls of the exclusive Grand Hotel, where royalty is entertained, and which figures so prominently in novels and drama, were ablaze with signs and glowing manifestoes concerning chocolate and *liqueurs.* The *boulevards* are perhaps not so brilliantly lighted as our own Great White Way in New York, and the electric signs are perhaps not so dazzling, but there is nevertheless an undeniable charm and allurement in Paris and in its carefree crowds who ever seek and sell pleasures.

There are few news-stands or fruit-stands about the city, and in trying to get a ticket for a sleeper, four or five offices had to be visited. American bills were accepted at the railway station for transportation, for the Frenchman has an unshaken appreciation of American money.

No, we did not visit the gloom of the morgue for Parisian "atmosphere." The beauty of the boulevards and the happy faces of workingmen on a Sunday holiday suggested that Paris has just as sensible, happy and hopeful people as any other great population center.

* * * * *

THE GERMANY OF TODAY

THE scenery en route from Paris through western Germany is entrancing. The hills skirting the canals are lined with pollard willows, all pruned down to the very trunk, but crowned with a thick array of slender shoots to furnish material for the willow furniture which is so popular in the United States. Our destination lay at Hanover—or Hon-*do*-ver, as the Germans have it—that old German city from whose electorate England secured its royal house. The failure of the Hanover electorate to accept the offered terms resulted in its becoming a part of Prussia, thus losing its ancient independence. The old council room of the defunct electorate, now used as a public museum, overlooks the famous Altenburg Garden.

Hanover is a great educational center to which many foreigners come to study the methods used in its schools. Its high school boys are required to give only one year of military service instead of three, so thorough is their school discipline. The theaters of Hanover are also among the best throughout the Empire.

Not only is Hanover an important rubber manufacturing point, but here large quantities of guayule, the lately discovered product of a hitherto worthless Mexican shrub, were first introduced and proven to be valuable. Most interesting of all are the thousands of canary and other song birds, which are brought to Hanover from all the forest sections.

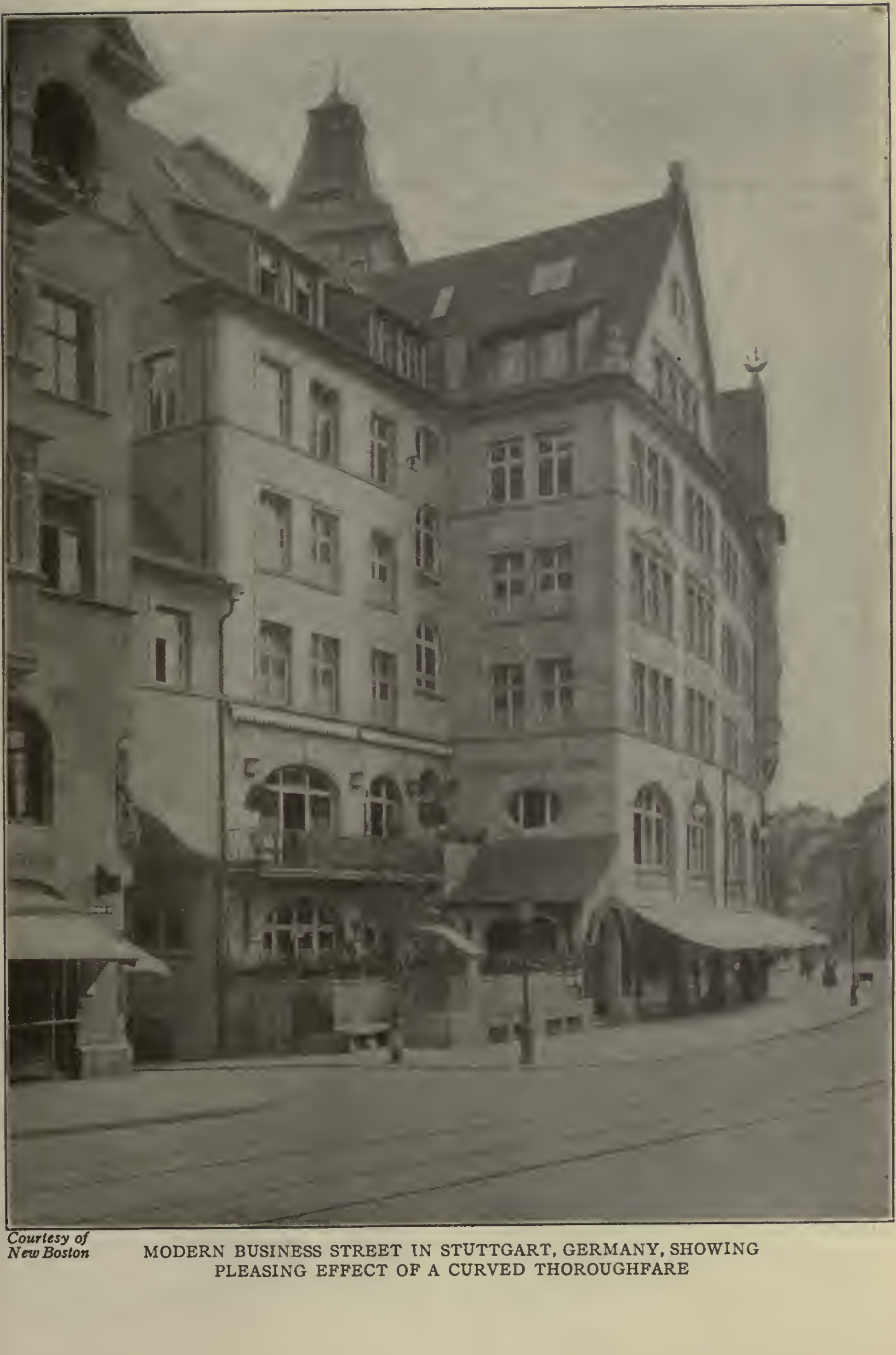
During July the city celebrates its great feast day, when all Hanover makes merry at a great carnival. Late into the night the people flocked in parties to the leading cafes, and no one thought it extraordinary to spend all night among gay companions, with music and social chat.

There was a jolly time keeping pace with that nephew Paul, who on the happy occasion of his uncle's visit, attired himself in cowboy array—slouch hat, flannel shirt and heavy belt. Well, we made an impression, Paul and I, and few doubted that we were true Americans. Then I lost the check for my silk hat—and thereby hangs a tale. I was attempting to reclaim the "tile" and frantically informed the German station-master that our train left in fifteen minutes, but he was obdurate. Station-masters in Germany insist in carrying on all procedures with due system, and it was beginning to look as if things would be hatless when my youthful nephew jumped the counter, rescued the hat, and taking me by the arm left the German muttering as we hailed a passing taxicab and—caught the train. But that hat—it never would stay on; it was always being sat upon and always hitting something or someone. Singular thing, Paul observed, that they are called *tall* hats. They were no taller than a derby—Paul would wager—and we measured them. He was victorious.

* * *

When leaving for Berlin there was some trouble in reading the car labels, but we managed to catch the right express, and in three hours found ourselves in the Friedrich Strasse, the main street of Berlin, whose gaiety and liveliness recalled the "white lights" of Broadway. From a staid old capital Berlin has become one of the gayest, brightest cities in Europe.

The life of Berlin is concentrated in three streets—the Friedrich Strasse, Liepsiger Strasse and Unter den Linden. Beyond these great thoroughfares, ablaze with lights and an immense concourse of people, all is darkness, and merry Berlin



Courtesy of New Boston

MODERN BUSINESS STREET IN STUTTGART, GERMANY, SHOWING PLEASING EFFECT OF A CURVED THOROUGHFARE may be said to begin and end within the limits of these three famous thoroughfares.

Cold and misty from the raw seaside winds which sweep down from the North Sea, the city of Berlin in early February was much like our own Chicago, even to quick lunch houses.

There is not much to be got by the Berlin citizen in the way of breakfast—simply a cup of coffee and a roll or two—but along about eleven o'clock everybody starts for the cafe for a "second breakfast," generally a meat or a cheese sandwich. He makes up for his light regimen at the one o'clock *Mittagstich* of soup, meat, vegetables, preserved fruits, pudding, and wine or beer at discretion. Then he does not hasten back to business, but plays or jokes with his children fifteen or twenty minutes, rests or sleeps for thirty more, has a chat, a cup of coffee and a cigar, and returns to business at three o'clock again, perhaps to work until eight or nine in the evening. Then, he comes home again to a supper of cold meats, salads, cheese and beer, which will probably be followed by more beer as friends drop in to smoke the black German cigars and play "skat" or "66."

O memory of German tobacco! I paid thirty-seven and one-half cents for a quarter-pound of unspeakable smoking tobacco. Most of the cigars are made of home-grown or Sumatra tobacco, and they are smoked to the tips—by Germans, but not by American tourists.

The telephone system of the Empire is also sadly in need of improvement. For forty minutes I held the line to connect with Hanover, and then rang off in desperation. The booths even in the best hotels are like upstanding bath-tubs, and the German "*Herrschneider*" is an unpleasant substitute for the euphonious American "Hello."

* * *

Dr. David J. Hill, the American ambassador, has located the embassy far out on Roch Strasse, which means *Smoke* Street, and the wandering magazine editor lost no time in driving there to pay his respects. It seemed good to see the old "stars and stripes" flung to the breeze; the sight of our own flag is strangely inspiring to every American in a foreign land.

Preparations were being made to celebrate Washington's birthday, and festivities were being carefully planned. Yet the Embassy seemed to lack American hustle and bustle, perhaps owing to its location. The headquarters, in a house behind a high iron fence among many other embassies, does not impress the visitor with a very vivid sense of national prestige. The French and English embassies fly their standards on the Unter den Linden, and it seems that the United States should provide similar quarters for its ambassador in so important a capital. Although it has often been reported that Dr. Hill is *persona non grata* to the Kaiser, he is really one of the most popular ambassadors ever sent to Germany.

We enjoyed a visit in Berlin to the offices of the International Harvester Works, of which Mr. Hutmacher is in charge. We wandered through the work and show rooms and saw there the familiar Milwaukee harvesters. The reaper trade with Germany has been one of the most important developments of American commerce, although it was difficult at first to make the Germans realize the superiority of the American-made articles. A German harvester was attempted, but it failed to suit the agriculturists, who decided that the American reaper alone could stand the test of unskilled drivers, and the strain of rough and hilly farm lands. Throughout Prussia and in all the immense agricultural countries of Europe, the hum of the great American reaper is heard. Mr. Hutmacher has been abroad for eighteen years, and few men are more closely in touch with European trade.

* * *

Berlin is today a city of three million souls, and the splendid provision that has been made for the children in the development of this new "world capital" represents an interesting study in municipal development. In every school there is a globe not only of Germany, but splendid maps of that particular province in which the school is located. First of all the German scholar knows the German Empire, and his state and town.

Although the school systems are managed by the various states, the municipal theaters are as a rule run entirely by the cities. It was our pleasure to witness George Reinhart, a leading German actor, in a Shakesperian production. Few countries appreciate Shakespeare more than the Germans, and his plays are attended quite as much as those of the great native dramatists, Goethe, Lessing and Schiller.

Music is the highest expression of the race, and the German *Männerchor* are unexcelled. The Emperor always attends these festivals, and at the close of the program delivers a criticism which whets interest in the performance. In the music halls, Germany was hearing the strains of "Love Me and the World is Mine"—there is certainly an appreciation of American vivacity in popular song.

Courtesy of New Boston A MODERN RADIAL THOROUGHFARE IN HAMBURG, GERMANY

* * *

The sandwiches at the German railway stations captivated my heart. You never hear any jokes about *leather* by the critics of German railway station sandwiches. A fine, toothsome morsel may also be had cheap at Aschinger's, whose lunch stands are all about Berlin. Good sandwiches and beer are always ready, and Aschinger's is quite as popular as Duval's in Paris.

It has often been said that the Germans are a sober race because they drink slowly. Indeed, it would drive an American insane to watch a German sit and drink beer, and gaze, gaze, and gaze about the cafe. It is hard to understand how the restaurant keepers can live, when every customer spends but a little and stays for hours. The fees imposed would not seem to pay enough for the rent of the cafe, let alone other expenses.

The German home is regulated on the same thoroughness of plan that characterizes the Government and, indeed, all industrial operations. The ideals which should dominate the life of the German woman are defined by the Kaiser in four words: the "four K's"—"Kinder, Kleider, Kirche und Küche"—children, clothes, church and kitchen. But the German woman is never too old to dance, and at the military balls the dame of sixty is as notable a figure as the debutante of sixteen. Cards are carefully filled out in advance by the thoughtful hostess, so that the ladies never want for partners.

Frequently we saw German husbands airily sporting canes, while their wives struggled along laden with bundles. Never did I see a native assisting a woman on a car, or performing any of the little acts of courtesy so common in America. This matter was recalled on the steamer returning home, where we met an Australian lady who was bringing her son to America to be educated. It was thought strange that she should want the boy brought here for an education, with so many world-famous institutions of learning in Europe. "I want my son to be taught consideration for women," she said simply; and after having observed conditions in several countries on the continent, one might well understand the reason of this high opinion of American chivalry.

* * * * *

THE HOME OF THE PEACE TRIBUNAL

ESPECIALLY fitting it seemed that the Sunday following our visit to Germany should be spent at The Hague, where through the generosity of Mr. Andrew Carnegie the Court of the world's great peace tribunal is being built. A delightful evening was spent at Amsterdam, the City of Canals. Supper seemed especially palatable, as eaten from the blue dishes whose ancient figures reminded one of the old-time willow-ware.

DAM MET KON. PALEIS

Something about the Dutch republic puts an American at ease, and it seemed that I could understand a Dutchman better than any other foreigner. From Amsterdam we took the short trip across to Haarlem, where the docks connect with a network of canals that furnish facilities to transfer freight all over the country. After a delightful luncheon at the "Albion" we caught a taxi to The Woods. Never will I forget that ride. The taxi dashed along at an abnormal speed; and the more I tried to plead with the Dutchman to slow up, the faster he went, swinging around the street corners at breakneck speed.

Soon we reached the famous old "House in the Woods," and in this ancient castle we were shown all the trophies brought from the Dutch colonies in the East Indies; also the room which Queen Amelia had decorated by the famous Rubens, and where his students completed the great work.

An exquisitely polished table reflected like a mirror the portrait of the Queen, while above on the walls great paintings told the story of her illustrious husband's life. On the door opening to the room where the Peace Congress was held in 1899, were portrayed three figures—Wisdom, Strength, and between the two, Victory—emblematic of the great peace idea.

As we approached the Capital, we could see in outline the classic building which is to be the home of the Peace Tribunal; and for a moment I felt a thrill of American pride that this building, one of the most beautiful in The Hague, should have been the gift of an American citizen. As I

HANOVER THEATRE, ONE OF OLD WORLD'S GREATEST PLAYHOUSES

A TYPICAL VIEW OF THE THAMES EMBANKMENT, LONDON

LONDON BRIDGE—BUT IT'S NOT FALLING DOWN

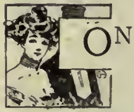
IRLAM CASTLE, ENGLAND, PROPERTY OF GEORGE THOMAS, ESQUIRE looked more closely upon the site and noted the progress being made on this structure, I became more and more convinced that the one great problem of the world was universal peace and disarmament. For are we not living in a modern age, and is not war but a relic of the past?

On Sunday, after having called upon Ambassador Beaupre, we followed the throngs entering an old Dutch church, and here to our delight found in the pulpit that grand old patriarch, General Booth, of the Salvation Army, to whose sentences, interpreted in sturdy Dutch, the congregation listened intently, hanging upon every word. How splendid it seemed, in that great home of the Peace Conference, to hear proclaimed to the listening throngs, the message of the Prince of Peace. Tears came to the eyes of many as the Dutch preacher paid heartfelt tribute to the work done by the Grand Old Man of the Salvation Army. At the collection, a shower of Dutch gilders clinking on the collection plate bore testimony to the depth of Dutch devotion to the cause represented by the Salvation Army. Then the band struck up the long-meter doxology, known in the hymn books as "Old Hundred," and as a thousand throats poured forth in adoration the strains of that grand old song, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow," one felt a newer, deeper inspiration in the cause of Peace on Earth.

The General was hard at work on an extended tour of the Continent, after which he will return to America. Never can I forget his friendly greeting, as he talked with me of America and of his memories of dear old Uncle Mark Hanna—and of the day when he had the honor to offer the invocation in the House of Representatives at Washington.

* * * * *

ENGLAND AND "DEAR OLD LUNNON"



ONLY a short hundred miles of sea voyaging intervenes between The Hague and Harwich, England—but that hundred miles can develop more kinds of rough and turbulent water, and foggy, windy weather, than any three hundred on the open Atlantic. The seasoned voyager who can cross this bit of the North Sea without a spell of seasickness is indeed a good sailor.

Fancy the feelings of an American who had been a week on the continent without hearing English spoken; who had been chiefly dependent upon the "language of the eyes"—and hands—and had tried in vain to decipher German, French and Dutch signs—fancy this American landing at Harwich in the gray dawn of a late winter's morning, and hearing, even before the ship had docked, that dear old English tongue whose every inflection means something, even though spoken in broadest dialect.

No time was lost in boarding a train for London—"dear old Lunnon," and Liverpool Street, with its soot and smoke.

We found ourselves, upon arrival, in a confused medley of motor busses. Where was the "horse-bus" of former days, with its dear old colloquial driver? Where the hansoms of a few years ago? Everything now is the taxicab—but we resolutely hunted out a hansom, because we could ride in taxis at home. It seemed like old times to ride in a dear old English hansom. The "man on top" looked like a New York broker, and the white band on his hat recalled the great white helmets of the Kaiser's guard. When I asked this distinguished-looking individual "how much it was" to the hotel, he said with easy deference: "Make it what you like—you're an American." He got a half crown, (about sixty cents) where eight pence (or sixteen) was the regular fare, for which extravagance of bounty I was afterward scolded by an English cousin, who inveighed forcibly against the habits of Americans and their "pernicious influence" on cabbies. But he drove comfortably down the old Strand, past London Bridge and the Thames Embankment, and we were soon at the Hotel Savoy.

The same elevator man, same clerks, same everything were found there. Here were guests of all nationalities—I counted fifteen different countries represented in the dining-room. With what genuine joy did we hear again the old familiar American "nasal twang" which we never notice or recognize until across the water. In the evening, theater parties come to the Savoy from all parts of the city. The music is excellent, and "not the cheapest but the best" hotel lives up to its reputation as being the most cosmopolitan dining-place in London.

Close at hand is Simpson's, where the chefs go up and down the aisles wheeling small wagons on which a joint is all ready for serving. A gas lamp in the little vehicles keeps the saddle of mutton steaming. You can have all you want at Simpson's—if one serving isn't enough to appease your appetite, just call the waiter and ask for more.

* * *

It seems to be predestined that every time I visit England, something happens to call out the royal coach of state. On this occasion we were able to see the royal equipages attending the first levee of King George at St. James Palace.

Our taxicab driver was evidently an old cabby, for he knew just where to go to escape the warning hand of the "bobby," and carefully we progressed through St. James Park, to Buckingham Palace, where the Queen was watching her husband from the window as he left for the levee. The Palace of St. James, with its low thick walls, and antique turrets, is a grim reminder of the warlike needs of other centuries. At this time it is little used except for the receptions to foreign ambassadors.

The streets were being strewn with yellow sand as the equipages of the various embassies swept by. Many of these dignitaries drove past with their hats off, their splendid uniforms encrusted with gold lace and covered with decorations, as if seeking to symbolize the dignity and power of the nation represented. The only ambassador not in gorgeous array was Mr. Phillips, the *charge d'affaires* of the American Embassy, who wore a simple black dress suit, but carried himself with as much dignity as any foreign notable in the assembly.

Then the Life Guard, the *corps d'elite* of the English cavalry, rode past with plumed helmets, bright cuirass, great jack boots, and drawn sabres, their flowing red cloaks covering the haunches of their splendid steeds.

Finally the band struck up "God Save the King"; the King's coach went slowly by, and His Majesty greeted the people as he passed. Rather a small man is George V, with auburn beard and clear blue eye; his salutes have all the dignity and grace of a naval training; and in carriage he is even more kingly than was his distinguished father. As we stood watching the procession pass, American-like, I was soon disputing the utility of so much adornment and "gold lace." A pert little English maiden overheard our conversation, and finally she could stand it no longer. "Why not uniforms for a nation's sentiment," she demanded, "as well as *flags?*" Gallantry forbade my continuing the argument, which might not after all have been so easily maintained.

EVEN THE EXTERIOR OF WESTMINSTER ABBEY INSPIRES AWE

After you have been over the ground

three or four times, how familiar are the scenes about Westminster, Whitehall Gardens, the plain buildings on Downing Street, where the Prime Minister lives, Victoria Street—all the Government of England seems to be in and of London, and the different sections of the city, E. C., W. C., seem to indicate one's location without even the name of the city.

London proper begins at the Temple, wherein, by the wheels of justice, everything is ground with exceeding swiftness and thoroughness. Englishmen still point with pride to the expedition with which the Crippen trial was settled—"Why, in America, b' Jove, the beastly fellow would be out on bail by this time, or getting a pardon." The London press is far-reaching in its news service, and I found full accounts of a Wheeling, West Virginia, murder of which I had scarcely read a line in America.

THE GATEWAY TO BUCKINGHAM PALACE
IS ALWAYS GUARDED

While on a tour of fraternal calls in the newspaper district, I met Lee, still handling the advertising destinies of the *Telegraph*, and James Allison, the advertising manager of the *Times*—the *Old Thunderer*, as the great English paper is affectionately called. What a revolution Allison has wrought in the old conservative paper of years ago—for the *Times* is now a great advertising force in Great Britain. The *Times* is an English institution, and though one of the most up-to-date newspapers of the world, it still holds some of its old-time customs. Each day a complete topic, written in the old Addisonian essay style, takes up for discussion, with a gravity which dates back to the *Spectator* days, some of the simple little things of everyday life.

It was only an hour's ride up the Thames to "Runnymede" on Magna Charta Road. Among the Thames meadows surrounding the beautiful island were encamped the English barons when King John signed the Magna Charta, which became the basis of popular right and English justice. A tablet with a suitable inscription is erected on the traditional spot where King John was forced to sacrifice Norman despotism to the English love of liberty.

On Magna Charta Island, with its beautiful lines of shrubs, Mr. Allison royally entertains his friends in his grand old gabled house, which is built in the form of a church. His collection of antiques makes the dwelling a veritable museum of itself. In the soft, misty springlike weather, the buds and tulips were beginning to show themselves. Mr. Allison takes great pleasure in his ideal retreat where he spends the week-end with his friends, among his books and with his famous kennel of dogs—a veritable monarch of his island domain.

All along the historic Thames, the river keeps its banks with a truly English conformity. Steadily, smoothly, the Thames still flows on from north to south, but one cannot help thinking that on its banks for over twenty centuries the most important scenes of history have been enacted. Here Roman, Saxon, Dane and Norman landed to hold dominion for a while in a land which swallowed all up into the common mass of the English people, or cast out what might not be assimilated. Truly the interesting history of the great British Empire seems to find its focus and inspiration about this little river—the Thames!

O the business of London! There was plenty of rush and hurry, just as in America, but the English ways seem to be much more systematic and dignified. The man of business is always attired with care—pink necktie, chamois gloves, frock-coat, spats—for business procedure in England must be met with due compliance to English ideas of propriety.

Appointments must be made by written notes—not typewritten, mind—and when the appointment is made, it is to be kept *to the dot.* I kept nine appointments in one day, and found every man ready and waiting. When you think that old London is *slow*—just wake up. They don't make much fuss about things, but they just plan and *do* what they set out to do.

In England the cheapness of telegraph service makes the telegram immensely popular and more generally used than here, where the rates indicate that our companies prefer a policy of fewer messages at a higher cost. "Send him a wire for sixpence" is the custom, even if you are only three blocks distant, and it is thought that this preference has seriously handicapped telephone exploitation in England.

Fancy leaving a friend to go to lunch, and to receive a telegram from him during the luncheon, although he is only five or six squares away. It would seem that Americans should be able to send out more telegrams and that the Londoners would gain much if they were more receptive of the telephone proposition.

Notwithstanding the evident abundance of taxicabs, the tram-cars with their double-decks, the motor busses and other means of getting about, one cannot understand how the immense traffic of this great city is handled. The "tuppenny tube" and underground railways and busses are so convenient that it seems as if the great stream of humanity never stops in "Dear Old Lunnon."

The ladies do not seem to have any trouble in getting off backwards on the "motor bus." They hop off with greater agility than most men, none the less quickly that they are apparently overloaded with dozens of packages, the result of strenuous shopping tours.

At the Savage Club in Adelphi Terrace, a dinner with Mr. J. L. Griffiths, the American Consul in London, furnished a charming survey of this select club on whose walls the rare old prints and photographs recall the quarters of the Lambs' and Players' Clubs in New York.

Mr. Griffiths has had the American consulate moved to handsome quarters in Broad Street, and an unanimous tribute from English merchants was paid to the business-like spirit which he has exhibited.

THERE IS PLENTY OF RUSH AND HURRY IN ENGLAND'S METROPOLIS

At the American Embassy, near Westminster, is where the American tourist is wont to go in search of his mail, Sargent's famous portrait of former Ambassador Joseph H. Choate is there together with those of Quincy Adams, Robert Lincoln, and many other American ambassadors.

On Washington's birthday, the Americans in London gathered at a reception given by Mr. and Mrs. William Phillips, of the American Embassy. It was the "housewarming" of their new home in Mayfair. There was music, and the way that the English musicians grew red in the face producing the "Stars and Stripes Forever" was exhilarating.

A hearty feeling of homeliness inspired the gathering, for after all is said and done, Americans get very close together when in a foreign land. It was interesting to see the millionaire grasping the hand of the struggling student and artist.

From gray old London we took a trip to Manchester to visit an ardent admirer of the HEART THROBS book with whom I had long corresponded. He was a reader of the NATIONAL, and a friend "all through," and there was much anticipation of that personal visit with George Thomas, Esquire, member of the Chamber of Commerce, and one of the projectors of the Manchester Ship Canal.

GEORGE THOMAS, ESQUIRE
President of George Thomas Company, Manchester, England, and owner of Irlam Castle

Mr. Thomas has an immense book trade, extending to all parts of the world. He seems familiar with every nation, and has lived in Turkey, Spain and almost every country in Europe. He now makes his home at Irlam Hall, known far and wide as the place where on the occasion of the royal visit in July, 1909, King Edward was given a real Lancashire welcome. A mansion of the Elizabethan age, the Hall contains many relics of olden days, and a history which dates back to King John's reign, when the Abbot of Cokersand claimed exemption by royal charter from certain fines in his abbey lands of Irwelham and other surrounding districts. In the Fifteenth Century, Irlam Hall was the property of the Travers family, and was occupied in following years by different knights of the realm. At the beginning of the Nineteenth Century, the estate was purchased by the family of Greaves, who occupied the estate through the third generation. Then Irlam fell into the hands of Sir Robert Peel, and in 1891 was bought by George Thomas, whose name because of his good deeds has become famous and beloved. To celebrate the visit of His Majesty to Irlam, Mr. Thomas presented the children with a beautiful playground, which inspired the following lines written in his honor:

And in the dim and distant future some shall say
As on the sward they see the little children play,
"Kind hearts are more than coronets," and thy name
Will treasured be by children in their game.

Mr. Thomas' energy and enterprise have the characteristic "push" of the Manchester spirit. His kindness to a wayfaring magazine editor will never be forgotten, for his was the last familiar face we saw on the quay on the Mersey as the "Baltic" sailed for home. Friend Thomas was the last to wave his hat and bid us godspeed. In our cabin rare exotics and fragrant English blossoms renewed, as we sailed, our grateful memories of the kindliness and thoughtfulness of the new friends abroad who inspired that spirit which is drawing toward a peace pact world wide and enduring. After having visited with President Ruchet of the Swiss Republic, John Burns of Battersea, T. P. O'Connor, Arthur J. Balfour and a score of other eminent Europeans and argus-eyed journalists at European capitals, the peace idea grows more and more practical.

Now for the European legislative bodies —next time.

The Nobility of the Trades

THE MERCHANT—IN ANCIENT HISTORY

By Charles Winslow Hall

HOW far back men began to make buying and selling a regular avocation, it is impossible to decide. The open local market into which men and women brought the commodities they did not need to barter for another's superfluous stock which they desired, is common among very savage peoples, and deemed so necessary and beneficial that, even in darkest Africa, Stanley found the bodies of thieves who had stolen in the open market exposed in the highway as a warning to evildoers. When men began to gather into towns and cities, the market became a prime necessity, required the supply of bulkier and more varied offerings, and in due season, dealings with "outland men" for the productions of alien lands.

India was probably the earliest great emporium of export trade, although this must always be a disputed point with such Egyptologists as accept the most extreme claims of the priests of Sais, and other historians. The caste laws of ancient Hindostan placed the priest first, the warrior second and the merchant third in honor, and in that most ancient of Hindoo writings, the Ramayana, there is a description of a long-forgotten city, Ayodhya, which, saith the sage, "was filled with merchants and artificers of all kinds; gold, precious stones and jewels were there in abundance. All its inhabitants wore costly garments, bracelets and necklaces, and the city constantly resounded with the voices of men and women, filling the air like the war-cries of contending armies. Her great men continually went to and fro in chariots, upon elephants, and on prancing steeds. Her gardens of pleasure and delight were always crowded with eager seekers inquiring for their friends and lovers. Shops abounded for the sale of garlands and like articles, and tables that were piled with sacrificial offerings. Bankers and merchants met each other and dealt in the public places."

Like the Egyptians, the Hindoos appear to have chosen to remain at home, and let other peoples take the burden and profits of transportation and trade. They made use of the great rivers to bring down the tribute and treasures of their northern territories, and their sacred cities were visited every year by millions of devotees from the most remote dependencies, who brought into their markets as well as into their stupendous fanes and temples the wonderful resources of imperial India.

The diamonds of Sumbulpore, Vizepore and Golconda then the only source of diamond supply in the world, with opals, emeralds, rubies, sapphires, turquoise, jacinth and topaz, ivory in such abundance as is no longer known, the pearls, corals, and ambergris of the Indian seas, and the musk, henna, opium and perfume, spices, drugs and toilet accessories of Indian and Chinese origin, the silks, embroideries and precious metals of Thina (China), and her own mountain valleys and ranges, with precious woods and gums, textiles of silk, cotton and the wool of sheep, goat, yak and camel, cunning work in brass, steel, gold and silver, splendid plumes and aigrettes of peacock, pheasant, egret, and smaller birds, living gems of color and grace—these were but part of the rich and rare commodities which brought the caravans of Africa, Palestine and Mesopotamia eastward to Bokhara, to meet there the Bactrian caravans returning from the sacred and market cities. From ancient Ozene, now Ouzein, the capital of Scinde, Ellora, whose massive temples are fast going to decay, Plutana, Benares and other cities, many of them now only a name, the Bactrian camel-drivers brought into Bactra, now modern Balkh, the capital of Bokhara, the greatest treasures of the world.

Wonderful tales they told their Western visitors of the dangers and difficulties with which they had to contend and the still greater risks with which the Indian seeker secured at peril of life and limb the gold guarded by fierce griffons, or by savage ants as big as foxes, whose ant-hills, excavated from fields of gold-dust, were raided by men mounted on dromedaries whose desperate speed did not always save the adventurers from the pursuing death.

Having purchased their lading, the great caravans returned westward, making their first considerable halt at Aria, now Herat, southwest of Bactra, and then after a longer journey sojourning at Ecbatana, whose appearance as the great caravan drew near must have been most impressive as well as grateful to the way-worn travellers. For as they descended into the beautiful valley, watered by clear cool streams from the snow-capped summits of the Orontes ranges, Ecbatana burst upon their view, crowning a steep acclivity in the center of the valley, and defended by a sevenfold line of ramparts, each of which rose higher than its outer neighbor by the height of its parapet, and colored so as to accentuate the apparent strength of the city and the effect of her battlements. The outer wall was white, the second black, the third scarlet, the fourth blue, the fifth orange, the sixth plated with silver, and the seventh, which contained the royal palaces and treasury, was finished in gold. Leaving Ecbatana, the western caravan route soon trended southward to where in an immense and nearly level valley, watered and irrigated by the Euphrates, Babylon extended her mighty walls around an area variously estimated at from one hundred and sixty to two hundred square miles, a territory about six times as large as that of London. Of its agricultural resources Herodotus uses terms which beggar the most florid expressions of an American Northwestern "boom edition."

"Of all the countries I know," he says, "Babylonia is the most fruitful in corn (*i. e.*, wheat, barley, etc.); it never produces less than two hundred fold, and in seasons remarkably favorable it sometimes amounts to three hundred fold. The ear of the wheat as well as the barley is four fingers broad. As for the millet and sesame, I dare not mention the immense height to which they grow, although I saw it with my own eyes, for I can hardly expect anyone to believe it who never visited the country."

Indeed, Babylonia was said to be the first land in which cereals were grown and cultivated for food, and for a long time she was the rival of fruitful Egypt within a large part of the ancient world. Her command of the Euphrates gave water transportation into Armenia within little more than a hundred miles of the Mediterranean, and southward to the Persian Gulf, whence in aftertime centered a great water transportation with India and Africa. But the caravan trade of that earlier day continued the movement of Asiatic wares and Babylonian commodities into Canaan, Amalekitis and Egypt, and was later extended by the sailors of Tyre to the ports of the Mediterranean. In the days of Abraham such caravan routes had founded Damascus; in Joseph's youth his envious brothers found Egypt-bound merchants willing to buy a handsome slave; and Joshua found one of his bravest princes seduced from his duty by the desire of a "Babylonish garment," such an one perchance as Cato received as a legacy and sold as too costly for a private citizen to wear. Such rugs as are still made and prized today were among the exports of Babylon, and, as now, not only covered the floors of palaces and temples, beds and sofas, but were even considered worthy to indicate the highest honor, like the carpet of royal purple that at Passargardar draped the tomb of Cyrus the Great, whose conquest and pillage of the great city left it the second in importance of the Persian empire until its capture by Alexander the Great. He, indeed, not only spared its remnants of ancient glory but planned the restoration of its industries and trade, but his sudden death and the removal of the seat of government to Syria was followed by the ultimate desolation of Babylon.

But from that day to this, although the caravan routes are changed, and the steamship carries the wealth of Hindustan past the Euphrates, the Bactrian camel is still a by no means unimportant factor of that immense, all-comprehensive interest called trade.

To a much greater extent than is here expressed, the caravans of Asia and Africa and the trading canoes of the savages of the Pacific have for many generations carried on this universal industry. With tactful diplomacy, judicious bribery, unwillingly paid tribute, or by the strong hand, the merchant of the caravan route and of the cruising trading-vessel has been the pioneer of civilization, colonization and established trade.

It is a mistake to attribute to these men, as is too often done, only sordid and utterly mercenary motives, for the true merchant is quite as often a lover of danger and difficulty to be overcome as he is a mere seeker of greater wealth. Many a veteran merchant, who would himself scoff at the intimation that he had cared for anything but business and hard work, could tell of dangers and perils encountered and conquered, of great risks taken, and generous aid afforded, of charitable and even quixotic sacrifices, such as in a military or naval career would have been hailed as the evidence of true chivalry.

But the greater merchant-craft of which we write deals rather with the trade between nations, whose caravan path is the sea; in which the merchant himself soon ceases to be personally engaged in the transportation of commodities, and to a greater or less extent is a veritable "merchant king" sending forth his fleets and land expeditions, and laying more or less of the outer world under contribution.

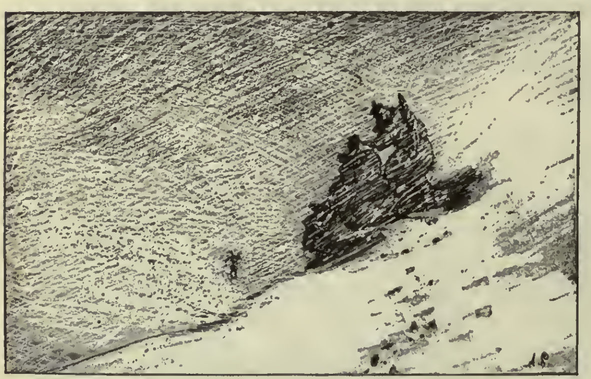
A MERCHANT CARAVAN CROSSING THE DESERT

In ancient Egypt, some forty-four centuries ago, it was indeed the king who carried on the export trade of the great Nile empire; for foreign traders were not permitted, even in time of peace, to visit Egyptian marts, except by permission and under the supervision of the reigning Pharaoh.

It is probably only just to say that the king as a rule dealt justly with Ethiopian and Asiatic, Phoenician and Greek, whose travel-worn caravan or sea-beaten galley presented itself at fortress gate or guarded haven. The net profits of the king's business, while under his nominal control, and wholly at his disposition, were practically used for the public benefit, according to ancient and well-established usage.

The earlier exports of Egypt were

chiefly confined to cereal and other foods, linen and cotton fabrics, and the ebony, ivory, ostrich plumes and like rarities sent in as tribute, or in the way of fair trade, by African peoples. Under later dynasties a larger and more varied commerce made Egypt for a while the richest and most powerful empire of the Orient. To her allies and friendly nations she sold weapons and armor of beautifully tempered bronze, the far-famed chariots of Egypt, light, strong and tested in many a terrible field of battle; their simple, but elegant and strong harnesses and yokes, and most precious of all the beautiful, spirited, Egyptian chariot-horses, which even over three thousand years ago sold at from $150 to $300 a span. The "leather-cutters of the Memnonia" at Thebes and other Egyptian cities furnished, besides the harnesses already mentioned, saddles, bow-cases and quivers, girdles, shields, whips, and many other articles, and carried the arts of coloring, stamping and embossing leather to a degree of perfection little excelled by modern handworkers. Curiously enough, the semicircular cutting knife, still used by the craft, has come down to the modern currier and saddler from some inventor who was dead and buried long before Moses and Aaron began their educational campaign for Hebrew emancipation, in the reign of King Amenophis II, B.C. 1450.


EARLY MERCHANTS CAUGHT IN A RAGING BLIZZARD

Cereals were very largely exported, for while many of the neighboring countries suffered every year in some degree from drought the Nile-watered Egyptian valley seldom failed to produce a large surplus for exportation. Certain kinds of wine, supposed to have medicinal or tonic qualities, were exported to some extent, but were not a feature of Egyptian production and commerce. A number of gums, spices and simples, odoriferous or balsamic, were received from the African trade and passed on to Asiatic and European customers.

The furniture manufacturers originated a great variety of designs in chairs, fauteuils, thrones, stools, tables, couches, palanquins, etc., some of them as massive and shapeless as the so-called "Mission furniture" of today, while others are as graceful and artistic as the Grecian, Roman and French productions, which to a great extent have merely copied and refined upon the Egyptian originals.

The magnificent harps depicted in the tomb of Rameses III, B. C. 1234, although not the earliest, are the most striking evidences of the superiority of Egyptian musical instrument makers, and we learn that besides four, ten and sixteen-stringed harps, they made guitars, double and single pipes or flageolets, flutes, lyres and tambourines. The military bands seem to have used the drum, cymbal, castanets and trumpet, whose long straight tube, simply made much longer, was adopted by the Greeks. The sistrum, a metallic frame with loose rings or bars, to be shaken in unison with religious ceremonial, appears to have been a peculiarly Egyptian invention.

Much earlier than the Exodus, the Egyptian goldsmiths made gold and silver vases of elegant shape and tasteful ornamentation, others inlaid, engraved and studded with precious stones or daintily enamelled and embossed, while the bronze vases and like table and temple ware also made in alabaster, glass, porcelain, earthenware, ivory and such refractory stone as basalt, porphyry, and serpentine, with which modern museums still abound, testify to great skill and versatility of design and workmanship. Many of the cheaper utensils were merely receptacles for the cosmetics, perfumes and medicaments for which Egypt was famed throughout the ancient world.

Glass-making probably originated in Egypt, although the art has been popularly assigned to the Phoenicians. A bead of glass bearing the name of Queen Hatasu (B. C. 1500) is said to be of the same high quality as the modern "crown glass" of the English factories. They were expert in imitating gems, and cheap jewelry and "paste" stones were exported from Egypt before Phoenicia or Greece had become her rivals.

But the great staple of Egyptian manufacture was the cotton and linen fibre grown by her agriculturalists, spun in almost every home, and woven by myriads of simple looms all over the Nilotic territory. Some of these linens were of great fineness, although in the best specimen reported there were only eighty-four threads in the woof to the inch while the warp counted 152, a discrepancy incident to the weaving of most Oriental looms. Some linen hunting-nets made for surrounding thickets in which game abounded are said to have been so fine that they could be passed through a man's finger-ring, and a linen corslet presented by Amasis to the Rhodians was made of yarn each thread of which was made of 365 fibres, and richly encrusted with gold. The use of mordants and stencils in dyeing, and making pure golden and silver thread for embroidery were also known to the Egyptians.

And yet, the primeval spindle twirled by the hand and a rude loom whose shuttle was passed through instead of "thrown" were the inartificial means of production of textiles, gathered up throughout the Nile valley in such quantities that besides supplying an enormous home demand for garments and the wrappings of the embalmed dead, the linen-workers of Egypt supplied a demand for fine linen that extended into every market of the then known world.

Until Cambyses with his Persian myriads swept across defeated Khem, and Phoenicia and Greece, adopting her stored-up wisdom, added thereto the graces of a more artistic ornamentation and aggressive commercial enterprise, Egypt led all nations in the arts of peace and the accumulation of wealth by peaceful trade. And while it is true that individual enterprise was largely hampered by the royal control of foreign trade, it must be remembered that the king acted largely as a trustee for his people and that the Egyptians under most of their sovereigns probably suffered less from plague and famine and were more justly ruled than most of their contemporaries.

In the later history of Egyptian commerce, the co-operation of King Solomon and his Phoenician allies must have added greatly to the interest and importance of the commerce of the Red Sea Ports. For while the haven of Ezion-Geber on the Persian Gulf was the centre of a great system of caravan and water transportation, it was doubtless also true that a great trade with Africa, extending even as far south as the Zimbabwe gold-fields, contributed immense yields of gold and other precious commodities, which in one three years' voyage enriched Solomon to the amount of nearly sixteen millions of dollars. Later, the Arabian Gulf among other ports numbered Hormos, Berenice, Arsinoe, Nichesia, Leucos Portus, etc., from which, under the Romans, 120 large vessels sailed every year to the

RAFT OF INFLATED SKINS ON THE TIGRIS, STILL IN USE BUT OF GREAT ANTIQUITY

Indian coast in June, returning in December or January.

When Egypt, like an over-ripe plum, fell into the hands of Alexander the Great (B. C. 332) the Macedonian conqueror at once founded a city which he intended should become even greater than that Tyre which he had destroyed. Alexandria, on the Isle of Rhacotis at the Canopic mouth of the Nile, was founded upon a noble and comprehensive plan which contemplated another great port and market at Babylon, and a peaceable and steady prosperity through greater commerce and trade. The great artificial havens of Alexandria were beaconed by an immense tower on the rocky island of Pharos, whose walls were one hundred feet square at the base, and, it is said, rose to an altitude of four hundred feet above sea level. Upon its huge summit glowing beacon-fires blazed every night for many an hundred years, but Alexander died in the very next year after founding the city which bears still his name. It fell to the Ptolemies under whom it became not only a great seaport, but for the time being the centre of the learning and most artistic progress of the world.

MERCHANTS' RAFT ON THE TIGRIS, STILL USED TODAY AS THREE THOUSAND YEARS AGO

The Phoenicians are said to have founded Tyre, coming by way of Egypt from the Erythraean Sea (an ancient name for the Red Sea), and Persian Gulf, and according to some authorities made some stay in Lower Egypt before seeking a new home on the eastern Mediterranean shores.

But Ebers, the great German Egyptologist, is disposed to believe that the Phoenicians, having formed settlements in the northern part of the Nile Delta, became so powerful about B. C. 2000 that with the Arabians and other tribes of Palestine they conquered the Egyptian rulers of the seventeenth dynasty and established the rule of the Hyksos or "Shepherd Kings," who for four centuries ruled Lower Egypt. Driven out of the Delta about B. C. 1600, it would seem that the fugitives became tributaries and eventually allies of the Egyptians, and especially useful to the Pharaohs as traders in peace and staunch allies in naval warfare; so staunch, it is said, that in the wars between Assyria and Egypt, the Phoenicians refused to transport the Assyrian armies, on the ground that the Egyptians and Tyrians were of common descent, and bound to each other by many generations of peaceful intercourse and friendly offices.

Long before the patriarch Abraham led his armed servants and immense flocks and herds out of Ur of the Chaldees into Palestine, they had thickly settled the strip of fertile seacoast lying between the defiles of Lebanon and the Mediterranean, and had built from its cedars and firs and the oaks of Bashan the seagoing galleys which for many hundred years made them freer than kings, and richer than any other people on earth.

Tyre, their chief city, Sidon, Aradus, Byblus, Berytus, Tripolis, Acco, Joppa, and smaller cities lined the short shoreline with sheltering havens, busy shipyards and prosperous cities, great and small, but Tyre so greatly overshadowed the other cities of the confederacy that the Phoenicians, although calling themselves at home Sidonians, were known to other nations as the Tyrians.

For at the foot of Mount Lebanon, surrounding a haven safe in all seasons, and fortified with a skill which long defied the greatest conquerors of antiquity and crowning with her citadel and lordliest temples and palaces an island similarly defended, Tyre sat enthroned like a queen, near Mount Lebanon, of which the Arabian poet sang:

"White is his lofty head with the deep snows of winter;
On his strong shoulders spreads widely the spring's verdant mantle;
In his broad lap are gathered the treasures of autumn,
And at his feet spring the flowers of a summer eternal."

Giving life to the vineyards and fields around the city, rose three great springs, called by Nonnus, the Egyptian bard and lover of the ancient mysteries, "Aba ea, the fertile; Callirrhoe, the sweet; Drosera, the rich and bridal spring," from all of which huge aqueducts supplied both the inner and islet city with a never-failing supply of pure, sweet water.

Wheat, barley, maize, silk, cotton, indigo and olives were produced in immense quantities; figs, peaches, apricots, pomegranates, citrons, dates, almonds and many other luscious fruits and dainties attained their highest perfection; vineyards and olive orchards supplied wine and oil, and although only slightly larger in area than the island of Porto Rico, this arable strip, easily irrigated by the mountain streams, amply fed the Phoenician cities.

With an architectural beauty which was doubtless copied in some degree in Solomon's temple, heightened by contrast with the grandest and happiest effects of a broad sea, a rocky coast, and waveless havens belted by a fertile land and lofty timbered mountain ranges, the *coup d'oeil* presented by Tyre in the zenith of her power must have been beautiful and impressive in the highest degree. Nonnus thus sings of the striking and beautiful contrasts presented by the majestic city and its surroundings:

"The ploughman draws his furrow beside the sounding shore.
The sailor's galley leaves behind the foam of many an oar.
The Dryads of the mountain range where the tall cedar waves,
Hear the Nereids calling sweet rising from ocean-caves.
And the cool winds from Lebanon fan the tired laborer's brow,
Then swell the purple sails above the trireme's rushing prow."

Others in ancient song compared her white walls and symmetrical towers to "a virgin bathing in the sea," a "galley of Tartessus swimming in mid-ocean," "an island on shore, and a city in the sea!"

THE CARAVAN'S HALTING PLACE IN THE DESERT. AN OASIS OF SPRINGS AND PALM TREES

The Phoenicians, as we have seen, were to a great extent co-laborers with Egypt in the foreign trade of the Pharaonic dynasties, and it is a nice, and practically unsolved question, as to how much they received from the older nation, and how much more they conferred upon the civilization of their own era. Freer than the Egyptians, they were less hampered in art, and far less hindered by caste; and their enterprise and maritime skill gave them all the breadth of invention and adaptation which could be attained under the average conditions of human life and international intercourse in that age of almost constant warfare and piracy.

More skillful in manufactures and commerce than the Greeks, they seem to have possessed little of the creative skill and power of imagination embodied by the Grecian architect and sculptor in enduring stone; and less poetical and religious, they left to the world no philosophical tenets, grand liturgies or world-renowned poems and histories, although it must be said that the savagery with which the foes of the Phoenicians abused their conquests makes it impossible to say how much Greece and Rome profited by the downfall and plunder of the Tyrian confederacy and the ruin of Carthage. That they preferred peace to war, and commercial enterprise to plunder, when Persian, Assyrian, Egyptian, Greek and Roman, with numberless smaller principalities and petty kingdoms, sought by conquest and pillage the shortest road to fame and prosperity, is certainly much to their credit; while their courage, splendid equipment, and steady endurance were shown in hundreds of naval battles and arduous campaigns. In this regard and others, they may be said to have been the English of the ancient world; in Napoleon's phrase "a nation of shopkeepers," not without generous impulses, fear of the gods and love of home and country; but in the main prompted not by ideas or ideals, but by the needs of existence, desire of gain and love of luxury and pleasure.

A word more should be said of the part taken by the Jews in King Solomon's time in the overland trade of Phoenicia. Undoubtedly the land transportation between Phoenicia and her inland customers was in the hands of the Jews, and the only serious military expeditions of Solomon were against the Edomites and Moabites, who controlled the passes in the mountain ranges between Judea and the harbors of Elath and Ezion-Geber on the Red Sea. From thence Phoenician mariners sailed to Ophir and other now unknown lands, but probably to very distant points in both Africa and India.

"Thus Syrian Baalbec and Tadmor rose," the first originally a little halting-place for caravans in a valley-pass of the Anti-Lebanon range, leading into Syria, and now famous for its enormous blocks of building-stone, larger than a modern freight car, and so perfectly cut and joined as almost to warrant the tradition of the Arabs that they were cut and laid by the angels at the command of Solomon. Tadmor, better known as Palmyra, was another halting-place, a grove of palms and oasis of grateful springs in the Syrian desert, afterward to become the splendid capital of Zenobia, and the theatre of her defeat. Both were improved and fortified by Solomon and used in the friendly co-operation of Kings Hiram and Solomon.

In their mythology, Baal, the sun-god, and Astarte or Ashtoreth, the moon-deity, goddess of love and mystical light, stood first; but the temple of Melcarth, the tutelary deity of Tyre, is said to have been entered through portals whose immense columns were of alternate gold and polished emerald(?), the latter probably of moulded paste or green high-grade glass. While in their early history, and in the evil days that preceded their downfall, the worship of Molech, or Moloch, was accursed by human sacrifices, it does not appear that in the days of their greatest glory, the Tyrians followed the bloody and merciless rites of their Carthaginian successors.

Hiram, King of Tyre, about B. C. 1050–1000 had a close alliance and business associations with King Solomon, and appears to have been not without a veneration for the one true God. It was not until the days of Ahab, King of Israel, who married Jezebel, the daughter of Eth-Baal, the priest-king of Tyre, that the Phoenicians gave themselves up to that unholy and revolting idolatry accursed and denounced by Ezekiel the prophet.

Their galleys, long, narrow, of light draught, and propelled both by sails and oars, were probably in the early years of their commerce very small, and adapted only for sailing from island to island, and haven to haven, in favorable weather and as much as possible by daylight. Their earlier voyages, it is said, were to the Island of Cyprus and the Aegean archipelago, and later they found a dangerous but profitable traffic among the nomads of the steppes that border on the Black Sea.

But the most famous of their commodities were the fabrics colored with that famous "Tyrian purple" which war-chief and ruler counted indispensable to their state, and which became so identified with the popular idea of supreme power that in the Byzantine empire the scions of the imperial dynasty were said to "be born in the purple." Drawn from the clear waters and gravelly strands of the coast, a species of *Murex* was found to yield a yellow liquor, which applied to linen, cotton and woolen fabrics first became green, then blue and purple, and finally an indelible and beautiful crimson. Later other shell-fish were found to modify the *Murex* tints, and three shades of purple, besides black, violet and crimson, were derived from these shell-fish, used in varying proportions, and modified by the addition of nitre urine, a salt and certain seaweeds.

In the time of Augustus a single pound of wool dyed with true Tyrian purple cost about $180 of our money, and the fabrics dyed with this costly purple are said to have presented the iridescent and lively hues of a pigeon's neck when in the full glory of its spring plumage.

A sash or sword-belt of Tyrian dye, the coronation robe of a great king, and the most gorgeous cloak of a queen or princess, was not only counted as treasure like gold or gems, but was often an heirloom handed down from one generation to another. Indeed in some lands, none below a certain rank might wear this purple, and the sails of the Pharaoh's barge or galley were recognized afar off because they alone were dyed purple.

Carthage was settled from Tyre, although it does not appear to have owed allegiance to the parent city, and tradition has it that Queen Dido after the murder of her husband by the brother, King Pygmalion, fled to this part of Africa after securing her treasures and a large number of ships and followers.

Carthage was built in the bight of the Bay of Tunis on a peninsula united to the mainland by an isthmus about three miles broad. A slender cape projecting into the Mediterranean was made the nucleus of a double haven defended by the seawall of the city. Slaves, salt and dates were the principal staples of their African territory, but they secured settlements in Sicily, Sardinia, Majorca, Minorca and Malta, while their holdings in Spain gave them great supplies of silver, iron, wine and other commodities.

These acquisitions they kept jealously to themselves, Carthage and Sicily alone being open to alien vessels, and all strangers landing at their other settlements were pitilessly put to death.

About B. C. 264 the Romans determined to dispute with Carthage the commercial supremacy of the Mediterranean, and for over a century, until B. C. 146, the bitter, merciless conflict brought first Rome and then Carthage to the verge of ruin.

But Carthage was torn by factions, and her merchants trusted to mercenaries, rather than allow her own young men to forsake the pursuit of Cain for unprofitable soldiering in peace and ruinous and dangerous self-devotion in war. Hannibal indeed for a time gave Carthage the ascendancy, but the higher moral and mental stamina and military fortitude of the Roman people brought them victory even on the sea, in which the Tyrians and Carthaginians had deemed themselves invincible; Carthage was practically destroyed and left little but broken marbles from which Italian cities were built up for many a generation, and a lesson to all the world that mercantile prosperity and sordid, practical self-seeking destroyed the greatest and richest Mediterranean seaports of the ancient world.

THE HANGING GARDENS OF BABYLON BUILT FOR A MEDIAN QUEEN WHO LONGED FOR HER MOUNTAIN FORESTS

SOME PHASES OF PROPOSED FINANCIAL LEGISLATION

by Daniel G. Wing *

President of the First National Bank of Boston

WE HAVE in this country today 7,200 National Banks with an aggregate capitalization of about one billion dollars and deposits of seven billions. Their charters are granted under an act passed during the war, which has been only slightly amended since. The Bank Act requirements as to reserve, supervision by the Comptroller, and inspection, are quite rigid and the banks' general powers under the Act are greatly restricted.

The one monopoly granted to national banks is that of note issue, to be covered however by Government bonds. This right was granted originally to secure a market for Government bonds during the war and has resulted in recent years in securing to the Government a much higher price for its 2% bonds than was justified, and in maintaining the price of that issue at a fictitious figure. The national banks have outstanding today about seven hundred million dollars of bond-secured circulation. The volume of this circulation is more dependent upon the price and supply of Government bonds than upon the needs of the country for currency. It is in fact a practically stationary currency, capable of some gradual expansion, but almost no contraction. It is probably the most unscientific and inelastic note issue in existence. The most that can be said for it is, that it is safe.

The restrictions placed upon the national banks have led to the organization and rapid growth of banks and trust companies under state charters. These charters vary in different states, but are generally more liberal as to reserve requirements, as to inspection, and as to powers, than the national bank charters. This is one reason why in recent panics public distrust has centered more upon the state institutions than upon the national banks and is a reason why, restricted as they are, national banks are still able to compete with the more liberally chartered institutions having less conservative reserve requirements. Today there are over 16,000 banks and trust companies operating under state charters, with capital of nearly nine hundred million dollars and deposits of about ten billion, of which four billion are savings deposits. The growth of these institutions in the last few years has been much more rapid than that of the national banks.

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* Address before the Beacon Society of Boston, intended to be a simple explanation of the Aldrich Currency Plan for the business man rather than the banker.

We have in all about 23,000 banks, each independent of the other; each one carrying a fixed percentage of reserve money in its own vault, and another fixed percentage with its reserve agents; each bank loaning its money to its customers; buying commercial paper from note brokers; buying long time securities because of attractive rates; or, in the case of the larger banks, loaning call money on stock exchange collateral at whatever rates can be obtained. In any case, under ordinary circumstances, the note or other security is locked up in the bank's vault and ceases to be of use for credit purposes until its maturity. In other words, the great bulk of bank loans today is practically non-negotiable, and should a bank attempt to endorse and sell any loans once made, it would create suspicion as to its solvency. With us the dollars put into a four months' loan do their work but once.

The national banks have had little latitude to meet varying conditions throughout the country; savings departments have been tolerated rather than encouraged; branches have not been allowed; they cannot act as trustee under mortgage, or make real estate loans. These functions are by law granted to state banks and trust companies, who in addition have gradually grown into doing a regular commercial banking business.

Thus we have general banking done today under all kinds of charters and by all classes of institutions, the nearest approach to co-operation being the Clearing House Associations of the larger cities, and these Associations, by the issue of unauthorized and illegal Clearing House certificates, afford relief only in time of extreme panic.

We have also in this country the largest supply of gold in the world, and we make the least use of it. It is scattered throughout the country in the form of gold Treasury certificates and does not begin to fulfil its legitimate use as a basis for credit or note issues.

In the great agricultural sections there is needed each fall, to market the crops, between two hundred and three hundred million dollars of currency. There is no method, under our present system, of supplying this additional currency each year to the districts where it is needed, or to contract it again after it has answered its purpose. Thus we see, each fall, shipments of currency from the Eastern centers to the West and South, and after three or four months a gradual reshipment of this currency back to the centers again, involving not only loss for express charges, but loss of time and useless locking up of money while in transit, causing general business disturbance.

As the reserve banks keep at all times as nearly 25% reserve on hand as possible, their only means of meeting this demand for currency is to reduce their loans and deposit liability, thereby reducing the amount of reserve money required and allowing them to ship some portion of that in their vaults. They have no means of increasing their supply of money except through the slow and costly method of importing gold. Each year business is more or less unsettled and disturbed by this process; credits are restricted; rates of interests are increased; and the loss occasioned by these fluctuations is borne as much by the mercantile and manufacturing interests, which have nothing whatever to do with the movement of the crops, as by those interests directly concerned.

A period of good crops and gradually expanding business has always been followed in this country by sudden contraction and liquidation, and, as in 1893 and 1907, at some time during this period of liquidation there has been a money panic. In 1907, it was largely brought on by the banks themselves. Each independent bank felt that it might not be able to obtain from its reserve agent, in currency, all or even a considerable part of its balance, and immediately proceeded to obtain what it could. The reserve banks, having no means of replenishing their depleted reserves, were finally forced again to the disgraceful suspension of specie payments and the issue of Clearing House certificates. During these periodical panics interest rates have risen to ridiculous heights, commercial failures have followed, and enormous losses to the business interests of the country have resulted.

Now the point I wish to make is that this condition of affairs, the worst financial system in any important commercial nation today, is really up to all classes of people in this country alike for solution. The well-managed bank is not often a heavy loser in these financial crises. In fact many of them make more money during such periods than under ordinary conditions. The real loser is the business man, the manufacturer, the farmer, and the wage-earner, and it is these interests, even more than the bankers themselves, that should be vitally interested in changing our present financial system. The bankers are in this particular middlemen, and can generally manage to save themselves, and pass on the damage.

The fact is that it is our great natural wealth and the enormous energy of the American people which has enabled us to do business successfully, in spite of our financial system, and the very fact that we have succeeded, notwithstanding these defects, has caused them to become chronic and apparently tolerable. Our tendency, in the presence of our successes, is to let well enough alone and to postpone inquiry as to whether the losses we suffer are necessary or not. It is impossible for the banker, or anyone else, to measure the advantages that would come to the business interests of the country if we had an elastic currency, an open discount market, and a central reservoir for reserve.

I have seen a period of apparent prosperity—labor employed at good wages, farm products and merchandise bringing high prices—suddenly changed to depression and panic; the price of farm land and the value of corn and cattle decrease almost to the disappearing point; the value of the merchant's stock of goods cut in two and the equity in his real estate wiped out. It is true, values come back in time, but in thousands of cases not quick enough to save the individual from ruin.

As I have watched these economic changes from the viewpoint of a banker, I have wondered many times why they should be necessary in this rich, prosperous country, and who really paid the bills. It seems to me that our illogical banking and credit system is responsible, not entirely it is true, but very largely, for conditions under which these sudden and unreasonable fluctuations in land, commodity and security values are possible, and the "ultimate consumer," if you can locate that much talked-of individual, finally stands the loss.

If you think this is not a practical question and one in which you are directly interested, take the case of almost any merchant or manufacturer in Boston having a line of credit at his bank, of say $50,000, for which he is perfectly good and to which he is entitled at any time. One of these periodical disturbances occurs, he finds that he either cannot obtain the money on which he is counting to do his business, or that he can only obtain some portion of it, and in any event that he must pay excessive rates for this accommodation. He finds that his customers are affected by the same conditions and cannot pay what they owe him. His business is disarranged, he sells whatever he can most easily turn into money, at such sacrifice as is necessary. These losses come to him through no fault of his own, nor could they be prevented by ordinary care or foresight.

The result is that the prudent merchant or manufacturer must keep himself and his business adjusted to crop-moving conditions, the state of the balance on foreign trade, and other things utterly removed from his own legitimate responsibilities, when an open discount market, reasonably stable interest rates and reasonably elastic currency would have left his legitimate credit resources open to him.

Senator Aldrich, who has given this subject more thought and study in the last few years than possibly any one man, has recently submitted to the Monetary Commission, of which he is

Chairman, a plan for monetary legislation. In submitting this plan he says, "If we can so amend the present National Bank Act as to permit the formation of an association of all the banks of the country to meet these needs, we shall have gone a long way toward solving the problem which is before us. If, then, in addition, we provide a more scientific basis for bank note circulation, so that the volume of circulation will be responsive to the needs of business, we shall, I believe, have met the two main requirements of a satisfactory solution. In addition to that, if we can aid in creating a discount market in this country similar to the discount markets of Europe, so that the most liquid portion of our bank funds will not of necessity be forced to such a large degree as at present into the making of call loans upon stock exchange collateral, but will, instead, be available for the needs of commercial business, we shall have so broadened our banking methods as to bring incalculable benefit to the commercial life of the country."

I believe that Senator Aldrich has worked out a plan that meets these requirements. The more it is studied, the more one's admiration and respect must increase for the man who has worked out this problem. I believe it to be fundamentally sound in principle. Various problems, such as the organization and control of a Reserve Association and the questions of note issue, are most ingeniously and at the same time practically treated. It should be borne in mind that financial legislation to pass Congress must necessarily be framed with some regard for sectional and political conditions and prejudices. While perhaps it will not provide a system theoretically perfect, it probably comes as near to perfection as is possible and at the same time have any chance of being enacted into law. Some concessions have been made, but no fundamental principles conceded in deference to political sentiment.

There is nothing compulsory in the whole plan. It does not attempt to organize a central bank to compete with existing banks, or to interfere in any way with their present business. It is so worded that, if it becomes law, national banks and other banks may or may not, as they choose, become members of the Association. They are not required even to give up their note issue privilege, unless they so desire. But the whole plan is so worked out that if it becomes law, I cannot see how the banks generally, either national or state, can afford to remain outside of the Association. I believe the supposed opposition from banks in some sections of the country and the supposed political opposition is being over-estimated and that once the proposition is thoroughly understood there will be a practically unanimous sentiment throughout the country in its favor.

As an indication of how this plan is regarded by the bankers themselves, a conference of about twenty-five bankers, representing banks and trust companies in all parts of the country, was held a few weeks ago. Three days, including evenings, were spent in discussing the Aldrich plan, taking it up paragraph by paragraph, and after this thorough discussion, the suggestions to the Monetary Commission as to changes in the plan were remarkably few and none of them fundamental. The general sentiment seemed to be that with the details fully worked out, it would admirably meet financial requirements at present and for years to come. The fact that so large a number of practical bankers from all sections of the country, coming together with very decided opinions as to the needs of their various sections, should, after full and free discussion, agree almost unanimously upon the plan as a whole, was a remarkable tribute to Senator Aldrich's proposal.

I will not attempt to give the plan in detail, but only to outline its principal features, with some explanation as to how I think it would work out in practice.

It is proposed to charter "The Reserve Association of America," with authorized capital of approximately three hundred million dollars; the charter to be for fifty years; the head office to be in Washington; the country to be divided into fifteen districts and a branch of the Association located in each district. Of course both the name and the number of districts are fixed arbitrarily and very likely subject to some change.

Only national banks may subscribe to the capital stock of the Reserve Association and in amounts equal to 20% of their capital. One-half of their subscriptions shall be called in cash, the balance to remain a liability of the stockholders, subject to call. The shares will not be transferable, can be owned by no corporation or individual other than the subscribing national bank, and in case of liquidation of the bank, the Reserve Association shall redeem the stock at its then book value. In this way a large cash capital provided for the Reserve Association is furnished by the national banks, and ownership and control of the Association is thus prevented from passing to any one interest or corporation. It is permanently fixed among all subscribing national banks of the United States in proportion to their capital stock.

It is provided that stockholders shall receive 4% dividends. After the surplus has reached 20% of the capital, they are to receive a maximum dividend of 5%, further earnings to go to the government. This provision takes from the management of the Association any incentive to over-extend its business or to endeavor to make a large showing of earnings. It also simplifies the relations between the Association and the Government. For example, it would make no particular difference to the Government as to the amount of tax charged on circulating notes, it being simply a process of taking money from one pocket and putting it into another.

I believe that this provision as to earnings and dividends might well be changed so as to provide that after the surplus of the Reserve Association reaches 20% and the stockholders are receiving 5% in dividends, further earnings shall be divided, two-thirds to the Government, and one-third to the surplus account of the Association.

The provisions for organization, and election of directors, appear at first reading to be somewhat complicated, but, I think, after they are once worked out in practice, will be found comparatively simple and will afford a means of finally bringing together upon the board of directors of the Reserve Association the most representative and best qualified men from all sections of the United States.

In brief, local associations shall be formed, of not less than ten banks, having an aggregate capitalization of not less than five million dollars. All the local associations are to be grouped into fifteen districts. Each local association elects annually a board of directors; three-fifths by representatives of the banks, each having one representative and one vote; two-fifths by the same representatives of the banks, but, in voting for these additional directors, each representative is entitled to as many votes as the bank he represents holds shares of the Reserve Association. In other words, every bank, large or small, has some representation. At the same time the larger banks have additional representation in proportion to their capitalization.

There shall be a branch of the Reserve Association in each of the fifteen districts. The local associations in each district are to elect a board of directors for the branch in somewhat the same manner as the directors of the local associations are elected. In addition to the directors of the branch, chosen by the banks, there is to be an additional number, not bank officers, representing the industrial, commercial and agricultural interests of the district.

We now come to the directors of the Reserve Association itself. This board is to consist of forty-five directors:

Six *ex-officio* members, composed of the Governor of the Association, two Deputy Governors, the Secretary of the Treasury, the Secretary of Commerce and Labor, and the Comptroller of the Currency, thus giving strong Government representation upon the board.

Fifteen directors are to be elected, one from each branch of the Reserve Association.

Twelve directors are to be elected by voting representatives, one representing the banks embraced in each district, and each representative casting a number of votes equal to the number of shares in the Reserve Association held by all the banks in his district.

The board thus constituted shall then select twelve additional members representing the industrial, commercial, agricultural and other interests of the country, not executive officers of banks.

The real work of the Association is to be carried on by an Executive Committee of nine members, of which the Governor, two Deputies, and Comptroller of the Currency are *ex-officio* members.

The Governor and Deputy Governors are to be selected by the President of the United States, from a list submitted by the board of directors. The Governor shall be subject to removal by the President for cause.

I believe that this provision is one weak spot in the plan, and that the President of the United States should not have power to remove the Governor of the Association. With the elaborate precautions taken to insure the integrity, independence and representative character of the board of directors, I believe the appointment or removal of the Governor could well be left to the board, without danger of interference by the President for political reasons.

The office of Governor would be one of the most honorable as well as responsible positions held by any man in the world; he should be the ablest and broadest combination of student, statesman and practical business man possible to find in the country. It would be difficult to induce such a man to accept the position subject to removal at any time by a President, who, for political or other reasons, could easily trump up a cause. We have had Presidents who would not hesitate to interfere or attempt to dictate policy, and we shall probably have them in the future. The ultimate success of this whole plan depends upon keeping the Reserve Association entirely independent of political influences.

The only function of the local associations, aside from electing directors for their branches, is to guarantee paper of their member banks to be discounted by the Reserve Association. This provision follows somewhat the Aldrich-Vreeland Law and, I think, would be used only in emergencies.

Suppose the New England states were formed into one district, and the branch of the Reserve Association located in Boston. The Boston banks would probably form one local association; the banks of Western Massachusetts perhaps another; the banks of the entire state of Vermont and perhaps part of New Hampshire another, and so on.

Should a Boston bank require, to meet some emergency, more accommodation than is otherwise provided for in the plan, it would go to the directors of its local association and ask the guarantee of the association on an amount of its paper not exceeding the aggregate capital and surplus of the bank. The directors would be authorized to give the guarantee of the local association on this paper, requiring such additional security as they might see fit, and charging a commission therefor. The paper would then be discounted by the Reserve Association. In case of loss, it would be borne pro rata by the banks of the local association in proportion to capital, and the commission divided pro rata. You can readily see that any bank would hesitate, except in case of most extreme need, to go to its competitors, make a showing of its assets and ask for their guarantee. For this reason I think this provision will very rarely be used.

We come now to the Reserve Association itself. The transactions of the Reserve Association are to be confined to the banks holding stock in the Association and to the Government of the United States, with the exception that it may deal in government and short time state securities, or the securities of foreign governments, and in gold coin or bullion. It does not enter into competition in any way with present banking institutions.

It is to act as fiscal agent for the Government, holding its cash balances and all Government receipts to be deposited with it. It may also receive deposits from member banks, to be counted as part of their reserve, but it shall not pay interest on deposits.

The Reserve Association, or any of its branches, may upon request transfer the deposit balance of any national bank having an account with it to the credit of any other national bank, or it may transfer such balance from the books of one branch to the books of another. This provision will save a large part of the enormous waste going on under our present system, the shipping of currency back and forth over the country, and will greatly facilitate transactions between banks in different sections.

The following important powers are to be granted the Reserve Association:

To discount notes and bills, endorsed by a member bank, having a maturity of not more than 28 days.

To discount similar notes and bills for a member bank, having more than 28 days to run but not exceeding four months, with the guarantee of a local association; or under certain conditions to discount the direct obligation of the depositing bank.

To purchase from depositing banks acceptances of banks or houses of financial responsibility, of the character commonly known as "prime bills."

To invest in short time state and foreign government securities.

To deal in gold coin or bullion.

To purchase from its depositors and to sell foreign bills of exchange arising from commercial transactions.

To establish agencies in foreign countries for the carrying on of its foreign exchange business.

The rate of discount of the Reserve Association shall be fixed and published from time to time by the Executive Committee and shall be uniform throughout the United States. Weekly reports are to be made to the Comptroller of the Currency and published.

Now all this means that the Reserve Association may do for its depositing banks practically what is done today by the great central banks of Europe. The discounting of 28 day notes and acceptances to an amount equal to the capital of any one bank, I think will be availed of generally by the banks; certainly by the Western and Southern banks where rates are high, and by the larger Eastern institutions in times of even moderate stringency; and the fixing of the discount rate by the directors of the Reserve Association will give them more or less control over the expansion and contraction of credits throughout the country.

The right to buy and sell 90 day bills will create a discount market in this country similar to that in London, and will not only be an immense help to us in financing our foreign trade, but will also open our discount market to European banks and theirs to us.

The provision allowing the Association to deal in foreign exchange, and gold coin or bullion, will enable it not only to gradually finance our foreign trade in this country, but will also assist it in maintaining its gold reserve.

As a corollary to these powers, the national banks are authorized to accept drafts drawn upon them, arising out of commercial transactions, having no more than 90 days to run; the amount of such acceptances not to exceed one-half of the capital and surplus of the accepting bank. This is a very important power, which should have been granted to banks long ago, and which will enable them eventually to handle foreign business direct instead of as at present almost entirely through London banks and bankers. It will also facilitate domestic trade and exchanges by creating large amounts of short time "prime bills," which will always be paid at maturity and will command low rates and a ready market. Many banks will invest their surplus money in these commercial bills instead of as at present in call loans on stock exchange collateral.

The organization of banks conducting business in foreign countries is also authorized and national banks may hold stock in such banks. This provision also is to facilitate building up our foreign business.

The plan contemplates and authorizes two new classes of national banks:—one for savings deposits, and one to be in effect national trust companies. I believe that when the bill is finally perfected, it will be found better to broaden still farther the national bank charters so as to allow savings departments, the assets to be segregated, and some percentage of the savings deposits to be loaned upon real estate. Also to allow a national bank to act as trustee under mortgage, as executor under wills, and to register and transfer stocks. In short, to exercise the functions that the ordinary trust company is permitted today. This would result in practically all of the state institutions becoming national banks, would place the national banks and trust companies on equal footing, and would result eventually in but one class of banks throughout the United States instead of several.

My own theory is that a national bank should be organized somewhat upon the department store plan, and my ambition, in building up the bank with which I am connected, has been to enable its customers to do every kind of banking business under one roof and one organization. I can see no reason why a national bank, with large capital and well-organized clerical force, should not do a foreign exchange business for its customers, act as trustee under mortgage or under wills, receive savings deposits, register and transfer stock, or furnish safe deposit facilities, as well as to confine itself simply to the acceptance of deposits and the making of loans. Certainly the customers of such a bank will receive better accommodation and better facilities, and greater safety, because of its large capitalization, expert organization and specialized efficiency than can be possible from small independent institutions.

We come now to the provision for note issues of the Reserve Association, which has been most ingeniously worked out by Senator Aldrich, and which will undoubtedly provoke considerable discussion, but, I think, will finally be adopted along the lines he suggests. He provides that hereafter there shall be no further issue, beyond the amount now outstanding, of bank notes by national banks. They may maintain their present note issue if they choose, but when a bank retires the whole, or any part, of its existing issue, it will permanently surrender its right to re-issue the notes so retired.

The Reserve Association must, for a period of one year, offer to purchase, at a price to be fixed, all 2% bonds now held by national banks and deposited to secure their circulating notes. The Association will take over these bonds, with existing currency privilege attached, and make proper provision for the redemption of the outstanding notes secured thereby. It shall issue its own notes as fast as the outstanding bond-secured notes are presented. It agrees to hold for a period of years the bonds so purchased, excepting such part as may be disposed of with the approval of the Secretary of the Treasury or that may be taken through the Trustees of the Postal Savings Banks. As the Reserve Association issues its own notes, to replace the national bank notes, they become tax free up to the amount of the present outstanding issue, or about seven hundred million dollars.

Should the Government issue securities at a higher rate of interest than 2%, the Reserve Association may exchange at par the Government bonds which it acquired from the national banks, but shall pay a tax upon the circulation issued against these bonds, to equalize the difference between 2% and the rate at which the new bonds are issued. By this method the bond-secured circulation of national banks is done away with, and a means is provided by which the Association may gradually dispose of its bonds. In addition to the right to issue untaxed notes up to say seven hundred million dollars, it may also issue additional circulating notes with a graduated tax of 3% upon the first one hundred million, 4% upon the second, 5% up to three hundred million, and 6% upon all above three hundred million.

Personally I do not believe in the taxation of these circulating notes. Inasmuch as the Government receives the principal part of the profits of the Association, it makes little difference to the income of the Government whether these notes are taxed or not. I believe it would be more scientific to allow the Association to issue notes above say seven hundred million, to be covered by an increasing percentage of gold reserve.

The plan provides that all note issues of the Reserve Association must be covered, to the extent of at least one-third, by gold or other lawful money, and the other portion by bonds or bankable commercial paper, and that they are to constitute a first lien upon the assets of the Association.

If the Association were required to keep an increasing percentage of gold, above the 33⅓% required, as it increased its note issue above seven hundred million dollars, it would be compelled to obtain an increasing amount of gold, from some source either in this country or abroad. The expense of buying this gold would cause the Association to increase its discount rate, so that as it was putting out circulating notes above the normal amount of seven hundred million dollars, the cost to the Association of so doing would be gradually increased, it would increase its charges to its customers, and a gradual check would be placed upon expansion. I believe that some such plan would be preferable to a graduated tax upon the notes themselves. On the other hand, a tax would more speedily contract the note issue after it was no longer needed.

The notes themselves, and the deposits of banks with the Reserve Association, should count in the banks' reserves, inasmuch as both deposits and notes are redeemable on demand in lawful money.

It is provided that the Association shall forward upon application, without charge, its circulating notes to any depositing bank, against its credit balances. This would undoubtedly be done through its branches in the various districts, and would furnish currency quickly and inexpensively where needed.

This in brief is the plan submitted by Senator Aldrich for the reform of our credit and currency system. Assuming that it becomes law, let us see how the balance sheet of the Reserve Association would stand:

Assuming that most of the national banks and some state banks would subscribe to the stock of the Reserve Association, subscribing for say two hundred and fifty million dollars, there would be paid in in gold, for capital stock, one hundred and twenty-five million dollars. There would be a Government deposit of say one hundred million dollars. Assuming that the banks, out of the eight hundred million dollars now held in their own vaults, should deposit five hundred million, and turn over their seven hundred million of Government bonds, the Reserve Association would then have as assets:—seven hundred and twenty-five million dollars in gold and seven hundred million dollars in Government bonds, against a liability of six hundred million Government and bank deposits, and seven hundred million circulating notes. It would have gold in its vaults for more than 50% of its total deposit and note liability. I believe that these amounts would run into larger figures rather than smaller, once the plan is put into effect.

It should be borne in mind that under this plan it would be necessary for the banks to carry in their own vaults only such money as would be needed for counter purposes, and I should suppose that eventually nearly 75% of the eight hundred and thirty-five million specie and legal tender notes now in the vaults of the national banks would be deposited with the Reserve Association. In effect, gentlemen, we are providing a great central reservoir for the accumulation of the reserve money of this country, to be held in reserve so that it can be most effectively used when and where needed.

In providing for an open discount market by the acceptance of short time drafts by the banks, an entirely new field is opened for legitimate expansion of credit and of trade in this country, and with far greater safety than under present conditions. It opens the South American field to American finance, and I believe will greatly stimulate our trade with those countries. Think of being able to finance our China and India trade without every transaction paying tribute to an English bank. No law can bring about these conditions in a day, but given the freedom contemplated by this plan, it will not take the American banker long to grasp these and other opportunities both at home and abroad, and I confidently look forward to the time when our banks will be doing a far larger and broader business than is possible today and with far less anxiety and strain upon their managements.

The tendency would be toward lower but more stable interest rates throughout the country; the lower rates, so far as bank earnings are concerned, being more than offset by the greater volume of business which could be safely done.

So long as this country is developing and its business expanding, its people optimistic and ambitious, no legislation and no centralized financial control can wholly prevent credit disturbances or the reaction due to over-expansion. But a system such as this will go far toward minimizing the effects of unwise or reckless over-extension, and should entirely do away with disastrous money panics.

"MAT" JEWETT'S GIRL

by Maitland Leroy Osborne

Author of "The FitzGerald of Ballyowen," etc.

PERKINS, gray-haired, imperturbable, with a mouth like a crack in an oak plank, a highly-finished model of a perfect confidential clerk, laid a card at "Big Mat's" elbow with just the merest flicker of personal interest momentarily observable in his non-committal eyes. It had been said of Perkins that he could see less, hear less and say less than a blind deaf mute in a dark cellar at midnight with a gag in his mouth, but—after all, Perkins was merely human, and the name upon the card was William Johnston Edwards, and Perkins had, years before, walked sedately in a certain park many a summer afternoon with a sturdy little red-cheeked chap clutching one of his fingers in a fat, confiding fist and trotting along beside him in vast content. The little chap's name was Billy, and Perkins then was Billy's father's secretary who had grown to love his employer's only son with all the intensity of a lonely, silent and repressed nature.

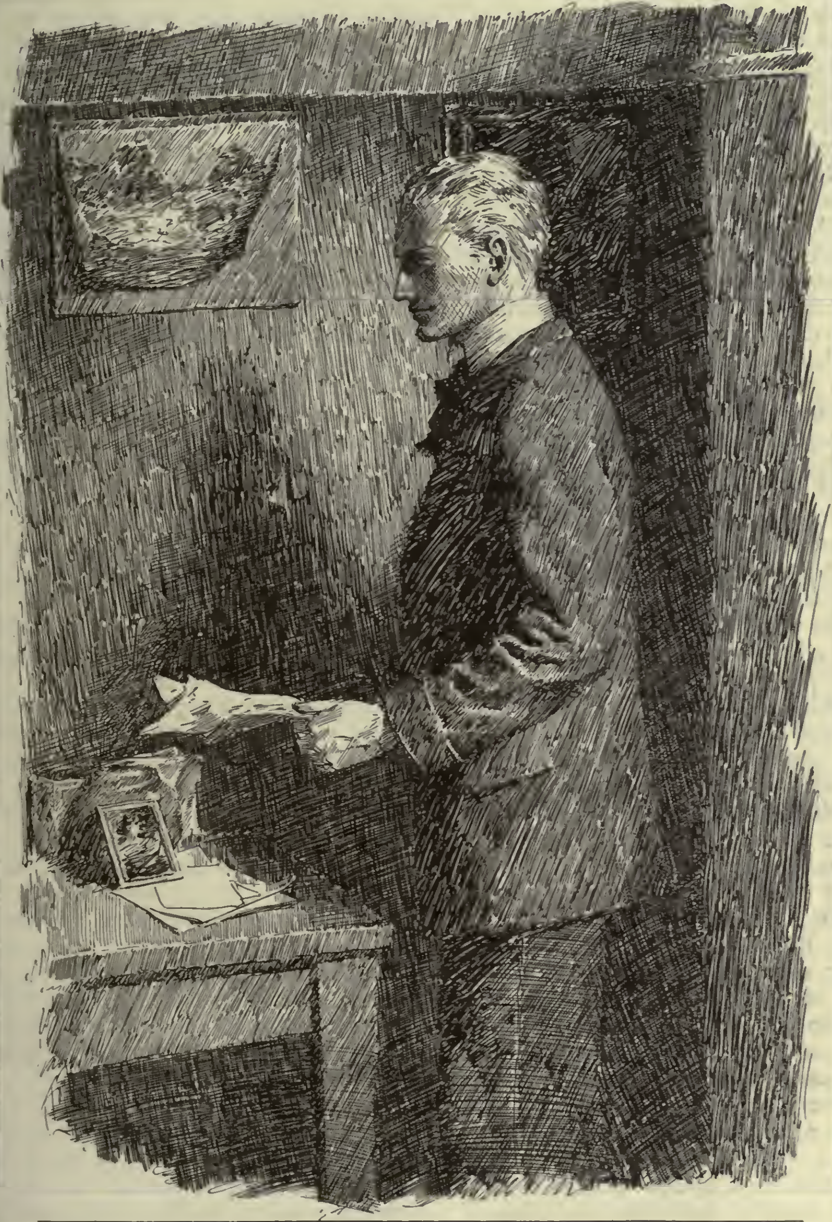
Billy was grown to manhood now, and Perkins had grown old and gray, and time and circumstance had placed their feet on widely separated pathways, but through the years the old clerk's love endured, and as he laid the card at "Big Mat's" elbow something of the pride that glorified his heart shone for an instant in his well-trained eyes.

Matthew Jewett, "Big Mat," mining king and ranchman, wise as a serpent and simple as a child, was known from the Rockies to the Golden Gate, and from Old Mexico to Alaska, as the whitest, squarest, biggest hearted man in the West, and among his possessions that which he prized above all his riches was his daughter Polly. There may have been prettier girls in the West, the land of pretty girls, than Polly; but if there were you couldn't have convinced "Big Mat" of it, nor any of the dozen or so ambitious and manly young Westerners who cherished for her an ardent and not always hidden passion that may have rendered them prejudiced witnesses.

After many years of strenuous activity "Big Mat" had found his business cares pressing so heavily upon him that he began to look about for a pair of strong young shoulders to share the burden—and above the shoulders there needed to be a strong young head. A friend of Billy's father, knowing "Big Mat" in a business way, had mentioned Billy casually as being a wise young chap for his years—wherefore a meeting had been arranged.

The memory of that meeting lingered long in Billy's mind. There was he, young, untried—only two years out of college—eager, ardent, and a little abashed in the presence of the grizzled veteran of business who counted his dollars by millions, his friends by hundreds, and his enemies on the fingers of one hand.

But "Big Mat's" smile, after the first lightning-like, searching glance, if a little



"There was he, young, untried—only two years out of college—eager ardent, and a little abashed"

quizzical, was kindly and indulgent, and set Billy wonderfully at ease.

"Well, boy," he boomed in his wonderful deep voice that seemed to rumble up from the depths of one of his own mines, "suppose you tell me what you know."

He was a big man physically, as well as mentally, and he was sprawled negligently over the massive oak, flat-topped table that served him for a desk, with the inevitable big black cigar projecting from one corner of his mouth, when he addressed Billy thus.

Billy had the grace to blush a little, and his cheeks grew hot, but the quizzical smile that accompanied the bluff demand was so encouraging and the gruff voice so kindly that, with Perkins hovering discreetly in the background, he set himself valiantly to the task.

"Hold on!" protested "Big Mat" presently, raising a large, powerful hand. "I reckon you can't tell it all in one day. You'd better tell me a little at a time, off and on, till you get it off your mind. Just now you might look over this stuff," he waved a hand carelessly at a formidable litter of papers that he had been scanning when Billy entered, "and see if you can make head or tail of it—I can't."

The "stuff" he indicated was the architect's plans and blue prints for a magnificent residence. "Eight hundred thousand he says it will cost," volunteered "Big Mat" carelessly as he rose and strolled leisurely toward a window, "*including* plumbing."

While Billy had never made the subject a study, architecture had always had for him a certain fascination, and he was soon deep in a study of the plans and blue prints, with his coat thrown aside and every energy concentrated in an effort to master their details.

After a time he felt a hand upon his shoulder. "Big Mat" had left the window and walked up behind him without a sound. Later he found that to be one of "Big Mat's" characteristics. Though he weighed close to two hundred and fifty pounds his tread was cat-like and noiseless. For all his great size and strength his every motion was one of massive grace, and when his arms were bared they showed the mighty muscles rippling like waves beneath the skin.

"What do you make of them, boy?" he asked, pointing an interrogative finger at the plans.

Billy told him, going over every point that had especially appealed to him with care, "Big Mat" listening closely the while with an occasional quick question that showed his wonderful faculty for instantly grasping the salient ideas of what must have been, to him, almost an unknown subject.

At the end he nodded his commendation. "It'll do," he said. "You can tell Thompson when he comes in tomorrow to bring along the contract for signing as soon as he is ready." Then dismissing the whole subject as already attended to, he settled back in his great arm chair and plunged abruptly into the midst of the details of a contemplated purchase of certain mining properties.

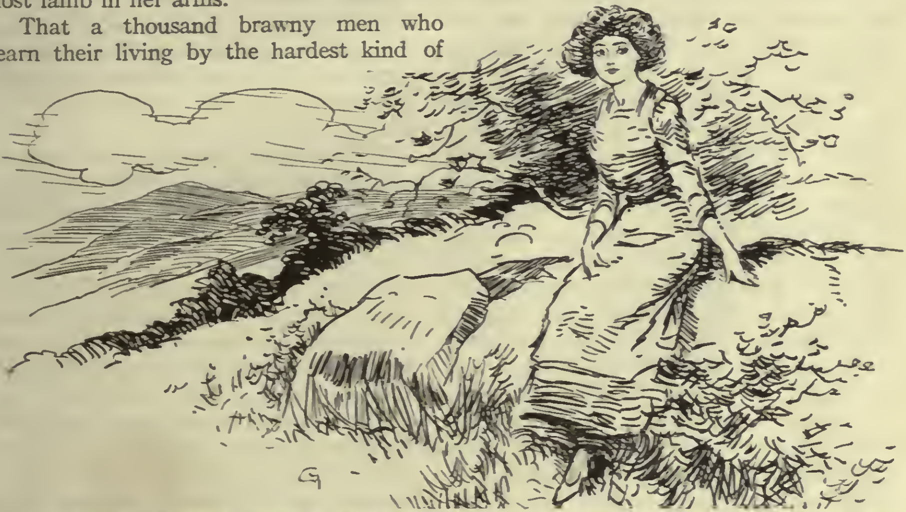
And in that way began Billy's term of service with "Big Mat" Jewett, a service that became one of love as he grew to know "Big Mat's" many-sided character. At the end of the first month "Big Mat" shoved a roll of yellow-backed bills across the table, which Billy put into his pocket without counting. Later, when he had counted them he would have given half the amount back, protesting that then he would be over-paid, but "Big Mat" would not have it so. "It's a fancy of mine," he said, "to always have the best of everything I can get—and *pay* for it. If you have more there than you know what to do with, save it and buy land, boy. I've got my eye on some vacant land north of the city that will grow dollars where you plant cents, and I'll save a slice of it for you to invest your surplus change in."

* * *

But we are leaving Polly out of the story—about whom a volume might be written. Polly, with the dancing gleams of mischief in her eyes, her near-pug nose, her dimples and her glowing cheeks—the healthiest, happiest, merriest maid who ever outshone her sisters in a ball room, or raced at break-neck speed over the open prairie on a half-broken mustang.

That Polly was the apple of "Big Mat's" eye was plainly evident in his every glance —that he was ready to throw away thousands to gratify her lightest whim showed her strength of character when she remained utterly unspoiled.

To Perkins, in whose regard Polly stood second only to Billy, she seemed a paragon of all womanly virtues, and in his rare communicative moments he told the latter how he had seen her go down on her knees in the mud of a tunnel a thousand feet underground to bandage an injured miner's broken arm with firm and capable hands, and had known her to ride for long miles across the range, cuddling a lost lamb in her arms.



"*Polly, with the dancing gleams of mischief in her eyes, her near-pug nose and glowing cheeks*"

That a thousand brawny men who earn their living by the hardest kind of toil stand ready to fight to the death for one slight girl is no light thing—yet any one of the army of men employed by "Big Mat" in his mines and on his ranches would have faced death fearlessly for Polly's sake, for they all knew and loved her.

When she lay ill and delirious with the scarlet fever, caught by nursing a miner's child, while a high-priced specialist was racing across half a continent with a corps of nurses by special train, self-appointed couriers, when their day's work was done, rode half the night to carry bulletins of her illness to lonely mining camps and ranches; and the hearts of hundreds of people were filled with pity for "Big Mat,"—sitting, a big, silent, pathetic, helpless figure by his sick girl's bedside.

And when word that she would recover was telephoned to the home ranch, three hundred miles away, and carried then by waiting messengers along lonely trails across the prairies, over mountain ranges and into dark mining tunnels, men who braved death daily by flood and fire and falling rocks said "Thank God!"

And one simple sheep herder, to whom the glad news was flung by a weary courier as he dashed past on a foam-flecked mustang, walked eighty miles between sunrise of one day and sunset of the next to leave a faded bunch of prairie flowers at "Big Mat's" door, merely because the girl who had been near death had once been kind to his crippled child. But he did not walk back—he rode, with pomp and circumstance, after "Big Mat" had wrung his hand in silent gratitude for his silent sympathy, and after he had rested royally and eaten of the mining king's bread and salt and slept in a soft bed in a big cool room, and drank much wine that bubbled in thin glasses and smoked many wonderful cigars; and in a box under the seat of the carriage in which he rode were toys and picture books enough to keep his crippled child amused for months. Moreover, a little later, the high-priced specialist who had hurried half across a continent to bring back "Big Mat's" girl from the shadow of the Dark Valley—because he was a great man as well as a great doctor, and because his heart was touched by the story—also rode eighty miles through the heat and dust to the sheep herder's lonely cabin in the foothills, and with only the aid of a brawny cowboy whom he pressed into service, performed an operation on the crippled child that made him sound; and the thousand dollar check that "Big Mat" pressed upon him for the service was deposited in the nearest bank to pay for the child's education.

All this was long before "Big Mat's" girl had come into Billy's life, and within six months of that memorable time all the doctors in America couldn't have repaired the havoc in his heart that she had caused.

In spite of all her social engagements—and, being immensely popular, these were legion—she still somehow found time every day to invade the grim precincts of her father's business office to the utter confusion of "Big Mat" and Billy, and any dry business problem that they might at the time have under consideration. Even Perkins, unimpressionable, grave and silent as the Sphinx, drifted at times within the vortex of her disturbance, and evidenced an almost human interest in her girlish pranks.

Usually her visits were brief, but always the office seemed after her departure to have been swept by a clean breeze and lighted by sweet sunshine. Often when she had gone "Big Mat" would wag his huge head and say: "She's just like her mother." Polly's mother, as Billy learned in course of time, had died while Polly was still a child, and "Big Mat" was pathetically faithful to her memory.

From time to time he told Billy little reminiscences of his early life that touched the latter deeply, and enabled him to piece out a fairly accurate personal history of the mining king.

"Jane wore a calico dress and a sunbonnet when we were married," he told Billy once, "and I had on overalls and a jumper—not very clean ones either, and our honeymoon trip was a three-hundred mile ride in a prairie schooner." He took his cigar from his mouth and eyed it wistfully, and sighed. "About the happiest days of my life them were—that trip across the prairie. All day we'd crawl along the trail, reckoning how many miles we'd come, and how much farther we had to go; and at night, after we'd hobbled the horses and had our supper, we'd set there side by side on the wagon seat in the dark, watching the stars come out, me with my arm around Jane's waist and my pipe lit, and she with her head against my shoulder, and plan the cabin we was going to build in Goose Neck Valley, and how much we could save of the four dollars a day I was going to have as tunnel boss of the Yellow Dog."

Again one day he said: "I reckon God made one good woman for every man. I guess sometimes they don't find each other, but I found *mine*—and there's never been another one in the world for me before or since."

That in time, thrown into daily companionship with her, Billy should fall hopelessly in love with Polly was to be expected. Hopelessly, because a golden barrier reared its impassable height between them; she, prospective heiress of many millions—he, merely a secretary, over-paid and generously treated it is true, but nevertheless a hired and humble if trusted assistant to her father.

That outwardly the barrier was ignored by both Polly and her father added little to his comfort. It was there; grim, inevitable as Fate, a circumstance that no honorable man could overlook. At times he could almost have wished that Polly would intrench herself behind the golden ramparts that "Big Mat" had erected. At times he found it hard to keep in mind that they existed. At times again he found it hard to keep from taking her in his arms and saying: "Polly, dear—I love you."

She was so frank, so friendly, so interested in his small successes, so ready at all times to forego the delights of the most elaborate social function to join in the small pleasures that his limited time and means allowed, that unknowingly she caused him many a bitter heartache—and yet, bitter-sweet as was the draught she held to his parched lips, he quaffed it eagerly.

Perhaps a wiser man than Billy would have ignored the barrier—perhaps the sleepless nights he sometimes passed were wasted foolishly, and yet he had an abiding sense of thankfulness that his strength was equal to the temptation, that he found it within his power to remain true to himself as well as her.

But when the Earl of Weymouth appeared upon the scene, then indeed Billy had hard work to shut his lips upon the words his tongue would have uttered. From the beginning Polly dangled her conquest before his eyes, till his fingers itched to feel themselves about his aristocratic throat. As for Perkins, that irreproachable pattern of propriety would have neatly and methodically kicked the Earl down stairs with an austere and chastened joy had Billy but lifted a finger.

It was maddening to Billy to see the Earl calmly usurping the place that he had occupied in her daily life, to see them walking, riding and driving together—to force his mind to the consideration of business details while he fancied the Earl at Polly's side, perhaps saying to her the very words of love that he had struggled against uttering. But the Earl could come to her, bearing in his hands a much-prized title and an old and honored name, while Billy's hands were empty save of love and service, therefore Billy's lips were sealed and the Earl's were free to speak.

For a time "Big Mat" kept silence, though Billy knew that he was spending thousands in investigating the personal history of the Earl, and that every branch of his family tree was receiving careful scrutiny.

But one day when he had watched them depart in search of pleasure, "Big Mat," after walking restlessly about the office for a time, chewing vigorously upon his cigar, plunged as was his wont into the midst of what he had in mind. "Lord knows I never thought Polly would pick a *foreigner*," he said, in a tone as though he were speaking of an Eastern prince, "but as far as I can find out he's the genuine article, and a very decent chap—otherwise," he smiled grimly, "I guess he'd have found this altitude a *little* too elevated to agree with his health. I've always sort of expected Polly to hitch up with some real plain Western chap, but if she wants this Earl person I'll get him for her."

He looked at Billy shrewdly. "I'd sort of fancied, boy, that you and Polly—"

Billy flushed a little under "Big Mat's" gaze, but managed to shake his head convincingly. He did not care to be commiserated, and confessing to his hopeless love for Polly was not going to help matters any.

"Well, it would have suited me down to the ground," was "Big Mat's" comment, dismissing the subject for the time being.

But it was destined to be revived again in an unexpected way a few weeks later, when the heat of the city had driven them to seek relief for a week at the ranch house in the valley. "Big Mat" and Billy, in the "living room" of the ranch house, now transformed into a temporary office, were going over the details of a mining report together when into the room walked Polly, shaking with laughter. "Dad—Billy!" she cried, dropping into a chair and waving a crumpled letter, "what do you think? I've got the most astonishing news for you. Jeff rode in with this just now. The Earl has eloped with Fifine." Fifine being Polly's French maid, pretty and vivacious.

"Good Lord!" ejaculated "Big Mat," looking at Billy helplessly.

As for Billy, his heart gave a great leap and his pulses quickened, for Polly, instead of being chagrined, was plainly convulsed with mirth.

"After half the girls in town had thrown themselves at his head," she gurgled. "Oh, it's too good a joke. My, but won't there be weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth when the news gets out." Polly wiggled with delight. "I wish I knew where they were going. I'd send Fifine the handsomest wedding present I could find—though I shall miss her awfully, the little minx."

"Big Mat," chewing his cigar in bewilderment, broke in, "But I thought the Earl was your own particular piece of bric-a-brac, Polly," he said.

"Fiddlesticks!" replied Polly inelegantly, dabbing her glowing cheeks with a bit of cambric the size of a postage stamp to remove the traces of her tears of mirth. "I was just trying an experiment."

"An *experiment?*" queried "Big Mat," bewildered.

Polly nodded. "An experiment—and it didn't work; and so I'm going to be an old maid, and grow bald and wrinkled and wear false teeth and keep a parrot and a cat."

The vision of Polly being an old maid, and growing bald and wrinkled and wearing false teeth and keeping a parrot and a cat was appalling.

"Polly," commanded "Big Mat" in his sternest voice, "tell me what you mean by an experiment."

Polly stiffened in her chair and threw back her head proudly. "I will," she said, carefully avoiding Billy's glance. "There's a certain man—a perfectly horrid creature," viciously, "who—er—loves me; I know he does, by the way he looks at me."

Billy groaned inwardly.

"And I—" she rolled the bit of cambric into a tiny ball between her fingers and regarded it with deep attention. "I—like him—a little; but I don't love him," hastily, "for he's such a conceited, stuck-up creature that he won't—won't, tell me—he—loves me, because, because—he's poor. And so—I thought—perhaps—if I made believe to be—er—interested in the Earl—he might get jealous, and—say—something. But he didn't."

Perkins was by this time almost agitated and "Big Mat's" cigar was a thing of pulp and his face a study in expression, while Billy's heart was thumping so loudly that he fancied the sound must be clearly audible.

With a hasty, half-defiant, half-scared glance at the faces of her astounded auditors, Polly choked audibly over something halfway between a giggle and a convulsive sob, and fled from the room.

"Well—I'll—be—jiggered!" ejaculated "Big Mat" helplessly.

But Billy at last had reached the limit of his endurance. After Polly he darted quickly, down the wide, sunlit hall, out the back door and across the yard in close pursuit of her flying footsteps. In a corner of the old rail fence beyond the orchard she turned at bay, panting, flushed, with star-like eyes and heaving bosom. Even after he had grasped her fluttering hand in both of his she struggled to be free. But no longer would he be denied.

"*Even after he had grasped her hand in both of his, she struggled to be free*"

"Polly," he demanded huskily, the primeval instinct of possession flaming in his eyes, "do you mean me? For I love you, dear, with all my heart and soul; and if you were the Queen of Sheba and I the beggar at your gates, I'd still ask you to marry me—as I ask you now."

Polly glanced round at him for the briefest instant with dew-wet eyes.

"I mean you, Billy," she answered.

Songs Inspired by Sorrow

BY GEORGE LEON VARNEY

Author of "Favorite Poems of Famous People," etc.

IT WAS George Birdseye, that contemporary American poet, whose lines so peculiarly touch the hearts of his readers, who so aptly said in one of his oft-quoted selections:

"The most beautiful songs that ever were sung,
The noblest words that ever were spoken
Have been from sorrow and suffering wrung,
From human lives heartbroken.
The harp is meaningless and dumb
Till the strings are strained; then the pure notes come."

We have but to study a few of our popular songs to be convinced that what the poet has said is true. Whether the songs we select be the arias from the masters or the simple ballads of the unknown, whether they be the majestic cantatas and oratorios of the imperial or the airy, fairy operettas of the masses, it matters not; there is always something to be found of a pathetic nature connected with their origin and inception. Especially true is this to be discovered in the history of that class of music which endeavors to verse human emotions and experiences and whose noble purpose is that of educating the mind, cultivating the sensibilities and planting the seeds of love and appreciation in human hearts—our sacred songs.

It has been reported that Charles Wesley, the poet of the soul, wrote no less than six thousand hymns during his lifetime, and of that vast number fully three-fourths were lyrics of experiences, prayers, or expressions of trust, faith or hope. Had he not encountered a storm at sea during his return voyage from America to England in 1736 and had he not been instrumental in the saving of a dove chased by a hawk on another occasion it is doubtful whether the beautiful "Jesus, Lover of My Soul" would ever have been written.

How often during a night of sorrow or of sickness has man been compelled by his inner self to break the silence with the humiliating cry of Charles Wesley's—

"Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing."

But the lengthened shadows of the night with all its mysteries and insensibilities have not covered the couch of all sleep seekers with "peace, perfect peace." While some have slept, some have stared at the dark, unsympathetic space and waited patiently for the dawn of a morrow. An experience of intense longing for daybreak, with the words "Will the night soon pass" haunting his brain, inspired the master composer Mendelssohn to move his hand and give to the world the matchless "Watchman's Scene" in the "Hymn of Praise," considered by many to be the writer's masterpiece.

In the lonely, dreaded hours of the night too was born the music of "The Lost Chord," the celebrated song by Sir Arthur Sullivan and made famous by Madam Antoinette Sterling. B. Mansell Ramsey, in speaking of the composition, contributes this story as to its origin:

"The music of 'The Lost Chord' was composed under the most touching conditions. Arthur Sullivan was watching by the dying bed of his brother Frederick. One night shortly before death the invalid sank into a peaceful slumber. Arthur, who attended his brother day and night, took the opportunity to read, and it happened that his eyes fell on Adelaide Anne Proctor's poem, 'The Lost Chord.'

"The verses impressed him greatly, and music appropriate to them suggested itself to his mind. Taking a sheet of music-paper he began to write, and so absorbed was he in his task that he sat hour after hour working at it until the song was completed. Probably the acute emotional conditions under which the music was composed account largely for the power to touch the emotions which undoubtedly 'The Lost Chord' possesses."

Out of the darkness also emerged the Christian's "Lead, Kindly Light." The immortal hymn is nothing more nor less than the cry of a homesick man. While returning to his home from Sicily in 1833, the orange boat in which John Henry Newman was sailing became becalmed in the Straits of Bonifacio and there "Amid the encircling gloom," the travel-worn pilgrim, far from home and friends, prayed for a leading light.

Since the death of the late William McKinley, the sacred lyric has been sung at more firesides and at more funerals than any other song voicing soul-uplifting strains. It was the chief devotional hymn of our martyred President and even in his last hours, when the light of life was seemingly "lost awhile," he uttered the touching appeal which has since gone up from the lips of many a Christian worshipper:

"The night is dark and I am far from home;
Lead thou me on.
Keep thou my feet. I do not ask to see
The distant scene; one step enough for me."

Professor Oscar Triggs has been credited with saying: "In all the hymn books used in the Protestant Christian churches there is only one song that may be considered as literature. That is 'Lead, Kindly Light,' written by Cardinal Newman." Guy Carleton Lee, educator and lecturer, in a recent letter to the writer says: " 'Lead, Kindly Light' has never failed to cheer me in moments of depression, to teach me to look upward and to strengthen me spiritually."

Who then will argue that the darkness which John Henry Newman encountered failed to give way to an eternal light not only for himself but for others as well? The morn of such stimulating influence shines indeed on the material and the visible, but beyond the sea of doubt and despair, the weary and the languid recognize the invisible blessings and become conscious of the supreme power of the Deity. To them alone

"The night is gone
And with the morn those angel faces smile."

"One Sweetly Solemn Thought" is another hymn written when its author was suffering from a spell of homesickness. "Rock of Ages," "the grand old hymn of faith," the work of Augustus Montague Toplady, and the beautiful "Abide With Me," by Henry Francis Lyte, are but the affecting expressions of faith of dying men—both of whom fell victims to the great "white plague." On the other hand, we find that our forefathers' grand old song:

"God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps on the sea,
And rides upon the storm"—

is the work of the English writer, William Cowper, who sought death rather than to continue living with a clouded mind and broken heart. Disappointment seemed to have followed him through all his days, and it was while laboring under one of the spells of melancholia that he resolved to commit suicide by drowning himself. A friend prevented. The despondency having abated, the realization of what might have happened inspired a humble tribute to the all-protecting power—thus was born the sweet hymn of providence.

The opening stanza of the hymn resembles to a marked degree the similarity of thought found in those beautiful lines which the poet Von Logan has given us:

"Though the mills of God grind slowly,
Yet they grind exceeding small;
Though with patience He stands waiting,
With exactness grinds He all."

Another devotional lyric voicing the deep throbbings of a writer's heart is "My Faith Looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Calvary." It was penned by Dr. Palmer when he was but twenty-two years old and at a time when a constitutional malady seemed to question his worldly stay. In later years, the doctor confessed that he wrote the stanzas in anticipation of his own end.

"Shall we gather at the River?" is the question Dr. Lowry, a doctor of divinity, has asked us through the church hymnal. The famous hymn appeals to mankind in general as it is so closely interwoven with the grave questions which have faced man from the beginning of time—"Will there be a hereafter? Will the dead live again? Shall there be a mutual recognition after death?" Shortly before his own death in 1899, Dr. Lowry told the story of the hymn's origin.

It was all the result of an inspiration in the midst of sorrow. On a summer's day in 1864 while mourning the loss of several dear friends, who had died of an epidemic that was sweeping through Brooklyn at that time, the thought of "shall we meet again—shall we meet in the hereafter" preyed upon the doctor's mind.

"Seating myself at the organ," said Dr. Lowry, "simply to give vent to the pent-up emotions of the heart, the words and music of the hymn began to flow out."

Since its publication in 1865, it has appeared in all the popular hymnals in America and has been translated in nearly every tongue in which the Gospel is preached. Thus out of grief and death was born a message for not only the inspired one, but for the comfort and uplifting of universal man. Dr. Lowry attained much reputation as a composer of religious songs. Among his notable compositions were "I Need Thee Every Hour," "Where is My Wandering Boy Tonight?" and "The Last Call." Simple as many of his offerings are, nevertheless, they possess genuine melody and profound feeling.

Parallel to the thoughts on immortality and the hereafter as Dr. Lowry expressed them, is Lord Alfred Tennyson's noble death song, "Crossing the Bar," or, as some of us have learned it, "Sunset and evening star, and one clear call for me." One of the three greatest death songs ever written, it comes to us as a sublime prayer, a humble petition, a sacred belief of a great man.

It was while crossing the Solent with his son Hallam, late one October's afternoon, that the words came to the mind of the poet, who had just recovered from a siege of sickness. Reaching his home, he at once sat down and penned the lines. Showing the poem to his son, he declared, "It came in a moment." Three years after the birth of the lines, Sir Alfred passed away; but the prayer he uttered on that memorable afternoon remains a fitting memorial, not only to the English poet-laureate, but to the memory of those who have gone before us and who helped to lay the foundation of our liberal faith and liberal education. In it is blended the unfaltering trust and belief of all humanity. The last lone man on this terrestrial sphere will utter no grander words when he sets sails to seas unknown, than those dropped as faith's anchor by the silent man of the yester age:

> "I hope to see my Pilot face to face
> When I have crossed the bar."

It is safe to say that a large majority of church-going folk who have joined their voices in the singing of the beautiful sacred song, "O Think of the Home Over There," never have given a thought to why or when it was composed. Rev. D. W. C. Huntington in a recent letter to me has this to say:

"The hymn was written wholly during the same week in the winter of 1866. It was written to relieve myself during the most sorrowful period of my life. My wife had left me for the better world about four months before; my children were scattered into the families of relatives; my father died two months later, and I seemed to have lived life all through.

"The hymn was born of my meditations, and written in the quiet of lonely hours in my study. I was at that time a home-made singer, and I occasionally sang those verses in the prayer meetings.

"The hymn has been translated in the several languages, the last the dialect of the Seneca Indians. I suppose the hymn, being an expresison of solace in sorrow, has struck a chord common to our sorrowing and trusting humanity."

In presenting the writer with an autograph copy of the hymn, the reverend composer adds, "I herewith hand you the lines as they were originally written. If they can be a source of pleasure to anyone, or of healthful inspiration to some soul in sorrow, I shall be grateful to him whose I am and whom I would acknowledge and honor."

Although not written under the mantle of sorrow, the hymn, "Throw Out the Life-Line," has served as a life-saver for many pressed downward on the sea of anguish and sorrow, and for this reason, it would not be out of place to relate a few facts concerning the hymn and its author.

The hymn, which was sung by Ira D. Sankey and popularized by his co-worker, Dwight L. Moody, was the work of Rev. Edward S. Ufford, a Baptist preacher, lecturer and Evangelist of Massachusetts. The story of how the preacher came to write the song is quite interesting, and he tells in his own words to me the following story:

"Twenty-two years ago I was settled as pastor of a church near Boston, namely, Westwood. I had been to East Boston, to help a fellow-pastor, and he said, 'Throw out the life-line!' About that time I was led to go out one Sunday afternoon in the village square and with my small organ sing and speak to the people. They seemed to be in the breakers and needed a life line. Thus there came to my mind a mental picture. On reaching the old parsonage, I sat down with pencil and paper and in fifteen minutes had the verses all down as the scene in my imagination grew into the description.

"Then turning to the organ, I remember how I sat down to wed a melody to it. Without mental effort apparently, there seemed to come to me the music, and thus the hymn was born.

"I then sang it to my young men. They caught the spirit of it, and we went out in the adjoining towns to be life savers. Several of those young workers are now preachers, and are settled in other fields, the result of the song.

"I went around the world singing it in 1902–3. At Honolulu, I rendered it in my tongue and the Hawaiians sang it back to me in their dialect, for it was translated in their book. This was in the old native 'Hawaiian church.' I visited the far east, traveled twenty-five thousand miles and was gone one year and three weeks, setting out on faith and supporting myself (also family at home) and returning with one hundred dollars in my pocket to test the promise—'Lo, I am with you always.'"

As might naturally be expected, the clergy have contributed many songs to the church chorister. Aside from those already mentioned, we note that "Beulah Land" was the work of Rev. Edgar Page Stites after he had read of the trials of the Christian in "Pilgrim's Progress." "How Vain Are All Things Here Below," was the cry of bitter disappointment of Rev. Isaac Watts after he had wooed and lost the idol of his life, Miss Elizabeth Singer. "Blest Be the Tie That Binds" sung by Christians of every denomination, came from the pen of Rev. John Fawcett. Overcome by the display of kindness on the part of his parishioners as he was about to leave them for the city of London, where a much larger field awaited his work, his heart was so touched that he decided to remain in his old pulpit. The outcome of this act found words in the old familiar lines of brotherly consideration:

"We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.
When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again."

O'er the grave of the master Mozart, who bequeathed his "Requiem" for our hallowed dead, and o'er the mounds of the lesser writers where lie scattered withered garlands and broken vases of the past, we of this fleeting hour pause to raise our chants and doxologies. To the living psalmists with their anthems to assuage our griefs, and to the unborn singers who must in their progress discover some joy and happiness, love and affection out of the trials, troubles and tribulations of this world as did their ancestors—we poor choristers dedicate our humble songs, and, passing onward, believe with immortal Shakespeare that sorrow has a mission after all and that

"The man that hath not music in himself,
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils.
* * * * * * * *
Let no such man be trusted."

Whom DOGS Obey

BY CARRIE E · KINCH

IT WAS the afternoon of a hazy August day that I, Jack Somers, bachelor, stepped into my touring runabout and started on my vacation. I had no fixed plan, but I intended to follow the pleasantest road and ride, ride, ride. Then when the dark came on, slip into some quiet little country hotel to sleep.

But, alas, for intentions—however, I'm not sorry it happened.

In the first place I nearly got arrested for speeding! I rode carefully to the edge of the city, keeping my wild feelings of delight under splendid control until I passed the last policeman and began to see the open country.

But—bother take the force!—there was another one directly in my path! I swerved aside out of his way, just escaped a big boulder, and forged ahead.

Slow-moving carriages and pedestrians were left far behind. Past houses, churches, factories I flew. Oh, it was great!

I fully meant to slow down a bit as I approached a neat little village with a shady street leading through it, but a long stretch of level road ahead, and nothing in sight was too much of a temptation and I took the risk.

Dimly I saw a sign as I rushed by, "speed limit, etc.," but I could not stop to read what the speed limit was. A man ran out waving a red flag, but the level stretch of road was beckoning me—I curved round him. His flag with the splintered pole fell into my lap as I rushed on.

A madness had seized me, my eyes ached, my body was bruised and sore. There was only a blur and a whirr, a delicious sense of power, and of swift passing through a cool breeze, and the level road was behind me.

I bowled along at an easy pace a few miles further, and the car almost stopped at the top of a long steep hill. A calm peaceful valley spread itself before me.

My machine went over the brow of the hill, and feeling the incline, started down by gravity, not too fast, and at the foot came to a dead stop.

The reason of this slowly percolated through my brain, as I was moving down the grade, and I turned the car aside and jumped out. I had forgotten to fill the tank! Daylight was fading into the dull gray of evening and it was a lonely spot.

Although the road had indications of being a much-traveled highway, there was not a house in sight. The outlook was indeed gloomy. It was not the place I should have chosen to spend the night.

From the highway a grassy road branched into the deep woods. Thinking this might lead to some sort of a house where I could get help, I followed it a considerable distance, when I was startled by hearing the bark of a dog close beside me.

In the semi-darkness under the thick foliage I could scarcely see, and groping around my hands came in contact with an iron fence.

"What an odd wild place for such a fine fence"—began my thought, but it stopped short, for just then I felt the breath of a great bull dog! Quickly withdrawing my hand, I spoke a few words to the dog.

Now I have never yet seen the dog that I could not manage, and this one knew me at once for a master. As soon as he heard my voice, the great fellow fawned and jumped, but quietly, there was no more barking.

Knowing now, that there must be a house inside, I climbed over the high fence, and found myself on a smooth lawn with two fine dogs jumping ecstatically around me.

It was not so dark here as it was in the thick woods, and I could easily discern the figure of a man coming toward me.

He was completely dumbfounded when he saw me inside the fence with the fierce dogs jumping up and licking my face showing such unmistakable friendliness.

"Wu"—he stood gaping—then suddenly bethinking himself he pulled his cap and said: "Coom in, the maister'll be glawd indeed to see ye!"

I followed him through a winding path into an open space. There was the house!

My guide must have given some sort of a signal, for suddenly six men appeared lined up on either side of a broad path, and as suddenly, the hall door opened and a brilliant light shone out.

An old, old man stepped out on the porch of this very surprising house. The whole front was illuminated with little electric stars. It looked like white marble much carved and ornamented, but was flimsy and unsubstantial-looking too. The whole effect was magical and bewildering!

Before I realized what was occurring I was welcomed cordially by the old gentleman, and escorted into a very large stone hall. It was like a brilliantly lighted and sumptuously furnished cave. At intervals, on both sides, there were portieres of crimson velvet embroidered with much gold, which I found out afterward covered entrances into other rooms as luxuriously and gorgeously furnished as the hall.

They seemed to have been expecting me, for everything was ready. A refreshing drink was brought me, and then I was led into one of the side chambers, where a man was appointed to wait upon me. He had a perfumed bath prepared, and fresh garments laid out on a rock-hewn couch.

To say that I was filled with wonder gives little idea of my feelings. There was nothing for me to do but submit to being bathed and dressed, rested and fed. To be thus waited on without any effort on my part was an entirely new experience, and in my tired state very agreeable. I called for a cigar.

My man, whose name, he told me, was Henry, and who, by the way, appeared decidedly intelligent, brought me a "Favorita." As he handed me the tray with matches, he said: "The dinner is served, sir."

I jumped up at once, for I was ravenous. He led the way back into the entrance hall. At the far side a table was set for nine people. My old host was standing at his place at the head of the table, and he motioned me to sit at the foot.

As I went to take my place, I saw the six guardsmen standing in two lines before one of the curtained recesses.

The portieres were parted, held back by invisible hands, and the most beautiful woman I ever saw stepped through the opening, walked past the guard with a graceful dignity, and seated herself at the right of my host. The six men fell into couples behind her and stood at their places till she was seated.

There were no introductions. Immediately soft-footed waiters brought in hot soup in gold plates. The white marble table was set with gold and silver which sparkled in the bright electric light. There was no conversation. The meal progressed in silence.

I could not keep my eyes off the only lady present. Her face looked sad and patient. There was a faint color in her round cheeks and her light hair was full of shades and tints of gold. Her beauty would have attracted attention anywhere, but in these strange and uncongenial surroundings, she looked so delicate and out of place, that in spite of the good viands which the well-trained waiters placed before me, I could not keep my mind on the dinner, but fell to wondering and speculating on how she came to be a member of this strange company.

I noticed the keen glance of my host upon me, when I looked at his companion, and I tried to appear indifferent to her presence.

As the meal progressed, and I became accustomed to my surroundings I noticed a motto in curious old English characters that appeared in some of the stone work, and was repeated around the edges of the gold plates. After studying on it some time, I made out these lines:

Whom the dogs obey,
He shall have sway.

Just as I had deciphered it I looked up, and found my host's sharp eyes were looking right through me.

I felt uncomfortable and wished I could get out of the light and glare and have a chance to think. He gave a queer laugh and made a sign to his lady guest. She answered in the deaf and dumb language. Oh, ho! I thought, a deaf mute!

As she rose from the table, the rest following her example, I thought she shot a glance of appeal at me. It was so quickly done and so quickly over that I was not sure it really happened. Could she be shamming?

Some time after her ceremonious exit, my man came to me, as I lolled on one of the divans, smoking in great content, and said his master wished to see me in his study.

I was sorry to be disturbed, for I was dreaming wild dreams of rescuing a beautiful princess from a fearful ogre, but I felt that I must obey, so I rose slowly and started to follow. To my surprise, the man went before me and knelt in true knightly fashion, doffing his hat, at the same moment he whispered very softly, "If you need help come to me." I put this in the same brain pocket with the appealing glance, and tried to feel brave and bold as we entered the study.

What a place! It looked like a hermit's cell. Bare rocky walls dimly lighted with one candle, a stone chair and a ledge of rock which served as desk and table.

My host rose as I entered, and seating himself on the ledge, motioned me to take the chair.

"You deciphered the legend," he began.

"Legend?" said I inquiringly. Then I thought of the queer motto. "Oh! you mean:

Whom the dogs obey
He shall have sway."

"That's it," he nodded. "You must be the one. We'll crown him tomorrow. Bring in the child."

Henry went out and in a few minutes the curtain was drawn back and a white-capped man nurse came in, bearing in his arms an infant in a long fine white robe, and following them was the lady of the supper table.

I caught my breath! I thought she must have flown down from heaven, she looked so ethereal and angelic. She had changed her blue velvet dinner gown, for one of soft, white silky stuff, which had a little gold trimming around the low neck and sleeves.

"These will be yours tomorrow," my old host said gravely, turning to me: "my wife and child."

I could scarcely restrain a wild impulse to laugh outright, the whole situation seemed so utterly ridiculous. However, by a great effort I managed to keep a sober face.

He was so serious in his proposal, and the wife and child were so tangible, I felt that I must meet it seriously, too.

"But, a man may not give away his wife and child," I answered him. "Besides I must get some gasoline for my automobile and get away from here."

"Ah! but you may *not* go away from here" said my host, fixing me with one of his piercing glances.

"Did not you read the legend? Did not the dogs obey you? She too has power over the dogs. That settles everything."

I turned to look at my prospective wife. I was sure she gave me, in answer to my startled glance, an amused look. "Was she faking?" again I asked myself.

We were all waved wearily aside. Henry appeared, and I followed him to my bed chamber.

I thought he gave something to the lady as she passed through the narrow passage on her way out.

I went to my room, but I had no intention of retiring for the night, nor of sleeping at all. I had had quite enough of this savage luxury, and I meant to get away as soon as possible.

But was it possible? I could see that the place was strongly guarded. Everything was securely locked and bolted and there were men stationed around outside.

The dogs, of course, I could manage. While I smoked and planned, a servant entered bearing a silver tray with a glass and wine. I motioned him to set it down, and paid no more attention to it or him, as I did not wish to be interrupted.

Again I fell into a reverie, but was recalled by a slight rustle. The man still stood by the table regarding me fixedly, evidently trying to get my attention.

"Do not drink it," he motioned with his lips. I gave him a comprehending look and he went out.

"Another friend," I thought.

By that time I had finished my cigar and I jumped up and began putting on my old clothes, which were still strewn over the rude couch. Hearing my movements, Henry appeared to help me dress. A furtive smile of approval passed over his face, as he smoothed my coat.

"What is the nearest place where I can get some gasoline?" I asked him softly.

"Three miles," he answered cautiously.

"Well, I'm going. If there's any objection, I'll fight," and I squared myself, ready to use my fists.

To my surprise he did not attempt to stop me. He merely gave me a warning glance, and went before me, opened the door, and led me out on the lawn.

"The king desires to walk forth!" he explained to the guards who were pacing back and forth.

They saluted and we sauntered on slowly. After what seemed an endless time we reached the gate, just after the guard had passed.

I spoke softly to the dogs, said thank you and good-bye to Henry, and vaulted over the fence.

He threw himself after me. "Take me with you," he whispered, "for I'll never see tomorrow if I go back alone."

We went on till we reached the road. I peered into the shadows, for my car. There was no car in sight! A portable house loomed up, making a black spot in the gray. I was sure it was not there early in the evening.

"Somebody's taken it," I gasped in sudden despair.

Henry went to the door of the portable and opened it with a key, and there safe inside was my beauty. Oh, how I loved it. But of what use without gasoline!

"We'll have to hoof it," I cried impatiently. "Come on!"

I turned to go, but stopped in wonder and joy, for there just showing over the top of the long hill, were two big lights. A touring car! What luck! I grabbed my linen duster and ran into the middle of the road, waving it frantically.

Would they see it! Oh! if I only had a light!

Someone was waving a lantern at the cross road! It was Henry! They've stopped! They're coming!

"This way, hooray! Oh, quick—"

A few words of explanation and my car was made fast to the touring car. We just had the rope fast when I saw the gleam of many lanterns coming through the woods in front of us. They were trying to head us off!

"Cut it quick!" I shouted, springing in and seizing the wheel. Henry followed, the chauffeur jerked his handle into place. The great car gave a jump forward, pulled the rope taut and stopped—What was it!

"Loose the brake!"

I lifted my foot—my machine yielded, and we were off to the tune of many pistol shots.

I found myself with every muscle tense and strained. Unconsciously I had pressed hard upon the brake and nearly lost us the game.

We did not stop at three miles nor at five, but when after two hours of swift riding we reached B—— my rescuer drew us up before an all night garage, and leaving us proceeded on his way.

Henry routed out the sleepy attendant and we filled up, lighted the lamps, tightened up a bolt or two, and were ready to start again.

It was still quite dark and I had not observed the still white form crouched on the rumble under the carriage top.

"Which way?" I said to Henry. I followed the direction of his eyes and then I saw her.

She was lying back, her face pale and drawn with fear and weariness.

As I approached she opened her eyes and sat up. It did not seem strange to see her there. It seemed now as if I knew it all along. I was rescuing my princess.

I held out my hands to assist her to alight, but she fell into my arms, limp and lifeless.

Placing her carefully on the front seat, and motioning Henry to take the rumble, I took my seat in front, and with my left arm supporting "my wife," I managed the machine with my right hand.

We must get away before the town was astir. The keeper of the garage was not observant, but someone else might be looking, and we might be traced.

"Can you brace up a bit, comrade?" said I cheerfully.

"I'll try—yes, I can—I will. Oh, thank you—thank you," she whispered brokenly, gripping the arms of the seat, and sitting up straight and firm. So we rode away.

We must have traveled in a circle, for in less than three hours I saw the same beautiful valley spread out at the foot of the long hill. We were in front of an imposing residence, which had escaped my notice in my mad ride of the night before. My companion pulled my sleeve.

"Stop here," she whispered wearily, "while I think."

But no sooner had we come to a stop than my rescuer of the touring car appeared in sight, coming around the corner of the house.

He did not recognize me at first, but fixing his eyes upon my seat-mate, he stared at her till my blood boiled. Slowly and wonderingly he ejaculated one word: "Madeline!"

She brushed her hand across her forehead in a dazed way, as if to clear her brain, then she shook her head sadly.

"Come in," said the man. "It's my sister. My name's Hunter."

He carried Madeline into the cool parlor and laid her on the couch, where she sank into a stupor.

It was many weeks before the poor girl was able to tell her story. The wise doctor said she must have had a terrible shock and her nerves were shattered, but rest and good, kind care would bring her out all right again. We got the tale from Henry.

I told Mr. Hunter my story. He clenched his fists.

"Kidnapped! seduced! I'd like to choke him!" he said.

My man Henry had been a firm friend and helper of Colonel Joyce, the old white-haired host, until Madeline was adopted into the gang, against her will.

She stopped at the iron gate to speak to the dogs, and her voice quieted them. By that token she was invited in. Curiosity impelled her to accept. How she would boast to her friends that she had seen the inside of Colonel Joyce's Folly!

Once inside the gate, however, she was never allowed to get out again. She was drugged and hypnotized in punishment for her frequent attempts to scale the high fence that surrounded the Colonel's domain.

Finding tears and prayers useless, she gave up in despair, fearing the loss of her reason under the severe strain. The Colonel was generally kind to her, but like adamant to her appeals for liberty.

From the effect of one of the drugs she was really deaf for a while and she found it convenient to assume the role of a deaf mute with a partially obscured intellect.

The knowledge coming to her gradually that she had a friend in Henry, she took fresh courage and with much difficulty, for she was always under close surveillance, they evolved a plan of escape. Singularly enough, the very night of my arrival was the night selected for the attempt.

The servant who brought me the wine, warning me not to drink it, drugged the Colonel's wine, and helped Madeline to get away while he was on duty at the gate. What price he paid for his goodness to Madeline, we never learned.

The note that Henry put into Madeline's hands, as he passed her in the narrow entrance, said: "ten o'clock portable house."

She chewed the paper and swallowed it.

The portable house was hastily put together at Colonel Joyce's order to protect my machine, and Madeline's quick wit made her think to get in the car, under the cover and wait.

One can easily imagine the terrible strain she was under during the suspense of waiting, and the agony of that hard ride. Small wonder that she fainted.

A few days after Madeline and I arrived at his house, Mr. Hunter took a gun, and he and I walked down the road and followed the wood path to the iron gate. There were no dogs about. We walked unmolested to where I supposed the house to be, but we could not find it.

The rocky hill was there, and some holes in the rock that might have been the caves, but the marble front was gone. All the furnishings, the gold, the silver, people, everything gone!

Mr. Hunter looked at me queerly as if he thought I might be hiding some of my own sins behind Colonel Joyce's hoary head.

I did not fear him. I said: "Wait till Madeline can speak."

He looked into my face again, and he knew I spoke the truth.

It was well for the old Colonel that he was out of Mr. Hunter's reach. The brother's indignation became a hot rage as he thought of his sister's wrongs.

Madeline, a bright, beautiful girl, had gone for a drive. She left the carriage in the road with the groom and went into the woods to find a rare orchid that was known to grow there, and she never came back.

They searched everywhere. They knew of the queer old Englishman who had built a house in the woods called Colonel Joyce's Folly. He was counted a disagreeable misanthrope, who would have nothing to do with his neighbors. They made inquiries of the keeper at the gate.

He said: "Yes, he had seen the girl going over toward the pond."

Following his direction, which led away from Madeline, they found the orchids blooming by the pond, and in the sombre gloom they found her hat lying on the ground.

It was rumored that there was a piece of soft treacherous bog near this pond. The men in their vain search stepped dangerously near it; and failing utterly to find any other trace of her, they were forced to accept the sad conclusion that she had perished in the bog.

When Madeline recovered sufficiently she asked about the child. I had completely forgotten that there was a child.

We told her that the house and everything pertaining to it had disappeared. She insisted on going back herself to see if this were true.

With her brother and me and Henry she thought there could be nothing to fear. We argued in vain. Go she would, and we thought best to humor her whim. I did not want her to go. I had a premonition of trouble when we started out.

We burst open the iron gate this time. We followed the winding path, and we came in sight of the rocky hill. Here must have been the front of the house, here the piazza—that must have been the entrance hall—suddenly as before the old, white-haired man stepped out.

With a glad cry he started toward Madeline. She screamed and ran to me. I clasped her in my arms.

"One more step, and I fire," cried Mr. Hunter fiercely, covering the old man with his pistol. But there was no need. He had stepped on a live wire! A curious spasm swept over his face and he sank in a heap on the ground, his body writhing and twisting.

Just then a shot rang out from behind, grazing Henry's shoulder and passing over the Colonel's prostrate body.

Henry started back after his assailant, but Mr. Hunter turned him forcibly about, whispering hoarsely: "Stay here, we need you."

I looked at the ghastly contorted features of my one-time host. He was dead, caught in the trap he had set for his enemies. His wig had fallen off and the villainous features of a man about forty years old were disclosed.

We drew Madeline, trembling and shivering, away, thankful enough, when we reached the hill top, and were safe in the house.

Madeline had a relapse, and we passed through another season of anxious waiting, but her strong courage pulled her through once again.

Colonel Joyce, which was only one of his many names, was a notorious burglar who had been vainly sought for many years, and only Death captured him at last.

A large price had been put on his body dead or alive. One of the members of his own gang delivered the body to the police and claimed the reward.

Some of the stolen goods were recovered from the inner recesses of the rocks, but most of them had been carried away.

There was found a very long secret passage through the mountains which Colonel Joyce and his men used.

The ornamented front, which looked like a house, was made of a kind of plaster board and was only a blind. No one who came by that entrance was allowed to leave, hence the fierce dogs and the strong guard. Thus the robber preserved his secret. His boldness was his greatest safety.

The wretched man over-reached the mark when he stole the baby from the careless nurse-maid in the park adjoining one of the pleasure resorts. The child was found in the same place ten days later, and returned unharmed to its parent.

This was all in the newspapers some time after our last visit to that most unpleasant spot.

Madeline is really my wife now. Our good machine brought us thousands of miles away from the neighborhood of these horrible experiences, and here in this little Western town we have set up our modest establishment.

As for Henry, whatever he may have been prior to our first meeting, he is now our honored friend and an ever welcome guest.

MOTHERS

MOTHERS are the queerest things
'Member when John went away,
All but mother cried and cried
When they said good-bye that day.
She just talked, and seemed to be
Not the slightest bit upset—
Was the only one who smiled
Others' eyes were streaming wet!

But when John come back again
On a furlough, safe and sound,
With a medal for his deeds,
And without a single wound,
While the rest of us hurrahed,
Laughed and joked and danced about,
Mother kissed him, then she cried—
Cried and cried like all git out!

—Edwin L. Sabin, in the book "Heart Throbs."

Is The LUMBER TRUST FACT OR FICTION?

by W · C · Jenkins

A SERIES of events and conditions during the past ten years has created a very general impression that the lumber industry of this country is dominated by combinations or trusts that control product and prices, and that every citizen in his utilization of any forest product must bow to the dictates of these combinations through his entire journey from the cradle to the coffin. Furthermore, it is asserted that this trust or combination is not only a robber of the people, but a despoiler of a great natural resource and therefore responsible for the various evils that follow the denudation of our mountain slopes and the forests that guard the head waters of our navigable streams.

It is true that to those who have not given the matter a careful study appearances may justify suspicion, and when the interests of the people are affected, suspicion is just grounds for inquiry. For every widespread public opinion there is usually some foundation, real or apparent, and it is perhaps not strange that the entire lumber fraternity of this country finds itself today an object of much hostile criticism.

But history teaches that in numberless instances vast majorities have been mistaken; that the whole people have been moved as in a crusade by an apparition in the sky whose origin they could not understand; that nations have been blotted from the maps as a consequence of mistaken beliefs; and hence, it might be possible that, after all, there is no lumber trust or any combination that dominates the product and prices.

There are apparent reasons why the idea of a lumber trust has prevailed. Not many years ago clear white pine could be bought at a lower price than is charged today for No. 3 common—a board knotty and full of imperfections. We have seen walnut and cherry disappear and mahogany imported to take its place; white pine substituted by hemlock, yellow pine and fir; whole states changed from forested conditions to great expanses of fertile farms, and, unfortunately, we have seen other states changed from magnificent forests to desolate stump lands. We have seen lumber advance in price thirty-five per cent during the last ten years and at the same time we look around and see many wealthy lumbermen, and, putting the factors together, we conclude the lumberman is a robber and a member of a gigantic trust.

This view of the situation, however, is a distorted one: the factors are not placed in their proper relation. The settler who cleared his land, burning valuable timber so that he might provide food for his family, was not a despoiler—he did the wise, necessary and economic thing. The gaping, caved-in hollow ground that marks the place where a coal mine was once a hive of industry means utilization, not waste; the deserted farm with its wornout soil does not necessarily mean devastation; it may mean that the farmer did absolutely the best he could under competitive conditions with richer lands elsewhere.

It is true that in all lines of industry there are short-sighted, ignorant and careless workers; on the other hand may be found the far-sighted, wise and careful men. This is the reason why some lumbermen have grown rich while others have been conspicuous figures in bankruptcy courts.

The lumber industry has performed a necessary work and on the whole has done it as well as could be expected under the existing individual and collective conditions. In every industry intelligence, energy and industry are principal factors. The rich lumbermen of today are those who would have become rich in almost any line of endeavor.

There was a time when the vast resources of standing timber were so abundant that they were considered of little value. A few, however, studied the requirements of the future and risked fortunes in acquiring vast tracts of timber lands that had no immediate value. Such speculative investments were distinct and different from all others. The miner invests in a commodity wanted tomorrow; the manufacturer deals with a current necessity, but the timber owner puts his money into a property subjected to the hazards of fire and decay and which might not be required for market purposes in many years. He took long chances and is entitled to the profits resulting from such an uncertain investment.

There is another reason why the idea of a lumber trust has gained popular credence, and that is the fact that at some times lumber prices in the markets will be substantially uniform over large sections of the country. The prices of standing timber are not subject to fluctuations. They relate to a supply which is steadily decreasing, the value of which is not based upon present demand but upon the probable demand for the next hundred years. Therefore, while standing timber, or what the lumbermen call stumpage, advances steadily, it never declines. The product of the forest, however, is subject to current demand, influenced by momentary conditions. The supply of lumber can be no greater than can be produced by the capacity of the saw mills. After a period of lumber depression the saw mill capacity may be at low ebb. Then may come a period of business activity when the demand is more than the capacity of the mills, and the prices advance.

There have been occasions when the demand for lumber exceeded the supply and continued to do so for several years until a panic period was reached or the capacity of the saw mills was brought up to the demand. During such periods every lumber producer and dealer would demand the highest price; yet there has never been a time when the inquisitive buyer could not find considerable variation in prices in every grade of lumber.

A period of general advance in lumber prices, as well as in other commodities, occurred from 1901 to 1907. The advances were startling and it was not surprising that these increased prices led to a special agitation about combinations and trusts.

There may have been isolated cases of combinations or price agreements, but the lumber industry, as a whole, is so widespread and made up of so many factors as to make any effective combination impossible. In 1900 there were 32,000 saw mills in the United States; in 1910 there were 48,000 mills. It would be an utter impossibility to organize these various companies into a successful combination, but in view of the general impression that some sort of a trust really existed, it is perhaps not strange that this sentiment finally culminated in the adoption of resolutions in both houses of Congress in 1906, directing an inquiry and an investigation. Both resolutions call, in substance, for information on the causes of the high price of lumber, and whether or not these high prices have resulted from any contract, agreement or combination in restraint of commerce.

Whatever methods of investigation have been pursued are not generally known. but it is plain that for a seemingly unnecessary period the report has been buried in a profound and an uninterrupted silence, and when the spell is broken the inquiry as to trusts remains still unanswered, so far as the departments at Washington are concerned.

The Bureau of Corporations, which has had the matter in hand, has completed a study of the standing timber in the United States. It gives first place to this inquiry on the theory that the advance in price rested chiefly on the supply of available standing timber, and this one cause for higher prices is all that has been given out in answer to the resolutions.

Naturally the lumbermen of this country are highly indignant, because, having been indicted, so to speak, a verdict should be so long delayed; and it would seem that the people of the United States have a right to complain when they realize that after hundreds of thousands of dollars have been spent in this investigation, they are not informed whether or not there is a lumber trust.

Considerable of the report which has been published gives information which was generally known. It has been no secret that a few individuals and corporations hold large tracts of standing timber, and while the specific data given out may be of academic and economic value in the future, what the people want to know is: are their suspicions of a lumber trust well founded, and if so, what does the government propose to do about it? Up to the present time we have no answer and no definite promise when an answer will be forthcoming. To this alleged charge made without proof, and perhaps no proof to be expected, the people are furnished nothing but a tiresome silence.

The Commissioner of Corporations apologetically states that "No answer to the request of the resolution as to the course of prices or the existence of combination and its effect on the lumber business and the public could safely be made without first determining approximately: (1) The amount of the supply of standing timbers. (2) The degree of concentration in the ownership thereof. These facts are basic."

In the midst of a perplexing and shifting controversy this can hardly be considered solid ground; for could not a conspiracy of trust exist independent of the large timber holdings of this country? What relation have these large holdings to the sale of the product of 48,000 saw mills, the raw material for which is being secured from many sources? Independent of these large holdings any number of these 48,000 saw-mill owners could get together and conspire to control trade and prices in violation of the law. These saw mills at the present time are not dependent to any great extent upon the holdings of the few. Whatever may happen in the future is another matter; this inquiry deals with today, not tomorrow, and a matter that affects a future generation is not the hinge on which the investigation turns. The question is:

Is there a lumber trust?

It may be well to take up the timber ownership part of this report. A gratifying feature to Americans is that standing timber of the country seems to be increasing. Fifteen years ago or less estimates of standing timber ranged from 1,000 billion to 1,200 billion feet. Later these estimates were advanced. In 1905 the accepted estimate was about 2,000 billion feet. A year or two later it was raised to 2,500 billion feet and now, according to this report, the people may count on a timber supply of 2,800 billion feet. This is due to counting species not formerly regarded and to a closer estimate of the amount of lumber that can be gotten from an acre of land of the different kinds of timber.

It is a matter of at least sentimental regret that it should be found that so considerable a part of the timber is, according to the Bureau of Corporations, owned by a comparatively few individuals. In the first place it should be stated that the report deals with about eighty per cent of the privately owned timber of the United States. Roughly speaking the Appalachian region, Pennsylvania, New York, New England, Tennessee and Kentucky were omitted from the investigation and were merely estimated. A table on page twenty-one of the summary shows that the amount of timber investigated was 1,747 billion feet, which is sixty-three per cent of the 2,800 billion feet estimated as the total. The report goes on to show that of this private timber investigated, 1,802 holders, corporate or individual, own 1,208.8 billion feet, which is about forty-three per cent of the total. This is a rather startling statement, and yet when it is compared with the much closer control of iron ore, coal, copper, etc., it is not so startling after all. It sounds differently if put in another way: "Only forty-three per cent of the timber in the United States is owned by as many as 1,800 concerns."

Evidently many individual holdings are larger than we would like to see in a democracy, but it is due to far-sightedness of the individual and the short-sightedness of the people at large, represented in the National Government; for this timber was offered to the people under such conditions that the men of far sight and resources could with the strictest regard of legal rights get possession of it.

The most apparently startling figures in the report are that three distinct groups of corporations own 237.5 billion feet. These three groups are: first, the Southern Pacific Company and its associated and affiliated companies; second, the several companies associated with the Weyerhaeuser Timber Company; and third, the Northern Pacific Railroad Company. Yet while small holdings and little individual tracts are being constantly combined into larger holdings, the very small holdings, such as those already named, are in process of disintegration. For example: if fifteen years ago this investigation had been made it would have found that the holdings of these three groups together with many billions of feet now in other hands would have been in the possession of two groups—the Southern Pacific and Northern Pacific.

Something may be learned from the report on standing timber, or some suggestion be gleaned from it, and further than that the primary conditions governing the lumber business and the market factor must be depended upon. A good deal may be learned from lumber associations.

The lumber industry is, in a certain sense, a highly organized one; almost every lumberman is or may be a member of some association, whether he be a logger, saw-mill man, wholesaler, or retailer; and the producers are organized by sections or by woods. For example, there are: The Spruce Manufacturers' Association; the Empire State Forest Products Association; the North Carolina Pine Association: the Yellow Pine Manufacturers' Association; the Northern Pine Manufacturers' Association; the Hardwood Manufacturers' Association of the United States; the Michigan Hardwood Manufacturers' Association; the Pacific Coast Lumber Manufacturers' Association; the Western Pine Manufacturers' Association, and a number of others, including within their scope practically every section of the country and certainly all woods that are grown in the United States. Yet out of the 48,000 saw mills of the country not more than 2,000 are members of these associations, so that so far as organization goes it falls far short of any possible control of this industry, for it is roughly estimated by those in the trade that fully 10,000 of the saw mills are factors in the general market; that is, they do not confine themselves to custom or purely local trade, but ship their product to distant markets and sections; and, be it remembered, every one of the 48,000 saw mills has an influence in the general market, for if the product of the little country mill which runs perhaps every other day during the summer season were eliminated a substitute would have to be brought in from the outside to supply the demand which it now supplies.

On the face of it a lumber trust, so far as the saw mills are concerned, is an absurdity, but it may be asked if the 2,000 mills that are within the organizations may not be sufficiently strong to control all the rest. Undoubtedly they could have an influence if they cared to exert it, but their total production is not more than one-fourth of the product of the country. Many of the organizations which embrace these mills are strongly competitive and even antagonistic. The "war of the woods" has been discussed in the magazines and other periodicals—how white pine and yellow pine fought for supremacy in Kansas; how today the spruce and hemlock vie for the markets; how yellow pine and fir battle for the intermediate territory where their freight rates equalize.

Fir is the product of Oregon and Washington and the wood of second greatest supply and of most rapid development. Yellow pine is the wood of first supply and holds the field from its southern territory all through the north and well toward the northwest. The line separating them passes roughly from Chicago to Omaha and thence to Denver. If the southern roads reaching this disputed territory advance their rates, the fir men rejoice. If the transcontinental roads advance their rates, the fir men mourn and the yellow pine producers push their product further toward the northwest. This warfare is reflected in prices.

The years of prosperity which culminated in 1907 led to an enormous increase in the capacity of the saw mills of the United States until today it is in excess of any probable demand. We see section competing with section, wood with wood and every trade weapon used to give advantage for one or the other.

So far as the outsider can learn, the organizations which represent these factions make small if any attempt to control prices. They deal not so much with prices as in qualities and conquest of territory, in railroad freight rates and such things. To greater or less extent they compile prices and send out information as to what are the going figures. Some associations make weekly reports, showing that prices in such a market or from such a section have advanced on an average of about seventeen cents, or have declined fifteen cents; or that flooring is moving more readily; or that the demand for No. 1 common boards has decreased with a corresponding depression in price. These price reports are fairly informative to those who have the opportunity to see them. They are strictly trade documents, and they indicate not price peace, but warfare.

Right here comes a curious fact in the lumber business—that the very substantiality and certain profit of timber investments have made a large section of the lumber industry land and timber poor. Knowing the certainty of price advances in standing timber, many of the lumbermen have bought heavily, straining their credit to the utmost to secure title to timber, with the result that they must manufacture regardless of market demands and they sacrifice values almost without thought in the endeavor to save as much as possible of the principal. The men so financially situated that they could buy outright and simply hold and have money enough to pay the taxes, interest and fire protection charges, are holding their timber. But such are comparatively few, and thousands of mills are under a heavy debt pressure, with the result that the lumber business for the last three years, and almost four years, has been at the mercy of those who must sell, and consequently the manufacture of lumber has shown no profit. Bankruptcies have been numerous, and it is only by enforced restriction of the product that any have been saved from loss.

The man who looks at the lumber market from the standpoint of the buyer of little lots of lumber in a country town may not at first appreciate this situation. His lumber dealer is like the grocery man. He buys as cheaply as he can and sells for the best he can, and the price at which he must sell is comparatively high because in proportion to the amount of business he does his expenses are high. He buys his lumber oftentimes from a saw mill a thousand or two thousand miles away and has to pay the transportation charges, which may range from $5 to $20 a thousand feet, according to distance and weight of material. He has to put the carload of lumber in his yard, pile it up, watch it, insure it, protect it from the weather and then peddle it out in wagon lots, or less. He and his family must live; he must play his part in the community; he must pay his taxes and his church contributions and lodge dues; he must educate his children and all from the profits he can make on his little retail lumber business. Then after he has sold it to the village carpenter or farm builder perhaps he must wait until the next crop is sold for his pay. If under such circumstances he talks the matter over with his lone competitor at the other end of town, or over in the next village and they come to a mutual understanding that they have got to get about a certain price for their lumber in order to live, who shall blame them? Certainly not the grocery man or the market man, or the little drug store keeper, or even the general store owner, who are operating under the same conditions.

Considering all these things, the price of lumber to the consumer is not ordinarily large, as is shown by the fact that the general retail lumber dealer seldom gets rich. There are exceptions, of course, as there are in every line of business. The natural money-makers are pretty certain to make money in any line of industry. They may establish yards in adjoining towns, may spread from village to village along a system of railroads until they have what is called a line of yards and so with a cumulative purchasing power may be able to buy a little cheaper and handle their commodity more economically. Then, possibly, they may buy a little timber and realize a profit. But, after all, the outlook from a country town in Ohio and Nebraska is rather narrow from which to form a just conclusion as to the existence of a lumber trust.

The summary of the Commissioner of Corporations about standing timber gives some interesting sidelights on the condition in the lumber-producing industry. It says that "conditions are such that the output of the most efficient plant is small compared with the total output"; that "the largest saw mill in the country cuts less than one-half of one per cent of the total annual output of lumber. Four-fifths of the output comes from mills each cutting less than twenty-five million board feet, or about one-twentieth of one per cent of the annual cut." But a quotation from pages eleven and twelve of this report may be interesting:

"The conditions of the lumber industry do not favor such enlargement of individual plants as is advantageous in the refining of petroleum, for example, or the making of steel. The bulk and weight of timber are great in comparison with its value. The relative cost of transporting logs for considerable distances is great, except in the few localities where it is possible to float them. Moreover, a large part of the log is waste. There is a great saving in cutting up the log close to its point of origin, and shipping out only the valuable parts. It is, therefore, impracticable to establish a few great central saw-mill plants, and bring timber long distances to these from the forests. A saw mill of small size and small investment can manufacture economically and compete in the industry. To work most economically, a mill, in many localities, should have a logging railroad; but a mill of very moderate size will justify such a road, and the economical maximum will still be rather closely limited by transportation costs. A saw mill cannot be moved without loss of most of its investment. Its term of activity must be long enough to allow it to pay for its cost. The larger the mill, the farther it is apt, within a given period, to have to bring its logs; and the growing cost of transportation will soon counterbalance any saving in manufacturing cost which might be attained by great size."

The conclusion drawn from these facts is as follows:

"In view of these considerations, and especially the great number of sawmills and the absence of any one or any few plants of dominating size, it is apparent that the economic conditions in the manufacture of lumber (as distinguished from the ownership of standing timber) are not exceptionally conducive to concentration."

The real facts seem to be that the gradual increase in prices of lumber are due to the gradual decrease in the supply of the raw material; that the conditions of business are such that there can be no effective manufacturers' or dealers' combination such as can be called a trust, or that has any material effect upon prices. But that the real blame, if blame there be, rests upon the government itself, which means upon the people themselves, who have by the American land policy made it possible, and not only possible but inviting, for individuals to acquire large areas of lands, whether it be timber or farming land or coal or mineral lands.

The Commissioner of Corporations himself says that "the situation lies before us now as a forcible object-lesson for the future management of all the natural resources still remaining in the hands of the government."

The timber remaining in the hands of the government should so remain until it is needed, and that it is not yet needed is shown by the market conditions. Timber in private hands is being conserved by those who hold it in large quantities who will part with it only as it is needed.

What the government would not do a generation ago with its own is now being done by individuals, and it is done under the law and the holders are in position very logically to say: "What are you going to do about it?"

When the people of the United States get ready to take over private property and sub-divide it, when the single tax shall become a definite policy, when socialism shall prevail, then perhaps there will be an answer; but so long as the rights of ownership in real property stand as they do today on the statute books and in the hearts of the American people so long will the holders of land, no matter in how large tracts, be secure in their possessions.

It may be left for the student of economics or sociology to determine whether or not these properties would be better administered for the welfare of the people by the government than by their present owners. These present owners are interested in this property; it is of value to them; they wish to conserve it and to protect it. The government is a trustee for all the people and a trustee is seldom as provident and seldom shows such ability in management of property as the real owner.

The liberties taken by many of our American reformers are becoming more insistent and dangerous each year. Agitators, though they ever be suspicious of capital, seldom watch with equal jealousy over themselves, and in their zeal for investigation and reform, they encourage a dangerous spirit of discontent. They give occasion to the most distant suspicion, and in times of peace and prosperity they inflame the minds of the people with affected apprehensions. They are never restrained by a sense of honor from calumniating the innocent or satirizing the thrifty, and oftentimes complain of grievances that do not exist. They would destroy the character and property of hundreds to correct one imaginary abuse or evil. They believe that it is better for 1,000 innocent men to be punished than for one guilty man to escape. The teachings of the Saviour in his parable of the tares—"Nay, less while ye gather up the tares, ye also root up the wheat"—has no significance to these reformers, and in a sense, they are a blight upon our civilization.

Generally speaking, it is the most impudent kind of sorcery to attempt to blind us with the smoke without convincing us that the fire existed. I hold no brief for the lumbermen, yet I believe that it is first necessary to prove the fact before we make any rash, hasty or unjust conclusions.

MOOSIL'AUK

By EDNA DEAN PROCTOR

MOOSIL'AUK! mountain sagamore! thy brow
The wide hill-splendor circles. Not a peer,
Among New Hampshire's lordly heights that fear
Nor summer's bolt nor winter's blast, hast thou
For grand horizons. Lo, to westward now
Towers Whiteface over Killington; and clear,
To north, Mount Royal cleaves the blue; while near,
Franconia's, Conway's peaks, the east endow
With glory, round great Washington whose cone
Of sunset shade, athwart his valleys thrown,
Darkens and stills a hundred miles of Maine!
To south the bright lake smiles, and rivers flow
Through elm-fringed meadows to the ocean plain;
Lone peak! what realms are thine, above, below!

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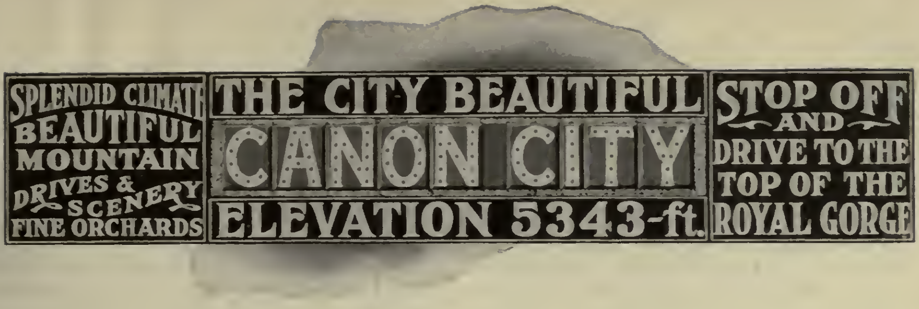

SPLENDID CLIMATE
BEAUTIFUL MOUNTAIN DRIVES & SCENERY
FINE ORCHARDS
THE CITY BEAUTIFUL
CANON CITY
ELEVATION 5343-ft.
STOP OFF AND DRIVE TO THE TOP OF THE ROYAL GORGE

THE "SIGNS" OF THE TIMES

By W. C. JENKINS

AMONG the constantly changing methods of securing publicity nothing has been more noticeable during the past few years than the transformation which has taken place in the business centers of our American cities. This refers more particularly to the night scenes when store after store illuminates the street with a bewildering display of electric signs each telling its own simple story. This changed condition is a source of much gratification to the people who have occasion to be on the streets during the evening hours, and the merchants who provide the illumination have found such publicity a very profitable investment.

Not very long ago an electric sign was considered a fad; today it is regarded as a business necessity. Life and light start with the same letter. Commercially the words are synonymous, and the same is true of darkness and death. The streets of a dark city are usually deserted at night, while a well-lighted thoroughfare attracts thousands who delight in an evening stroll.

The ultimate aim of every advertiser is to burn his name or that of his wares into the minds of the people, and therefore one of the fundamental rules for successful publicity is that the advertising shall appeal to the eye. With this idea in view the advertisement is so devised that the retinal image of the particular name or product is readily transferred to the brain either consciously or unconsciously, and nothing has succeeded in accomplishing this result with greater force than certain electric signs which have recently appeared in our metropolitan cities. When there is much to be said, however, the electric sign cannot perform the service, but for short pithy expressions it must be regarded as a valuable advertising medium.

The enormous increase in the use of electric signs throughout the world means that the possibilities of such means of publicity are becoming recognized and their easy adaptability and flexibility are fulfilling the requirements of the advertisers.

When the electric sign was first introduced it consisted of a printed surface illumined by electric lamps. Gradually individual letters studded with incandescent lamps came into use. Then followed the talking sign and later the animated sign.

Electric signs may be divided into two general classes—the large spectacular display sign, often placed on the roofs of buildings, and the far more numerous small signs generally used on or projected from store fronts. The large spectacular signs are used largely by general advertisers who desire to call attention to their products in a manner that cannot be overlooked by anyone. These signs are often especially designed and beautifully displayed in colors, and frequently with moving lines of light in various combinations controlled by an automatic sign flasher.

The spectacular signs have proven to be a wonderful adjunct for large advertisers to their newspaper and magazine publicity. The story is told in detail in the newspapers and magazines and the spectacular electric sign follows with its blazing presentation of the trade-mark or name; hence one kind of advertising supplements the other and as far as that is concerned one kind of advertising makes a demand for the other.

New York City has been foremost in the use of the large spectacular sign and the world-wide reputation of its "Great White Way" is due to the taste and skill shown in the electric display advertising. In Chicago remarkable development has recently taken place, but the topography of the city is not so favorable for extensive illumination of this character as is New York, where there are many advantageous locations from which electric signs may be seen for several miles.

The small store electric sign is a characteristically modern feature of city decoration. While much of the display is distinctly advertising in character, yet it contributes in no small measure to illuminate the city streets and make them attractive to the people. The demand for more light is becoming greater each year, and with this increase in the use of light comes naturally greater safety in travel at night.

A NIGHT STREET SCENE IN CHICAGO, SHOWING ELECTRIC ILLUMINATION

There are approximately 2,000 hours of darkness each year between dusk and midnight. Practically all these hours are available for electric sign advertisers, because theatres, social affairs and various functions keep people on the street to a more or less extent during this entire time, and the merchant who obtains the greatest benefit from an electric sign is the one who creates some design which will be startling in its character, thus catching the eye and mind in spite of mental problems.

Every theatre of importance in the United States is equipped with an electric sign; in fact, the theatres have led the procession in this class of publicity. Some give the name in big bold letters, while others simply resort to a profusion of electric lights around the entrance. Not long ago a sign suddenly appeared above the entrance to the Broadway Theatre, New York, which created a sensation. Anna Held was playing in the "Parisian Model" and her publicity manager erected a sign across the building forty feet long and fifteen feet high, in the center of which was mounted the star's name in letters, twelve feet high. There were three hundred and fifty eight-candle power lamps in the name. Mounted in the edge of the huge placard were two long crawling snakes in which were four hundred electric lamps. The alluring sinuosities were operated by an automatic switch giving the effect of a lively chase of each other around the sign by the two snakes. The effect on various bibulous gentlemen who saw the spectacle for the first time was said to be equal to a temperance lecture by John B. Gough.

POXTIAC, MICHIGAN, HAS A TYPICAL DISPLAY OF FEDERAL SIGNS

Many churches are adopting electric signs. Why should not more of them bring their location and vocation to the attention of the public by this method? There are thousands of strangers in our large cities each night who would be glad to participate in devotional services if they were attracted by an electric sign a few blocks distant. It would seem that our churches can increase their usefulness to the general public by publicity of this nature.

There has been a remarkable change in mercantile methods during the last few years. A comparatively young man can remember the time when merchants pulled down their shades when the store was closed for the night and business ceased while the expenses went on without interruption. Nowadays the multitude is attracted to the windows during the evening hours by well-lighted displays, and a tempting trade-getter is silently doing its work often times while the merchant sleeps.

The electric sign can never supplant legitimate newspaper and magazine advertising, but it is the most important auxiliary that has ever been introduced. For small tradespeople it is undoubtedly superior to any class of publicity and educates them in the advantages of advertising with the ultimate result of great benefit to them, to say nothing of the general advertising industry.

The earliest ideas of advertising found expression in the town criers and in the painted sign over the merchants' doors. Then came the small handbill and later a few venturesome tradespeople announced their special offerings in the newspapers. The latter methods were found to be profitable, and in time this class of publicity dominated the entire advertising field. It spread to the magazines, and long experience has abundantly proven its efficiency. But there is a class of small merchants in every large city who cannot without a preliminary course in the advantage of advertising be induced to patronize the newspapers. The electric sign, easily within the reach of the smallest merchant, affords opportunity for such education.

Broadway, New York, is a bewildering confusion of electric signs that in themselves are sufficient to interest and amuse the visitors to the metropolis. Many new and novel displays constantly appear so that the interest in this class of illumination and publicity never grows stale. Few things have changed more in New York during the past twenty-five years than its sky line. The four-story buildings have become twenty-four and everything architectural takes altitude into important consideration. With thousands of electric signs decorating the buildings and a profusion of lighted windows the city presents an appearance of brilliancy unequalled in the world. Paris has been called the "City of light," but today it lingers in mediaeval gloom when compared with Manhattan Island after business hours; and New York is but typical of the development which has followed the evolution of the electric sign in many American cities.

MORE EFFECTIVE THAN BILL BOARDS—IT WORKS DAY AND NIGHT

It is surprising to note how railway companies have taken to electric signs and also to what extent they are used along

New York's river front. Not only are these railway signs of great value to the railroads, but they perform a service to the general public that is highly appreciated.

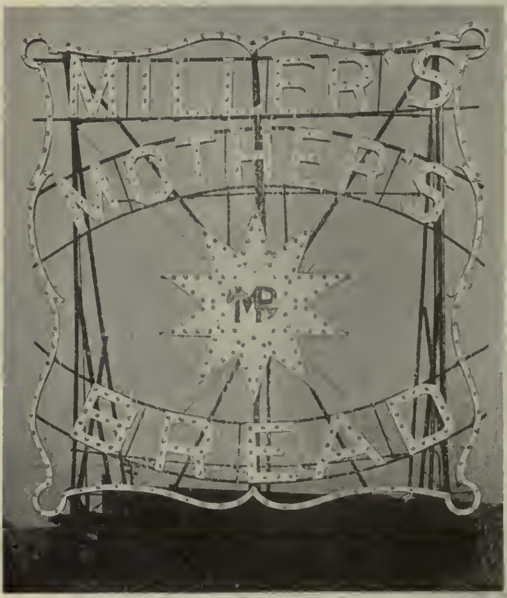
The signs on Times Square, New York, have attracted more attention during the past year than any electrical advertising display the world has ever seen. It is estimated that between 300,000 and 400,000 people pass these signs every twenty-four hours.

A WELCOME SIGN THAT WELCOMES

Perhaps the most interesting electrical display advertising is that of the animated sign, and the perfection which has already been attained is astonishing. Chicago has a number of very attractive animated signs, but the Chariot Race display on the Hotel Normandie, New York, is perhaps the most elaborate and most interesting conception which has so far been the product of the electrical sign designer's brain. This sign contains 20,000 incandescent lamps ranging in size from two candle power to thirty-two candle power. The structure rises seventy-two feet in the air above the roof of the hotel and is ninety feet wide. The man, chariot and horses are twenty feet high and forty feet long, while the wheels are eight feet in diameter. When in motion the effect appears to be that of a pair of horses outlined in flame, galloping madly and drawing the rolling chariot and giant driver on to victory. The arena track apparently moves beneath the horses' feet and rolling wheels. Back of the main chariot is another pair of horses with their chariot and driver galloping along, a close second. The manes and tails of the horses and the cloak of the driver appear to flutter in the breeze, giving a very realistic effect.

The Campus Martius, in the heart of Detroit's business district, has a similar animated electrical exhibit of the Chariot Race. It is not so large as the New York sign, but the pleasing effect is equally as great.

Probably the largest spectacular animated sign in the world was built at Louisville, Kentucky, last year by the Federal Sign System (Electric). This sign is in a most conspicuous position in the business district, and it is one hundred and ten feet long and sixty feet high. The sign is divided into six panels twenty-two feet by thirty-four feet each, which are leased to separate advertisers. The display consists of eighteen thousand four-candle power ten volt tungsten lamps. Perhaps the most interesting feature is an interurban car with wheels turning and sparks flying from the trolley. There are also animated resemblances of a woman playing a piano and a girl skipping a rope.



GOOD EXAMPLE OF COMMERCIAL ADVERTISING IN ELECTRICITY THAT BRINGS RESULTS

During the past year the commercial organizations of several cities have resorted to spectacular electric sign publicity with a view of impressing the traveler who passes through during the night. Some of these electrical displays are not only unique, but they tell in concise language a story that is impressive and interesting. Recently the Federal Sign System of Chicago, built for the Commercial Club of Canon City, Colorado, a spectacular sign which tells a story of healthful possibilities and business opportunities. The same company constructed for the city of New Orleans a special sign which imparts not only a welcome to visitors but the information that New Orleans is the winter capital of America. Illustrations are shown herewith.

The average citizen little realizes the evolution which is constantly taking place in great industrial enterprises; and when a comparative degree of perfection is attained we are often at a loss to understand why certain features of development have been brought about by what might be termed outside influences. For instance, we have often wondered why the sleeping car system on our American railways was not developed and is not maintained by the railroads; and we frequently inquire why the great express industry of the United States is not controlled by the railway companies instead of separate and distinct corporations. Today many people fail to understand why the great electric sign industry is not being developed by the electric light companies, since it seems to be a part of their business.

The fact is that this is an age of specialization; that affiliated in some manner with great industries there are other separate and distinct industries that require men of special training. To successfully conduct a sleeping car system requires a different order of ability than is demanded of those who pilot the affairs of the railroad. In this country there are thirty-four express companies, and three of the largest have been in existence more than half a century. On several occasions railroad companies have endeavored to carry on their own express business, but the plan has never been found practicable and every effort was sooner or later abandoned.

In the electric sign industry identically the same conditions govern. It is separate and distinct from the work of generating and distributing electricity, and it is not strange that corporations organized for the purpose of manufacturing and installing the electric sign have come into existence. The business has become one of established reputation which attracts the most conservative investors and, as a matter of fact, has greater possibilities

A FAIR EXAMPLE OF ADVERTISING SIGNS USED ON A CITY STREET

RANDOLPH STREET, CHICAGO, AT NIGHT IS WELL LIGHTED WITH ELECTRIC SIGNS than the majority of the electric light companies. Such corporations are not subject to price regulation by the municipalities nor are they exposed to the uncertainties that attend expiring franchises. Besides, their business is not confined to a single municipality; they have the world for a field.

Electric light companies recognize the fact that the sign industry is not a function of their business and they have found that they can make more money and develop faster by wholesaling their electricity to corporations which specialize in the marketing of it.

MAKES EVERY CITIZEN PROUD

The Electric Sign System, controlled by the Federal Sign System (Electric), of Chicago, is the pioneer in the development of the sign feature of the electric light business, and the success of the company has exceeded the most optimistic calculations. The company was organized in 1905 and has an authorized capital of $5,000,000. Approximately $800,000 preferred stock and $2,200,000 common stock have been issued. Russell Brewster & Co., of Chicago, are the fiscal agents. District offices are maintained in twenty-two of the largest American cities, including New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Cincinnati, Pittsburg, Kansas City, St. Louis, New Orleans and others.

The purpose of the Federal Sign System is to rent, sell and operate electric signs and do a general business in the sale of electrical goods and appliances. With a selling organization in every city of importance it has found it possible to build up a large merchandising business with very little additional expense. To illustrate the development in the business of the Federal Sign System during the past three years it may be stated that the gross receipts increased from less than $100,000 in 1908 to approximately $900,000 during the past year. These securities are considered excellent investments and find a ready market. A majority of the common stock is deposited under a voting trust agreement with Samuel Insull, J. H. Goehst and John F. Gilchrist as voting trustees. These men need no introduction to people familiar with electrical industry.

The basic idea of the Federal Sign System (Electric) is not only to furnish the signs but to carry the investments. The signs are leased to merchants and others while the company takes care of maintenance and lamp renewals. For this purpose a corps of experts is employed who do nothing but keep the signs in the highest state of efficiency. Under such an arrangement with the Federal Sign System (Electric) the merchant is not only assured of the most modern ideas in sign publicity, but they are obtained at the minimum cost. Furthermore, the durability of such a sign is an important feature. The Federal sign is as near indestructible as an electric sign can possibly be made. All signs made by this company are of porcelain enamel steel, with the exception of those designed for the roofs of buildings. The standard letter is white with blue background and is enameled inside and outside. This design and color give the best light effects and is most attractive to the public, being readable for the farthest distance.

A FEDERAL SIGN IN MEXICO

IN THE COSY CORNER

ONCE UPON A TIME

By ALICE E. WELLS

WELL, yes; I'll tell you a story. My fifty years of life have been made up of stories and here is one of them. June 1, 1881—the year Garfield was assassinated—we, John and I, stood in our front door-yard after supper and gazed on as glorious a prospect as was ever granted mortal vision. Thousands of acres of small grain in various stages of the ripening process; thousands more of corn "laid by," their glistening green ribbons shimmering in the evening breeze, our young orchard loaded with green fruit and over all the mellow rays of a setting sun. Five years before we had moved to this middle of space and invested our capital in a quarter section of Kansas soil. Optimistic grit and muscle battled with pioneer conditions. Marketed buffalo bones furnished our larder, and buffalo chips fuel for six months. Grasshoppers took our first crop; taking wee girlie with me, I taught "forty little urchins" while John plowed more ground and sowed more wheat. To save hiring, I drove the team and managed the reaper, while John gathered sheaves, and our second crop recorded an average of two bushels per acre. The third crop was a bouncer, and put us on our feet. Drought and hot winds took everything the fourth year, and floods ditto the fifth. Like gamblers, frantic to recover lost fortunes, we rallied forces and staked more than our all on one stupendous effort. Money was borrowed to pay for seed wheat, provisions bought on time, and notes given for a big, up-to-date "header." Now, with a hundred acres of wheat, dead ripe, and everything in a flourishing condition, the very atmosphere vibrated with promising assurance of deliverance from harassing worry that had brought wrinkles between John's eyes and silver threads to my crown. The first cutting was for a neighbor. The next day word came, "harvesters will be here after dinner," which meant supper to get for hungry men. I flew around, dug potatoes, churned, made cake, borrowed coffee and was ready. Never was music sweeter than the rattle of that big machine and chatter of men as they periodically reached the edge of the field next to the house. My very soul quivered with glad expectancy. Elsie and Tom carried water to thirsty men, happy to help. It was a sultry afternoon with not a breath of air astir.

Supper was over, bread sponge set for the morrow's baking, and everything in readiness for an early breakfast. We had all been too busy to notice the long, black cloud in the west, and were surprised when John came in with the remark, "I believe I'd better take out the clothesline and fasten down my straw-carrier, it looks like wind coming." I went with him to carry the lantern. Rope was wound around the carrier and tied to stakes driven in the ground. In the house a bed was made on the floor beside ours for the children and soon all had yielded to Morpheus, except me. I simply could not sleep. The silence was oppressive, the dense blackness pierced continuously with flashes of lightning, and the heat suffocating. Thought was busy, and the past five years passed in panoramic review before wakeful eyes; our struggle for bare existence, privations, hard work and the laying away in yonder cemetery the little one whose life had been all too short; and now—but pshaw! I *must* go to sleep; turning over for the fortieth time and closing my eyes for the fiftieth. I really began to doze, when Z—! Z—! Z—! Zwhish! crash! flash! dash! a deafening roar and big stream of water in our faces came simultaneously. "Bring the children" I screamed, grabbing an arm load of bedding. We rushed to the dining-room which, having a loft overhead, was better protected from the hailstones that were splintering shingles over the leanto bedrooms. The men, in scant array, came tumbling after. Crashing windows, falling plaster and breaking timber added to terrific roar of thunder, wind and hail outside prohibited conversation. With an arm each around Tom and Elsie, we three encircled by the trembling arms of John awaited the stroke that would take us all at once. Instant death was our one thought. After a long hour—perhaps—a gradual lessening of the awful din was perceptible. Thunder crashes seemed to be receding and lightning flashes not quite so continuous, though the rain came in torrents. "I'm afraid my reaper is gone," was the first audible expression, and from John, of course. "You'll have no further use for your reaper this year," answered one of the men, which was the first intimation to my mind of what the storm-king was doing for us financially. Our lives spared, what else mattered? John stepped out, and reported hail covering the ground ankle deep. Drenched to the skin, the cold wind made us shiver. What a dawn! Desolation everywhere! We had gone to bed 'mid tropical luxuriance and arose at the North pole. The dishpan of breadsponge was afloat with dough, nails, plaster, glass and splinters of wood; pies and cookies, set on the table to be safe from mice, were mushy; carpets, bedding and wearing apparel were soaking. Outside, sickening devastation was universal. Bare white arms of orchard trees stretched heavenward as if beseeching mercy; not a twig spared. Wheat-fields and pastures beaten into the ground. Not a kernel of grain could be found, and the garden spot as bare as the middle of the road. Chickens and turkeys were picked up by the bushel and buried. Cattle and horses had broken their lariats, and gone with the storm. Reaper, wagons and heather-beds were scattered to the four winds. Gone! Everything gone! What did we do? Well, that's another story which I may tell—and it's worth telling—if this finds its way into the National's Cozy Corner.

* * *

A DOG STORY

By MRS. OLGA E. BYRAM

AFTER being about a year in this country (New York City), my mother and myself were invited by some relatives of ours who had located in Columbus, Ohio, to visit them. We started in March, mother, I and our pet dog, Peter, on our journey. Fifty years ago there were only two through trains going westward from New York.

About thirty miles from Columbus (I think it was Newark, Ohio), our train halted and when it started again, to our dismay, we discovered that our Peter had jumped from the car, and to all appearances we had lost him forever. Mother and I were almost wild with despair, and we looked about us for help. I suddenly discovered a bell-cord running through the car in the style of a New York horse car. I jumped up, and gave it an energetic pull, which caused the train to slacken up, and the conductor rushed through the cars—ours being the last one on the train—to inquire what had happened. Seeing us two with tears streaming down our cheeks, pointing to the last station—for we had gone then about five miles—and not being able to tell him in English what had happened, we pointed towards the station, and I screamed—"Mine Peter—Mine Peter—gone—gone over there—gone, gone." Mother made a motion to jump from the train, but the conductor stopped her, and some passengers, who spoke German, interpreted to us, that the conductor would signal an east-bound train to stop to take him aboard. The conductor was very nice and kind and tried to comfort us—pulled out a note book—took our name—asked us where we came from, what our nationality was, our destination, how old Peter was, where born, then gave mother a pass on the next train which was to follow us, for her to take, placed me in charge of some lady passengers who were going to Columbus, and deliver me into the hands of our relatives who would be at the station to meet us. Mother was transferred to the other train that had in the meantime come, and I proceeded alone on the way. After awhile the conductor found out that my Peter was only a dog—and he was mad—raging mad—for he was under the impression that Peter was my seven year old brother.

In the meantime, mother was told on her arriving at the station, where she found the dog all right, if she were to go to some other station ten miles in another direction, she could get an earlier train, otherwise, she would have to wait ten hours, so she started on her journey. The day had turned in a drizzling rain, the snow having melted as soon as it touched the ground. But she marched on with the little scotch terrier following her; both almost drenched to the skin. But she kept on till she was seen by a caretaker of the road, who was astonished to see a human being in that locality; happily he was a German, and she telling him how she came there, was invited by him to his nearby farmhouse, where she was heartily welcomed by the farmer's wife. After drying her clothes and receiving a splendid lunch, the roadmaster said he would signal the next train or she would have to walk a couple of miles more. He did so, when the train was due, and mother arrived safe and sound with our pet in Columbus at midnight, and Peter has the record of being the only dog that ever had *three trains* stop on his account.

AT THE RAILROAD GATE

By WES TURNER

EXISTENCE, when monotonous, is not always a matter of environment. Some people would complain of ennui at a wake, while others could enjoy themselves in a coal mine.

Jim Sanders is the gate man at the Union Depot. Jim has broken up more incipient riots with his wink and smile than could an army of Cossacks with knouts.

And Jim sees things and sees beyond the things and chuckles at the finish of many an imbroglio of which he knows only the start.

"D'ye see the bag?" he asked pointing at an emigrant's telescope lying in front of a bench. "It's been there all day. Now d'ye suppose the Swede is batty in some of the saloons across the way or has he been hit by a trolley car or a steamroller? Many's the guy that has sized it up and made a lunge fer it, but I'd jest clear me t'roat and his conscience'd do the rest. He'd straighten up and make out that he was only scratchin' his leg. But I can't help worryin' about the Swede."

"I suppose things get monotonous down here under the sidewalk," I hinted.

"What! Down here? You might as well think that it gits dry at the little end of a busy funnel. Here's where everybody comes. Some people have to go after their excitement. Mine is brought to me. I've seen small boys led or dragged by their mothers like the tail of a comet when there was ten minutes to wait for a train. And I have seen 'em grow up and come down to their first matinee and light their first cigareet as they looked for the smoking car."

"Last night a funny thing happened. One of my boys that I have known ever since his first Christmas visit to a department store Santa Claus, came tearing down the steps, taking every third one. He wasn't full, mind you. But he had had a bit of supper and a drink or two and was just in that stage where he kept his hat tilted back to preserve his balance.

" 'Hello, Jim,' he says.

" 'Same to you,' I goes back at him.

He had his overcoat thrown over his arm as the night was warm for January.

"Well, sir, he hadn't more than passed me than down the steps comes a taxicab driver four steps at a time, and stops and stares around.

" 'Somebody bilk ye?' I asks friendly like.

" 'Nothin' like that. Wisht he owed me a million,' he says. 'Maybe he would if he didn't watch the meter,' I goes back.

" 'Too busy fer kiddin,' he says. 'Did ye see a Willy wid somethin' over his arm flit by,' he says.

" 'A friend of mine just went past carryin' his overcoat,' I tells him.

" 'Overcoat, nothin.' He's got me lap robe. Here's his top-sheet,' he says.

"And sure enough, the lad in his hurry had swapped wraps in the petroleum perambulator and never knowed it. Oh, yes, they traded back, but, gosh! I'd like to ha' seen the kid lookin' for the arm-holes when he tried to put on that lap robe."

* * *

A VACATION EXPERIENCE

By LUCY M. FARNUM

OLD Orchard Lodge at Little Point Sable in Michigan was the place selected for our summer vacation. The point projects so far westward that it gets a lake breeze from both north and south, as well as from the west. When other localities are sweltering in unbearable heat, weather at the Point is balmy and delightful.

The scenery is beautiful beyond compare, but the place is not easy of access, and the band of tourists who make it their summer home, is comparatively small. They are, however, very congenial because of a mutual liking for quiet enjoyments, rather than the blatant attractions so often furnished at resorts.

When the little boat, "Aldebelle," in which the last eighteen miles of our journey was made, drew up to the pier, the assembled company greeted us with the "yell":

"Gibble, gabble, gobble,
Git, git, git;
Little Point Sable
Is it, it, it."

A bit of a climb over the sandy "Ridge" led us into "The Glen," a leafy ravine in which is located a fine tabernacle where religious services are held on Sundays. A long flight of wooden stairs, somewhat winding, and broken by landings, form an easy mode of ascent from the glen to a bluff sloping toward a range of grand old partially wooded hills.

On this slope stands "The Lodge" with its deep veranda overlooking the lake. At one corner is hung a big bell, which peals forth a grateful summons three times a day; and clustered near, under the spreading old apple tree, are cottages in which the lodge boarders are quartered.

The bathing beach, near the pier, is frequented every day by a merry crowd of people both old and young. The slope into the water is very gradual, with neither pitfall nor quicksand, making it absolutely safe. The little two-and-a-half year old member of our party would play for hours in the edge of the surf, quite unconcerned about the boundless expanse of waters beyond.

On my arrival at the point it had pleased me much to learn that a one-room cottage 12 x 12 feet, had been assigned for my exclusive use. It stood in a row fronting the ravine, and on the first morning of my occupancy, it delighted me to see an eagle rise, scarcely a rod from my cottage-door, and soar majestically away.

It happened that the cottages on either side were unoccupied for a while, making night-time seem a bit lonely. Returning one evening from a musicale at the lodge, I was groping in inky blackness for matches, when a soft thud shook the cottage slightly, and this sensation was many times repeated. The cause of it was so inexplicable, I can't deny that it gave me a creepy feeling, and inspired doubts about a cottage all to myself being altogether desirable.

Next day it developed that hogs from a neighboring farm, had strayed among the cottages, and must have been rooting underneath mine, or scratching their backs against the foundation timbers.

Not a very romantic episode, but it certainly did give me "a passing thrill," as required by the Cosy Corner editor.

PRESIDENTIAL TRIPS BY LAND AND BY SEA:

by The Editor

EVER since Secretary George B. Cortelyou began to arrange itineraries for the extended trips of President McKinley, visits to the various sections of the United States have become one of the essential duties of the chief executive of this great nation.

Never can I forget that first trip with President McKinley. The train started out with schedules planned to the minute and the printed itinerary carried out to the dot. What scenes were witnessed—as at the various stations where President McKinley, with graceful poise, beaming face and princely dignity and grace, would greet and win the throngs that assembled at the rear end of the train. He had become accustomed to travelling in various congressional campaigns, and at the receptions held in the little drawing-room car, how graciously he welcomed all callers, just as he did during the Presidential campaign of 1896 on the veranda at Canton! Nor can I forget that long-anticipated journey to California, interrupted, alas, by Mrs. McKinley's sudden illness, and the hurried speeding homeward, which made rather a sad ending for a trip planned with such joyous expectation.

Travelling with Roosevelt was much the same, except that one always felt a lively sense of the force and fire of the man. But after the day's work was over, he would secure a book or paper and curl up and read in an easy chair—what an omnivorous reader! His greetings to the people, from over the brass rail at the rear of the train, did not greatly differ from those of McKinley; save that they were uttered in a staccato voice, although with that hearty greeting which always took the throngs by storm, embodying, as it were, the innate democracy of the man.

President Taft will perhaps break the record as a presidential traveler. With as little "fuss and feathers" as if making a little trip from the White House to the Capitol, he plans a trip to Panama to get at the situation there first hand. He believes in "seeing things" for himself with his own eyes, rather than through the medium of interested or official reports.

On a Western trip, the train started out one Saturday night; the rain was falling, but the crowds gathered at the stations and heard the speeches delivered with all the dignity compatible with rain-trickled cheeks. All day long on Sunday the people came out to meet the train at the little villages en route; girls, their curls bound with gay-colored ribbon; boy-students from the academies; sturdy farmers and solid townsfolk, all eager for a glimpse of the President.

At his desk in the "Mayflower," former Secretary Norton was busy arranging for stops at the stations where local celebrities were to be met on the way, while in the press car—significantly named the "Waldorf"—the typewriters clicked off the news to be dispatched to the papers. Now and then the newspaper men were called in and given as much advance information as possible. Among them were William Hoster of the *American*, Robert T. Small of the *Associated Press*, Allen of the *New York Herald*, Sturtivant of the *New York World* and the "*Sun* man." The President, genial and jovial, spoke of early campaigns and of the wear and tear of outdoor speaking.

It seems as if local managers never consider under what disadvantages a speaker may be placed. He is often elevated almost to the clouds rather than on a level facing the audience, as in President Taft's experience at the meeting near Buffalo. The snowflakes were falling and he spoke in a large hall from a

THE LATE PRESIDENT WILLIAM McKINLEY
The pioneer of the present day system of presidential trips

HON. GEORGE B. CORTELYOU
As secretary to President McKinley he arranged the itinerary of his presidential trips

platform up among the rafters, while the audience applauded to keep warm.

President Cleveland in his tours was always very careful to have local color and information in his addresses; but President Taft appears to feel that the great subjects pertinent to all the country must be of like interest to every local community.

The McKinley cars were always made cheery with bright carnations, but the Roosevelt coaches were fragrant with dainty heliotrope. The favorite of President Taft is the American Beauty Rose, odorous and royally blushing.

All along the railroad line, when the President's train is on the way, the switches are spiked and every precaution taken; and each engineer feels that his reputation is at stake to maintain just such a pace as will bring the President's train to its destination safely and on time. Besides this, the President always has a guard of Secret Service men who, planning ahead and knowing just where and when he is to be at certain towns, make every preparation for his safety.

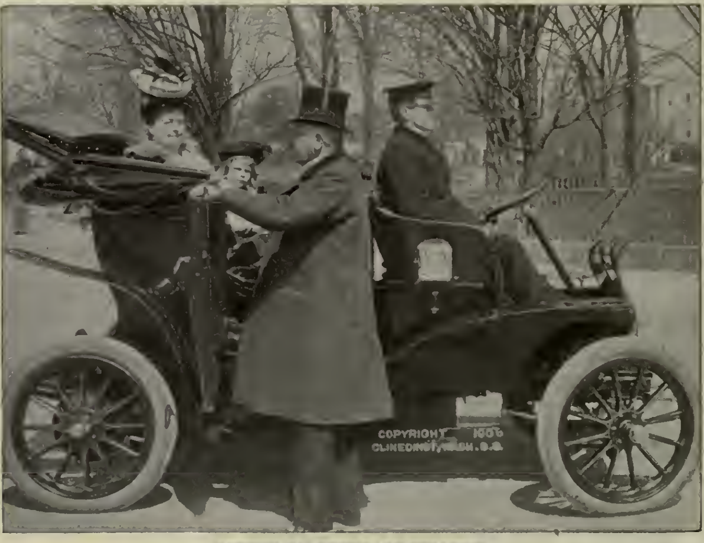
But by land or by sea, travelling with the President is much the same as travelling with any ordinary citizen. There is no tinsel, no clinking of sabres or bayonets—he just goes about with the same stately dignity that Washington maintained when he rode and walked among the people in the early days of the Republic. The general tendency is to make presidential "progress" a matter of business, just as a railroad executive is wont to "go over the line" and visit in person the places where the knotty kinks are likely to occur.

Displaying all the vigor with which he filled eminent positions in commercial life, former Secretary Norton gave ceaseless study and effort to handling with the least possible friction and annoyance to his Chief, all the innumerable details of his office as Secretary, which include furnishing news to the press, and planning to utilize the spare moments of the President's time to the best advantage, so that everyone can be seen and heard. He was always the "man on the job" and when his tall form appeared at the side of the President's generous proportions, the contrast was so marked that few photographers could resist getting their cameras in focus for a good snapshot.

COLONEL GOETHALS POINTING OUT "WHAT'S WHAT" IN THE CANAL ZONE

Traveling with a Presidential party is not greatly different from any other journey by rail. There is the same incessant rattle of the train, the stops to meet and address the people, the hours for meals and the time to go to bed and

THE STRENUOUS TEDDY
A typical scene of one of President Roosevelt's speeches while on a presidential trip



AUTOS AS WELL AS TRAINS
President Roosevelt made use of all kinds of transportation on his presidential trips

AT GUANTANAMO—FIRST UNITED STATES PRESIDENT TO SET FOOT ON CUBAN SOIL
The President with his brother, Charles P. Taft, at the right; the tall form in white is former Secretary Norton

reflect that in the morning the train will be hundreds of miles further across the country.

After riding on the train with four Presidents, it would be difficult to draw any invidious distinctions. The earnest purpose, patriotic nobility and conscientiousness of the Presidents of the United States seem to outshine beyond all comparison the formal pageantry and parade of royal personages, which old-world functions are, however, becoming more and more adjusted to the everyday routine of the workaday world.

PRESIDENT TAFT AND THE NEWSPAPER MEN AT PANAMA
Presenting His Excellency and Sir Knights of the Faber: Jerry Matthews (*New York Sun*), Perry Arnold (United Press), F. E. Sturtivant (*New York World*), William Hoster (Hearst papers), Harry Brown (*New York Herald*), Robert T. Small (Associated Press)

MUSICAL RECORDS FOR THE MONTH

By— FREDERICK HULZMANN

AGAIN we find ourselves engaged in the preparation of a musical program for Easter. A glance at the April lists of the talking-machine companies reveals many suitable selections for Eastertide. Following the stirring strains of sacred *alleluias*, one may be forgiven for indulging in the unholy joy of trying out some of the excellent "light offerings" scheduled on the April lists.

* * *

Perhaps no announcement upon the Victor list for April will be received with more enthusiasm than that which states that Montgomery and Stone are in future to make records for the Victor. Of all American comedians these two young fellows are perhaps the most widely known and the best loved. Clever, versatile, "funny" as they can be, "Dave" and "Fred" are star entertainers. Perhaps their greatest success has been in "The Old Town" from which "Travel, Travel, Little Star" is the favorite song. Record No. 70033 will find a welcome in every Victor home.

Notable additions to the Victor Light Opera Company's list are Gems from "Patience" and from "The Mascotte."

Of all American song writers few can claim a popularity equal to that of Stephen Foster. The Victor Company has grouped the most famous Foster folk-songs on record No. 35146, double-disc; "Snow Flakes Waltz," a charming little dance number, being on the opposite face.

Three Goritz records are sure to create a sensation among lovers of grand opera music. Mr. Goritz is known widely through his impersonation of William Tell; his work in "Flauto Magico," "Hansel und Gretel" and "Trompeter von Sakkingen" is equally notable.

No Victor owner can resist "Ben Bolt," sung on the April list by Miss Geraldine Farrar. The sweet old selection deserves the best in art and in recording, which it surely has been accorded. Miss Farrar is also singing "Now Listen to Me" from "Tosca" and Mendelssohn's "Oh, for the Wings of a Dove."

Springtime music is light and joyous. On the record with Von Tilzer's "I Love It," Murray K. Hill gives "A Bit of Grand Opera," and with "Jolly Jingles Two-Step," the same inimitable entertainer tells a tale of "Seated 'Round an Oil Stove." Three "Father Goose" rhymes are told for the children on Record No. 16839.

* * *

Many Edison owners look forward each year to the announcement of the annual Easter record on the April list. "As it Began to Dawn" has long been a favorite anthem at Easter services, and its recording, with an elaborate setting, and organ and orchestra accompaniment, is quite flawless.

The rest of the list for the month is unusually lively. Comic songs, vaudeville stunts, "Uncle Josh" monologues and new "coon" songs abound; even instrumental records have the "snap" which is in demand following the Lenten season. A concert waltz which admirably fulfills this requirement is Lehar's "Elfentanz Valse," rendered by Sousa's band. Another is Alexander Prince's barn-dance "Hop-Scotch," a concertina solo with banjo accompaniment. Still another and perhaps quite the most hilarious of the three is young Mr. Daly's "Chicken Reel," a catchy two-step.

For vocal selections—Collins and Harlan are singing "Under the Yum, Yum Tree," about as well done a bit of nonsense as one could find. Billy Murray renders a late hit of Mr. Irving Berlin's, who, as everyone knows, has hung his hat in the hall of fame since the announcement of "My Wife's Gone to the Country." Mr. Murray is joined in "Come, Josephine, in My Flying Machine," by Miss Ada Jones and chorus. Miss Jones is at her best in "Grand Baby, or a Baby Grand," a catchy waltz song with a clever argument over the merits of these respective treasures.

And now for "skits"—beginning with the return of "Uncle Josh," who now, alas, appears only intermittently upon the Edison lists. The old fellow tells about his missionary work at the "Pumpkin Center" revival meeting, and keeps his audience amused.

No better vaudeville artists could have been selected for "The Two Poets" than Messrs. Golden and Hughes. Some amusing limericks are included in the little stunt, which shows the hand of a clever composer.

* * *

Rather unexpectedly comes the news that Xaver Scharwenka, the world-famous Polish pianist, is to have his work recorded. The Columbia Company make the announcement as a "thunderbolt in a clear sky," and further state that the "scoop" is an exclusive contract—Scharwenka will make his perfect piano records for the Columbia Company alone. Scharwenka is as well known to the student of contemporary musicians, as is Arnold Bennett to students of contemporary literature. The great Polish pianist, whose name of late years has been indissolubly connected with Germany and German efforts, is not unknown to Americans. In 1891 he established the Scharwenka Conservatory in New York, and has again favored music-lovers of this country with a promised tour for the season 1911–12.

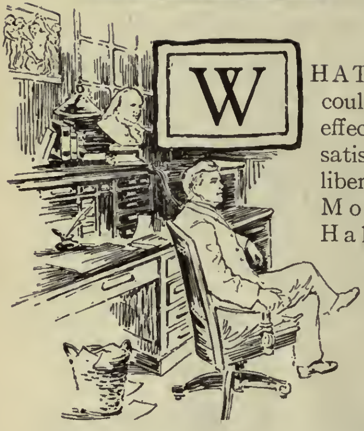
Two of his records have been prepared for the April Columbia list—No. A5261: Fantaisie Impromptu, Opus 66—Chopin; and Spanish Serenade, Opus 63, No. 1—Scharwenka. No. A5260: Polish Dance, Opus 3, No. 1—Scharwenka; and Valse Brillante, Opus 34, No. 1—Chopin. All are pianoforte solos; all are quite perfect n every respect.

Several other important records are scheduled. Schubert's "Unfinished" Symphony is given in two movements on Columbia double-disc record No. A5267. One might easily lose himself in superlative description of this great work, which, as rendered by Prince's Symphony Orchestra, forms such an orchestra record as seldom is issued.

Few New Yorkers are unfamiliar with the Kaltenborn String Quartette, which for nearly a score of years has been synonymous with the best in salon music. The quartette does excellent work on double-disc record No. A5266, with Dunkler's "By the Sea Shore" and Haydn's "Quartette in D Major."

For special Easter music the Columbia owner is offered Ira D. Sankey's well-known hymn, "What a Gathering," sung by Anthony and Harrison; with "Sweet and Low" on the opposite face.

LET'S TALK IT OVER



WHAT antidote could be more effective for self-satisfaction than liberal doses of Montaigne? Half an hour with that caustic old Frenchman produces upheaval even in those well-ordered minds that are founded upon ideals celestial and morals unimpeachable.

When the reflections are abnormally peaceful, just open the "Essays" and read:

> "There is no so good man, who so squares all his thoughts and actions to the laws, that he is not faulty enough to deserve hanging ten times in his life."

Most of us are familiar with the following uncomfortable apothegms:

> "We learn to live when life has passed."
> "Hunger cures love."
> "The mind is ill at ease when its companion has the colic."
> "A liar should have a good memory."

* * *

THE Bureau of Manufactures announces that a builder in Oklahoma is putting up four-room cottages with cisterns, front and rear porches, and outhouses, and selling them with the lots on which they stand at a thousand dollars each. These cottages have outer and partition walls of hollow cement blocks, cement floors, steel ceilings, and shingled roofs, and are, with the exception of the roof, practically fireproof.

There is no doubt that the houses of wood now being constructed cost too much to become economical for the tenant or profitable to the landlord, and it may be doubted if they will long continue to be such a prominent feature of urban architecture.

* * *

THE trend of results in Japan is closely studied at Washington and improvements in governmental works show great activity and a determination to prevent the formation of powerful industrial corporations. The Shimonoseki Straits in which the Russian fleet was destroyed is to be deepened at a cost of about $6,500,000, and the government iron plant at Wakamatsu is to be enlarged until it can supply all Japan with iron and steel harbor improvements and municipal waterworks. Many miles of railroad extension are also to be instituted.

* * *

THE illustrations used in "The Presidents of America," which appeared in the April NATIONAL, were inadvertently published without proper credit to the *Pan-American Bulletin*, Washington, D. C., and to the Dorrance Company, New York City, who kindly loaned these cuts to the NATIONAL. We hasten to apologize for the omission, and regret very much that the credit line did not appear upon the photographs used. All the beautiful

Rain! Rain!! Rain!!! All in vain!

If you lack snap and want ginger,
use the old established countersign

ZU ZU

to the grocerman

No one ever heard of a **ZU ZU** that wasn't good

No! Never!!

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY 5¢

Capitol cuts, also the group picture on page 821, and photograph of the President of Argentina appeared in the NATIONAL through the courtesy of the Pan-American Union. For all half-page photographs of the South American Presidents we are indebted to the Dorrance Company.

The good work that has been done by both of these organizations through their official mediums, the *Pan-American Bulletin* and *Foreign Trade*, has greatly promoted the very important commercial co-operation between the Americas.

* * *

WE quote below a few sentiments which, as they reached the publisher's desk among other communications of "sterner stuff," came (with due regard for rules of mixed metaphor), like bursts of sunshine from a cloudy sky:

"I like it ('Heart Throbs') for the many beautiful poems which it contains, some of which I had entirely lost track of, and was afraid I would never see again."

Hobart, Okla. R. M. COTTER.

"'Heart Throbs'—a contribution of literary gems in a nut shell."

MRS. JOHN SCOTT NOBLE.
Seattle, Wash.

"It ('Heart Throbs') is just such a book as I have always wanted, and to vouch for its appeal to me, will say that my own home-made scrap book contains many of the pieces found in 'Heart Throbs.'"

MRS. LESTER STRAIN.
Los Angeles, Calif.

"I have been interested in your magazine and have felt that it is one of the papers that treated public men fairly and dealt with national, and all other matters, intelligently and honestly."

HENRY E. BURNHAM.
Manchester, N. H.

"I have received my back numbers of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE and am enjoying them, especially AFFAIRS AT WASHINGTON. Many of those snapshots are rich and have the spice of *real life* about them."

REV. WM. LAURIE HILL.
Barium Springs, N. C.

"This is a beautiful book ('Heart Songs')—beautiful in its make-up and in its contents. The name, 'Heart Songs,' is appropriate. These are songs that stirred the hearts of our fathers and mothers, with the tenderness of love, with the thrill of patriotism, and with the ardor of battle. Here, too, we find the rich humor and abounding fun of the olden time. These songs of the heart run the gamut of human emotions. It is fitting that they should be preserved. The book is a classic and the world is your debtor for its preparation."

H. A. HAYES.
Winston-Salem, N. C.

"The gem of your books is 'Heart Songs.'"

RICHARD M. JONES.
Philadelphia, Pa.

* * *

NOTHING is more significant of the increasing prestige of New England as a vacation region than the change that has taken place at Kineo, Moosehead Lake, Maine. It means much to the tourist public that such a world-renowned concern as the Ricker Hotel Company, of Poland Spring fame, has run up its flag in the very heart of the most attractive part of the great Maine wilderness.

The popular and historic Mount Kineo House, which has stood at Moosehead Lake in one form or another ever since the memorable visit of Thoreau to the region in 1846, has been extensively remodeled and enlarged since last season; and not only this, but it has been made more attractive and modern in architecture and furnishings since its purchase by the Maine Central interests.

A new five-story wing, 170 x 50 feet, and a fireproof kitchen, 100 x 75 feet, have been added. In this new wing are provided a large number of additional rooms for guests, with fifty private baths. Every one of these rooms has an unobstructed view of the magnificent scenery for which the entire Moosehead region is famous.

Two commodious hydraulic elevators have been installed, placing the house in this respect on a plane with the best in New England. It is the new dining-room, however, that will bring forth the strongest encomiums from the guests of 1911. Two hundred feet long, with ample width, it has appropriately been termed "a marvel of space and roominess."

A fireproof power-house of brick, with chimney one hundred feet high, and containing two boilers of 150 horse-power each, has also been built. It contains two 1500-light dynamos, as well as a steam engine and powerful fire pump of modern type. The water supply system is one of

Victor

Victor
"HIS MASTER'S VOICE"
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Victor III
$40
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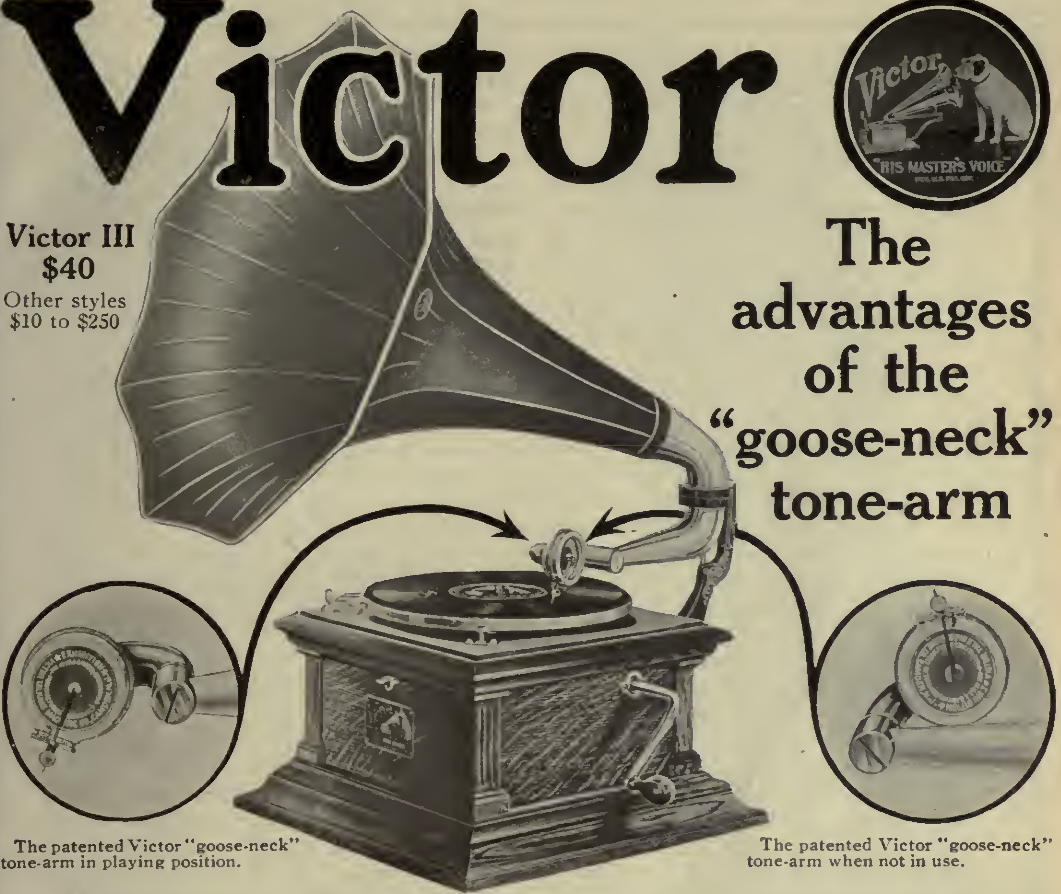
The advantages of the "goose-neck" tone-arm



The patented Victor "goose-neck" tone-arm in playing position.

The patented Victor "goose-neck" tone-arm when not in use.

"What makes the Victor tone so sweet, clear and natural, and of such splendid volume?" people ask as they become captivated by the unequaled Victor tone-quality.

The "goose-neck" construction of the tone-arm is largely responsible. A little thing in itself, but a great big thing in what it accomplishes.

It puts the weight of the sound-box in the proper place and at the proper angle to get the best results from every record.

Its flexibility enables the reproducing point to follow the lines of the sound-waves so closely that every detail is reproduced with absolute fidelity.

And besides improving the tone, the "goose-neck" adds to the convenience of using the Victor.

This exclusive patented "goose-neck" is only one of the many valuable features that help to make the Victor the world's greatest musical instrument.

If you have never heard a Victor of the present day, go to the nearest Victor dealer's and hear it. You'll be astonished at the height of perfection it has reached in recent years.

And be sure to hear the Victor-Victrola

Victor Talking Machine Co., Camden, N. J., U. S. A.
Berliner Gramophone Co., Montreal, Canadian Distributors
To get best results, use only Victor Needles on Victor Records
New Victor Records are on sale at all dealers on the 28th of each month

the striking features of the Mount Kineo House arrangements, both gravity and direct pressure service being available for domestic and fire needs alike. Probably no summer hotel in existence has a better fire-protection service.

The wholesale improvements that have been inaugurated throughout the entire 1600-acre estate owned by the company, include the moving of smaller buildings about the hotel. Parks about the grounds add much to the view.

The status of the Mount Kineo House as the largest and most luxurious inland water hotel in the United States is enhanced by the presence of an annex with thirty-six rooms and some twenty attractive cottages owned by the company. These have every privacy of a home and may be rented by families or private parties. The enlarged establishment is now able to accommodate fully five hundred guests.

The hotel is equipped throughout with steam heating; its drinking water is from the purest of springs. For indoor pleasures there are card rooms, parlors, writing rooms, smoking rooms, children's playrooms and an excellent library. One of the best orchestras obtainable will give daily concerts in the attractive music room.

Of the outdoor attractions of Kineo and its neighborhood, a volume might be written. The beautiful lake, forty miles long and ten miles across at its widest part, harbors vast schools of trout, togue and landlocked salmon, the gamest that ever gave battle to fisherman. Indeed, the possibilities of Moosehead Lake from a piscatorial standpoint have done even more to make famous the big sheet of water than its incomparable scenery. From May till October fishermen from all parts of the United States and Canada try their luck in Moosehead waters. The region is a very paradise of aquatic sports. It has a large flotilla of canoes and motor craft and a sizable yacht club, with its own attractive house. Here afternoon teas and bridge parties are often held.

* * *

After the regular vacation guests and fishermen have departed, the hunting season is ushered in. Mount Kineo has long been the favorite rendezvous for large numbers of nimrods intent upon securing antlered trophies for their dining-rooms or dens. Great numbers of deer and moose are killed annually by hunters who make Kineo their headquarters, and these, when not in camp, find comfortable accommodations at the New Kineo House Annex. Throughout the fall and summer seasons competent guides are always on hand to conduct hunting, fishing or canoeing expeditions to any part of the Maine wilderness.

Its admirable situation has made Kineo the greatest canoeing center in America. It is the natural gateway in northern Maine to the vast network of rivers. Golf is another favorite outdoor pastime at Kineo. Its splendid links are elevated to command a glorious view of the lake and its surroundings. Bathing, driving, walking and botanizing—even clay-pigeon shooting—are among the attractions of the place.

* * *

Mount Kineo, the striking promontory situated about midway of Moosehead Lake, and from which the hotel takes its name, is one of the most picturesque elevations in Maine. Its summit is one thousand feet above the lake, which in turn has a similar elevation above the sea level. The mountain is practically a solid mass of flint, and has always occupied a prominent place in local Indian tradition and history. The panorama alone gives new life and inspiration to the weary city dweller.

Mr. C. A. Judkins, who has done so much to popularize Kineo with the public, is to remain as resident manager. Mr. Judkins is an ideal executive and is held in great esteem by all who have been guests at Kineo in late years.

Recognizing the importance of the recent changes at Kineo, the transportation companies have been quick to arrange an improved train and steamboat schedule for the 1911 season, and the through service from New York will land passengers at Kineo in about seventeen hours, from Philadelphia in twenty hours, from Washington in twenty-three hours and from Boston in nine hours. The through sleeping, parlor and dining car service will this

American Woolen Co. of America

Wm. M. Wood, President

The largest worsted mill on earth is the Wood Worsted Mill shown below—one of 34 mills owned and operated by the American Woolen Company.

These 34 mills produce the largest quantity of woolen and worsted fabrics manufactured by any single organization in the world and represent an industry which in revenue contributed to the government, ranks second only to sugar, and in number of wage-earners ranks second to none.

The American Woolen Company—comprising American methods, American machinery, American workmen and American stockholders—is "of the people," "by the people," and "for the people."

The reasonable prices at which we furnish our fabrics for the clothes of the people are made possible: First, by our great and economical purchases of raw material; and Second, by the magnitude and efficiency of our mills.

We ask your co-operation in demanding American Woolen Company's fabrics, whether purchased by the piece or in the finished garment.

Order the Cloth as well as the Clothes

AMERICAN WOOLEN COMPANY OF NEW YORK

J. CLIFFORD WOODHULL, Selling Agent

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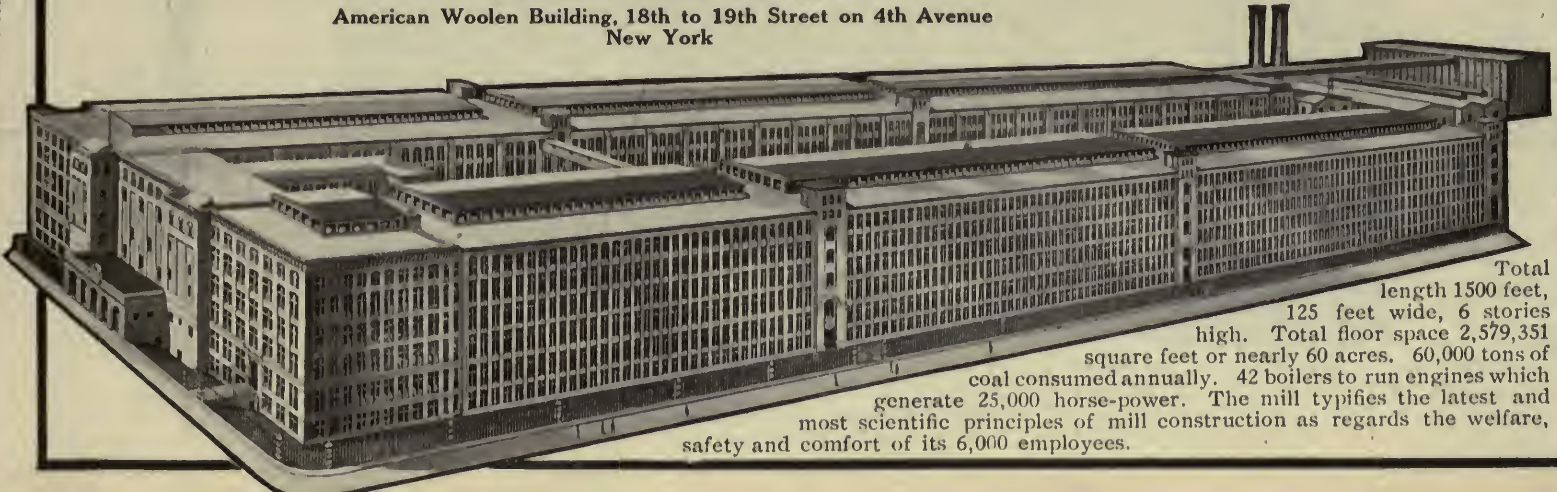


Total length 1500 feet, 125 feet wide, 6 stories high. Total floor space 2,579,351 square feet or nearly 60 acres. 60,000 tons of coal consumed annually. 42 boilers to run engines which generate 25,000 horse-power. The mill typifies the latest and most scientific principles of mill construction as regards the welfare, safety and comfort of its 6,000 employees.

year be the most complete ever furnished. All things indicate a record-breaking visitation of tourists to all parts of Maine this year.

* * *

THE commercial attention of the entire Western Hemisphere was drawn to the recent Pan-American Commercial Conference, held during February at Washington. The Conference was organized by Mr. John Barrett, Director-General of the Pan-American Union, to discuss along practical lines Pan-American progress and preparation for utilizing the completed Canal. The sessions were held informally in the Hall of the Americas of the new Pan-American Union Building in Washington.

The addresses delivered by President Taft, Secretary Knox, Senator Root, (who has been keenly interested in the subject since he was head of the State Department) Speaker Champ Clark, President Farrell of the American Steel Company, the diplomatic representatives of the Latin-American Union, and other distinguished foreign guests, were especially interesting and suggestive.

With practical discussion and exchange of opinions between officials of authority, governmental and private trade experts, on one side; and representatives of commercial firms, and of manufacturing, importing and exporting interests, on the other, the Pan-American Conference was far-reaching in its results.

* * *

A LAWYER'S RECOLLECTIONS," by the venerable George A. Torrey, born at Fitchburg in 1838, and admitted to the Massachusetts bar in 1861, will be of interest to all lovers of well-written biography which brings vividly before the reader the lives and living and business conditions of a past generation, when the railroad and telegraph were in their infancy, and street cars, electric lights, the telephone, and power elevators were undreamed of. Mr. Torrey's picture of "the simple life" of his boyhood and youth is a pleasing introduction to his college career at Harvard, when a class of one hundred students was considered an evidence of college development, and seven hundred dollars a year was a liberal allowance for college expenses.

The curriculum and personnel of the college and law school are very pleasantly and effectively depicted, and many anecdotes, for the most part of an humorous complexion, give color and force to this relation of the judges, courts and causes which have furnished the principal episodes of Mr. Torrey's career. Publishers: Little, Brown & Co., Boston.

* * *

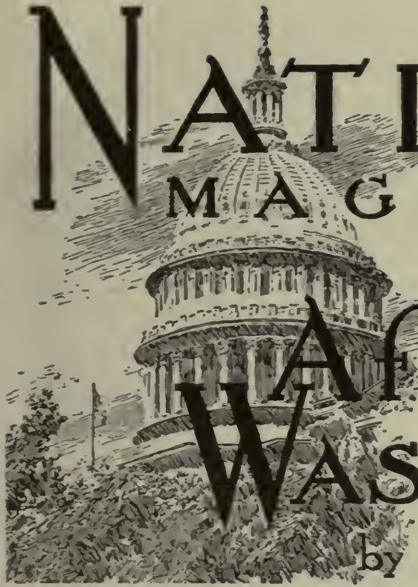
EVERY editor and advertiser is confronted with the great problem of securing suitable headings, appropriate titles, catchy phrases—something to express by a few strokes of pencil or pen a distinct and original thought, or to convey an idea in a sentence of four or five words, an epigram, a clear title suited to the NATIONAL. Every reader who has in mind a heading, a phrase, an idea which he thinks would make telling matter on a magazine page is earnestly requested to send it to the Editorial Department of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE. If you have a suggestion for an advertiser, send it direct to him or send it to us. Advertisers pay well for ideas. Any contribution will be paid for at our regular rates for the class of work to which it may belong. Now see how much you can help out the editorial "brain box."

HON. WILLIAM WALTON KITCHIN
GOVERNOR OF NORTH CAROLINA

"*Weatherbee's hand shook as he held the check close to his eyes and read it carefully*"
See "The Guest of Honor" (page 219)

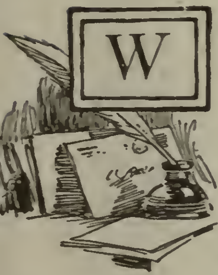
NATIONAL MAGAZINE

JUNE, 1911



Affairs at Washington

by Joe Mitchell Chapple



WITH a weary sigh they all reply, "I—don't—know"—when you timidly ask when Congress will adjourn. That is the one question uppermost in the minds of those who have visited Washington during the early summer season, when all the parks and woodlands invite the worn and harassed legislators of the Capital to wander far afield.

In the street car one progressive Senator snapped out in vigorous staccato, "For the sixty-seventh time in one half hour, *I—don't—know*. It's positively shameful that the President should get us here when the Constitution says that an extra session shall be convened only for *extraordinary* reasons. There's nothing extraordinary in reciprocity. Think of these long, hot days in Washington—when we ought to be at home getting acquainted with our constituents."

Now this was a progressive talking, and a "strapper" with eyes a-twinkle ventured the suggestion that perhaps if there had been more unanimity in that gentleman's party there would have been no need of an extra session.

CURSORY street-car remarks may not, of course, seem as important as those set down in the Congressional Record, yet they are a fair barometer of Washington sentiment. The farmer's free list and the reciprocity measure are still under consideration. The Senatorial Committee problem has been solved, but the tariff proposition remains unsettled. While delays and extra sessions may at times tax the patience of legislators and people, there is something in the philosophy of a certain old-time statesman. "This discussion and prolonged debate," said he, "has its own uses. It gives the same advantage as blowing up tires to find the weak spots."

The magnolias bloom in profusion on the White House grounds, the parks blossom, and the throngs of visitors come and go. Washington has never had better prospects for a lively summer.

As the warm days approach and temperamental wires are crossed, a few sparks are likely to fly preliminary to the coming presidential contest. Every phase of current action and operation that may affect any prospective presidential candidate is now watched carefully, for the political almanac will soon include nominees for 1912, with all the various signs of the zodiac predicting the weather and prognosticating the effect of the planets and the four seasons on the fortunes of possible candidates. For even modern practical politicians have never outgrown certain superstitions handed down as traditions of past presidential campaigns.

SENATOR GILBERT M. HITCHCOCK
The new Senator from Nebraska

JOURNALISTS occupy many seats in the Sixty-second Congress. Another newspaper man joins the senatorial ranks with Gilbert M. Hitchcock's promotion from the House.

A typical Nebraskan, he was educated in Omaha, and though later he studied abroad for a time, he returned to his native city in 1885 to establish the Omaha *World*, later the *World-Herald*. His interest in this live-wire daily has never grown cold. Through its pages William Jennings Bryan spoke to the people at the time the Republican National Convention nominated William McKinley in St. Louis.

During his service as Representative, Mr. Hitchcock has advanced many important suggestions. He advocates the election of Senators by popular vote, and insists that he owes his own election to the adoption by the Nebraskan Legislature of the Oregon plan. "The Legislature," he states, "simply recognized the verdict of the people"—and only eleven members voted against him.

Senator Hitchcock voted with President Taft on the reciprocity question, and intends to "stand by the guns." An ardent supporter of the income tax, he believes that this measure will eventually solve the problem of unequal taxation.

* * *

UNADORNED simplicity characterizes the decoration and fittings of the committee rooms of the Congressional House Office Buildings. From the elaborate chandeliers and mural splendors of the Capitol Committee rooms, Republican Congressmen now find themselves transferred to the House Office Building in apartments with little attempt at display but all the substantial requirements of business quarters. There are letter files and all manner of stern office appurtenances but little, alas, to attract the artistic eye.

"It's all very well," complained one of the Congressmen well known for his oratorical ability, "but where's a man to find inspiration for oratory reaching the empyrean heights when he has to look upon plain walls and whitewashed ceilings in this overgrown business office?

"No, sir, it isn't possible—and the Congressional Record will show the results for years to come. These changes in environment that have been forced upon us will show dire effects. There is something in a political career besides serving on committees and marking time in awaiting the routine of assignments."

The Democrats have come into possession of the spoils on the House side, and Democratic leaders now enjoy the choice offices. Champ Clark has moved into the quarters set aside for the Speaker, while

THE BATTLE OF BUNKER HILL

While the magazines and newspapers are busy calling attention to the Civil War of fifty years ago by republishing articles and photographs of that date, it may be well to rise with the remark that this old month of June is the anniversary of one of the greatest battles of that other war without which the Civil War would not have come to pass. Our picture of Bunker Hill is taken from the painting of that early American artist, Chappell

Uncle Joe Cannon must be content with the plain room of a minority Representative. Yet the indefatigable "Uncle Joe" left his domain in the best of moods. It is reported that he carried with him as souvenirs of his reign a few worn-out gavels, while he gave his successor the parting advice to put in an order for a heavier hammer-handle.

HON. MILES POINDEXTER
The new United States Senator from Washington

VISIBLE expressions of relief as well as of gravity were evident upon the faces of Republican Congressmen as they made the changes. No longer does the responsibility of affairs rest upon their shoulders. The day has come when they may wax critical at the opposition, and have the sport of watching the other fellows crystalize committee reports into law.

In the conference room of the Ways and Means Committee, Congressman Oscar W. Underwood of Alabama presides in place of Hon. Sereno E. Payne. The activity of Democratic members in securing their share of the committee appointments, and the changes that have occurred on the House side, are pointed out by Democratic members as indicative of what is coming to the government after the next presidential campaign. The $750,000 budget has only whetted the taste for official plums.

* * *

ALTHOUGH Senator Miles Poindexter of Spokane, Washington, may be "a little short on pompadours" he has plenty of the Western energy for which his state is famous. Born in Tennessee, he was educated in Virginia and was graduated from the Washington and Lee University, where he won his degree. He began the practice of law in Walla Walla, and in 1891 was elected prosecuting attorney for that county. He was elected judge of the Superior Court of Spokane District in 1904 and remained in office until elected Congressman in 1908. He was elected United States Senator from Washington by an overwhelming vote in his favor, and has already taken up his new duties with his usual enthusiasm.

Senator Poindexter insists that the tariff should be revised as soon as possible; he favors the reduction of a few leading schedules at once. He approves of direct election of United States Senators, but his pet bill is the Income Tax. He believes that a tax should be placed upon increased incomes—"the easy increment," as he calls it, instead of the *unearned increment*—as the most equable of taxes. He is decidedly for reciprocity, although he thinks that the pending bill is not too wisely framed.

* * *

FROM Washington comes the report that whale oil, long-since abandoned as an illuminant, has now come into use by the manufacturers of glycerine, which sweet and useful liquid has itself become more and more important to the manufacturing chemist and makers of high explosives. The protean changes of matter, which are daily and commonplace concomitants of industrial life, are most wonderful, striking, and beautiful examples of "natural magic" and in their results really transmute crude and often offensive substances into gold, to an extent never dreamed of by the ancient alchemists.

HON. CHAUNCEY MITCHELL DEPEW

Who recently celebrated his seventy-seventh birthday and completed fifty years of active public service. No public orator living has covered a wider range of subjects and has more personal admirers. His public addresses collected in ten volumes are American history of the first half century in the colloquial form.

IT was the same old story of the single man who brought the whole world round to him—and how forcibly did the career of the new Representative bear out that mooted quotation. The philosopher who first advanced this optimistic theory and how he said it—these were matters of doubt in the mind of the Washington correspondent.

CONGRESSMAN J. HAMPTON MOORE
Of Pennsylvania, President of the Deep Waterways Convention

"I say," he exclaimed loud enough to be heard above the click of reportorial typewriters, "what's that quotation about bringing the whole world to your door?"

" 'If you write a better book, or preach a better sermon' "—came mechanically from down the table—"that's Emerson."

"It isn't Emerson," broke in another, "it's Thoreau."

"That doesn't sound like it, anyway," said the inquirer. "It's about the single man—planting himself—in the wilderness."

"Well, it's Emerson," said the first man.

"It's Thoreau."

"Oh, I don't care *who* it is," groaned the chronicler of men and events, "if I only had the stuff."

"It ends about a beaten path," offered the Thoreau enthusiast hopefully.

"You'll find it in 'Representative Men,' " countered the student of Emerson.

"That means the new Congress," asserted a sarcastic typewriter thumper as the carriage came down with a thud and there was a hasty exit.

In the morning "the boys" found notes beneath their machines on which was scrawled:

HON. H. L. GODWIN
Congressman from the Sixth North Carolina District

"When you fellows want genuine quotations or a real gleam of intelligence, try Hoyle first. The 'poker' game has put my Congressman in the 'Statesmen Series'."

* * *

MANY claims against the government arising from incidents of the Civil War still come up for adjudication. Recollections of events of half a century ago, by witnesses still living are especially valuable and often very vivid. Recently a claim was heard on the taking, by Federal soldiers, of certain bales of cotton. An old, gray-headed negro was called by the claimant to prove the ownership of the property and the circumstances of its seizure. He had been a slave on the plantation, and after a lapse of fifty years, told his story so vividly and accurately — going into minute details — that even the attorney for the claimant felt that his witness was overdoing matters. With subtle craft and ingenious queries, the government attorney attempted to impeach Sambo's testimony, but the story was repeated without a variation. However, the case was not especially hopeful for the daughter of the old Louisiana planter, until it was discovered that the Philadelphia *Times* of that year contained an account of the facts related by a Captain Lockard of Lockport, New York, strictly corroborating Sambo's testimony. The claim was allowed.

The government attorney attempted to impeach Sambo's testimony

The new member's wife seeing Washington

* * *

EVERY new member of the Senate with his wife was invited by the President to attend a dinner of welcome at the White House. This plan of meeting the new Senators is a rather exceptional departure. In the past the custom has been for each new Senator to pay a formal visit to the Chief Executive, or to await from the White House an invitation to call. President Taft decided to do away with this method of procedure, and issued invitations to all these Senators and their wives, Democrats and Republicans alike.

* * *

This social gathering together is regarded as an instance of presidential diplomacy. The new Senator's first meeting with the President can be looked back upon as a "family affair" rather than as a formal political discussion between the head of the nation and a Republican or Democratic legislator.

The new Senators make up a vigorous and active body of men. Already many new friendships have been formed among them that will play a telling part in the coming campaign.

ON the broad Potomac there was an impressive sight. The new steamer "Northland" was pushing her nose around the historic bend of the river below the Navy Yard, while on the wharf President Levi Woodbury and his friends were eagerly waiting for the new steamer to arrive. It was just after sunset on the Potomac flats—that great marshy lowland of a few years ago which now has become part of one of the world's most beautiful park systems. There was a thrill of excitement along the shore as the "Southland," the twin ship of the new "Northland," glided noiselessly out of the pier on her regular trip toward Norfolk. As the great searchlight was thrown from the "Southland," she saluted her sister ship in welcome.

LEVI WOODBURY
President of Norfolk & Washington Steamboat Co.

Following the change of salutes with the departing "Southland," the "Northland" approached the wharf with starboard and larboard lights aglow, gliding gently into the slip as if her huge hull were a fairy argosy. At such a time one can comprehend the fascination that always clings to ships and water-craft in the hearts of authors and poets.

On board the "Northland" came President Coxe of the Hollingsworth Company, Wilmington, Delaware, which has built several boats for this line. No one could help sympathizing with President Woodbury's pride and satisfaction, as the builder and his friends congratulated him upon the acquisition of the superb "Northland" for the Norfolk & Washington Steamboat Company.

The annals of this line have played an important part in the history of the country; for was it not the late John Callahan of the South and Levi Woodbury of the North who united in one great company under one flag, and then, in honor of the two sections projected and built the splendid river boats, the "Southland" and "Northland" as the crowning achievement of a fleet of popular boats? The partners insisted that if the people of the North traveled to the South and if those of the South traveled more to the North, there would be little room for misunderstandings, and that the antagonisms of the struggle of fifty years ago would soon be bridged by mutual visits over the limpid waterways famous in history, and sanctified by the universal love for the "Father of His Country," whose last repose is by the river he loved, and on whose banks he was born at the Wakefield landing.

* * *

Accommodations on board the new steamers are superb, even palatial, surpassing those of the famed boats of antebellum days on the Mississippi. Both "Northland" and "Southland" have luxurious saloons and handsome staterooms furnished in exquisite taste. There are brass bedsteads, baths, and all the conveniences of a modern hotel. The lighting system is both artistic and effective, and gives complete effect to the rich furnishings of polished mahogany and the superb upholstering. The cafe and dining service has always been the special pride of Mr. Woodbury and the delight of passengers.

The "Northland" will now ply regularly

on one of the most popular excursion trips from the Capitol City to the Southland. Every morning the ship will salute as it passes the tomb of Washington at Mount Vernon, and his birthplace on the river below.

No railroad service has excelled the promptness and efficiency with which the boats of the Norfolk and Washington Steamboat Company have handled freight and passengers on the historic river which Washington loved in days of old, and which has often been compared to the historic Thames of England as the water course about which history has been made. The Potomac is indeed the pulsating river artery connecting the North and the South, and residents along the shore insist that they tell the time of day by the wash of the waves made by the ripple of the passing "Northland" and "Southland."

THE NEW PALATIAL STEAMER "NORTHLAND"

* * *

UNUSUAL success crowned the efforts of Secretary MacVeagh during the Sixty-first Congress. It is very difficult to pass any kind of financial legislation, especially if it touches even remotely the monetary system, for Congress does not grasp finance very readily and is afraid that every proposal may be loaded with unforeseen results. It has been a long time since Congress has given a Secretary of the Treasury anything that he wanted. Secretary after Secretary has labored earnestly for some favorite measure only to have it lost in the shuffle on Capitol Hill.

The authority given to Secretary MacVeagh in the issuance of nearly $300,000,000 of new government bonds without the currency privilege is regarded as a rare achievement. Not since the repeal of the purchasing clause of the Sherman act, accomplished in 1893 by the Cleveland administration, and the resumption act passed during John Sherman's administration of the Treasury, has the radicalism of this measure been paralleled.

If the Secretary had permitted himself to be discouraged by the attitude of leaders in both houses, or had not tenaciously held to his purpose for two years in the face of uncertain revenues, he undoubtedly would have failed.

But he stood resolutely by his opinions, with the result that the currency of the country is no longer definitely allied to the public debt. Congress has recognized that because the government is borrowing $400,000,000 to construct a canal, it does not necessarily follow that there should be $400,000,000 more paper money in the country. That would seem to be self-evident, but there are always people who welcome more money on any pretext, and in this case there was the plausible argument that the system helped the government to borrow at a lower rate of interest. The argument was considered fallacious by officials, for while two per cent bonds have been floated above par by reason of the currency privilege, it has been apparent for several years that any considerable new offering of these bonds on the market would send them below par and probably to a three per cent basis, when, of course, all advantage to the government from the two per cent rate would be lost and a heavy loss inflicted upon present holders.

Another noteworthy amendment to

monetary statutes procured at Secretary MacVeagh's instance, is that which authorizes the Treasury to receive gold bullion and foreign coin, and to issue certificates of equal face value against such deposits. The purpose in view is to save labor at the mints and to save the cost of transporting bullion and foreign coin from the New York assay office to the Philadelphia mint. It is the common practice for the central banking institutions of Europe, which issue the paper currency of those countries, to carry a large portion of their reserves in gold bullion and foreign coin. There is never likely to be any demand for the redemption of our gold certificates except as gold is wanted for export, and that demand is satisfied with bullion or foreign coin. The law provides that these holdings shall never exceed one-third of the outstanding certificates. A change obtained by Mr. MacVeagh in the interest of the business public modifies the independent treasury system to the extent of allowing officers who receive treasury payments to accept certified checks on regularly incorporated state and national banks instead of lawful money only. This is another step toward conforming the business methods of the government to those of the outside business world. It will do away with the necessity for transferring large sums of cash through city streets.

SECRETARY MACVEAGH

A minor and yet important modification of the coinage laws, made at Mr. MacVeagh's request, regulates the tolerance allowed the mint in the manufacture of silver coin. Heretofore the regulations as to silver coin have been as stringent as those upon gold coin—in fact they date back to the time when the silver coins as well as gold coins were legally standard. The law provides that not only must each coin be within defined limits, but that the weight of each sack of coin as delivered from the mint must be within relatively much closer limits. As the silver coins are now merely tokens of value, their actual contents bearing no relation to their face value, such precision in their weight is no longer important, but occasion much extra labor. Hereafter each individual coin must be within the prescribed limits, but nothing more is required. This is a practical administrative reform.

The standard troy pound of the Bureau of Standards has also been made the standard monetary pound of the United States, in place of the brass pound procured by Albert Gallatin from the Royal Mint, London, in 1827. This is a change in the physical standard only, by way of concentrating responsibility for the custody of all standards in the Bureau established for that purpose.

Altogether this is an extraordinary record of financial legislation for one session and indicates that the Secretary of the Treasury has been on good working terms with Congress.

* * *

SOMETIMES public men of distinction put aside for a time all else save the genial spirit of comradeship, and especially is this true at the gatherings of the National Press Club in Washington. On "hobby night" each of five eminent speakers was allotted ten minutes for an address. A distinguished participant was Ambassador Bryce, who paid a handsome compliment to American newspaper men when he called attention to the fact that there were very few journalists in Europe who took such an active and aggressive part in matters of public policy as was noticeable in America.

There was much applause when, in conclusion, he said, "I am always hoping that there will arise a greater number of men in countries like England, France and the United States, where there is so good an opportunity, who will devote themselves from the first to the task of forming clear and definite opinions upon the great questions of policy and who will hammer these opinions in upon people day after day and week after week.

"I am convinced there is a great career open to anyone who will carefully and deliberately set himself, with talent, with honesty, and above all, with credit and with courage that is not afraid of temporary unpopularity, to render service to his country. It is an opportunity that any man might be glad to take.

MISS DOROTHY KUHNS
Who recently returned from the Philippines and is receiving much social attention in Washington

"I am always hoping that the conditions which seem to be for one reason not so favorable to the growth of these men will in time become more favorable, for truly there is no country in which such a man for a function of that kind would be more appreciated and where a finer field could be open for his talents."

England will no doubt witness a change in this respect, now that the House of Lords has been shorn of some of its hereditary privileges founded simply and purely on noble descent. Merit and not descent, ability and not nobility, a knowledge of men and things, and not heraldic quarterings, will bring such men to the front in England more frequently.

MISS HELEN GARDNER
Daughter of Congressman Gardner of Michigan. She is considered one of the prettiest girls in the Congressional set

IDEAS of many kinds have come in with the Sixty-Second Congress and fresh bursts of enthusiasm have focused attention upon several bills which had been allowed to "grow cold" in past Congresses.

Representative Henry A. Barnhart, member of Congress from the "Thirteenth Indiana," is arousing much interest in a bill which provides for a branch of the Department of Commerce and Labor to be known as the Children's Bureau. This bureau would have charge of investigating all matters that pertain to the welfare of children, and of making inquiries

THE RT. HON. JAMES BRYCE, AMBASSADOR OF GREAT BRITAIN into the causes and prevention of infant mortality, physical degeneracy, sanitary condition of schools and homes, and other conditions bearing upon the growth and development of the little ones.

Mr. Barnhart has studied the question with deep interest, and insists that the bill should become a law; and that a government bureau for the children is far more important than any which investigate the health and breeding of farm animals and poultry.

"No plan has yet been offered," says Mr. Barnhart, "as to the best methods of the proper care of children, so as to give future generations a race of sturdy people." The Congressman from Indiana believes that the value of a Children's Bureau would far transcend that of any other government reform, tariff revision included. "For the wealth of the nation is nothing to its health," claims this energetic editor legislator, and he maintains that the proper care of children during their tender years will do much to relieve the present crowded conditions at penal and benevolent institutions. Mr. Barnhart's campaign has drawn attention to a movement that certainly deserves consideration.

* * *

NOW that the Democrats are well established in the House, the question of the probable Democratic presidential nominee evokes much discussion. Hon. Champ Clark as Speaker has in the House many staunch supporters who represent a majority of districts. They point out proudly that Mr. Clark was nominated by his party and renominated for Speaker each time by a unanimous vote.

Arriving at the matter by the old-time process of elimination, Mr. Clark's friends have duly considered those who are now considered as the most prominent candidates. Some of the older politicians hold that Governor Woodrow Wilson of New Jersey is too new in politics to enter the field as candidate for the presidency in the coming campaign. They feel that the President of the United States must be a man who has served more than a year or two in public office, and that he must be experienced in state-craft. Further they point out that the Executive Chair calls for an occupant who has not only kept in close touch with the progress of national affairs, but who has had an actual part in the enactment of national legislation.

As to the possibilities of Governor Harmon, Speaker Clark's forces point out that the governorship of Ohio is no longer a stepping stone to the presidential chair, because of the reaction of the veto power. This condition did not exist at the time McKinley was first nominated. Furthermore, it is claimed that Mr. Clark's leadership on the Payne bill was the inspiration of the fight that elected several Democratic governors and made possible success of the Democrats in the last campaign.

HON. HENRY A. BARNHART
Representative from the Thirteenth Indiana

Even the superstitious find no unfavorable omens in Mr. Clark's way. Indeed, they vouchsafe the information that past successful presidential nominees have been born between the first and nineteenth of March. Champ Clark was born March 7, 1850, the same day that Daniel Webster made his famous speech in the Senate.

Popularity of previous Speakers seems to have been diminished by reason of committee appointments. It is insisted by many deep thinkers that both "Tom" Reed and "Uncle Joe" Cannon lost influence because of this system. The Speaker ran the likelihood of disappointing two-thirds of his party, and like the Roman Emperor when the Praetorian Guard sold the throne at auction—as soon as the successful bidder was seated, the process of dethronement began.

HON. LUKE LEA
Tennessee's new United States Senator, the youngest member of the Upper House, and a newspaper man

But Speaker Clark, even when leader of the minority, eluded the responsibility of making appointments, thus keeping intact his leadership of the 225 Democrats. He has maintained the same policy in his home district, where for many years he has been the only Democratic candidate. While he has never had an opposing candidate, Mr. Clark has always laid open the bars for a free-for-all contest, and his district was one of the first to do away with the regular nominating conventions, and return to the simple method of nominating congressional candidates by direct primary.

It is thought that the extra session will be the proving-ground for Mr. Clark, and his friends feel certain that the results of his work will do much toward securing the election of a president from west of the Mississippi. Speaker Clark, say they, is "the man."

The Democrats seem determined to put a program of progressive legislation up to the Senate, and will insist upon the constitutional rights which accord the House the sole power to originate tariff bills.

The suggestion has been made that the reformation of five schedules would almost entirely reform the tariff bill, and that this could be done in one session. These schedules include wool, cotton, sheet metals, iron, agricultural products and sundries. Sundries include theatrical scenery, works of art, straw and braid hats, human hair, matches, billiard balls and innumerable items of different kinds. "And don't overlook the explosives," the Republican grimly remarks. "No tariff bill was ever passed without a well-defined eruption."

* * *

YOUNG in years and almost new in the political arena, Senator Luke Lea of Tennessee is a popular character on the national stage. He never ran for public office until he entered the contest for a United States senatorship, his name having been introduced when the Tennessee Legislature was "deadlocked" between ex-Governor McMillin and B. A. Enloe.

Senator Lea was born in 1878, and as they say down in Sewanee, where he was educated—at the University of the South—he "hasn't been long out of school." However, his experience as an editor and publisher has put him in close touch with political conditions both local and national. Some five years ago he established the *Tennessean* at Nashville, and last fall he purchased the *American.*

The second of his name to attain political prominence in his state, the young Senator has entered his new duties with the confidence of his state that he will "make good," and with the fraternal good wishes of the newspaper guild.

THROUGH a hard fight and a well-earned victory, James A. Reed became United States Senator from Missouri. Born in Richland County, Ohio, in 1861, he was educated at Cedar Rapids, Iowa, and was graduated at Coe College. He first hung out his lawyer's shingle at Cedar Rapids, but in 1887 moved to Kansas City and soon won distinction in many a hard-fought legal battle. His record as a prosecuting attorney, securing victories in 285 out of 287 cases tried, is looked upon as phenomenal.

The improvements initiated by him during his term as Mayor of Kansas City convinced the people of Missouri that James A. Reed would be an effective "live wire" in the sedate Senate at Washington. He was nominated for Senator in a state-wide primary held coincident with the regular election, and he won the vote in 83 out of 114 counties. He was elected Senator by the Missouri Legislature, receiving every Democratic vote in both houses. While he has not seen much of public service, his constituents know that they have a representative in the Senate who "will have to be shown," before giving his decision, and that few men are more familiar with the intricacies of legislation concerning public utilities.

* * *

PRESS despatches from Shanghai, China, where Consul-General Amos P. Wilder, originally of Maine, is stationed, indicate that both famine and plague are devastating the Celestial Empire. Some millions of people are starving and it is feared that great numbers will pass away in their miserable hovels before the summer crops can be gathered. The Chinese Government, according to reports, seems to be unable to relieve the widespread desolation, for the steps taken in India to put an end to famines by preventive measures do not interest Chinese officials.

Americans who have visited China often comment on the slight value placed upon human life. At this time the plague is raging in Manchuria, and is killing large numbers of the Chinese. Of a peculiarly destructive form, the Manchurian plague kills everyone attacked, as the germ affects the lungs and thrives in cold weather. The Japanese have promptly grappled the contagion with modern science, and by segregation and cordons have checked it in the districts where they were free to work.

The Chinese, fearing that the Japanese and Russians would improve the opportunity to close in on Manchuria, have been forced to take action, and with their foreign trained doctors and isolated camps have scored some little victories, although at a terrible loss of mortality. One advance is the permission by the Chinese to destroy the masses of corpses by fire, something unknown in China before, and conflicting with their religious ideas, but compelled by the circumstances of the case.

Courtesy of Writers' Press Association

HON. JAMES A. REED

The junior United States Senator from Ohio

Warm weather will put an end to the plague, in the deadly pneumonic form at least. In the bubonic form it has long been known in China and India, though as demonstrated in Singapore, Hongkong, India and other places, modern science has effectually coped with it in many

UNITED STATES SENATOR LEE S. OVERMAN OF NORTH CAROLINA instances. Capable physicians, a sufficient sanitary staff, antiseptics, and a population submissive to drastic measures, such as isolation of victims and "contacts," and destruction of infected property—these measures, it is thought, would soon curb the fatal ravages of the new form of the plague.

* * *

HOW dull is the week during which some college professor does not announce a new scientific discovery that calls forth discussion! When the Kansas professor declared that the American girl of future generations must be brown-haired and brown-eyed, it looked as if Thomas Hardy's novel, "A Pair of Blue Eyes," would become the record of an almost obsolete type of womanly beauty. The learned professor defends his statement with the observation that marked types of blonde and brunette are steadily disappearing, and that the amalgamation will eventually bring about a typical American girl with hair and eyes of brown.

HON. JOHN M. MOREHEAD
Former Member of Congress from North Carolina

To hear arguments of mature and sedate students of ethnology in reference to the hair and eyes of the American girl might seem facetious. Many of the fairer sex stoutly scoffed at the decree of the Kansas professor. It was hinted that these learned men of science had overlooked the fact that there is such a thing as bleaching—if it should become really necessary to convince the men of science of their colossal folly. For, as one grave ethnologist remarked: "Women will have their way. No law of ethnology can ever interfere with the whim of the American woman."

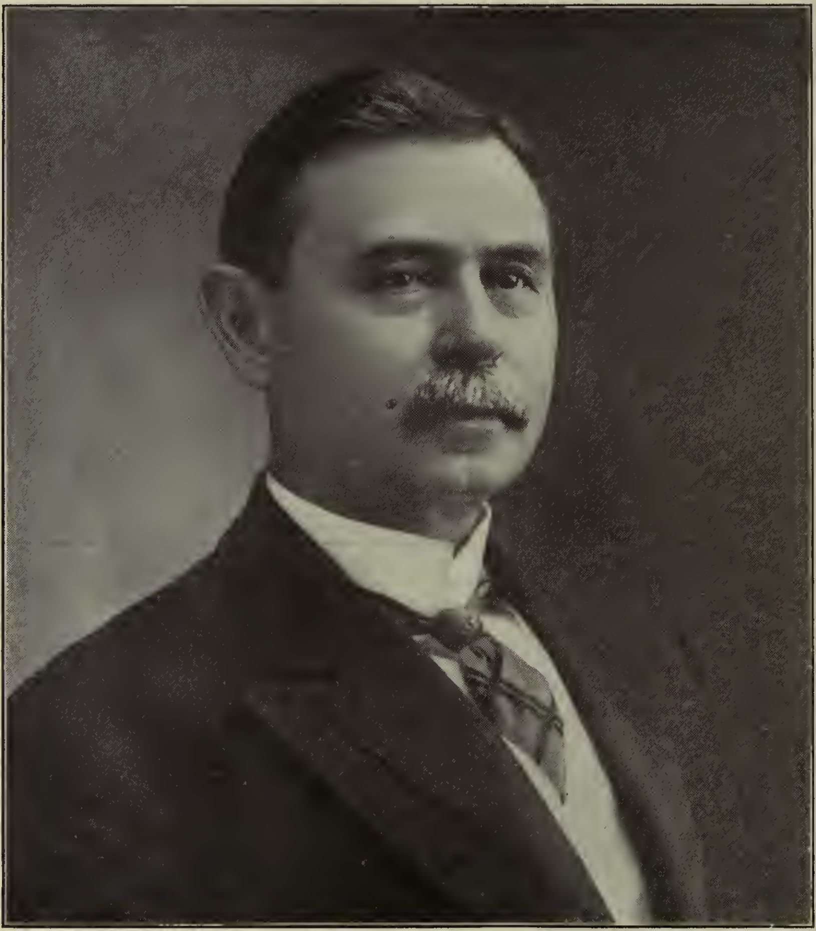
HON. WILLIAM A. GRAHAM
North Carolina's Commissioner of Agriculture

A sad-eyed brother professor looked at him reflectively. "Ah," he sympathized—"he knows; he, too, is married."

* * *

RECENTLY a prominent railroad president told me a story that seems to have a touch of real Wild West. Some years ago he went West to recuperate, and sought the great prairies where he rode the ranges among the cowboys, who were then with wonderful skill managing great herds of cattle. Every now and then a herd would stampede and gallop madly over anything and everything in the way. It was sure death to oppose or to be overtaken by the infuriated beasts, but the cowboys would gallop along the flanks, dash into the midst of the herd from the rear and begin to sing lustily. Then in a little while the stampede would cease, one by one the animals would quiet down, and the herd, forgetting its madness, would quietly feed or sleep as the case might be.

Today the people sometimes join in a "stampede" and riotously follow the leaders. Other and more sane leaders are then called upon to flank the movement, getting alongside the rushing masses to sing the songs that calm the uneasy spirit. It seems, sometimes, as we reflect upon history, that there have been not a few stampedes of the people, but the growing conviction holds that the real benefactors are those who go quietly about singing songs of hope and optimism, without "stampeding" in fury. Of course both the stampeder and psalm singers have their place and necessity in the world. One stirs up the sluggish blood, the other calms the turbulent flow.



F. M. SIMMONS, JUNIOR SENATOR FROM NORTH CAROLINA

FORTUNATE is the Old North State in having for her Superintendent of Public Instruction a former president of the National Teachers' Association. Dr. J. Y. Joyner has long been identified with the educational interests of the country at large, and the enthusiasm which he has inspired in his native state is significant.

His work for "farm life schools" is placing the educational advantages of North Carolina on an enviable standard. In order to introduce his plan for these schools, Dr. Joyner called gatherings of the people in every county. One of the first meetings was held in Mecklenberg County, where many of the farmers are descendants of the first patriots to declare for American Independence. With Dr. A. M. Hill, president of the Agricultural and Manufacturers College of the state, Dr. Joyner unfolded his plans. The farmers enthusiastically pledged their co-operation to put his proposal into action. Everyone joined in doing his part to educate the boys for agricultural pursuits. An appropriation of $25,000 was secured from the state Legislature, to carry on this branch of work in public schools. Already remarkable progress is being made.

The original "farm life school" was established by the lately deceased Senator James H. Stout at Menomonie, Wisconsin. This institution, the Stout Memorial School, was visited by Dr. Joyner, who upon his return home reached the conclusion that the methods in force at Menomonie were the best for getting at the foundation of a genuine agricultural education.

North Carolina is one of the states whose farm population has greatly increased during the last decade. Go where you will throughout the state, you find natural resources that make it out of the question for the North Carolinian to abandon his pursuit of agriculture, which is traditionally considered one of the most honorable vocations in which the true gentleman can be engaged. At his headquarters in Raleigh, Dr. Joyner keeps in constant touch with the school situation throughout the state. What he has accomplished in the past few years has already merited the distinction of the home-folks for this educational leader who as executive gave the National Teachers' Association such a vigorous and notable administration.

* * *

DR. J. Y. JOYNER
North Carolina's Superintendent of Public Instruction

HOBBIES of public men will creep out in the summer days. To find President Taft sweltering over a golf ball, Vice-President Sherman on the front seat at a ball game, Senator Frye fishing, Senator Tillman in the garden, Secretary Knox behind a spanking pair of horses—these "avocations" are now looked upon as a matter of course, and not hobbies. But when one hears of Champ Clark knuckled down to a good old-fashioned game of Democratic marbles and "playing for keeps," the well-seasoned reporters are amazed and join in a chorus of "Van Dubbs"—and no fudging.

Hobbies date back to time immemorable, but according to a prominent Swedish visitor, they have thrived most in America, the land of their adoption. "America," he declares, "is the land of the hobby. Every American must have his particular craze, whether it be chasing butterflies or forming trusts. All things are secondary to the omnipotent hobby."

VICE-PRESIDENT JAMES S. SHERMAN
Known as the champion baseball fan at the national Capital

This observation would seem to have a derogatory tinge of sarcasm, and we feel called upon to rise in defence of the hobby, which in years gone by evoked the approval of many of those "immortal names that were not born to die." Sterne was a firm advocate of the hobby. Balzac went so far as to insist that "the man who has not a hobby knows nothing of the profit one can get out of life."

The hobby, whether it concern rules of living, the sciences, fancy gardening or whatnot, has its uses. "For most of us the earth is a dull planet"—or so, at least, the popular Arnold Bennett has averred, and the hobby, which must stimulate enthusiasm and ambition, necessarily makes mundane existence less tiresome. Its tone is optimistic, says Balzac: "A hobby is the exact mean between pessimism and monomania." Let no man, therefore, deride the hobby, which in a country of aggressive ideals usually assumes a practical basis and makes for the common good.

* * *

CLEVER plays and sketches have been successfully staged during the winter at the new "Playhouse" of Washington. This feature of the Club has spurred the ambitions of many amateur play-writers.

Talent for dramatic writing has been stimulated by the club since the completion of the "Playhouse," and Mr. Preston Gibson, Mrs. John Jay White, Mr. Granville Fortescue, Mr. J. F. J. Archibald are numbered among their playwrights. Mr. Fortescue's farcelet "Going South," produced on the opening night, proved distinctly amusing. Count de Buisseret, the Belgian Minister, recently staged a delightful production, and Mrs. Larz Anderson, whose books for young folk have made her famous, is soon to complete a juvenile play which promises to be a great success.

The theatre occupies only a part of the Playhouse, which is a three-story structure in N Street, facing the gardens of the British embassy. Every room of the headquarters has been fitted out in charming fashion.

* * *

WEEK after week the Supreme Court room is thronged with expectant visitors. The decisions in the Standard Oil and in the American Tobacco Company cases have for a long time been awaited with extreme anxiety, and disappointment has been manifested at the unaccountable delay.

The knowledge prevails, however, that the Justices of the Supreme Court have spent many busy days and nights in getting at the facts and law in two of the most important cases ever presented before that august tribunal.

Great numbers of curious visitors constantly file in and out of the Supreme Court room, remaining only a few minutes to have a peep at the men in black robes who sit and listen while arguments, like Tennyson's brook, "go on forever."

* * *

A VERY genial and familiar personality at Washington is that of Editor Josephus Daniels of the Raleigh, North Carolina, *News and Observer*. Mr. Daniels, whose name is really *Josephus* and not plain *Joseph*, has long been known as an ardent advocate of industrial and educational progress in North Carolina. While there are many who may not agree with him politically, Mr. Daniels' earnestness and his strong love for his state have made him one of the forceful characters in North Carolina. He has been prominent in the national councils of the Democratic party, and had charge of the national press bureau during the last campaign.

As a boy, Mr. Daniels was a correspondent in the small town of Wilson for the paper of which he is now editor. He made up his mind in those youthful days that sometime he would edit a Democratic daily in Raleigh—and Mr. Daniels is a man who considers an editorship a serious and responsible calling.

Politics is of vital interest to Mr. Daniels—he has always insisted that real political convictions are the dominant forces in the life of a patriotic citizen. A stanch Democrat, he recognizes the difference between the two political parties to be as distinct today as in the days of Jefferson and Hamilton. He is a firm disciple of the bed-rock principles of Democracy, although partisanship is never allowed to submerge those things that make for the advancement of his state. To be called a devoted son of North Carolina is honor and distinction enough for Josephus Daniels.

When I dropped in upon him in the evening, I found him busy with his mail. A spacious waste-basket was by his side, proofs were scattered about in glorious confusion, and all the "equipment" of the editor was at hand. As I saw him assort his correspondence, I felt that North Carolina had reason to be proud of this untiring and energetic Josephus of Raleigh, whose personality and force have made his influence felt far beyond the boundaries of the Old North State.

HON. ROBERT NEWTON PAGE

Who is now serving his sixth term in Congress from the Seventh North Carolina district

· THE ·
Inland Waterways CELEBRATION
· *near* Beaufort ·

by JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE

"NOW for North Carolina." That was the hailing sign as the Congressional party gathered together, laden with bags and suitcases, at the station in Washington, D. C., bound for Beaufort, North Carolina, to celebrate the opening of the Core Creek Canal.

Clinging to his ten-foot map—no matter what became of his valise or bill-book valuables—to none would Congressman John H. Small entrust that well-worn document, showing every phase of the historic and fascinating coast of the Carolinas. He had studied it many years, and had worked many sessions of Congress for an appropriation to make possible this canal now completed, which should be the opening wedge of intercoastal waterways.

A discussion or celebration of a waterways project without a vision of Congressman J. Hampton Moore, the dynamic president of the Atlantic Deeper Waterways Association, cannot be conceived. He was on the spot, and with him Mr. Addison B. Burk, the Secretary of the organization, armed with a camera.

Congressman Stephen M. Sparkman of Florida, for many years an active member of the House, on the Rivers and Harbors Committee; Congressman Frederick C. Stevens of Minnesota, the active and thorough-going philosopher of Congress, and Congressman J. E. Ransdell of Louisiana, President of the Rivers and Harbors Congress, which advocates a general policy of waterway improvement—these men completed a galaxy of Congressmen covering the whole country from the Great Lakes through Florida, and thence to Delaware Bay.

Congressman Small, continually referring to his map, which he bore carefully with him to the sleeping berth, pointed out the scope and new development of the Waterways proposition, to the enlightenment and interest of the party. After the map was stowed away, Representative Small was hard pressed with questions concerning his native state, showing the keen interest with which Congressmen study concrete situations and formulate national ideas of the broadest scope.

Scarcely had the train crossed the North Carolina border in early dawn when Mr. Small was the target for further inquiries. Just as the sun was creeping up above the horizon, the party arrived at Goldsboro, and were met by President E. T. Lamb of the Norfolk & Southern Railway.

Along the route the party were joined by North Carolinians wearing soft, broad hats, who, with a hospitable Southern welcome, told of their state's advantages. "Now for North Carolina" was the inevitable topic under consideration.

Enroute to Morehead City, there was served a real North Carolina breakfast

GUM TREES—MILLIONS OF FEET OF THIS FINE TIMBER ARE ANNUALLY MANUFACTURED BY THE JOHN L. ROPER LUMBER CO.

of North Carolina roe herring. While some members grimly asked Small if this represented a standard North Carolina diet, it was disclosed that fish has been an important food supply in the southeastern states since the Civil War, when the blockade prevented them from getting other supplies. The fisheries still represent a leading industry of the Carolina coast. As we ate our royal meal, the importance of the fisheries was emphasized, and the information confirmed that today most of the best shad comes from North Carolina. The party boarded the revenue cutter "Pamlico" and were taken up the Sound from Morehead City, that lively little shore town and popular resort, to the Core Creek Canal, which had just been completed. In the distance was beautiful and historic Beaufort, which links the present with the earliest history of the state.

* * *

The new canal is a continuation of the inland waterway system which will eventually extend from Buzzard's Bay, Massachusetts, to Key West. Under the supervision of Captain Brown the work had been vigorously pushed, and through the limpid highway of water, the boat sailed past wide marshes which caught the eyes of duck hunters. The mounds along the dykes and banks, and the debris of cypress roots indicated something of the struggles that had been encountered by the steam shovels and dredgers.

JUNIPER OR WHITE CEDAR LOGS FROM THE DISMAL SWAMP FORESTS. MADE INTO SHINGLES THEY LAST A LIFETIME AND ASSUME THE MUCH ADMIRED "WEATHERED" SHADES

Moving along as noiselessly as the swanbark of Lohengrin, the little steamer passed through a never-to-be-forgotten panorama. The canal has been dredged to an average depth of eleven feet. Now on its high banks, but recently swamps, which for ages have made an impenetrable wilderness, twenty-five hundred people made "footprints on the sands of time" and gathered for an "Oyster Roast" held in honor of the occasion. Judge Abernethy of Beaufort made a most eloquent and comprehensive address of welcome, and to the toastmaster, United States Senator Simmons, who next mounted the platform (a table provided for the roast) a hearty ovation was given. The bivalves were placed in a rectangle around the seats, and all the preparations were made to begin the roasting soon after the address had been made. Some urchin lit the fire too soon, and as the speaking began, great clouds of smoke engulfed both orators and audience. Congressional delegations had faced the smoke of battle before, and nothing daunted the addresses were delivered, punctuated by hearty applause—the smoke only indicated the fire and enthusiasm of the North Carolina spirit. With tears streaming down their cheeks from the smoke, the audience listened and applauded while Congressman Small and others pictured the future when proper provision has been made for canals on this coast.

The hospitality of the good people of

IN THE JUNIPER FORESTS, DISMAL SWAMP. FROM SUCH ARE MADE THE FAMOUS "ROPER" BRAND OF SHINGLES

Morehead City and Beaufort, the principal towns located on Beaufort Inlet, indicated the hospitality of the Old North State. Mr. G. D. Canfield of Morehead City, chairman of the committee in charge of the celebration, also Mr. Charles S. Wallace of Morehead City and Messrs. W. S. Chadwick and William A. Mace of Beaufort, and H. L. Gibbs of Oriental, managed the celebration in a manner that left nothing to be desired.

THE CONGRESSIONAL PARTY AND GUESTS AT OPENING OF CORE CREEK CANAL IN NORTH CAROLINA

Among the advantages of these cities are the delights of a real Mediterranean climate, for this section is within twenty miles of the famous Gulf Stream, and yet is surrounded by the still waters of Pamlico Sound. The roses bloom here until after Christmas, and jonquils budded in early February.

In years past, Congressmen Small and Moore had tramped the route of the canal, closely following the line as now completed. If there ever were two enthusiastic patriots on the waterway question, Moore and Small may claim first honors. Their experiences in visiting farmers along the route satisfied them that the canal will mean much in developing and draining a large and hitherto hopeless wilderness. After the program of exercises was completed, and the thousands had enjoyed North Carolina oysters to their fill, the five miles of canal were inspected as the revenue cutter "Pamlico," under the command of Captain Emery, glided noiselessly up the waters.

It was a beautiful day—one of the days for which North Carolina is famous—plenty of sunshine, with the air bracing, yet not cold. On either side were great banks of white sand drawn up by the suction dredges, and the roots and curious "knees" of the cypress trees dotted large regions of arable land.

* * *

Just as the sun was peeping over the eastern fringe of the trees on Cape Hatteras, the historic island of Roanoke was sighted. Here the first English settlement in America was made, and the first white child born on American soil—and American chivalry is glad to record that this first baby was an American girl—Virginia Dare. The settlers are supposed to have landed at Ballast Point, and to have anchored their ships while they explored further inland; the ballast stones, which must have been brought from a foreign shore, are still in evidence, as the newcomers were compelled to lighten their ships to get over the bar into the Sound.

A settlement was left here when the ship set out for England to get supplies, but upon its return, the fort was deserted, and the handful of settlers had drifted over toward the North Carolina coast and were captured by the Indians. There are living today descendants of an Indian tribe, known as the Croatans, whose names, appearance and traditions, physical and mental traits point strongly to their inheritance of the blood of the early settlers of the "Lost Colony of Roanoke."

* * *

The sail through Croatan Sound, which is dotted with lighthouses, resembling bird-cages set up above the water, called to mind the changes that had taken place here since the first expedition sent to these shores by Sir Walter Raleigh. On up the Pasquotank River the revenue cutter, with her party of distinguished guests, made her way, enjoying the distinction of having been the first government boat to pass through the Core Creek Canal.

THE REVENUE CUTTER "PAMLICO" MAKING HER WAY UP THE CORE CREEK CANAL WITH THE CONGRESSIONAL PARTY

The struggles for appropriations before the Rivers and Harbors Committee were duly and feelingly recited by the Congressional party. One appropriation in particular had been greatly reduced. "We expected pie," wrote a congressman, "but we got a hard-boiled egg, from Burton." The suggestion was made that a hard-boiled egg was more courteous than a *lemon*.

The painstaking care spent by committees in studying the facts and circumstances; in going over the engineers' reports and in considering not only the technical side, but also the needs of the people located along the route, represented an important but little appreciated phase of congressional work.

The inland sounds which line the greater part of the North Carolina coast, together with the Dismal Swamp Canal, Albemarle and Chesapeake Canals, reaching to Norfolk, afford inland waterways enabling the heavy barge coastwise commerce to avoid the turbulent seas and fatal shoals off Cape Hatteras.

One cannot fully appreciate the necessity of the undertakings until he has visited the country and has realized the radical changes which the waterways make in industrial and social conditions. The expenditure of $550,000 means much for the opening of a local territory which is largely dependent upon the development of waterways, to say nothing of transportation lines from Northern cities. It has been difficult to secure statistics on the coastwise trade, owing to the fact that no reports are required by the custom houses on this traffic. The many barges and small sloops that ply in the waters of the sounds, indicate how much the people locally depend upon the waterways. And aside from this, there are millions of acres that could soon be made into productive fields by proper drainage and transportation facilities.

HON. JOHN H. SMALL
and his inseparable companion, the Coastal Survey Map

* * *

The mention of North Carolina and Currituck Sound recalls the favorite hunting ground of the late President Cleveland. No sportsman need be given information as to the shooting along this coast. Cleveland anecdotes were the order of the day as we reached the beautiful harbor of "Betseytown," known on the map as Elizabeth City. For many years this thriving city has been the center of large lumber operations of the Dare Lumber Company, and many other thriving industries.

Congressman Small—still carrying the map—was here among his own constituents, and a right royal welcome was extended to the party. Everyone was "Jack," "Jimmie," "Tom" and "Joe," and after a round of hand-shakes, a home-like reception was held and the people spoke right out in meeting as to what they desired in having the Government choose the Dismal Swamp Canal water for the intra-coastal line.

The Chamber of Commerce of Elizabeth City has been especially active in promoting new industries and in watching out closely for the commercial interests of the city. The Congressional party were kept busy looking into every cove and creek.

A visit was made to the mills of the Dare Lumber Company, owned by Mr. C. F. Hotchkiss and his associates. Manager Brown, the official in charge, showed us about this model plant. Every machine in the mill is operated by electric motors, and the substantial docks and lumber sheds indicated the gigantic production of lumber. Here are manufactured the famous "Quaker" cedar gray shingles, which roof many a tasty and attractive modern home. Most of the product is shipped through the canals. The logs are brought over on barges from Dare County across the Sound, as rafting is impossible with gum-tree logs which sink in the water.

* * *

Up the Pasquotank River the little engineer boat sailed on past Turner's Cut, for a trip through the Dismal Swamp Canal. There was something weird in the contemplation of this journey. The lines of Thomas Moore's famous poem were in the minds of nearly all the party, and half a dozen murmured in a dreary monotone:

> They made her a grave too cold and damp
> For a soul so warm and true;
> And she's gone to the Lake of the Dismal Swamp,
> Where all night long by a fire-fly lamp,
> She paddles her white canoe.

In the early part of the last century Moore had come up from the Bermudas and had resided for a time in Norfolk. He was deeply interested in the startling traditions of the swamp, and composed his never-to-be-forgotten poem on the story of the young man who had lost his mind on his fiancee's death, and, believing that she had gone to the Dismal Swamp, went there to search for her and never returned.

The canal has also a historic significance, as it was originally projected by George Washington, who became interested in having an inland waterway through the Dismal Swamp to connect Chesapeake Bay with the sounds of North Carolina.

Up by Hodge's landing, the scenes were most attractive. On the right were farms and plantations, but on the left, there was little evidence of development—just the primeval wilderness of Washington's time.

Across the line in Virginia lies Lake Drummond, the real Dismal Swamp, connected with the canal by a "feeder." This supplies the canal's water during certain months of the year. A trip along the "feeder" was made in a gasoline launch.

A weird district was the surrounding country in the early days—alive with snakes and reptiles of all kinds. All along the banks the red "juniper water" trickles down from the springs. This water has long been in use by sailing vessels that take long voyages, because it retains its good drinking qualities for an indefinite length of time.

It is reputed to be the most healthful of waters; the lumbermen who live near the juniper swamps and who drink it freely are immune to malaria and to all other climatic diseases. Congressman Small gives as an example of the effectiveness of this water, the story of Colonel R. B. Creecy, of Elizabeth City, who died only two years ago at the ripe old age of ninety-four. The Colonel, states Mr. Small, attributed his long life and vigorous health to juniper water. He had been an editor for more than sixty years, and at the time of his death was said to be the oldest active editor in the United States. At this time a movement is pending to erect a monument in Elizabeth City to the memory of this famous old Knight of the Faber.

As the gasoline launch puffed through the "feeder," the tangled, brown, mysterious mass of shrubs and vegetation on every hand mirrored such a picture as could never be put on canvas. One could realize how effective a word picture Moore had made when he said:

> Away to the Dismal Swamp he speeds—
> His path was rugged and sore,
> Through tangled juniper, beds of reeds,
> Through many a fen where the serpent feeds,
> And a man never trod before!
>
> And when on the earth he sank to sleep,
> If slumber his eyelids knew,
> He lay where the deadly vine doth weep
> Its venomous tear, and nightly steep
> The flesh with blistering dew!
>
> And near him the she-wolf stirred the brake,
> And the copper-snake breathed in his ear.

The Dismal Swamp has long been the theme of story writers—as long ago as 1856 there was published, in *Harper's Magazine*, a stirring account of a trip through this region.

BARGES ON LAKE DRUMMOND CANAL IN DISMAL SWAMP

* * *

At Lake Drummond were the old locks that feed the canal, in charge of Captain Marsh, a Confederate veteran. The cruise on Lake Drummond was made in rowboats. The gaunt stumps of great cypress trees stood out on the water and on shore like great ghosts. The desolation of this country, so close to the first civilization, furnished matter for reflection. The charred spots in the wood marked the ground where camp-fires of the bear hunters had crackled, and along the bank were the tracks of black bears who had shambled down to the water. Stories were recalled of old days when runaway slaves, renegade deserters of the Civil War and other fugitives had hidden in these woods, and had here found refuge.

The charter of the Dismal Swamp Canal was granted in 1787, and a small canal was shortly after constructed, largely by slave labor. In 1892 the Lake Drummond Canal and Water Company purchased and reconstructed the waterway.

The advantages of the Lake Drummond Canal as an inland water route were emphasized in passing. This route represents the shortest and most direct way to Albemarle Sound, and it is claimed that by a proper drainage system the canal could be made the means of reclaiming thousands of acres of swamp grounds for prosperous small farms. Protected from coastal storms and naval attacks, the Dismal Swamp Canal maintains eighty per cent. of the through competitive traffic, at higher tolls than the other route. The canal has a depth of nine feet, and has never been affected by tides or winds or depression of water. The canal has two locks 250 feet long, one at Deep Creek, Virginia, the other at South Mills, North Carolina. One could not help but reflect on what this enterprise meant in the days of George Washington. To the people of the young Republic, it was an undertaking of proportions equal to that of the Panama Canal at this time.

Through the Deep Creek lock and into the south branch of the Elizabeth River, the boat came to Norfolk, the gateway of eastern North Carolina coast trade. With these inland waterways leading direct into Hampton Roads, Norfolk is the center of an area that is being rapidly developed, as are certain sections of the West. At Norfolk are located the terminals of the great Tidewater Railway, the last great enterprise carried through by H. H. Rogers. Here also are the terminals of the Southern Railway and the Atlantic Coast Line; and at Portsmouth, across the way, the Seaboard has extensive terminal facilities. Over the water routes and railways leading to Norfolk, come an immense amount of garden truck and fruit, lumber and other products of North Carolina. The prophecy of Norfolk's future is being realized more and more as these waterways are developed, supplementing the facilities of the great railways.

We passed the old training ships in the Norfolk Navy Yard, and touched the very waters made memorable by the great conflict between the "Merrimac" and "Monitor" in Hampton Roads. The story of the United States Navy would never be complete without an account of the stirring days at the Norfolk yard. The citizens of Norfolk are enthusiastic concerning the wonderful growth of North Carolina, which opens up a vast territory for development, and adds still more prestige to the powers of this great Southern port.

* * *

Who has not dreamed at one time or another of building a home all his own? Plans are made and as the income increases, the vision crystalizes as various architectural sketches are studied. At first, it may be only a simple summer home—one far afield, where clover blooms, where the rooster sounds his clarion call, and where in the pastures nearby cows graze contentedly.

Skirting the seashore, from Long Island to the Jersey Coast, the scattered cottages of hipped roof and weather-beaten shingle fronts recall visions of old-time Colonial homes. These dreams of home-making were recalled in a tour from North Carolina through the historic Dismal Swamp Canal, to Norfolk, Virginia. In the old school geography the picture of a man digging out a juniper log out of which shingles were to be made, was brought vividly to mind. This northeast section of North Carolina is the only juniper timber area in the world. Passing up the feeder of the canal to Lake Drummond the red water trickling down the banks told of the great juniper trees for which the Dismals (or swamps) are famous. The juniper log has comparatively little sap and lasts forever. This explains why the juniper shingles produced in Colonial days are still in a good state of preservation and show comparatively no effect of wear. The Government uses juniper for life-boats, and nearly every life-saving station on the Atlantic Coast south of New York is thatched with juniper shingles. Between the Pamlico and Albemarle Sounds, and in the Great Dismal Swamp, is located the timber area from which the John L. Roper Lumber Company have made the famous "Roper" brand of shingles, which have become world famous.

For over forty years the juniper or white cedar shingles have been an important product of northeast North Carolina. They turn a soft, pale, weathered gray with age, and never require paint, but assume that time-worn tinge which architects desire to complete the color-scheme of their plans. The economy of "Roper" juniper shingles is suggested in the absence of the regular paint bills which come in every few years with ordinary shingles.

The perpetual green that flecks the great area of the Dismal Swamp is that of the juniper tree, and the open places are what the natives call "red lights." Juniper water has long been regarded as the most healthful of waters.

The only bear-hunting ground on the coast now is in the Dismal Swamp whence came many of the old-time and thrilling stories of bear hunts. The bears live upon the bark of the juniper trees and suck the sweet inner bark. No fungus attacks the juniper trees in this section of the country, although the sweet cedar swamps of Jersey to the north are fast being destroyed. If the water was drained off the juniper trees would die.

When you bite the end of an old cedar lead pencil, you have the juniper flavor. Expensive experiments have already been made with juniper for lead pencils so it will be no longer necessary to utilize the old rail fences in Virginia for a supply of lead pencil wood, with juniper coming into favor.

For some years past the Roper Company have been furnishing white cedar tank plank for England, Germany and the export trade. After an experience of over forty years in the manufacture and use of white cedar, it is found that no other lumber will surpass it for tanks, because it imparts no unpleasant flavor and preserves the water like metal. No matter how long a cedar tank is used, it remains sweet, when filled or empty. The resistance to the effect of moisture of white cedar, or juniper wood, has been one of the marvels of builders' experience. The "Roper" brand is furnished planed and ready for use, giving that softened and delicate effect of age, which is in sharp contrast to the glaring shingles, stained or painted, that soon show an ugly wear.

Juniper lasts longer without treatment than other wood with treatment, and between Boston and New York are juniper cross-arms, placed there twenty-four years ago and still in use on the main line of one of the great telegraph systems. Reviewing the range of forestry, no other wood seems to have such a range of endurance qualities.

All the big spar buoys used by the Government are of juniper wood, and the North Carolina fishermen have, from time immemorial, used juniper for corks for the seines and herring net, as it will float indefinitely and never become water-logged, and cross-arms are shipped and in use from Canada to Texas.

* * *

The rich area of undeveloped land in northeast North Carolina is rich in promise. The black loam belt in the swamp districts is the accumulation for centuries of decomposed vegetable matter and leaf mould. Projects are now well under way to reclaim for cultivation large areas of this rich soil. Lakes with an area of fifty square miles are to be drained, and in a few years will be covered with growing crops, as the pickerel ponds of Iowa and the cranberry marshes of Wisconsin have been transformed. The cost per acre in tilling the rich $100 to $200 acre of Middle West land is more than it would cost to entirely reclaim the rich swamp lands of the South, with a result of developing productive soil, of longer seasons, where, instead of one crop, two and three crops are marketed. Diversity of crops and the ease of rotation affords the farmer to have one crop to market bringing him in ready money two or three times a year. The young man, or new settler, can open and develop a prosperous paying farm without having to endure all the hardships of a pioneer and be in close proximity to the greatest market of the country and live near localities settled in Revolutionary days. Where else can virgin land be procured in a land of such advanced civilization? The proximity to market necessarily enhances the value of all products, for not only has the farmer of North Carolina coast the advantage of unexcelled refrigerator car service from the North, but they have water transportation. Cargo after cargo of truck leaves Norfolk every day and arrives in New York within twenty-four hours in a market supplying at least twenty million people.

A sharp contrast indeed to the dusty and impassable roads of the West is the Carolina farmer located on the myriads of inlets and bays, navigable for small craft. With his gasoline boat he can economically reach the New York and Philadelphia boats, or refrigerator cars from the interior, with his produce, even fifty miles away. In affording virgin soil in an old ready settled country, the problem of good roads, which requires years and years of development in other communities, is here already solved, for, on the limpid waterways of the sounds and rivers, the farmer goes gaily forth to market, suggesting the great canal systems of Holland and Germany, which, in their building and construction, have cost millions. A farmer with a six horsepower engine in the rear of a buckeye boat—a modification of the Chesapeake schooner which will hold a carload of produce—is in direct touch with a market one hundred miles away. Pleasure-day excursion for the folks at home is market day. The freight on a bushel of potatoes to New York averages twelve cents. Inland waterways plays in the development of intensive farming. The small boat is more economical than the transportation of products by road vehicles, even on the best and most improved road systems. Men who have not grown gray can recall the time in the West when it cost more to get a bushel of corn to the elevator and the cribs in Iowa from a farm five miles away than it required to take ten bushels on to Chicago, two hundred miles, by rail.

The next decade will witness a momentous farm development on the rich swamp lands from which the lumbermen have taken the timber and where scientific drainage has taken rank with irrigation in recruiting the agricultural acreage necessary to feed a nation that increases a million and a half mouths every year to feed.

O FOR DIVINER AIR

By EDNA DEAN PROCTOR

O FOR diviner air
Out where the Vanished fare—
I am aweary of this stifling world!
O for some waft of bliss
From richer realms than this!
Earth's winds are dead and all her banners furled.

For they who brought delight
Have fled from mortal sight
Farther than heaving seas or rolling suns;
O for some charm to free!
Tonight I fain would be
Out in God's open with the vanished Ones!

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The GUEST OF HONOR

By William Hodge

"The Man From Home"

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SYNOPSIS—John Weatherbee, author and poet, comes to New York with his four-year-old adopted son, Jack, and takes rooms at Wartle's boarding house. As finances dwindle, he keeps moving up until the "top floor back" is reached. Amid persistent dunning of Wartle, the landlord, and Mrs. Murray, the housekeeper, Weatherbee is kept in spirits by Warner, a blind newspaper man, who assures the young man that some day he will be famous. Weatherbee becomes rapturous in describing to Warner the girl who recited his prize verse at the exclusive "Ten Club." The same afternoon this young lady, Miss Rosamond Kent, calls personally to urge him to attend a luncheon. Weatherbee introduces himself as his own secretary. Rosamond recognizes a photograph of her sister Marguerite on Weatherbee's table, and later informs her mother. Rosamond's father, "Dick" Kent, a Wall Street broker, objects to his daughter entertaining an unknown author, and when Weatherbee arrives Kent practically dismisses him, but not until Rosamond has learned from Weatherbee, who admits his identity, that the original of the photograph she saw at his studio is dead. Meantime, Wartle and Mrs. Murray conclude to get married, but Weatherbee is forced to vacate his rooms.

CHAPTER XV

THE distance to the banisters from the old wooden table which Weatherbee had bent over so many, many long, weary nights struggling with his books, seemed long. His feet felt heavy—they seemed to stick to the old ragged carpet as if they were hugging each spot they touched for the last time. His heart, which was hidden behind a false smile, ached, it throbbed and jumped and jerked as he thought of the little hand he was holding.

He peeked from the corners of his eyes at the old bed-couch where he had lain for the last time with those tiny arms clasped around his neck, explaining away the imaginary riddles of babyhood, and he wondered how long it would be before those little arms would wind themselves around his neck again and when the sleepy voice would whisper some puzzling question into his ear that would force him to rise and light his pipe, while he searched for an answer.

"I can't call at Mrs. Turner's to see him," he thought to himself, "for I told her I was leaving town on business and asked her to take care of him until I returned."

Jack was well acquainted with his pensive moods and stood patiently watching him as he stood in the center of the room, buried in thought, with his head hanging low and his eyes closed.

The stairs creaked, but he didn't hear them, though Jack listened silently and watched eagerly for the approaching figure, and his eyes glared at the face before him, his forehead wrinkled, his lips separated, and he stood speechless in a state of frightened amazement, as he studied the familiar features and the large, soft eyes that were looking into his. He centered his gaze on her eyes and he didn't see the beautiful, white, soft gown that clung to her slender figure, the white gloves that covered her shapely hands, or the large, simple hat of the same color. His eyes never left her eyes—he riveted his unnatural stare on the eyes that might have been moulded from the ones in the picture he held under his arm.

As Rosamond Kent stood smiling affectionately at the little bundle of blue gingham patches, with her hand resting gracefully on the banister, she resembled a painting that might have been returned from an exhibition with the gold prize. She watched the two characters standing in the center of the room for many seconds, one glaring at her as if she had fallen out of a peaceful sky and the other with his eyes closed, dreaming, as she supposed, of a book or poem, and she broke the silence with a gentle "good afternoon."

The words came to Weatherbee's ears like music that had floated over the sea of memory, and he felt as if he had been transferred from the dream of the bed-couch with Jack's arms clinging about his neck to the dream of a voice he had heard and never expected to hear again. He realized he was standing in the room that he must leave, and he hated to open his eyes and gaze at its walls again for the last time. He raised his lids slowly and staggered back when he saw Miss Kent standing before him, and his tongue seemed to stick to his teeth when he tried to speak.

"Go-od af-after-noon," he mumbled after a desperate struggle. "This *is* an unexpected pleasure."

"The old gentleman at the door told me to come right up. If you are going out, Mr. Weatherbee, please don't let me detain you. I can call again."

"Well, we *are* going out," and he smiled faintly as he glanced down at Jack, "but we have no particular *anxiety* to hurry."

"What a sweet child," Miss Kent remarked tenderly as she advanced a step toward Jack. "How do you do, sir?" and she offered him her hand and he placed his toys on the floor and presented one hand while he pulled his little hat off with the other, though his eyes never wandered from hers.

"This is little Jack," Weatherbee said in a proud tone as he placed his hand on the child's head and shook it affectionately.

"Well, I am pleased to meet you," and she shook his little hand firmly.

"You look like my mamma's picture," he whispered as he drew his hand away slowly and watched her eyes steadily.

"Is that so? Well, that pleases me *very* much."

Weatherbee stood wondering if he had the right or the authority to ask his guest to be seated, and he faced the situation humorously and hoped that fate might delay his German friend who had gone for his belongings. "I hope he loses something and has to hunt an hour or so for it," he thought to himself as he decided to take a chance, so he politely requested Miss Kent to be seated.

"Mr. Weatherbee," she replied seriously, "I have come on a matter of great importance to me, and if you can spare me a few moments, I'll try and be as brief as possible."

Weatherbee's smile broadened and he answered quietly, "All the time I have at my disposal, Miss Kent, is yours," and he whispered in Jack's ear to wait downstairs and he hurried away and sat on the bottom step studying his mother's picture.

Weatherbee stood before Miss Kent and remarked politely, "I am at your service." He struggled to appear at ease, though he was unable to refrain from listening for the approach of his German friend.

"Mr. Weatherbee, did the lady we were speaking of die in this house?"

Weatherbee nodded his head and whispered, "Yes."

"How long ago?"

"Over two years ago."

"Were any of her friends with her when she died?"

"Only one."

"A lady or a gentleman?"

"A gentleman."

"Do you know how she was situated financially?"

"Her friend cared for her during her illness."

"Did he bury her?"

"As best he could."

"Do you know where I can find him?"

"I am he," Weatherbee replied slowly and quietly after a short silence, and another long silence followed as she stood and gazed at him with an admiration that made her fight with her white gloved arms to keep them from winding themselves around his neck. She searched for words that would express her gratitude, but any she found seemed empty and hollow, and she shook her head slowly and whispered, "How noble of you, how noble of you."

"I wish I had been able to have done more," he whispered back and watched the tears gathering around her large, soft eyes.

"Would it be asking too much of you to take me to her grave?"

"If you care to walk with me, I shall be proud to take you there."

"I shall be proud to walk with you and I am *proud* to *know* you," and she went to him and gripped his hand firmly and looked upon his shiny, worn blue serge suit as a flag of honor.

Weatherbee bowed low with gratitude and was repeating the words, "I am grateful," for the second time as the long-haired German youth, who had rented the room, appeared at the top of the stairs with his telescope.

"May I huff the room now?" he inquired politely in a thick, German accent.

"Certainly, certainly," Weatherbee answered quickly, and he assumed an air of welcome and a rapidity of speech that made it impossible for the youth to reply or reveal the true situation.

"I didn't expect you so soon. You may have the room—say—in fifteen minutes. Would it be asking too much of you to allow me fifteen minutes? I wish to pick up one or two little things—and if you will come back in fifteen minutes—it will be just fifteen minutes—of course if you remain, why, you can't come back—but I'd love to have you come back."

"Certainly, certainly," the youth interrupted, "I'll leave my things here."

"By all means leave your things here," and Weatherbee removed the large telescope from his hand as he continued talking and gently patted him on the shoulder, urging him toward the stairs—"but you'll come back, won't you? Thank you very much," he yelled at the youth whom he had on his way down the stairs.

"Pardon me, but that is the gentleman who is going to use my studio while I am away," and he transferred the heavy telescope from one hand to the other, forgetting in his embarrassed excitement that there was such a place as the floor to set it on.

"Are you going to remain out of town long?" Rosamond asked as she watched him shift the bag again.

"I haven't decided yet just how long I *will* be gone—it depends. I'll be right here in the city for a *week* or so. What day would you like to visit your friend's grave?" he asked seriously, holding the bag in both hands.

"Will you be free Monday?"

"I—I *hope* so—at what time?"

"I would like to go in the morning—I would like to take some flowers. I suppose the grave is in bad condition?"

"There are no flowers there, but otherwise the grave is in good condition."

"You have been there?"

"I was there last Sunday."

She made another search for words to express her gratitude, but failed to find any that would even suggest one of the numberless heart-throbs his noble character had given her. They were heart-throbs of love, though she was unconscious of it, for the love-throbs were beating behind a heavy veil of gratitude. She closed her eyes and gripped each hand in the other and spoke in a low whisper, emphasizing each word with a nod of her head. "O Mr. Weatherbee, I am so grateful to you."

As Weatherbee stood in total ignorance of the heavy telescope which he was hanging on to with both hands and leaning back with it against his knees, he suggested a comic picture until one saw the serious, sympathetic expression of his face and heard the deep, gentle, sincere love quiver in his voice.

"Miss Kent, I am the most grateful man in the world. Oh, if I could only find words that would explain how proud I was when I first saw you and heard you read the poem I had written—that I had even thought of," and he accentuated each word with an unconscious pull at the telescope until he had drawn it far above his knees. He was not aware that his voice had fallen to an emotional whisper, until he saw Rosamond's embarrassed gaze sink to the rag carpet. She lowered her head until her face was hidden behind the broad white rim of her hat and drifted slowly to the stairs.

His mind travelled back over what he had said—the weight of the telescope fell to one hand and swung to his side, his thin, white fingers wandered through his hair and he tried to continue, but she interrupted by laughing enthusiastically and exclaiming, "Oh!" as she clasped her hands together when she saw Jack busily engaged on the bottom step with one of his toys. "Why, here is this little dear sitting on the step. Has he been sitting here all the time?"

"I think so," Weatherbee answered as he hurried to the banister. "Come here, Jack," and he ran up the stairs as he informed them that he had been playing with his jumping-jack and looking at his mamma's picture.

Rosamond stooped and met him at the top step with open arms. "Bless his heart—is this your jumping jack?" and she worked the crippled toy and watched its antics.

"Yes, and this is my story-book," and he turned the torn leaves over to show her the pictures. "And—and this is my mamma's picture," and he held the photograph before her and watched her eyes swell as they stared at the face of her sister and travel in blank amazement from it to Weatherbee, and from Weatherbee back to the dead mother whose child stood smiling before her. Her eyes closed, her lips trembled and her face turned deathly pale. She pressed her hands over her eyes and held them there for a moment, then glanced at Jack and folded him in her arms and sobbed hysterically—"O Mr. Weatherbee, is this true?" and he nodded his head slowly and watched her clutch the child tighter in her arms and press her lips to his cheek.

Weatherbee wound his fingers around the handle of the bulgy telescope. The situation crept through his mind slowly, and he felt as if he were being wrapped in a cold, wet blanket. He saw the tiny thing that he had tied up in his soul in hard, square knots, entering the heart of a blood relation—one who was nearer and who had a greater right to love it than he had and a feeling of jealousy shot through his veins. He clenched his teeth and his body shook with fear as he thought of Jack passing out of his life. He saw the child in the Kent mansion dressed in costly dresses and he pictured himself on a lonely cot, and he whispered to himself, "I'm a coward, I'm a selfish coward."

Rosamond held Jack by the shoulder, pushed him back slowly, gazed into his eyes tenderly and ran her fingers through his curls. "Oh, my dear, are you going away with your papa?"

"Yes, he is going to leave me at Mrs. Turner's until he comes back."

"Oh, no—no—no—you must come and live with me at my house, mustn't he, Mr. Weatherbee?" and she watched Weatherbee's eyes close and his lips twitch and she waited for his reply, but he didn't answer.

"O Mr. Weatherbee, you couldn't refuse!"

"No—no," he sighed, "I mustn't refuse," and in her nervous excitement Rosamond took Jack in her arms and carried him to the stairs.

"You'll see your papa Monday when he calls," and she paused on the top step as Jack waved the broken jumping-jack at his father, who was throwing a farewell kiss with his trembling hand and trying to speak with a voice that was sticking in his throat. "I'll see you Monday, Jack."

"Come, dear, we'll get in the automobile and make the driver drive as fast as he can," and she hurried down the creaking stairs, while Jack yelled back at the top of his voice, "O dad, we are going to ride in an auto-*mo*-bile!" and Jack's curls floated in the damp breeze as the massive car whirled up Fifth Avenue.

Chapter XVI

Weatherbee hung far over the banisters and watched Miss Kent hurrying down the stairs with Jack. His long arm went down as far as he could reach with the last kiss he threw to the child; while he watched them turn the dark hall, he pulled the telescope up, set it on the banister, placed his elbows on it and rested his face in his hands. The quiet of the room seemed restful. He often sat and listened to the song of silence, but it had never seemed as friendly—it sounded as if it were trying to hum a more encouraging air than it had ever tried to sing to him before and he listened quietly for many minutes.

He raised his head slowly and sat the telescope on the floor, strolled leisurely to the little window and drew back the soiled curtain. The dark clouds had turned to a clear, bright blue. The sun peeped in through the small window, rested on his pale cheek and he welcomed it with a faint smile of gratitude. The curtain fell from his fingers, his hands wandered into the pockets of his trousers, and he stood at the table and smiled down at the clumsy little bundle he had made of Jack's belongings. He untied the string, removed the newspaper, held the little blue gingham dress up and grinned at the awkward, square patches that he had placed there himself. His mind shot up Fifth Avenue into the Kent mansion, and he wondered if he would ever see those patches hanging on Jack's tiny form again. He folded the dress carefully, wrapped it in the newspaper, tied it tightly, tucked it under his arm and paused as he thought to himself, "I can at least remain until my German friend returns," and he sat in the broken rocker with the bundle in his lap, rocked peacefully as he pictured Jack being prepared for his first dinner on Fifth Avenue and wondered if he would enjoy it as much as the many he had cooked for him on the oil stove.

He pushed the little rocker back and forth swiftly, threw his head back and laughed aloud as he thought of some of the questions Jack might ask when he sat at the table and saw the many servants bobbing about him.

"How I would love to conceal myself in some corner and not let him know I was there and watch his eyes and listen to his remarks," Weatherbee thought to himself as he swung to and fro in the little chair that seemed to squeak forth with enthusiasm and rejoice in his happy thoughts.

The stream of sunlight that had been stealing its way through the little window had broadened and crawled along on the rag carpet and was flickering and dancing before him as if it knew his mind and wanted to waltz in unison with his heart, which was beating with joy as it thought of the story it had to tell Warner as they sat on the bench in the park that night and gazed up through the trees at the moon listening to their story.

He had completely forgotten himself and his own situation. He smiled at the moment of jealousy he had passed through when he saw Miss Kent seize Jack and hold him in her arms. His jealousy simmered into gratitude as he looked at Jack's future path in life, the path he had studied and worried over so many nights, the path that fate had changed from one of cobble stones to one of roses.

His mind felt as if it were hanging on a pendulum, for it swung back and forth over the situation from the time he first saw Jack sitting on the floor at his mother's bedside, playing with a rubber toy, until Miss Kent hurried down the stairs with him clutched in her arms. He thought of the *something* that kept slapping him on the back and pushing him toward the Kent mansion when he fought with himself and tried not to go. With closed eyes he glanced at his embarrassment in Kent's presence and was grateful for it.

"How small and yet how big the world is," he thought as he pictured the few short blocks which had hidden the soul that flickered out of the hall bedroom on Twenty-ninth Street from the one in the mansion on Fifth Avenue, not twenty blocks away.

"It's a good old world, though, if you humor it a little," he whispered aloud and his eyes fell on the manuscripts he had thrown on the shelf in the closet and he walked over and pulled them down and glanced over the pages and pushed them under the string that was tied around Jack's bundle. "The poor scripts aren't to blame," he thought to himself, "and they may keep me company under some lonesome old tree."

He wrote his German friend a note thanking him for remaining away so long and nailed it to the center of the table with a pin so he would be sure to see it. He pushed Jack's bundle and his 'scripts under his arm and started on his aimless journey, but the old stairs creaked before he reached them and announced a new arrival.

"It's the German youth," he said to himself, as he took the note and tore it in bits and turned to express his thanks, and his eyes fell on the small, thin figure of Mr. Grant, the publisher. His forehead knitted itself into a mass of puzzled wrinkles when he saw the man standing before him that he had tried in vain to see so many times. He thought of the one abrupt interview the little man had given him after he had called at his office every morning for a few weeks. He remembered his snappy, hopeless tones, and how he dismissed him without asking him to be seated. He remembered the clean-shaven face with the thin lips that hung over the long protruding teeth and the small gray eyes that shot from his head to his shoes and back to the pages of a book they had left for less than a second and didn't leave again during the conversation that lasted perhaps thirty seconds. It was Weatherbee's last visit to a publisher's office—the visit that had humiliated him more than any he had ever experienced. Grant was the man who had ignored his presence after he had given him one piercing glance, the man who blocked his conversation by snapping, "I'm busy now," each time he had attempted to speak, but there he stood smiling pleasantly.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Weatherbee," and he jerked the words out of his mouth as quickly as he did when he sat in his office chair, though his voice didn't possess the annoyed tone it did then.

"How do you do, Mr. Grant? This is something new for the publisher to call on the author, isn't it?"

"No, the publisher is glad to call on the author if he is writing anything worth while."

"Well, I hope I have written something of that kind."

"You have. I read one of your 'scripts yesterday and took the other home and read it last night. Sorry I didn't get to them sooner, but you know the works of an unknown author are usually left until everything else is read."

"Yes, I have known that for some time," Weatherbee answered in a low, dry tone, though he wasn't sure whether Mr. Grant meant his remarks to be funny or otherwise.

"I am leaving town this evening for three or four weeks, and I wanted to see you first. If you haven't disposed of your books and wish to do business with us, we would like to publish them this fall."

After Weatherbee had swallowed a few times and searched around and found his voice, he informed Mr. Grant that he would be glad to do business with his firm.

Grant's gray eyes shot around the attic room and gathered in Weatherbee's situation with a glance, but his cold, snappy personality misrepresented his character. His sharp business instinct told him at once that he was in the presence of a man who was in the need of money, but he was not a man who would take an unfair advantage of a business opportunity and his innate generosity which was hidden behind his snappy, icy manner, was favorably touched by Weatherbee's humorous frankness.

"Very well, glance at that," he said in his usual jerky way, as he drew a contract from his coat pocket quickly, and gave it to Weatherbee. "You'll find the regular percentage there. We don't usually give it to an unknown author, but I like your work. That contract gives us an option on anything you write for the next ten years—two hundred and fifty dollars down on each of these books and five hundred on each one we accept hereafter. If that is satisfactory, you may sign this one, I have signed that one."

He smiled when he watched Weatherbee's hand tremble as he held the contract before his closed eyes and listened to the words which were uttered in a stuttering whisper, "That is quite satisfactory to me, Mr. Grant."

"Just sign it here," he remarked in a quiet tone of amusement, holding his thumb on the spot as he placed the contract on the table and gave Weatherbee his fountain pen, and Weatherbee scribbled his name on the sheet of paper, while Grant grabbed a chair and seated himself at the opposite side of the table, drew his checkbook from his hip pocket, removed his pen from between Weatherbee's fingers and asked quickly, "You spell your name W-e-a-t-h-e-r-b-e-e—don't you?"

"Yes, John Weatherbee," he stammered, and Grant drew the check, passed it and a slip of paper across the table and placed the pen in Weatherbee's fingers.

"Just sign that receipt, will you?" and while Weatherbee tried to scratch his name on the paper, Grant held the check square before him and read it aloud quickly. "'Pay to the order of John Weatherbee, five hundred dollars, H. B. Grant & Company.' I guess you'll find that all right," and he gave Weatherbee an affectionate crack on the back, as he continued, "And if I'm not greatly mistaken those two books will bring you in a great many of those checks. I hope so. Make yourself at home in our office, Mr. Weatherbee. Keep working, young man, you're the coming American author—good day," and his short, thin legs carried his small body away in the same jerky manner in which his tongue disposed of his conversation. He felt that he was conscious of Weatherbee's circumstances from the moment he had entered the room and he glanced over his shoulder as he started down the stairs and smiled at Weatherbee's dazed condition caused by the five hundred dollar check.

Weatherbee's hand shook as he held the check close to his eyes and read it over carefully. He placed it on the table and looked around the room to see if he was alone and then held it still closer to his eyes and read it over several times. He studied the date, the signature, the amount and placed it on the table, crowded his hands deep into the pockets of his trousers, tilted back in his chair and gazed at it as if he expected it to bite him if he touched it again. He stood his elbows on the table and rested his head in his hand and looked down at it as if he were gazing into a bottomless well, and read it over again and again.

The German youth entered the room, spoke and coughed several times, but wasn't heard until he stepped to Weatherbee's side and touched him on the shoulder gently.

After Weatherbee had looked him over with a vacant stare for several seconds, he gathered words enough together to thank him for giving him the use of the room as long as he had, and learned, after polite inquiry, that the German didn't object to taking a room on the floor below if he didn't have to pay more than one dollar and fifty cents a week for it.

Weatherbee explained that owing to an unexpected change in his business arrangements, he was going to remain in the city and would like to keep his room. "I shall see that you get a more pleasant room than this one and will willingly pay the difference in the rent while you are here. Will you make yourself at home while I see Mr. Wartle and have him assign you to the room?"

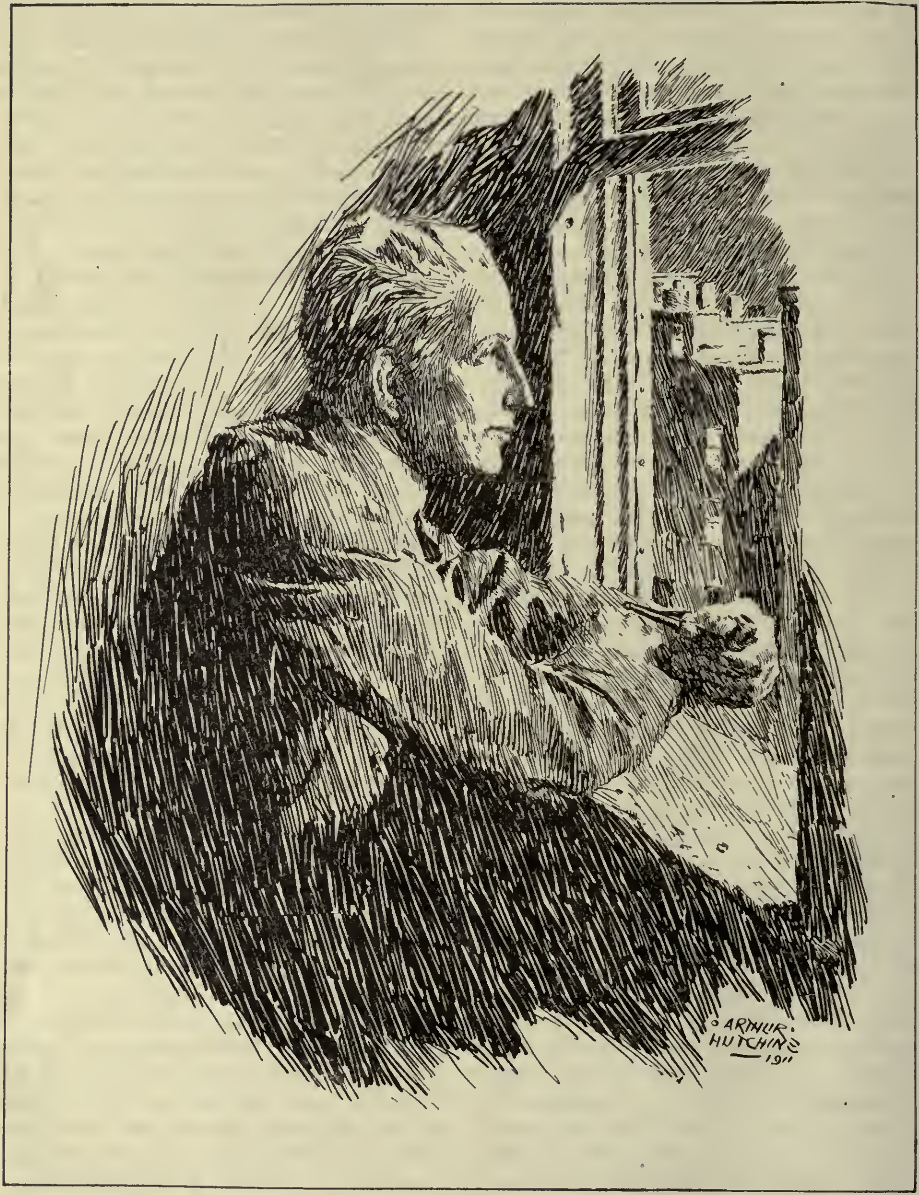
Weatherbee found Wartle and Mrs. Murray seated in the kitchen going over the details of their approaching wedding. Wartle not only ignored the check, but laughed at it and said, "Hit his ha bunkho."

Mrs. Murray examined it and said, "It's ginuine," and the groom was ordered to advance "Witherbee" what money he wanted and to stop "chewin' the rag about it."

The German youth moved his large telescope into the front room on the floor below and Weatherbee started for Mrs. Turner's to explain Jack's absence with twenty dollars in his pocket, while Mrs. Murray and Wartle sat examining the check.

When Weatherbee reached Warner's house he was notified that he hadn't been there since noon and he paid the rent for Warner's room and started for the park. He found Warner seated on the bench they called "theirs." His slouch hat was crumpled in his left hand, his cane stood between his knees and his right hand rested on its handle. His head hung low and his white hair looked as if it had been pushed in every direction by nervous fingers.

Weatherbee stood at a distance of



". . . And he filled his pipe, drew a chair up to the window, placed his arms on the sill, smiled up at the moon, and smoked"

twenty feet and studied the picture for many minutes. His heart beat with enthusiasm and admiration for the man who sat bowed in grief waiting for his coming. His robin was chirping above his head, but he didn't seem to hear it. Weatherbee sauntered up to his side and struck him a savage whack on the shoulder that knocked his cane and hat from his hand.

"Well, we are here, Warner!" he exclaimed in a good-natured tone, that Warner thought was cleverly forced.

"Yes, John, I have been waiting for you."

"How long have you been sitting here, Warner?"

"I don't know, John."

"Did you sit here while it was raining?"

"I don't know, John, I guess so."

"Why, you're soaked, Warner."

"It feels good, John, it feels good. It's cool."

"Let us walk, Warner—I—I can't sit still, I'm nervous," and they started across Seventy-second Street toward Broadway.

Warner clung to Weatherbee's arm and dragged his feet along slowly. He didn't ask where they were going, for he didn't care and the most welcome spot he could think of was the river.

Weatherbee's long silence was not intentional. He had a long pleasant story to tell and he didn't know just how to tell it, or where to begin. He had rushed to Mrs. Turner's, then to Warner's house and from there to the Park so hurriedly that he had not quite regained his breath, but he was collecting his thoughts slowly and preparing to bombard Warner with the good news.

"Come in here," he said quietly, as he pulled Warner into a large Broadway restaurant and relieved him of his hat and cane and seated him at a table spread with fresh, white linen.

"We are going from soup to nuts, Warner, and from there to pure Havana tobacco," and Weatherbee quietly passed the long pleasant story across the table and watched Warner pick the tears from his smiling eyes with the corner of his serviette. Weatherbee begged him to talk, but it was useless. His tongue was numb with happiness, there were no words to express or describe his feeling and he sighed and pulled away at his long, black cigar in silence. Weatherbee led him to his hall bedroom and he whispered, "Good-night, John," many times before he released his hand and he sat on the edge of his cot and dreamed over the story long after Weatherbee had gone.

A large box of smoking tobacco was purchased in the little cigar store on Twenty-ninth Street. The moon was peeping in through the little attic window to welcome Weatherbee when he entered, and he filled his pipe, drew a chair up to the window, placed his arms on its sill, smiled up at the moon and smoked.

Chapter XVII

When the automobile came to a stop in front of the Kent mansion, Rosamond alighted quickly, but Jack made no attempt to move. He sat staring at the large windows and the white marble steps.

"Oh, are we there already?" he inquired in a tone that explained his desire to remain in the car as he sat quietly and watched Rosamond standing with both hands stretched forward to jump him to the walk.

"Yes, we are home—your home," she answered tenderly and she took him in her arms and carried hin to the top step, but his entrance into the mansion was made backwards for his eyes never left the automobile until the heavy door swung and hid it from his wondering gaze.

He mentally photographed the butler's uniform with one glance and a pleasant smile, as he remarked in a most complimentary manner, "you look just like a man in my picture book," but the gentleman who represented the cut in the picture book, printed for the purpose of pleasing babies, did not think the compliment called for any word of thanks and he made no reply, though Rosamond squeezed his little hand affectionately and concealed a smile with her white glove as she led him into the drawing room.

His eyes wandered from one large oil painting to another and his voice fell to a surprised whisper. "Oh, this is just like the Art Museum, isn't it?" and he threw his hands behind his back and clutched them tightly as he stood in the center of the large room and began to count the sheep on one of the canvasses.

Rosamond watched the little red lips move silently until they exclaimed:—"There are sixty-three in that one, aren't there?"

"I have never counted them. You come up to my room and I'll explain all these paintings to you tomorrow."

When they reached the foot of the wide stairs Rosamond attempted to take Jack in her arms, but he politely protested.

"You mustn't carry me, because I'm too heavy."

"What makes you think you are too heavy?"

"Because when you lift me your face gets red."

So they climbed the stairs hand in hand and Jack playfully pounded his little feet on the heavily carpeted steps and stopped when he had gone half way and jumped up and down several times, then exclaimed in a hopeless, breathless tone, "you can't make these big stairs squeak, can you?"

"Do you like to hear the steps squeak?"

"Yes, Dad says our stairs can talk—and they just yell when Mr. Wartle gets on them."

"Don't you like these stairs?"

"Yes, pretty well, they look nice, but they won't squeak, I like squeaky stairs."

Rosamond threw the door of her sleeping room open and Jack entered by sliding his feet along the heavy rug.

"This is my room."

After his eyes had travelled around the four walls several times, he inquired in a tone of utter amazement, "Do you sleep in this big room all alone?"

"Yes, and I'm going to get a bed to match mine put in here for you."

"Will there be a tent over it like yours?"

"Yes, just like mine. Will you like that?"

"Yes, is that to keep the mosquitoes out?"

"No, that is to keep the light out. There are no mosquitoes up here."

He slid his way to one of the large windows, pulled the curtain aside and stepped back with surprise.

"Oh, you can see right out onto the street, can't you? And there is the man who brought us up here in his automobile. I guess he is waiting for his pay."

Rosamond tried to watch the child gazing down at the long line of automobiles crowding their way in both directions, but she was unable to control her love and she took him in her arms, placed him among the silk-covered pillows on the large divan and kissed him until he gasped for breath.

"How would you like some nice cake and a glass of milk or nice ice-cold lemonade before dinner?"

Jack didn't keep her waiting long for a reply, and it took her some time to explain the mechanism of the electric button she pressed to summon the servant.

"But I can't hear it ring," and he became more puzzled as he pressed each one of the five buttons several times, but he was finally convinced that they made a noise some place when he saw the five servants standing at the door awaiting orders.

Rosamond selected two of her choice silk pillows from the divan, placed them in a large armchair and seated Jack at a small mahogany table before the window. She drew the curtains aside so he could watch the automobiles pass and he was served with several portions of chocolate cake and a silver pitcher of lemonade. She instructed her maid to care for his wants and with a number of affectionate kisses, asked to be excused for just a few minutes.

Jack granted her request politely and also informed her as she was hurrying from the room that the automobile man was waiting there yet for his pay.

There were very few crumbs of chocolate left on the large silver cake dish when Jack leaned back in his chair and began counting the automobiles passing on the crowded street below. He counted until the large blue eyes became drowsy and closed. The automobiles, the silver cake dish, the electric buttons and the noise and mad rush of Fifth Avenue were forgotten, for the baby mind dreamed itself back into Weatherbee's arms on the little cot in the attic on Twenty-ninth Street.

Rosamond unfolded the strange story to her mother and Helen, and all three agreed that Mr. Kent shouldn't be informed until the proper opportunity presented itself, and after a careful plan had been arranged to conceal the child's identity, they went to Rosamond's room, dismissed the maid and studied the sleeping picture carefully for many minutes.

Jack awoke to find himself wrapped in Mrs. Kent's arms and her cheek pressed to his. He grunted and struggled until he succeeded in gaining his freedom and backed his way to the center of the room, gazing with a quizzical eye at Mrs. Kent, whose faint smile was liberally moistened with tears.

Helen informed him that he hadn't kissed her yet and then took possession of him after a playful struggle and kissed him affectionately many times.

Jack blushed and laughed heartily, for he considered it all a huge joke and glanced from one to the other as if he were wondering what was going to happen next. After a long silence, he took Mrs. Kent's hand in both of his, looked up into her eyes and whispered, "Why are you crying?" and she answered with a deep sob and more tears as she gathered him in her arms.

Dinner was announced and Rosamond took personal charge of the little soiled hands and the curls which were somewhat tangled, owing to the manner in which he had been passed from one to the other since his arrival at the Kent Mansion. The curls were gently straightened and the little hands washed in a lather of perfumed soap that kept either one hand or the other constantly at Jack's nose.

"Isn't that nice smelly soap?"

"Do you like it?"

"Yes, I never smelled such lovely soap before."

The curls were sprinkled with rich toilet water and the patches on the gingham dress were scented with French perfume. She held the little white face between her hands and kissed the large blue eyes again and again.

She was even better acquainted with her father's strong, stubborn mind than her mother and she feared his attitude toward the child and she had planned a harmless little scheme that would keep Jack's real name a secret until they became well acquainted and would not cause the child to tell a falsehood.

"Why do you look at me so?" he asked in a puzzled tone, as he stood with his hands at his side allowing Rosamond to squeeze his cheeks tightly. "Are you worried about something?"

"No, I am happy—awfully, awfully happy!"

"Why do you frown so, then?"

"Because I am so happy."

"People don't frown when they are happy, do they?"

"I do sometimes when I am very, very happy," and she squeezed the cheeks tighter and shook the little head until the curls swung about his face.

"Do you like my sister?"

"Yes, indeed."

"Do you like my mother?"

"Yes, very much."

"You are going to meet my father at dinner tonight, and I want you to like him too. He doesn't talk very much and when he does talk, he speaks quickly and he has a deep heavy voice and he jerks his words out as if he was angry about something, but he isn't, that is only his way, so don't you be afraid, will you?"

"No—Dad says big souls always have big voices. Mr. Warner has a big voice."

"My father has a big soul, but he doesn't know it—he keeps it locked up in his business, and we are going to make him unlock it. You and my mother and sister and I are going to play a little joke on him."

"Won't he be angry?"

"No, because he won't know anything about it. Even when it is all over he won't know it was a joke, so you see he can't get angry, can he?"

"No, I don't see how he can—if he doesn't find it out. What is it?"

"Well, we are going to introduce you to him as 'Little Jack,' just 'Little Jack'—no more, and he may not ask what your last name is, but if he does, why, you just say 'Jack' and then when you get quite well acquainted we'll tell him your last name. Don't you think that will be a good joke?"

"Yes, but if he asks me right away

what my last name is, what shall I say then?"

"Just say, 'Jack.'"

"But he may say 'Jack, what?'"

"Then you may say, 'I guess that is all.' Be sure and say 'I guess,' won't you?"

Jack repeated the words, "I guess that is all," aloud until he reached the dining room, but the old colored waiter's large white eyes stared them out of his memory, and he didn't hesitate to remind him that he also looked like a man in his picture book.

Kent's approach was announced by the clearing of his throat as he left the library and a hush fell over the dining room and Jack muffled his laugh by placing his hand over his mouth and whispering between his fingers, "Is this he?"

Rosamond nodded her head and Jack's hands fell to his side. He stood erect, smiled playfully, and repeated the words to himself, "I guess that is all." The man of whom the three ladies stood in dread meant nothing to Jack but a huge joke. The large table, which was thickly spread with silverware, the handsomely decorated room and the many servants were not even noticed by the child. His mind was riveted on the joke he was to take part in, and the joke robbed the costly surroundings of any attention.

He waited for his victim calmly and, when Rosamond introduced him to her father, he courtesied, stepped forward, quickly offered his hand and spoke in a firm voice.

"I am pleased to meet you, Mr. Kent."

Kent held his hand while he studied the quaint little picture. His eyes travelled quickly from the curls to the eyes and to the patched dress and back to the eyes that were dancing with merriment. He released the little hand and Rosamond seated him in the high chair at her right, which placed him at Kent's left.

The dinner progressed in silence for some time, while all ears were anxiously waiting for Kent's first question. He was not aware that his quizzical glances at the child's features were being carefully watched by his family. He leaned back in his chair and the quizzical glance melted into a sympathetic stare. The cigar that he always puffed at between courses was forgotten, and each course was served and removed unnoticed. He studied Jack's perfect table manners carefully, and the easy, graceful way in which he conducted himself astonished him.

Jack ate heartily and the smile never left his face, for he waited with much amusement for his cue, and several times he was heard whispering to himself, "I guess that is all."

"You don't eat very much, do you?" he remarked kindly to Kent and finished by unconsciously saying aloud, "I guess that is all."

"No," Kent replied pleasantly, "it seems to satisfy my appetite to watch you —you seem to be doing most of the work here this evening. No one appears to be very hungry but you, so you just go right ahead. Better bring some more ice cream, Sam'l, he will scrape the flowers off that dish if you don't."

Jack was served with another large portion of ice cream. Kent lighted his cigar, sipped his coffee and laughed heartily when Jack grunted that he just couldn't eat any more.

"From all appearances you are going to keep the 'Ten Club' busy cooking, aren't you?"

"What is the 'Ten Club?'" Jack asked, finishing his remark with, "I guess that is all."

"Hasn't Miss Kent told you what the 'Ten Club' is?"

"I don't think so."

"Well, you come in the library and I'll tell you what it is and you can tell me who you are and all about yourself," and he jumped him from the high chair and led him to the library and Jack looked back at Rosamond with a smile of assurance and whispered, "I guess that is all."

CHAPTER XVIII

The picture of Kent jumping the child to the floor and sauntering into the library swinging his little hand playfully, so surprised the ladies that they rose to their feet simultaneously. After a few astonished glances had been exchanged, a short conversation was held in a low whisper and it was decided that the little stranger and Mr. Kent be left entirely alone until they became better acquainted, so Mrs. Kent and Helen retired to Rosaomnd's room and left her to watch the development of the new acquaintance which had progressed so favorably, though all three were waiting with much anxiety and no little fear for the moment to come when Kent would discover who Jack was. Rosamond remained near the open door of the library, but she was not seen by the father or the child.

"I call this my home office," Kent said in a heavy, mellow voice, as he paused in the center of the room still clinging to the child's hand.

Jack surveyed with one quick glance the four walls, ceiling, floor, the massive furniture and the many books, then ran to the window, pulled the curtain aside and yelled, "oh, what a pretty glass house and what beautiful flowers!"

The sight of the large conservatory and the many gorgeous plants aroused his enthusiasm and drew his face so close to the window that his little nose was pressed flat against the glass.

Kent followed him to the window and meant to pat the child affectionately, but he pressed his heavy hand on his little head and squeezed it with his fingers until he yelled "ouch," and drew it away.

"Oh, did I hurt you? I didn't mean to," he said in a heavy tone, which had a sincere apologetic ring to it; but Jack soon forgot the pinch and his little face was again pressed against the window-pane staring at the flowers.

"The ladies have charge of the conservatory. They call it theirs—I never go in there. I guess I haven't been in there in a year, but I'll take you in there tomorrow and show you all through it. There are a lot of nice flowers on the other side there that you can't see from here. Rosamond has some orange trees in there and sometimes we get some very nice oranges from them. If there are any there tomorrow we'll pick them."

Kent pushed his hands into the pockets of his trousers, puffed contentedly at his cigar and walked slowly about the room, searching through the books carefully.

"I guess I haven't any picture books here. You see we never had any little boys in this house, and I haven't anything here to amuse you with."

"You don't need picture books to look at in this big house," Jack answered quickly.

Kent laughed good-naturedly and his eyes left the books and wandered to Jack who was pressing his face tightly against the glass, staring through at the flowers.

"How big is the house you live in? We just have one room."

"Where is it?"

"On the top floor."

"Do your mother and father live there too?"

"My real parents are dead. My adopted father lives there."

Kent removed the cigar from his lips and gazed thoughtfully at the lighted end for some seconds before he spoke.

"It is getting rather dark to look at those flowers, isn't it?"

"I can see the white ones, but the red ones are turning black."

Kent pressed one of the buttons and whispered to the servant to turn on the lights in the conservatory. He laughed heartily when the flowers blossomed out under the glare of the electric lights and Jack stepped back from the window clapping his hands with delight.

"Oh, don't the flowers look pretty now, and doesn't that old man look black standing amongst those white roses?"

"He's pretty black, isn't he? We call him 'Old Black Joe.' He used to be a slave away down South. I'll have him tell you some stories about himself when he was a boy and how his master used to whip him."

"Like 'Uncle Tom's Cabin'?"

"Yes, have you seen 'Uncle Tom's Cabin'?"

"No, but Dad has read it to me and told me about it and how they whipped poor old 'Uncle Tom' and how little 'Eva' went to Heaven."

"What does your adopted father do?"

"He writes."

"What does he write?"

"I don't know. He says he guesses it's trash because no one will buy it."

Jack's old-fashioned manner and the quick, direct way in which he expressed himself not only amused Kent, but it explained the fact that his time had been spent with much older companions than himself.

"Do you go to school?"

"Yes, I go to Dad's school."

"Where is your Dad's school?"

"Home in our room."

"Is your father your teacher?"

"Yes, we have school every morning right after breakfast."

"What does he teach you?"

"Arithmetic, reading, spelling, manners—"

"Do you like to study?"

"Yes, but Dad won't let me study as much as I want to. We just have school for two hours and then he puts my books away and makes me play."

"Well, you like to play, don't you?"

"Yes, but I would rather study. I like to learn things. I'd like to learn how to make a subway that you couldn't sweep off like Dad does the one I built under our cot-bed."

Jack drew his face from the window-pane and glanced over his shoulder at Kent, who shook with laughter at his remark, but the picture of his subway being swept away with a stubby old broom wasn't at all funny to him and he placed his nose against the glass and continued studying the flowers.

Kent seated himself on the large leather divan, placed his elbows on his knees and laughed again as he drew a picture of the subway being swept onto a dustpan, but Jack was perfectly contented with the picture before him, and he held his face to the window and permitted Kent to laugh at something he considered anything but humorous.

"Does your father sweep your subway up every day?"

"'Most every day. Some days I do the sweeping."

"I suppose you forget to sweep under the bed, don't you?"

"I don't forget, but I just don't sweep my subway out on purpose."

"Doesn't your father scold you?"

"No, he just laughs."

"What do you do when he sweeps your subway out?"

"I just laugh and build a new one."

"What do you do when your father scolds you?"

"He never scolds me."

"Hasn't he ever scolded you?"

"No."

"Did your real father ever scold you?"

"I never saw my real father. He died before I was born."

"Do you remember your mamma?"

"No, but I have her picture. My mamma looks just like the Miss Kent who brought me here. I just love Miss Kent."

"Everyone who knows Miss Kent loves her," Kent replied slowly. "How did Miss Kent find you?"

"I don't know. She just came and got me and brought me here in a nice big automobile."

"Do you like to ride in automobiles?"

"Yes, I never rode in one before and we got here almost as soon as we started."

"We'll go for a long ride tomorrow. Aren't you getting tired looking at those flowers?"

"No, I love flowers and birds and squirrels."

"There are quite a number of birds in the conservatory and they'll be singing for all they are worth tomorrow—one just tries to out-sing the other. Sometimes we have to lower the sunshades to darken the conservatory so they'll stop."

"Oh, why don't you let them sing? Birds are happy when they sing!"

"Yes, but you see we are afraid they will strain their voices and we don't want them to do that, do we?"

Jack dragged a long drawn out "no" from his throat that seemed to carry a great deal of doubt with it, for he thought in his own mind that birds knew as much about a bird's voice as a human being did.

"I don't think birds would hurt their voices singing. They just sing because they can't help it. They are born to sing. They don't have to take singing lessons like people do."

"Have you ever taken singing lessons?"

"No, but I'm going to if Dad ever sells a publisher one of his books."

"How old is your adopted father?"

"I really don't know."

"Has he got gray hair?"

"No, he is young like Miss Kent."

"I think you'll have to take me down and introduce me to your father—I think I would like him. Do you think he would like me?"

"Yes, he would surely like you."

"How do you know he would like me?"

"Because you are Miss Kent's father."

"Does he like Miss Kent?"

"Yes, didn't you say everyone likes Miss Kent?"

"I wonder why?"

"I don't know why—you just like her because you can't help it."

"Did your father say he liked her?"

"No—but I knew he did from the way he looked at her."

"How many times did Miss Kent call at your house?"

"Just once, I guess."

"I think you have studied those flowers long enough, don't you? Won't you come over here and visit me?"

Jack placed Kent's pleading request under immediate consideration, but the sight of the flowers kept his little face pressed against the window.

"Do you know," Kent continued in a softer tone, "you haven't told me your name yet?"

"You haven't asked me," Jack replied playfully, and he had forgotten the flowers and was in the center of the room before he had finished his remark.

"Well, I'll ask you now—what is it?" and he stretched his open hands forward.

Jack seized the forefinger of each hand and clapped them together as roughly as his baby strength would permit and exclaimed in a teasing tone, "Jack."

"Jack what?" Kent inquired, trying to imitate the teasing tone in the child's voice.

"I guess that is all," was the teasing reply, and he shook his head as if to warn Kent that it was useless to ask any more questions on the subject.

Kent gripped the little hands tightly, drew the small body between his knees and locked it in the circle he made by crossing his feet.

Jack's eyes danced with enthusiasm and his lips quivered with a confident smile. The mind that had been trained on Wall Street saw at once that there was some joke in the air regarding the child's last name and it wasn't long before Jack was tricked into revealing it in full.

Kent closed one eye, moved his lips silently as if he were trying to recall something which had slipped from his memory, and then whispered slowly, "How does your adopted father spell his name?"

Jack spelled the name of "John Weatherbee" innocently and correctly. Kent squeezed the little hands tighter and gazed into the baby eyes several seconds before he spoke. He glanced back over his cold, stormy interview with the father of the child he was holding in his arms, he shook his head slowly and grunted, "I see—I see—your adopted father has no secretary, has he?"

"No."

"Of course not—of course not—describe him to me, won't you?"

After Jack had granted his request, the heavy head swung again and the gruff voice grunted, "I guess I was wrong, but I wonder why he told the ladies he was his secretary."

Jack watched the cold gray eyes close and the heavy lines in the forehead grow deeper and he counted them until he was forced to inform Kent that he was hurting his hands by squeezing them so hard.

"Has Miss Kent got your mamma's picture?"

"Yes."

"I would like to see it."

"I'll get it for you—it is upstairs in her room," and he tried to climb from between Kent's legs, but Kent squeezed him between his knees and held his hands firmly.

"Don't bother about it now, you can show it to me tomorrow. So you haven't any name but Jack?"

"I *guess* that is all."

Kent noticed the strong, careful way in which Jack emphasized the word "guess" and he smiled pleasantly at the youthful innocence.

"How did your real father spell his name?"

Jack spelled the name of "Reginold Atherton" out distinctly. He felt Kent's hands, which were holding his, tremble. His face turned deathly pale, and the big cigar fell from his thick, quivering lips. The wild look of the cold, gray eyes that were staring into his frightened him and he tried to draw away, but he was as powerless as if he had been locked in a steel safe.

Rosamond had hugged the library door as tightly as possible without being seen or heard. She had listened and followed every word of the conversation carefully. She waited anxiously for it to continue, but the long silence puzzled and tempted her curiosity. She peeked into the open door when she heard Jack say "you are hurting me," and she saw the child wrapped in her father's arms, his cheek resting on the curly head. She heard the heavy, rough voice break into a soft sob, and she tiptoed away to describe the picture to her mother.

(*To be continued*)

WHEN MOLLY SINGS AT NOON

By EDWARD WILBUR MASON

THE factory hours are long—so long—
The sweltering shop is dim;
The wheels and belts their roar prolong
Till all the senses swim.
The clash and clamor grows apace
But lo, there comes a boon
When labor has a moment's grace
And Mollie sings at noon!

The boys and girls all gather round
To drink the cadence gay.
Upon the shallop of sweet sound
Dull care is borne away.
Beyond the bare rough prisoning walls
They hear the rivulet croon;
The wood's green witchery calls and calls
When Mollie sings at noon!

Such romance gathered from afar
Of land and sky and sea;
Such magic—mantle of the star
New fallen on the bee;
The pipes of Pan by marsh and mere;
The dance of fairy shoon;
All this the rapt folk see and hear
When Mollie sings at noon!

The weary day grows glorified,
The common sights grow fair.
The narrow world becomes more wide,
Things wear a rosier air,
And all because of music sweet;—
The whistle blows too soon
The lyric moments fly so fleet
When Mollie sings at noon!

Pickled Sunshine

by Wilbur Daniel Steele

Illustrations by The Author

WHO was it remarked that the first thing a wise woman does upon acquiring a husband is to render him helpless? Whoever it was, if there be any truth in this statement, Mrs. Milo Tait must have been a very wise woman indeed, for Mr. Milo Tait was an extremely helpless man. The casual observer, seeing him in his dealings with other men of the breezy Western community which claimed them as citizens, would never have suspected his helplessness. Nay, more; even within the precincts of his own home, where Mrs. Milo presided in her pretty, unobtrusive manner, his own friends would have scouted the idea that Milo Tait was not the head of his household. Getting right down to fundamentals, I shouldn't be surprised if he, himself, were innocent of any other thought. Perhaps, after all, Mrs. Milo was the only one who knew the dark secret. The manner in which her husband occasionally found himself stricken with a sudden desire for such and such a thing he had never before so much as thought of—a desire, by the way, not in the least distasteful to his wife—was a phenomenon understood only by wise women.

Now there was the case of the mayoralty. Did the lady come out with a frank, open expression of the desires which possessed her soul—the desires to see her well-beloved in the seats of authority, to gather her girlhood friends at homelike teas in the executive mansion, to dabble her fair fingers, ever so little, in the muss of municipal diplomacy? Not at all. No, it was rather a matter of pouring Milo Tait's morning coffee in such and such a way, a cheerful discussion, over the rolls, of utterly unrelated topics, a certain tap as she adjusted his hat, and lo! in the course of his walk to his hardware store, Milo Tait suddenly discovered that he wished to be mayor of Kapisco—that the welfare of his soul depended on his being mayor of Kapisco, and on nothing else.

It would seem that, for the welfare of one young man's soul, this was rather a large order. To begin with, Kapisco wasn't a water-tank town by any means. Kapisco was an enterprising little city or simply a plain, unvarnished city, according as one read the Kansas City papers or the local journal. In a town of either of these characters there are generally a number of people whose souls desire to sit in the seat of the mayor. Moreover, the political destinies of Kapisco seemed to be pretty thoroughly controlled by a group of citizens who had watched Milo Tait grow up from the high school period, and a young fellow in this condition is hardly liable to find himself in the spotlight—unless indeed it be a spotlight of his own making. But there again, there appeared to be a woeful dearth of spotlight material just then in Kapisco. Add to this that the city had known but one mayor for the last ten years, and that the worthy incumbent showed no signs of open distaste to remaining there for the next ten, and Milo Tait's soul would seem doomed to a long period of unrest.

All that morning, in the intervals of slack business, and all of the six mornings following, he mentally canvassed the possibilities in the way of popular issues of the spotlight kind. He thought of advocating a town band, but that appeared too trivial. A park? Kapisco had a dozen parks now. License? Too many young fellows had received their political burials on that point already. Municipal lighting? Ah, there it was—and there it had been for fifteen years, and there would continue till doomsday as far as anyone could see. Milo Tait's dream was no more than a dream then, and so, after the manner of men, he told his wife. The amount of absolute astonishment a good woman can call to her service on a moment's notice is really nothing short of miraculous. As an antidote to this, her husband ran over the category of reasons why the dream could never be realized, but his wife remained unimpressed.

"Why don't you try municipal lighting? I hear everyone talking about it and grumbling at what they have now." But then, she was only a woman, and it was very patiently that Milo Tait explained it to her.

In the early days of Kapisco, lights were needed badly. At such a time a franchise is not liable to be considered a pearl of any great price, and so it was that a shrewd Yankee by the name of Ezra Munn was able to pick up the city's gas rights in perpetuity for something less than a first-class song. Ezra Munn was one of those crabbed individuals whose fundamental dogma is that a man's property is a man's property, whatever. So, having attached to this valuable asset, he retired into his ramshackle abode on Mason Street and hardened his heart to the curses of his neighbors and townspeople. It is an extremely disagreeable thing to be ground down by a soulless corporation, but when it is one's next-door neighbor who is applying the merciless heel, then it is next to unbearable.

Ultimately a project was set on foot to install an electric plant in the town as a means of deliverance from this undesirable state of affairs; and this was finally accomplished, only to fall, a short time later, into the same pitiless hands on Mason Street, and the people of Kapisco had seen their looked-for deliverance turned into but another bond of captivity. From time to time a Moses had risen in the land to lead them out of this captivity, only to prove in every case a false prophet and fall before the armed immobility of Ezra Munn, who would neither sell out nor die off. So, for many years now, Kapisco had read its evening paper in a wretched half light for which it paid roundly, and snarled in futile rage at the crooked old man, waxing rich and hard in his ragged residence on the humble side street. All this Milo Tait explained patiently to his wife. Then he stifled the desires of his soul and did his best to return to his old manner of life and thinking, with but mediocre success, it may be said.

The little coterie of Kapisco's citizens who took it upon themselves to conduct the policies of that city habitually gathered in the room sanctified to the rites of billiards and pool, in the rear of one Sam Bole's barber shop. A number of these persons were town commissioners; the rest were unofficial statesmen. At this particular period, this group found itself sorely divided over the coming elections, the major part cleaving to the time-proven mayor for re-election, while a militant minority clamored for an infusion of younger blood. But this militant minority came up against the same dead wall Milo Tait had had experience with—there seemed to be no especially crying need to be successfully championed by an aspiring novice. Milo Tait listened to their canvass and recanvass of the subject with ill-concealed disgust at its familiarity. One day he spoke.

"Why not municipal lights?" For the best of him, he could not understand why he had blurted out in this fashion. The roar of mirth which greeted his sally did little to reassure him.

"Young man," remarked one of the pillars of state, with profound gravity, "If you can pry old man Munn out of his hole in the ground, we'll make you mayor of Kapisco. How about it, fellow-patriots?" The junta assented unanimously, with upraised hands.

"Done," shouted the helpless one, disappearing out of doors amidst the volley of laughter which broke over his devoted head. Once outside, he was angry that he should have jostled himself into such a ridiculous situation—he flattered himself that he had held at least the everyday respect of his townsmen up to that day. But perhaps, after all, they would pass it over lightly, and the morning would find it forgotten. So he said nothing of it to his wife.

"*The roar of mirth did little to reassure him*"

But he had not counted on the enterprise of the local journalist. A town of Kapisco's size is not, as a rule, too well stocked with real headline stories, and this break of Tait's was too tempting a tidbit for the one reporter of the Kapisco *Clarion* to pass up. Next morning's issue featured the affair to its last possibility, and Mrs. Milo awoke to find her husband famous—not to speak of furious. The *Clarion* called upon him to make good his word, pledging the support of his fellow-citizens in the fight he had initiated with so much confidence. Confidence! The remarks he promulgated at the breakfast table over this same confidence of his made the alcohol flame under the coffee urn absolutely superfluous.

The calls he received that day at his place of business from enthusiastic friends of his high school days raised his temperature very nearly to the point of oxidation. But Milo Tait was of the type that has to be pulled off from a bluff with a team of stout oxen, and he met their advances with a superb show of mysterious confidence. Some days later, he even passed, with outwardly unruffled assurance, an encounter with old man Munn himself, who favored him with a baleful glare. But all this was getting him nowhere, except perhaps in the general direction of the mad-house, while the time for any decisive action whatever was growing shorter with startling rapidity. And as the time grew shorter, even so did his former good temper, till his wife began to rue the day of her ill-fated ambitions.

Ordinarily, Milo Tait would have been more than glad to welcome Neary Camden to his hearth and roof-tree, at any time that cheerful vagabond chose to grace them with his presence. Neary Camden, in his college days, when he had been a classmate of Milo Tait, had had the record of getting more people into more scrapes, and of subsequently getting more people out of more scrapes, than would be readily credited. After what graduating he had done, being comfortably endowed in this world's goods, his wandering inclinations had proven too much for his fragile spirit, and so it came about that such of his old cronies as possessed roofs wherewith to cover them were periodically descended upon by the lightsome good-for-nothing without warning of any kind, and whatever embarrassment this abruptness might entail, it was always more than offset by the innocent entertainment his light head and equally light talk afforded them.

Ordinarily, as has been observed, Milo Tait would have felt nothing but joy at the sight of Neary Camden's suitcase on the front porch and Neary Camden's person in the sitting-room easy chair. Neary Camden, who had an extremely keen eye for such matters, was quick to observe the shade of chilliness in his host's greeting. But it was not in Neary Camden's code of life to rush out, thereupon, seize his suitcase from the veranda and post off to the nearest hotel for lodging. Not at all. He took the affair with a light callousness one might well grieve to discover in a friend of long standing. And before the dinner was over he was possessed of the whole story from beginning to end, of which Milo Tait was only too relieved to unburden his harassed soul.

"Well, why don't you see it through?" inquired the pilgrim, when the tale was complete.

Now Neary Camden was not a woman. Accordingly, his friend's explanation of the reasons why he nor any other man could in no way see it through was not given in the same patient manner it had been given to his friend's wife, at an earlier date. During the course of the fusilade, Camden wrapped his long legs about one another in an agony of meditation.

"Hum—so," he ruminated, when hostilities had ceased. "I guess I'll just sit tight and think it over. You don't seem to be much good when it comes to head, Milo. Maybe Nora and I can jaw something or other out of it, if we approach it in the proper spirit." (His friendship with Mrs. Milo dated from their co-ed days). It may be surmised that Mr. Milo Tait's feelings were in no wise mollified by the latter portion of these remarks; nevertheless, his innate spirit of hospitality prompted him to swallow them with the best grace possible.

The caucus of the dominating party was now but a scant week in the future, and the *Clarion's* daily calls upon Milo Tait had begun to take on a distinctly cynical note. The hero of these calls had about reached the end of his rope, but had not as yet determined on a proper method of showing his friends what a grand joke it had all been. He had about brought himself to the contemplation of secret flight and permanent exile in a distant land, when, on returning home one noon, he interrupted the tail of a conversation between his wife and his guest.

"I don't believe the old codger has seen me, do you?" Neary Camden was saying.

"What's up?" inquired the head of the house.

"How long before that nominating dooding comes off?" queried the other, for sole answer.

"Just a week from today. Why?"

"That's next Wednesday—let's see—I guess that'll have to be time enough."

"Time enough for what? For heaven's sake—"

"Now look here, Milo Tait, don't you bother your valuable head over anything in this world. We've decided to make you mayor of this delightful metropolis, and all you have to do is be good and do just exactly what I tell you."

"Please come off from it and be sane—"

"Listen to me. This afternoon you'll just trot down to where those influential gentlemen hang out, look as important as you can, and tell them that before twelve o'clock, noon, of next Tuesday, they will have a fine chance to acquire a plant wherewith to light their excellent little city. Have you got that straight?"

"No, I haven't got it straight or any other way. Why in the name of—"

"Dearest—won't you do it for me? It's such a little thing."

The reader will kindly refer to the remarks which stand at the head of this literary effort, so that he may more pity than censure the dazed and rebellious young man who entered the political sanctum that afternoon, to the strains of "Hail, the conquering hero," rendered by the company there gathered. But their levity at his appearance was as nothing to the agony of mirth which greeted the announcement he delivered with so much outward assurance and such inward sinking. Men's heads were laid on other men's shoulders, limp and helpless. Joyous uproar reigned supreme, and a chorus of catcalls followed Milo Tait's bewildered retreat.

It was on the morning following this edifying episode that Mr. Ezra Munn was approached by a light-haired stranger, on the subject of letting that half of his tottering building which had long been vacant. Mr. Munn was unable to find anything to arouse suspicion in the appearance of the stranger, who informed him that his use of the flat would be chiefly as a laboratory for experiments he was conducting. So, after a certain amount of haggling, the deal was consummated, and the stranger entered upon the premises the following day.

Now it would be an unwarranted presumption to stigmatize Mr. Ezra Munn as an inquisitive person. That word carries with it a certain idea of curiosity as regards the business of another, and Mr. Munn was laudably free from such curiosity. But then, there was always a possibility that the unseen goings-on of one's neighbor might somehow concern one's own interests, and one can never be too careful, after all. So meditated that individual as he cleared out an insignificant peep-hole, leading from his apartment into the other half of the house, from which certain inexplicable sounds, accompanied by mysterious ejaculations, had been proceeding during the last few days.

Little fruit came of his pains, however. All he could make out was a huddled mass of junk in one corner, over which the fair-haired enthusiast brooded in an idiotic revery. Finding little food in this for his naturally suspicious temperament, Mr. Munn returned to his morning paper and cogitated on the possible moves of that young upstart, Tait, who seemed so confident that he had found a way of lighting Kapisco to supersede his, Mr. Munn's, very serviceable methods. His suspicious temperament had passed through a trying period of late.

That this vigilance of his was fully justified was convincingly proven by the episode in which he figured passively, on the Monday preceding the caucus. Mr. Munn was waiting for his morning mail in a secluded corner of the post office, not entirely unaware of the presence of young Tait in a neighboring alcove, screened from his view by a wing of the general delivery department. He paid no particular attention to the political upstart, beyond a few muttered remarks concerning his general character and that of his family, till he observed his neighbor approached by a second young gentleman, who had entered hastily and come straight to him. It was Mr. Munn's tenant. Milo Tait was the first to speak.

"How goes it?" he inquired in a low voice.

"I believe we've got him to rights," replied the other. "The thing is all ready to demonstrate, and we can pull the trick off for the commissioners tomorrow afternoon, if you can get them together quietly. You haven't said anything about it?"

"Not a word."

"Good. Now if you can come around this evening, I'll show you what can be done by way of first-class illumination. Lord send Old Man Munn doesn't take a sudden notion to sell out before we get it over. Even admitting that this will be a stunner for the whole world, I'm kind of fond of the idea of getting that old crook's goat. Well, so long till eight—I've got to get back to it."

"So long."

There is a certain adage having to do with the fatal slip which so often intervenes between the cup and the expectant lip, and it was for this slip that Mr. Ezra Munn gleefully thanked Providence, as he shuffled back to Mason Street. He was still very much at sea as to the significance of the conference he had so fortunately cut in upon, but he had at least a leading clue, and as the afternoon wore away he prepared to make the best of it.

Meanwhile, Milo Tait was doing his utmost to ward off impetuous friends at his store—old friends, fighting hard to retain their faith in their self-appointed champion. Mr. Neary Camden spent a pleasant afternoon in the Tait sitting-room, mulling over old times with Mrs. Milo.

The old monopolist was prompt to affix his eye to the peep-hole at eight o'clock sharp, and the eye was rewarded by the sight of Neary Camden fussing over his infernal contrivance and chuckling audibly. The inventor looked up at the sound of Milo Tait's entry, and struck a dramatic attitude.

"Friends, Romans, country people," he declaimed, with serio-comic impressive-ness. "I beg leave to announce that the age-old sun has at last been submitted to the harness of man—Phoebus is bound."

"Very nice, Mr. Camden," interrupted the visitor, "but I am a business man and my time is valuable. Let's get on without the oratory."

"I crave a pardon. It is only that I am a little over-wrought at the culmination of so many years of study and work, and at the near prospect of the world's recognition. Light—free light—for every creature. The ages to come—"

"Yes, that's all right. But what have you really got?"

"I will be serious. I will get down to a working basis without frills. You may be aware, Mr. Tait, that a ray of light, that is, a wave of the ether generated by any incandescent body such as the sun, goes on through all space until it is interrupted by some other body which either absorbs it or refracts it in another direction. Is that clear? Well, my idea has been from the first that there should be some method of catching a squad of these rays and keeping them in a cage, so to speak, till such time as they are needed, when they could be let out on the world again to perform their delayed function of illumination."

The attentive listener behind the wall heard an impatient sigh escape the lips of the visitor, and he himself scarcely refrained from a like one. The inventor's words were certainly rather rhapsodical.

"You are saying to yourself," proceeded Neary Camden, "that a ray of light is not a thing to cage up as one would a bird. True. A ray of light, to remain a ray of light, must be kept moving at the same rate of speed, always. Now listen. Suppose I intercept a ray of light with a mirror—what is the result? The ray is shot off in another direction, but it is still alive. Of course, with an ordinary mirror, a certain portion of its efficiency is absorbed by the mercury backing of the glass, and what escapes is consequently of less brilliancy. There is the whole problem, and to it I have given seven years out of the very heart of my life—seven years devoted to grinding research and repeated experimentation in the search for a mirror which is an absolute refractor—one that will reflect the ray which it receives, absolutely undimmed. And I have found it. The secret of its composition will make me the richest man of all history, and immediately retire, as obsolete, every existing mode of illumination."

"Well, if that's all you've done," growled Tait, "I don't see as you've gotten anywhere. You've only shot your ray off in another direction, after all."

"*Ezra Munn was approached by a light-haired stranger, on the subject of letting that half of his tottering building which had long been vacant*"

"Ah, but wait. Suppose I now take another mirror and place it facing the first, perfectly parallel. What happens now? The ray is shot from the first to the second, from the second back to the first, and so on and on like a shuttle-cock travelling at inconceivable speed. Of course they must be parallel—absolutely—or the ray will work to the edge in the twinkling of an eye and—puff—it is gone. Moreover, since the dust particles in the air between the two mirrors would quickly absorb and break up the cherished rays, the whole affair must be placed in a vacuum. That, in effect, is the device which is about to startle the world."

"I don't see yet that you have done anything practical. Maybe those rays are battering back and forth in there all right, but you can't see them till they are reflected on something. You know you can't see a light wave till it is refracted to your eye."

"You are wonderful, Mr. Tait—you catch the point precisely. But now, having my waves bottled up in the dark, as it were, what if I insert a needle point between the two mirrors? Zip—it catches a ray and refracts it to the outer world. That ray is gone, to be sure, but you must remember, between two planes, each a foot square, there is room for incalculable millions of those rays. So, very slowly, the point is moved across till it has used up all the rays in the first stratum, then back again through the second—you can do this with a simple clock-work device—and so on till the whole affair is empty. The machine I have here will give excellent light for nearly eighteen hours—absolutely costless, free light—because you can take it out in the back yard next day, slide one mirror aside, get a good sight on the sun with the other, cut in with the first again, and—there you are. You people have been burning the sun all these years, but you've been burning it after it's laid in the earth a hundred centuries or so, and have had to pay to get it out. From now on, the world will burn sunlight—but it will be yesterday's article—fresh, pure, free—*free*."

During the latter part of this dissertation, Milo Tait had stood like one petrified, too strongly impressed for speech. Ezra Munn felt the foundations crumbling under his plump limbs. If what the young inventor claimed had any truth in it, these two, the invited and the uninvited, stood witnesses to the unveiling of a new era—an era where all the illuminating gas, oil, and electric securities had suddenly become as dross.

"I don't believe it." Milo Tait had finally broken silence.

"Come over here in the corner." Neary Camden led the way to a duskier portion of the room and drew a cloth from the top of some indistinguishable object. "Behold—the wonder worker. Observe those two mirrors. Between those planes are now darting some thousands of millions of light rays, caught this noon by myself on the roof. But first look at this piece of glass in my hand. [The peeper caught the flash of a match.] I'll warrant you never saw the like of that before. You will remark that the image of the flame is exactly as brilliant as the flame itself—My composition. Now, if you will turn down that lamp, I will set my needle working. *Pzzt*—there it goes. How about that—do you believe now?"

Ezra Munn let out an exclamation at the sudden glare of light which attacked his peering eye, that would have surely betrayed his presence to anyone less engrossed than the two black figures in the dazzling room. In the following darkness, doubly black through contrast, he heard the mumbled astonishment of the other witness. The mumbling gradually took on the form of words.

"And tomorrow is the day this goes out to the world?" The inventor answered in the affirmative. Ezra Munn was a man of action, and he waited for no more. Providence had favored him in the nick of time, and he was not the one to lose through any lack of promptness.

It was about the hour of eleven, the following morning, when a messenger interrupted the powwow at Sam Boles', to request the company of the Hon. Lemuel Burnes somewhither on urgent business. It was about the hour of eleven-thirty when the Hon. Lemuel Burnes returned to the assembly, creating a considerable stir among its members by the erratic manner in which he conducted himself. When he was sufficiently calmed to recover his gift of speech, he deprived the rest of the company of theirs by announcing that Mr. Ezra Munn was desirous of disposing of his interests in Kapisco Gas and City Electric, and that a meeting must be held immediately, forthwith, and at once, while the old man was still in this propitious mood.

When the rather bewildered group returned to the sanctum after a hasty but effective session at the town hall, the first figure to meet their gaze was that of a certain political novice, who sat on one of the tables and languidly shied a pool ball at a green-mouthed pocket. This spectacle had the effect of bringing them back to their faculties of remembrance.

"How did you do it?" The shout was almost a chorus. Milo Tait looked up, at a loss for their meaning.

"What? Oh, that. By—by the help of a fellow named Phoebus."

At the same moment, in another part of Kapisco, a certain crabbed old gentleman was rubbing his hands together complacently at contemplation of the rapid and effective manner in which he had taken to cover. They could light their town any old way they pleased now, thanks to the good angel who had set him in that particular spot in the post office on that particular morning.

What emotion this glee may have changed to, when he subsequently slipped into his other flat and viewed the aggregation of old cans, broken glass and pieces of wiring which there reposed, is not reported.

At the same moment, in still another part of Kapisco, a light-haired, long-legged vagabond was near the point of death from choking, as he tried in vain to communicate something or other to the wife of the next mayor of that city.

"And to think," he chortled, "that we pulled it off with one of the old scoundrel's own dilapidated arc lights. Beautiful!"

A COUNTRY ROAD

By AUGUST LANE

WANDERS the old road, on and on;
Stopping here at a wayside pool,
Hid in the shadows, clear and cool;
Running there to a wild cliff's base,
Rising weird, in some lonely place.
Turning sharply, and looking back
Over its wayward, winsome track,
Then hurrying forward, with beckoning hand,
Down through the pleasant summer land,
And he who follows it, as it winds
In and out, for many a mile,
Draws near to Summer's heart; and finds
Beauty waiting by every stile.
Skies of June are o'erhead, and around
Countless blossoms; the silvery sound
Of running water; a liquid note
From many a song-bird's tuneful throat.
And over, and throughout it all,
The tender hush of a "perfect day,"
That rippling water and song-bird's call
Deepen, but never take away.

The Land Agent

A Story of the South

by Maitland LeRoy Osborne

THE Judge, with a sigh of relief at the completion of his task, stepped back and critically inspected the sign he had been painting. Then he laid his paint brush down, wiped the beads of moisture from his brow with a bandanna of gorgeous hue, and strolled across the sandy waste dignified by the name of "the square" toward the grocery store—which was also post-office, apothecary shop and general lounging place for the citizens of Eustis.

A lonesome looking puppy, sprawled out in the vicarious shadow of a palmetto, rose and wandered in a desultory way to the overturned soap box whereon lay the paint brush, tasted experimentally of its contents, wrinkled up its forehead with disgust, and stretching out in the sun, resumed its interrupted occupation of snapping at the flies.

When the Judge had gained the shadow of the porch that extended along the front of the store, he turned to gaze complacently at his handiwork:

EDWARD A. BILLINGS
Choice Real Estate and Groves
Notary Public and Justice of the Peace

The fat black letters straggled across the front of the low wooden building from the door at the southwest corner to the window at the northeast corner, blazoning their message to an unobservant world.

"Now that," he commented in a satisfied tone, "is what *I* call an artistic bit of work."

Then he subsided in a chair tilted against the side of the store, lighted a huge black cigar, and through half-closed eyes dreamily pictured in the dissolving smoke wreaths a panoramic transformation of the straggling sandy streets and listless looking boarded-and-battened buildings of Eustis into broad avenues lined with palatial residences and imposing business blocks. For the Judge's faith in the prospective prosperity of the town of his adoption was supreme.

When the evanescent "boom" of the early 80's brought to Florida a brief season of Eldorado-like prosperity, the Judge had been among the first of the hybrid speculators, yclept "land agents," who settled down upon the country like a swarm of locusts.

Whence he came, none knew; apparently neither did they care. When he stepped from the deck of the little stern wheel lake steamer onto the wharf at Eustis, Napoleon-like he had surveyed the scene before him with a comprehensive glance and whispered: "This is my oyster!" and straightway set about the opening of that succulent bivalve.

A good many years earlier, while guiding an old white horse and a rickety plow across the landscape of a North Dakota claim, Edward A., then an overgrown boy with a pronounced distaste for manual labor, had dreamed of some day being a rich man.

He had had a sweetheart at that period

of his life—a flaxen haired, blue-eyed daisy of the prairie. When he started out to make his fortune, they agreed that when it was made he was to come back and marry her. She doesn't appear again in the story.

Tickling the fertile prairie under the chin with a dull-edged hoe failing to present itself to him in the light of a desirable occupation, he looked about for something more congenial to his tastes.

Grand Rapids wasn't a very big dot on the map of North Dakota at that time, but it boasted a weekly paper—very weakly. An unfortunate difference of opinion existed between the editor and the citizens. He thought they needed a paper—they thought they didn't. When he got about to the point where he was ready to accept their judgment along came Edward A. with the old white horse, and they swapped—even up.

Edward A. wasn't a Union printer, but in the course of a few weeks he had learned where most of the lower case letters were, and some of the capitals, and he had the bull dog tenacity of purpose that will not admit defeat. Things began to come his way in time, including a tenderfoot with more money than horse sense, who offered to buy him out. He sold, at a price.

Then he started eastward, dabbled in sugar in Chicago, went broke, drifted to New York after many vicissitudes, and when he had earned a little money by working in a printing office purchased a decent suit of clothes and became a book agent.

About this time the daily papers began to whoop up Florida as the land of promise. Such, in truth it was—a promise that was never fulfilled.

Now, Billings knew as much about Florida as he did about psychic phenomena, or the average man knows about the interior of the moon—which is to say, nothing. He had a hazy recollection, warmed over from his school days, that the thumb of the North American continent stuck out into the Atlantic Ocean and tried to prevent the gulf stream from flowing up the New England coast—and believed it to be inhabited mostly by alligators. But with the free advertising it was getting, he concluded that it would be a good place to do business in for a time. Wherefore, placing a pretty just valuation on the credulity of the dear public, he launched forth as a lecturer on the advantages of Florida for the poor man in order to raise the money for a passage thither.

A few days devoted to the study of the laudatory articles in the newspapers, and what books he could find in the nearest library having a bearing upon the subject, gave him material for a two hours' discourse that could not fail to enlighten and instruct the dullest intellect.

His last ten dollars went to pay for the necessary advertising, while his watch did duty as security for the rent of a hall, and on the night announced for the first lecture a fair-sized audience of would-be Floridians by adoption greeted his appearance on the platform.

In the depths of his ignorance on the subject, and his anxiety to give them their money's worth, he painted the charms of the miasma-laden sand bar in rainbow hues, so that the greater part of his hearers came again the next night and brought their friends.

After serving up the same discourse for six successive nights he paid his board bill, engaged a second-cabin passage, and a few days later, from the deck of a DeBary liner watched the smoke pall of the great city dissolve in the distance.

* * * * * * * *

The Judge was aroused from his musing by the "Lady of the Lake" whistling for the landing. It was a very large whistle on a very little boat. One wag had solemnly asserted that "if you was to take away her name and her whistle there'd be mighty little left." It was further stated as a fact that the whistle being out of all proportion to the size of the boiler and requiring a full head of steam to blow it, every time the "Lady of the Lake" whistled for a landing she had to stop long enough to get up steam again.

When the Judge heard the familiar toot this afternoon he arose and wended his way toward the wharf. He expected a prospective customer on the boat—a Miss Amelia Bingham from Boston. Miss Amelia, by virtue of several years of monotonous toil at a typewriter in a stuffy office, had laid by a few pitiful dollars and a deep distaste of stone pavements, and having read the Judge's glowing advertisements in the Sunday papers describing Eustis as a haven of delight to the gate of which he held the key, had written for his gaudy prospectus, with cool-looking banana trees waving graceful leaves on the covers, and luxuriant fields of pineapples, orange groves, and like delectable fruit scattered through the pages. The Judge's seductive shibboleth,

"No stormy winter enters here;
'Tis joyous spring through all the year,"

had appealed mightily to her, and the Judge, being an artist in epistolary finesse, had quickly convinced her that he had a quarter section of Elysium staked out and waiting her ownership. The guileful Judge had written, "I would unhesitatingly recommend that you secure a few acres of rich hummock land and engage in the pleasurable and remunerative raising of strawberries and small fruits, requiring little labor at the start and merely a general supervision during the growing period. You will find a ready market, etc., etc. . . . and while you are waiting for your first crop to mature you could, if so inclined, devote your energies to teaching school and in addition to increasing your income confer a lasting benefit on our growing town."

It looked easy and delightful—on paper—and Miss Amelia read, pondered and believed, and seeing in her dreams a promise of a golden future in a balmy climate of delight, had cut loose from her safe if cramped and uncongenial anchorage and embarked in search of the golden fleece.

When "The Lady of the Lake" puffed and splashed slowly up to the wharf the Judge, like a florid spider in wait for an unsuspecting fly, scanned the debarking passengers with vigilant eye. The last to leave the boat was evidently the one for whom he waited. Being not indifferent to feminine charms, he felt quite a pleasurable glow as he stepped forward to make his best bow before the neat, pleasant looking, if not very young woman who stepped serenely down the gangplank and glanced questioningly about her.

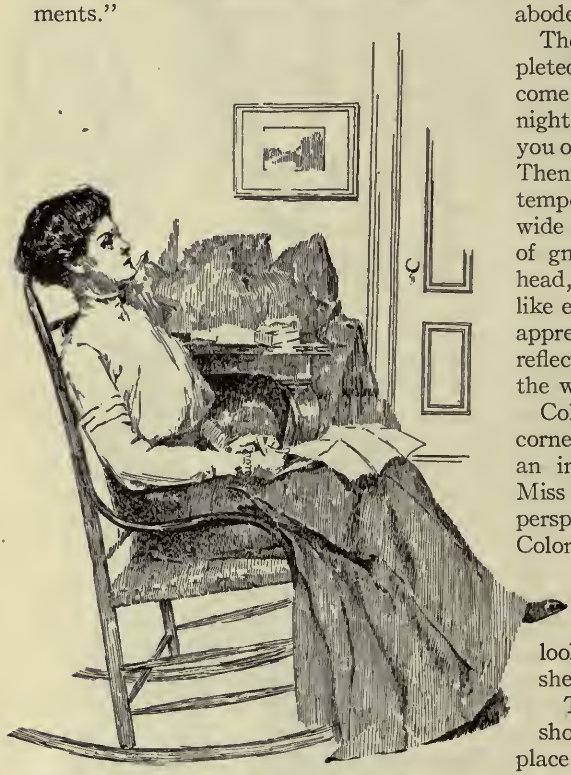
"Miss Bingham, I presume," said the Judge.

"Now that is what I call an artistic bit of work"

The lady bowed.

"*My* name is Billings. If you will *allow* me," and forthwith relieved her of her travelling bag. Then he led the way across the wharf and along the sandy footpath that answered for a sidewalk.

The Judge waved his hand apologetically toward the straggling collection of wooden buildings. "A little rough yet, but in time we'll have all the modern *im*-provements."



"—and Miss Amelia read, pondered and believed"

Miss Bingham, possessing the saving sense of humor, smiled. In her stuffy little room in the Back Bay she had read the Judge's prospectus and pictured Eustis in her mind's eye as a bustling town, with broad streets shaded by drooping magnolias, a little crude perhaps in some things, but far, far different from the reality that confronted her. But her trip down the state from Jacksonville had gradually prepared her mind, so that what lay at her journey's end did not come upon her with an overwhelming shock. The sense of freedom, the relief from her long and irksome toil, and a sensation of newness and strangeness saved her from discouragement at the unlovely prospect before her. So she plodded along quite cheerfully in the ankle-deep white sand at the Judge's side till they came to the box-like wooden structure dignified by the name of the "Eustis House" where she was to take up her temporary abode.

The little formality of registering completed, the Judge mopped his brow. "I'll come around with my team 'long toward night, when it's cooler," said he, "and take you out to see the place I wrote you about." Then he departed and Miss Amelia sought temporary comfort in the shade of the wide porch, and found it not. A swarm of gnats hovered unpleasantly about her head, a harmless lizard blinking its bead-like eyes on the railing filled her soul with apprehension, and the torrid sunlight reflected in shimmering waves of heat from the white sand hurt her eyes.

Colonel Walker, seated in his favorite corner on the porch of the store, had been an interested witness of the arrival of Miss Amelia. When the Judge dropped perspiring into a chair beside him, the Colonel removed his cigar from his lips, inspected it with a critical eye and spoke in a tone of mild interest. "I see you escortin' a right peart lookin' lady from th' boat, Judge. Reckon she's goin' to *lo*cate here?"

The Judge nodded. "I'm going to show her that piece of land next to your place. She has an idea of raising small fruit."

The Colonel pulled his moustache thoughtfully and made no comment.

A few hours later the Judge drew up before the "Eustis House" with his "team," consisting of a scrawny little mustang and a buckboard, and gallantly assisted Miss Amelia to a seat in the vehicle. Then while the mustang plodded slowly away through the sand the Judge pointed out to his fair companion the sites of various projected edifices that were to cast glory on the town.

"Right there on that corner we calculate to build a bank, and a town hall over there on the edge of the square."

"Where is the schoolhouse?" queried Miss Amelia.

The Judge waxed eloquent. "We calculate to have the best graded school in the *state*. The plans are being drawn for the building now, but we haven't quite settled on the location yet."

"Then there is no school now," said Miss Amelia, her vision of "adding to her income and conferring a lasting benefit on the growing town" vanishing in thin air.

"No," answered the Judge. "You see, there ain't any children here to speak of yet. But they'll come, along with the *other* improvements."

They soon left the houses behind, and the pine woods stretched interminable before them. The Judge turned aside from the two narrow ruts with the well-trodden path between that constituted the road, and drove directly into the woods. "Easier travelling here than in the road," he explained, and Miss Amelia could well believe him. The tall, tapering trees, standing twenty or thirty feet apart, bare of limbs save for a clump of green foliage near the top, offered no obstacle to their progress. The sand lay as level as a floor, carpeted with the dark brown needles of the pines, with scrawny bunches of wire grass at infrequent intervals.

A slight breeze springing up as the sun lost its fervor brought a sweet, almost sickening odor to their nostrils, vaguely reminding Miss Amelia of a wedding she had once attended. For a moment she was puzzled, then it dawned upon her that the scent of orange blossoms was in the air.

The Judge sniffed at the breeze. "Smells nice, doesn't it?" he said. "That's from Colonel Walker's grove. We're most there now, and you'll have a chance to see the beautiful verdure in all its semi-tropical luxuriance." The Judge was unconsciously quoting from his prospectus. "It's one of the best groves in the state, only been in bearing a few years, and brings its owner a small fortune every season."

Miss Amelia leaned forward with a look of deep interest in her face. At last she was to see what she had dreamed of for long months.

The Colonel, his broad-brimmed hat pushed well back and the inevitable cigar between his lips, was leaning pensively over the gate when they drove up. The walk leading up to the rambling, cool-looking house was bordered with graceful lime trees. He removed his hat, swung open the gate and advanced to greet them, acknowledging the Judge's introduction of Miss Amelia with fine courtesy.

"'Light, Judge, an' have a little refreshment," he hospitably insisted.

The Judge tethered the mustang, and a few moments later Miss Amelia with a sigh of delight seated herself comfortably in the grateful coolness of the broad, vine-shaded porch.

The Colonel disappeared within doors, only to reappear after a brief absence bearing a tray upon which were three slender-stemmed glasses and a tall bottle which the Judge eyed expectantly.

"I want you to try some of this orange wine," he said to Miss Amelia. "Some of my own make, an' I reckon you never tasted anything much better."

He poured a glassful of the cool-looking, golden liquid and handed it to her with a bow. The Judge swallowed his portion with frank enjoyment; the Colonel held his glass to the light, then drank its contents with the air of a connoisseur; and Miss Amelia, with a slight flush that was a tribute to her New England instincts, daintily sipped half her portion and found it to be delicious. Then, at the Judge's suggestion, they strolled through the grove, where Miss Amelia was astonished and delighted at every turn. The Judge called her attention to the golden ripe oranges, the half-grown fruit and the snowy blossoms upon the same trees, "which shows the prodigality of Nature in this glorious land," he said, quoting again from his prospectus. Then turning to the Colonel, "I'm going to try and induce Miss Bingham to purchase that strip of hummock land next to your line."

The Colonel pulled his moustache and gallantly expressed his gratification at the prospect of having so fair a neighbor.

After a time the Judge and his charge departed. A drive of a few minutes brought them to a plot of land enclosed with a rail fence, where stood a diminutive cabin upheld by sawed-off sections of pine logs to allow a circulation of air beneath.

A matronly razor-back with her interesting brood grunted her resentment at their intrusion of her privacy and scuttled away as they advanced.

A few stunted orange trees and a discouraged looking banana plant showed a woeful lack of care, and the remains of what had once been a garden showed through a tangle of rank weeds.

The place looked anything but inviting, but the Judge's eloquence wrapped it in a halo of golden possibilities, and Miss Amelia decided to make the purchase.

A few days later found her installed as mistress of her own domain with a young colored woman as maid of all work, and deeply immersed in the mysteries of planting.

It was in the cool of the morning and Miss Amelia was busily engaged in setting out strawberry plants, when she glanced up to find the Colonel leaning over the fence and gravely regarding her. She flushed a little at his scrutiny, then smiled brightly and greeted him composedly. After that he came often, and Miss Amelia, looking up from her work, would find him thoughtfully watching her from his side of the fence. Sometimes he offered her advice anent her planting, but oftenest he would lean upon the fence in silence, replying in monosyllables to her remarks, and after awhile would stroll away, thoughtfully pulling his moustache and apparently absorbed in some mental problem.

But the Colonel was not Miss Amelia's only visitor. The Judge's scrawny mustang was often tethered at the gate while the Judge himself with judicial mien inspected Miss Amelia's agricultural exhibits. The Judge's attitude on these visits was strictly businesslike. If tender thoughts lurked in his bosom, he allowed no sign of them to appear on the surface. Neither did he allow any shade of vexation to be apparent when, as he often did, he found the Colonel leaning upon the fence. His "Howdy, Colonel" was as cordial as of old, and the Colonel always replied in his customary stately manner. But it might have been apparent to a close observer that each on these occasions eyed the other closely, if furtively, and both seemed loath to depart and leave the other in possession of the field. Usually the Judge would drag out his watch, note the hour with a look of surprise, and remark nonchalantly, "I'm going right past your gate, Colonel—will you ride over?"

Then the Colonel would deliberately scale the fence and both gentlemen, after ceremoniously bidding Miss Amelia good day, would depart in company.

Whether Miss Amelia saw more than the promptings of a friendly interest in the demeanor of the two gentlemen would be hard to say. If she suspected anything of the sort, she kept her suspicions locked within her bosom, and greeted each with the same composed smile and friendly demeanor. With Melinda's help she transformed the unpromising looking plot of land into a model garden. Rows of strawberry plants thrived in mathematical precision. Plums, apricots and guavas thrived surprisingly under her guidance. Her New England instincts of neatness pervaded every corner of the place. No weed dared to show its head, even in the fence corners, and noxious insects fled before her onslaught in affright. Though no masculine foot had profaned the interior of her diminutive abode, she had transformed it into a bower of beauty and delight that would have charmed the souls of the Colonel and the Judge could either have invaded its privacy. The exterior had been beautified by climbing vines. The tiny porch was hidden by a screen of luxuriant cape jessamine, and the path to the gate was bordered with sweet bay, eucalyptus and castor-plants.

One thing only seriously disturbed the peace of mind of Miss Amelia— the fierce, if brief, hurricanes of semi-tropical intensity that swept up with hardly a moment's warning, blotting out the sun and tearing at the trees with resistless fingers. Fear of thunder storms was Miss Amelia's peculiar weakness, and Florida thunder storms were so much worse than any of her experience that at their unheralded advent she precipitately sought the shelter of her chamber, buried her face in pillows and waited in fear and trembling for their passing. So it came to pass that a thunder storm of greater than usual violence blew her into the Colonel's arms.

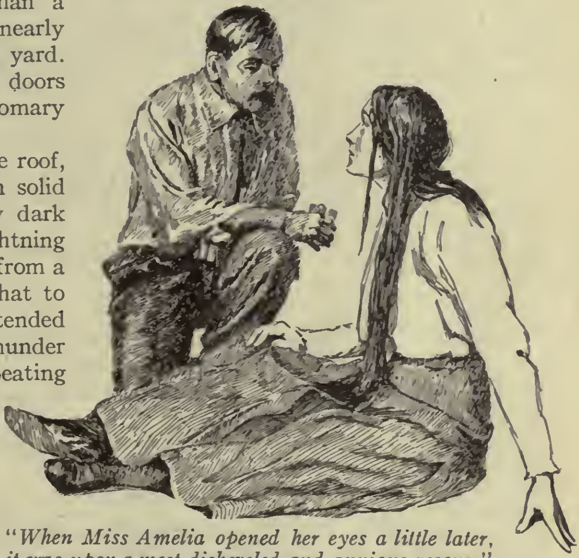
Miss Amelia had tended her thriving

green things with loving care in the earlier part of the day, then sought the comparative coolness of her vine-embowered porch. She had despatched Melinda to the village for certain small supplies needed in the household economy, and with a magazine for her companion, was feeling quite comfortable and happy, when of a sudden the sun dropped behind a dense black cloud that rapidly spread across the horizon. A thunder storm was approaching, and Miss Amelia's courage oozed from her finger tips. She could feel the rising wind and hear the limbs of the pines thrashing in the distance. Even as she looked a little outrider of the advancing host seized the top of a small tree not more than a hundred yards away, twisted it nearly off and dropped it just within her yard. Then she fled indoors, closed the doors and windows, and sought her customary refuge.

The rain began to patter upon the roof, at first in scattering drops, then in solid sheets of water. It suddenly grew dark as night save when vivid flashes of lightning shot athwart the sky, and the wind from a sobbing moan increased to a roar that to Miss Amelia's frightened ears portended annihilation. She could hear the thunder rolling in ceaseless waves of sound, beating on her consciousness like the trumpet of doom, and felt the little cabin strain and sway under the onslaught of the tempest. She buried her head under the pillows. Then she was conscious that the cabin rocked violently, seemed to be caught up in a giant's grasp and tossed about like a plaything of the wind—there came a stunning shock and a crash, and she knew no more.

Meanwhile, the Colonel, knowing something of Miss Amelia's fear of storms, had observed the approach of the hurricane with much concern. He had seen Melinda depart for the village two hours before, and knowing her mistress to be alone, debated whether it would appear like intrusion on her privacy if he offered her his companionship during the storm. The violence of the tempest soon decided him, and he sallied forth. Hardly had he left the shelter of the house when his broad-brimmed hat sailed away over the tops of the orange trees, and a moment later his long black coat strove to smother him in its folds, then waved wildly in the wind, and ripped its entire length with a report like a pistol. He paused only long enough to struggle from the entangling folds, then pressed onward against the gale. He gave no thought to the havoc the wind was wreaking in the grove, but anxiety for Miss Amelia spurred him on.

The flood of rain beat down upon him, soaking him through and through, the wind buffeted him to and fro, and the broken limbs of trees threatened to wreak bodily injury upon him.



"When Miss Amelia opened her eyes a little later, it was upon a most disheveled and anxious rescuer"

Suddenly a sight so amazing confronted him that he paused in utter astonishment. A house stood before him, in a spot where a house had never stood before. Moreover, it was Miss Amelia's house, as he recognized at the second glance. The wind, resistless in its force, had lifted it bodily from its foundation and deposited it on his land.

Filled with apprehension for the fate of its fair mistress, he rushed to the door, only to find entrance barred by a tree. A window was near by, and seizing a broken limb lying upon the ground he smashed in the sash without ceremony, and clambered over the window sill. It chanced to be the window of Miss Amelia's chamber, and Miss Amelia herself, white-faced and apparently lifeless, lay upon the floor. With a bound he was at her side and with unspeakable relief found that she was breathing.

When Miss Amelia opened her eyes a little later, it was upon a most disheveled and anxious rescuer that her gaze rested. With the Colonel's assistance she struggled to a chair, while her visitor hovered anxiously over her, inquiring if she was injured. When the Colonel informed her of what had happened, Miss Amelia shuddered.

"I shall never—*never* dare to live in this house again," she sobbed.

The Colonel was deeply agitated at the sight of her tears, and he was quite completely at a loss as to how to compose her agitation.

"My dear Miss Bingham," he said at last, "I have wanted you for a long time on my side of the fence. Now you are here, won't you stay?"

Miss Amelia looked up into his face for a moment through a mist of tears. Then the sun broke out like the passing of an April shower. "It would be useless to refuse," she answered demurely, "since the very elements conspire to aid you."

When the Judge heard the particulars he looked pained, then turning instinctively to his never-failing solace, lighted a particularly black cigar and in the smoke thereof watched his visions of connubial bliss dissolve. "The Colonel," he mused philosophically, "had the advantage of me from the start, living, so to speak, on the ground—but with blind luck *and* a cyclone on his side he couldn't be beat."

THEY NEVER KNOW

By EDWARD WILBUR MASON

They never know
The silent ones that lie asleep in death
The anguish of our sorrow.
Their ears are deaf to our impassioned breath,
They wake not any morrow.
They never, never know!

They never know
The loved lost darlings of our home and heart
The wildness of our hoping.
The thorn-set hedge that keeps the worlds apart—
Our stumbling and our groping,
They never, never know!

They never know
The souls that gather from the lap of God
The blue immortal roses
How kneeling down we strew the grassy sod
With tears and futile posies.
They never, never know!

They never know
Crowned with the glow of intimate bright stars,
Enmeshed in some fair meadow
They care not for our rankling wounds and scars,
The darkness of our shadow.
They never, never know!

NOW FOR North Carolina

by

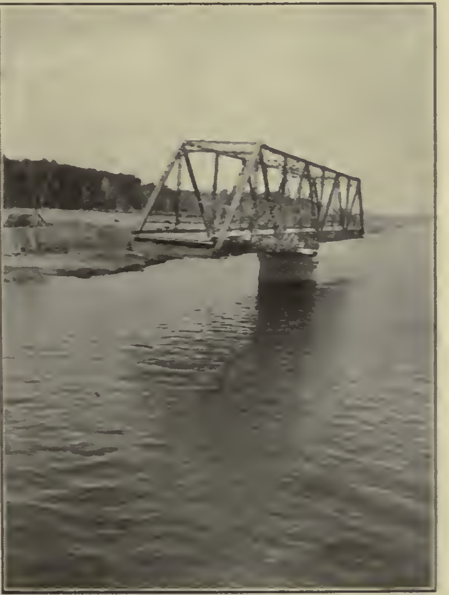
FRANK P. FOGG

GREAT CÆSAR, of immortal memory, described Gaul as being naturally divided into three parts. North Carolina is likewise of three distinct geographical and soil formations—the Coastal Plain, extending from the seashore and great sounds westward into the interior for about two hundred miles; the Piedmont Plateau, comprising about one-third of the land surface of the state. This is a land of rolling hills and valleys, and of general farming pursuits; where herds of cattle and flocks of sheep are seen in pastures interspersed among the fields of corn, tobacco, wheat, fruit orchards and vegetable gardens. Then to the westward rises the Mountain Plateau, embracing about twenty of the western counties. The average elevation of the mountains in the middle of this plateau is about four thousand feet, sloping north and south to about three thousand feet, on the borders of Virginia and South Carolina.

There are three important navigable rivers—the Pamlico, Neuse and Cape Fear; three great trunk-line railroads, the Atlantic Coast Line, the Southern Railroad, and Sea Board Air Line, although the Norfolk and Southern Railroad should not be forgotten when speaking of rapidly growing lines.

There are three great staple agricultural products in the state, cotton, corn, and tobacco; while iron, copper and gold are minerals, and are fast becoming important in the state's production. There are three very important factors in the fishing industry: first shad, then oysters and third mullet. Thousands of people depend directly upon fishing for a livelihood, and their catch is distributed through the interior of the state, and to the Northern markets.

The rule of three may be almost endlessly applied, for there are three races: white, colored and Indians; practically but three seasons, autumn, spring and summer, the winter months having none of the terrors of the Northern frozen zone.

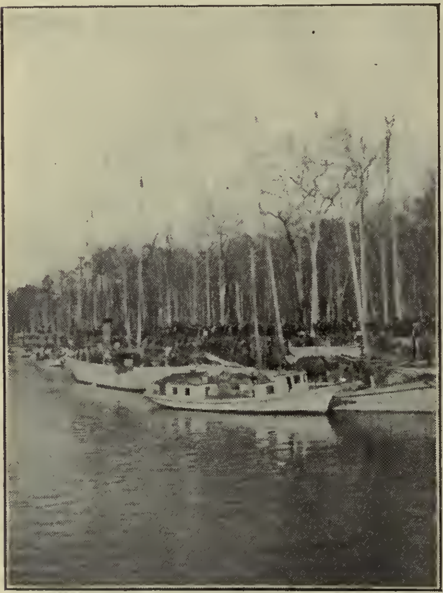


MOUTH OF CANAL NEAR BEAUFORT AND MOREHEAD CITY

THE COAST and the Coastal Plain

THESE things of interest in North Carolina were so forcibly brought out soon after the great celebration at the opening of the Inland Waterways that it seemed as though a "State Number" of the NATIONAL would be of particular interest to our readers everywhere; and thus this story has resulted.

Spending several days at Beaufort, which is delightfully situated with its harbor shore facing the southeast, it was hard to realize, enjoying the balmy air of this resort, that the blizzards were raging throughout the North. A mile or two across Beaufort Harbor is the "Inlet" or passage to the sea. While the waters of the bay are never tempestuous, being protected by the barrier key or narrow sand reef, the breakers can be heard distinctly pounding outside, and some idea could be formed of what the fury would be along the treacherous Cape Lookout Shoals in stormy weather. The waters of Beaufort Harbor are sparkling in purity, and with a tang of saltiness that gives a keen relish to the oysters that come fresh to the table and are served in almost every known way. Then there are the mullets that are caught in great abundance, and constitute one of the great industrial products of the town.


CELEBRATING THE CANAL OPENING WITH SPEECHES AND AN OYSTER ROAST

The opening of the new Inland Waterway through Core Creek to Neuse River, and on to Norfolk has given Beaufort a new value in strategical situation for business, for the shipping that will pass up and down this route will help develop many important industries in the way of ship-building, fisheries, and manufacturing of all kinds.

Beaufort was settled by the French Huguenots in 1721, and is, therefore, one of the oldest towns in the state. Until a railroad was completed in 1907, the town was only accessible by water, and therefore retained the quaintness of an insular location. There are many picturesque features about the place. There is always pleasure in wandering along the oak-shaded streets, or up and down the "plank walk," which

FANNED BY THE BREEZES FROM THE SEA, BEAUFORT HAS A CHEERY WELCOME FOR ALL

constitutes a main thoroughfare for the residential section of the town along the waterfront from north to south. Visitors flock to Beaufort for its cool climate in summer, and it is fast becoming a much sought winter resort on account of its even balmy temperature.

Fisheries are now the principal industry, and thousands of dollars are annually paid out by the fishermen for barrels, tubs, and other packages for their products. It is an ideal location, therefore, for one or more cooperage factories, also for net and twine factories, cordage plants, boat and yacht yards, and many other industries that will find incentive where new life and efforts take place.

All kinds of vegetables and many kinds of fruit grow prolifically about Beaufort, and there are many acres adjacent that invite the agriculturists on account of a nearness to market, and the long season of growth which insures a succession of several crops yearly. Even oranges are grown, and there is a possibility of the industry being promoted to quite a degree.

A novel sight is afforded visitors to Beaufort when the wild ponies come down to the shore and swim out to the islands where they feed unmolested in full sight of the boardwalk, and the boats passing up and down the harbor. These wild ponies have lived hereabouts as long as American history records. When Sir Walter Raleigh sent his first expedition over from England, which landed at Roanoke Island, a number of ponies were

ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND POUNDS OF MULLETS CAUGHT IN ONE HAUL SEPT. 16, 1910. SOLD FOR $2,500 brought over; and it was probably from those becoming wild when the colony was lost, that the native ponies of the present day descended. Though nominally wild, there is an ownership recorded and semi-annually round-ups are held for the purpose of branding and taking up such as are desired to be used for driving or any other purpose.

Beaufort is supplied with excellent water from artesian wells sunk to the depth of about three hundred and twenty feet; in fact, the water is considered very corrective and beneficial for rheumatism and stomach troubles.

Across the harbor lies old Fort Macon, now neglected and almost forgotten, but which was an important stronghold during the great struggle of the Southern States for secession.

With the loveliness of the "Silver Coast," as the surf-breaking beaches may rightly be called, and the verdant beauty of the long leaf pine interspersed among the oaks and elms of Beaufort's shaded streets, it is hard to conceive a more delightful situation in which to live. Surely if everyone's experience produces the sentiment which was developed in the instance of our visit, there will be a warm spot in every visitor's heart for beautiful Beaufort.

* * *

Probably no town in the United States can show a cleaner bill of health than Morehead City. She is a younger sister, so to speak, of the town of Beaufort, and has grown into beauty and importance until she confidently declares her rivalry to the sister town. In a population of about 3,000 there is not a family having a crippled child or one who is idiotic or insane. There is here, too, a very homologous population. There is neither an Irishman, German, Italian, or a Jew in town, although there is no ban on any race or creed. The white population outnumbers the blacks four to one, the latter having their residential section and their own churches and schools. Morehead City is also remarkable for its

THE OLDEST HOUSE IN MOREHEAD CITY, AND HOME OF W. L. ARENDELL, GRADUATE OF WEST POINT, '70, AND A CLASSMATE OF GENERAL FRED. D. GRANT

G. D. CANFIELD'S LUMBER MILL, AND THE OVERLOOK FROM THE MILL ACROSS BOGUE SOUND

simplicity in its religious doctrines. There is neither Catholic, Episcopalian, Presbyterian or Unitarian, although there are eight churches and several denominations.

Everything grows with a luxuriance and prolificness that should entice thousands of farmers to this section. It is only a few years ago that two brothers, believing in the possibilities for truck gardening, rented ten acres here on which they produced a crop of cabbages which they marketed at a profit of three thousand dollars. With this money they purchased a store in town which has become a very valuable asset; but the brothers are still farming, and their crops of melons, cabbages, corn and cotton exemplify the possibilities of this section.

It was a delight to visit another prosperous farm where last year a crop of cabbage bringing about $225 to the acre was followed by a crop of cotton, producing about two bales to the acre. Morehead City offers also great inducements for the development of fisheries, canneries, sawmills, cotton factories, and the like, for with her deep harbors and excellent railroad facilities she is ideally situated.

No one can mingle with the people of Morehead City without feeling that here are good folks, the desirable kind for friends and neighbors. There is a spirit of modernity rampant, and whatever is desirable is demanded. Recently bonds have been voted and sold for the establishment of municipal water works, and being situated with a commanding overlook across the Newport River, to the north, and Bogue Sound to the south, and the wide stretch of Beaufort Harbor to the east, there is a fascination about Morehead City which induces those who go to visit it to tarry.

It is an ideal truck-gardening section, for watermelons, canteloupes, sweet potatoes, tomatoes, and the like mature a week or ten days earlier than a hundred miles farther north. Cabbage is set out the last of December and is ready for harvest the first of June or the last of May, thus escaping all ravage of cabbage worm. There is abundant game in the vicinity in the spring. Reed birds and brant are plentiful, while quail shooting in the fall draws sportsmen from many sections. The day we visited Morehead City a New York hotel proprietor came in with his bag of wild turkeys, which he proudly displayed before shipping by express to his expectant guests at New York.

There is a boat and yacht building industry at Morehead City doing a very prosperous business, and there is room for several more. A pilot boat for one of the Florida ports was recently built and successfully launched from the Morehead City yard.

Cohesive co-operation has made Morehead City what she is. The people are progressive, and they do not let anything get away from them which will conduce to the betterment of their town's growth: as the western portal city to the

RESIDENTIAL SECTION, NEUSE RIVER HEIGHTS, ORIENTAL

Inland Waterways Canal, every citizen is confident that the next decade will produce wonderful results for their community.

* * *

Across the Neuse River, opposite the north portal to the Core Creek Canal, is situated the rising young town of Oriental. Cordial invitations are extended to visit with the good people of this town, and see what farmers are doing in farming and truck-raising at this point. It has been hardly more than two years since the railroad was opened from Bayboro and New Bern, but progress has been made, and today there is a mammoth sawmill with a capacity for 100,000 feet daily, and many charming homes attest the prosperity of the town.

Oriental is situated on the north shore of Pamlico Sound with an overlook across the Inland Waterway where the shipping from North and South will pass and repass in steady procession. There is a suggestiveness of the beautiful bays of Italy in looking across the sail-flecked expanse of the Neuse. An appropriation has been voted by Congress for dredging a small creek bed to make an anchorage basin for yachts and boats, and improve a beautiful point of land for hotel or park purposes.

Lying close to the town are some of the most productive agricultural lands of the state. One of the enterprising farmers of the past season grew 3,327½ pounds of seed cotton on an acre, and on an adjoining acre grew 2,527½ pounds of seed cotton. This cotton was forty per cent lint. This same farmer has by seed selection not only increased his product but has developed a reputation for his cotton seed in many parts of the South. He sells his seed for $1 a bushel in carload lots, or for $1.50 in smaller quantities. There are thousands of acres of equally productive land still available. A large area lying in a compact body north of town offers inducements for capitalists to develop by drainage. The work can be done at nominal price, and the land when reclaimed will be exceedingly fertile and can be quickly turned over to settlers at a good profit. Cabbage crops have proved very profitable, and truck-raising is extensively carried on.

When it is desirable to do things Oriental folks come together and attend to it. This was well illustrated recently when it was proposed to advertise the town.

There was no Board of Trade or Chamber of Commerce, no organization to be sponsor for the proposed work. A mass meeting was called, a few stirring speeches made sounding the keynote of progress. An organization was needed; they elected a president, vice-president, secretary and treasurer, and then proceeded to name the lusty young organization. Several names were proposed, such as The Boosters' Club, Progressive League, Board of Trade and Chamber of Commerce. The vote was taken and the latter name was preferred by a large majority. It is the kind of an organization that any town might be proud to have, as farmers, mechanics, merchants and professional men joined enthusiastically in the work. There exists at Oriental plenty of the resolute, undaunted spirit that has made the "Old North State" famous.

THE RISING YOUNG TOWN OF ORIENTAL

Every sound, inlet and bay of eastern North Carolina is a semi-annual stopping place for the thousands of wild geese, swan, duck, brant, and other water fowl migrating to and from southern waters. Duck of every description abound—canvas back, blue wing teal,widgeon, mallard, etc. The land-locked waters of Pamlico and Albemarle Sounds, and their tributaries, have always been famous hunting waters; and every winter brain-fagged business men from almost every section of the country rendezvous at the many sporting headquarters during the shooting season.

In talking with one of the old guides at Oriental, it was revealed that there has been poetic license indulged in by the author who wrote "No goose so gray but sometime, soon or late, she'll find a courtly gander for a mate." The fact is wild geese are monogamists, and a gander that has lost his mate becomes an odd one, or in other words, a lonesome old fellow forever. Sometimes, but not frequently, a goose that has lost her gander-mate will mate again, but it is not common among wild geese. The rule does not hold, however, among the domestic fowl. The same informant declared that contrary to common ideas wild geese do not mate until they are three years old.

From strategical vantage points, in which gunners conceal themselves behind blinds, and sometimes dressed in prairie grass suits, many famous records are annually made in bagging these birds, which are shipped in quantity to Northern sections, and at times become almost a drug in the local markets along the shore. It is possible to buy the finest specimens of wild geese that would be worth from $3.50 to $5.00 in Northern markets for fifty cents to seventy-five cents hereabouts.

* * *

Washington, once called "Little Washington" to distinguish it from Washington, D. C., has a fine location where the Tar River broadens and becomes the Pamlico in the eastern part of the state. Here is the home of Congressman John H. Small. It is a city of cosy, substantial homes embowered beneath handsome shade trees that give the place a quiet and restful dignity.

Indicating the rating which is set on educational training the new public school building is one of the handsomest and best appointed in the state. Besides class-

AN ATTRACTIVE HOME BESIDE ORIENTAL HARBOR

BURIAL PLACE OF VIRGINIA DARE, ROANOKE ISLAND

rooms a large auditorium is afforded for both school and public purposes.

* * *

Greensboro, a little farther up on the Tar River, is a wide-awake town of several thousand inhabitants, and prides itself on being the second largest market for Virginia Bright Tobacco in the state. Here is located the East Carolina Teachers' Training School, where interesting work is being conducted in preparing teachers for a more commonsense service in the public schools than has been the vogue in the past. The importance of knowing Nature, and of taking advantage of Nature's many helps on the farm in the way of insectivorous birds and reptiles is thoroughly demonstrated; it is also the custom to treat every phase of country life from a practical standpoint. Teachers are trained so that they can demonstrate to their pupils the great importance to farmers of protecting robins, larks and wrens; even the harmless little bat, which many ruthlessly destroy, is a great moth eater, and it has been figured out that the daily consumption of moth-millers by one little bat may insure maturity of a great many barrels of apples and other fruits, which would otherwise be destroyed by the moths and their offspring.

One of the most important and far-reaching influences of this Teachers' Training School of North Carolina is the honorable calling it makes of housekeeping. Girls are taught how to cook, and how to keep house without feeling any loss of prestige by doing so. Nothing will stimulate home life more than this when the young matron knows how to cook and do her housework without being helplessly dependent upon servants. The fact is, an increasing number of the colored girls do not care to be domestic servants. Since it is possible for an enterprising colored man to own or rent a farm and prosper, the colored girls who are capable find a greater inducement in making a home for themselves than being servants. On the other hand, it was related that some of the white ladies of most exclusive society have recently learned to cook, and they find it more delightful and satisfactory than to keep a retinue of servants, and they refuse to go back to the old regime.

* * *

Nearly all of the fast freight trains moving North from Florida and Georgia and loaded with perishable fruits and vegetables stop at Rocky Mount for icing. As many as two thousand cars per day in the busy season receive refrigeration of artificial ice at this point. Rocky Mount has increased in population faster during the last decade than any other city of the State, having made 274 per cent gain.

The town is remarkable in that it stands in two counties, Nash and Edgecombe. The main street is laid out on the county line and business houses face each other with the Atlantic Coast Railway in the middle of the main street. In olden times Rocky Mount was a change point for horses on the stage line between Norfolk and Raleigh. It is today one of the most important freight points in the State on the Atlantic Coast Line, and the large number of tracks seen on entering the town would bear out this statement. Here are located the division repair shops of the railway and several thousand machinists have aided materially in the town's prosperity. As a rule, the railroad men live in their own section of the town on the south side. Rocky Mount is not only a manufacturing city but is very largely interested in the "Bright Leaf" tobacco trade, there being a number of very large warehouses at this point.

* * *

Some folks call for straight, red "licker," and others simply sip some pink lemonade; but for a blood cooler and thirst quencher that leaves the tongue clean like a trilling schoolgirl's, there's a drink like ambrosia — it's Pepsi-Cola.

RESIDENCE OF MR. JAMES SPRUNT, WILMINGTON, N. C. BUILT BY EDWARD B. DUDLEY, FIRST ELECTIVE GOVERNOR OF THE STATE

THE PEPSI-COLA PLANT

Long ago, the demand for a wholesome beverage — positively harmless, beneficial if possible — began to shape itself in people's minds. The old style soda water with its soap bark to make it foam, its tartaric acid, and its syrup made from sugar and water without boiling — just thrown together without taking time to completely sterilize and kill the disease germs, or even skim off the trash coming from the grocer's open sugar barrel, had become disgusting to the public.

A North Carolina druggist who had noted these things, and also the tendency toward dispensing harmful concoctions, set about devising something which should be a thirst quencher, absolutely harmless and also pleasing to the taste. Being an analytical and synthetical chemist, he was able to compound something entirely different from other syrups, and it is called Pepsi-Cola. It is an exquisite blend of pure fruit flavors and cane sugar — each and all wholesome, healthy, blood-enriching and flesh-forming.

When I visited the home office of the Pepsi-Cola Company in New Bern, this same man who formulated the ingredients of Pepsi-Cola — now the president of this most successful beverage company — met me with a handclasp that was in itself a welcome. Even a glance at the office furnishings and fixtures was convincing of the Company's regard for intrinsic value; for every desk bore the name plate of the best manufacturer — there was no superficiality about the whole ensemble. As we talked and walked through the various departments of the manufacturing plant, the cleanliness and sanitary precision with which the work of blending and shipping is carried on was assuringly appetizing.

Pure confectioner's sugar and water are cooked to boiling point in a steam-jacketed kettle, so clean that you can see your reflection in it; then the syrup is forced through felt filters down to a silver-lined copper cooling tank. There is a silver-plated copper coil pipe eighteen hundred feet long in this tank through which cold water is run to cool the syrup — it is cooled to water temperature in five minutes. Through direct pipes the syrup again passes to a three thousand gallon oak mixing tank on the next floor below. Here phosphoric acid, pepsin, fruit juices and flavorings are added, and all mechanically stirred for three hours. Finally the syrup is drawn off direct into sterilized bottles and kegs. No extraneous matter can get into the tanks, for they are all sealed air tight. Not one grain of foam essence, no artificial preservative, either benzoic or salicylic acid, is added — nothing to preserve or embalm Pepsi-Cola — it is chemically and physically perfect.

Everyone knows the tonic and invigorating properties of phosphoric acid; it is one of the main ingredients of Pepsi-Cola. Everyone knows the goodness of Pepsin when there is a little acid to help it act. Most people suffer from indigestion and lack of nutrition because the stomach is deranged; so Pepsi-Cola aids in keeping the stomach right.

No one can come into the presence of President C. D. Bradham without being won by his entire lack of steel-masked, Sphinx-like reserve, too often found among business men of large interests. Here you are at home; the feeling that you are welcome flashes over you, and you marvel how a few words of greeting could have made you feel yourself almost a part of the great establishment. Nothing is greater on this mundane sphere than the pre-eminent minds of men. To sing a song, or make a speech, or conduct a business, and infuse the full power of one's body and mind into it insures success and the world's plaudits. It would be hard to say whether it has been the personality of President C. D. Bradham or just Pepsi-Cola itself that has made the drink the ever-increasingly popular one of the nation. But they are synonymous —

GROWING WINTER LETTUCE, WILMINGTON, N. C.

the fact is unchallenged that Pepsi-Cola is C. D. Bradham, and he has devoted his whole attention to it. Just as the *New York Tribune* was once Horace Greeley, or the thought "What is home without a mother," so the surpassing quality and flavor of Pepsi-Cola is due to the intense personality which Mr. Bradham infuses into his business and inspires among his business associates.

There is not the slightest suspicion of deleterient effects from freely drinking Pepsi-Cola. It is purity and wholesomeness intelligently blended. The daintiness and exquisite flavor of Pepsi-Cola is studiously expressed in the fetching signs and advertising matter of the Company. No one who has observed the attractive Pepsi-Cola lady in becoming attire, and read her testimonial — "I love the flavor" — can suppress the yearning to join her, or some other attractive lady, and imbibe at a fountain the delicious liquid that compels her love. "There's a difference," so thirsty drinkers exclaim; and it is an improvement physically and mentally when they drink Pepsi-Cola.

* * *

Perhaps no section of the whole Atlantic seaboard has a soil more prolific under proper cultivation than eastern North Carolina. The prevailing soil types are sandy loams with clay subsoil, and these are capable of the highest degree of cultivation and improvement. Peculiarly advantageous, too, are the open winters, long growing seasons, and an abundance of rainfall evenly distributed throughout the year. These combined advantages give the land the greatest value for the production of early vegetables and fruits, which can be shipped in a few hours to the great markets of the North. The harvest season for vegetables and small fruits follows soon after and close upon the marketing time in Florida, and precedes the marketing season in Virginia and Maryland by ten days or two weeks.

One of the great money-making crops of eastern North Carolina farms has been strawberries, which during the past few years has made a reputation for the State and brought millions of dollars to producers. From the Wilmington district, 2,000 cars of

ENTIRE TRAIN LOADED WITH WILMINGTON STRAWBERRIES, BOUND FOR THE NORTH

125 ACRE STRAWBERRY FARM NEAR WHITEVILLE, N. C.

UP AND DOWN THE "SILVER SANDS," WRIGHTSVILLE BEACH, WILMINGTON, N. C.

strawberries are shipped annually, and are forwarded to the Northern markets in solid train loads. Another crop for which this section has become famous is lettuce. But it may be said that every crop known in the temperate zone can be grown successfully here.

It is alluring to think of what this country must soon become when it is, so to speak, discovered anew. Take the one fact that the early vegetable crops can be grown and marketed in ample time to be followed by cotton, corn, legumes, sweet potatoes, peanuts and other staple crops; and an agriculturalist will at once see the great possibilities of wealth in this region. There are hundreds of thousands of acres of these valuable agricultural lands only waiting the magic touch of the thrifty farmer.

Recently some successful colonies of Americans, Hollanders, Germans and Italians have been started in the Wilmington district. But this is only the prelude, because their success is beginning to attract widespread attention.

Under a recent State law, "Drainage Districts" are being laid out, and by means of canals and ditches, lands which have heretofore not been available to the small farmer are now being taken up. Because of the abundant rainfall in eastern North Carolina, drainage means what irrigation does for the arid West; but drainage has both the advantage of being far cheaper, and of making more livable and desirable climatic conditions.

Wilmington is a prosperous commercial and maritime city, and is the fourth cotton-exporting port in the world. It has the largest single exporting firm of cotton and the finest compresses in the country. Wilmington is headquarters of the Atlantic Coast Line Railway, and a terminus of the Seaboard Air Line Railway, and has six main lines of railroad reaching out in all directions. It is in the direct line of the Inland Waterway Canal which project will perhaps be completed to this point within the next few years. It is geographically nearer to the Panama Canal for exports from the Middle West than any north or south Atlantic port, and with the opening of the Canal an impetus to exports and imports through this port will be quickly felt. The terminal possibilities at Wilmington are practically unlimited, and terminal development can be made at a minimum cost.

The city is right on the eve of a new era in development. Bonds have been issued

COME ALONG IN, THE WATER'S FINE, WRIGHTSVILLE BEACH, ST. VALENTINE'S DAY, 1911 for almost an entirely new sewerage system, and for repaving many of the streets. With the streets repaved, there will be a touch of modernity given to the city, making it one of the most beautiful and inviting throughout the South.

WILMINGTON IS THE SECOND LARGEST COTTON MARKET ON THE SOUTH ATLANTIC SEABOARD AND FOURTH LARGEST EXPORTING COTTON MARKET IN THE WORLD

Only a few miles distant, and connected by fast suburban electrics is Wrightsville Beach where thousands of pleasure-seekers repair for the warm summer months. It was St. Valentine's Day that we visited Wrightsville Beach, but so warm and inviting was the balmy air that a theatrical troupe, who were also visiting the seashore that day, indulged in bathing, and then basked on the sands as if it were a day in August at Coney Island. All up and down the beach are millions of beautiful sea shells, and it is hard to resist picking up the little gaudies even when hands, pockets and receptacles are overflowing.

All the way out from Wilmington are springing up new residential sections which aid the prosperity of the town. One of the innovations noted was Aero Park where this year in March an aviation meet was successfully conducted, and will become an annual or semi-annual feature for Wilmington.

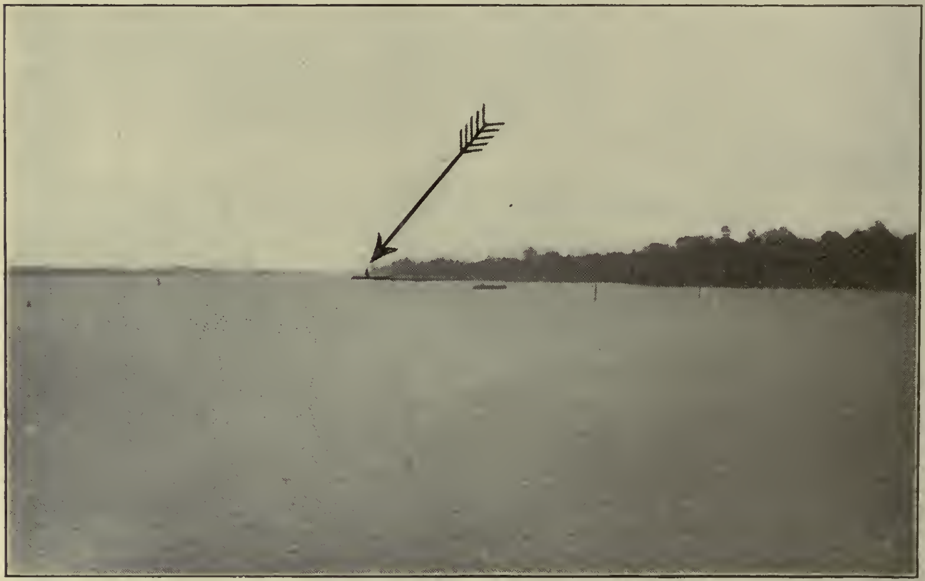
A visit to Wilmington's suburbs would not be complete without a trip down the Cape Fear River to Southport. As we left the dock, the wharves of Brunswick across the river were piled high with rosin, tar, pitch and turpentine, suggestive of the early industries of the State. Then on the east bank, commanding everyone's attention, is the beautiful mansion built by the first Governor of North Carolina elected by the people, Edward B. Dudley. Here have been entertained succeeding Governors of the State, and many other distinguished notables, among whom were Daniel Webster and several of the Presidents of the United States. In later years Cardinal Gibbons resided here for seven years. Today the present owner and occupant, Mr. James Sprunt, is a gentlemen of scholarly tastes and known for his liberal hospitality. Mr. Sprunt and his brother, Mr. W. H. Sprunt, are among the foremost merchants of Wilmington, and very prominently identified with the cotton trade.

One of the interesting landmarks of Cape Fear River, and a notable one, is the "Dram Tree." It is an old cypress, moss-covered, and twisted and gnarled by, perhaps, centuries of storm and stress. Somehow in early history it became recognized as the proper place for taking a drink when passing either up or down the river. Outgoing sailors taking a last view of Wilmington, and perhaps the fluttering handkerchiefs of dear ones, drank a toast to success and a prosperous return; incoming masters recognized the propriety of passing the grog and giving every sailor lad a drink in honor of safe return. Even the fishermen going out would linger at the "Dram Tree" to exchange a word with skippers in other boats, and perhaps to drink out of each other's jugs. It was, in fact, quite a social center for those whose inclinations led them toward a life on the bending billows.

When the Prohibition Law was passed in North Carolina a few years ago, it was soon afterward noticed that the "Dram Tree" was dying; and someone laconically replied when asked the reason therefor, that it was undoubtedly due to prohibition and the infrequent libations which are now poured by the sailors in honor of the old tree.

Hardly a cable length of the journey can be passed with a good river pilot without it recalling to his mind some memorable instance or his pointing out a historical spot.

Todd's Creek on the east side was the scene of Lieutenant Wm. B. Cushing's heroic exploit on June 23, 1864, when he reconnoitred the Confederate ironclad "Raleigh," and subsequently blew up the Confederate ram, "Albemarle."



THE "DRAM TREE" STANDS ON THE EXTREME POINT OF LAND. AROUND THE POINT IS WILMINGTON

Nearby is "Gander Hall" where one Captain James McIlhenny planned to go into the goose business. He selected his geese in person, choosing all white ones, considering that white feathers would be more desirable than mixed ones. When the laying-time approached, he waited impatiently for the appearance of eggs; and after an intolerable suspense it was pointed out to him that all his geese were ganders — hence the place has since been known as "Gander Hall." The name will stick to the place for all time, being handed down from generation to generation as such names usually are.

On the west side of the river we passed Orton Plantation, probably named from the beautiful old town of Orton, in England, from whence the ancestors of the Moore family came to the Barbadoes and thence to America. There are 9,990 acres at Orton, and Mr. James Sprunt, the present owner, conducts it as a beauty spot rather than exploiting it for agricultural purposes.

Here is a fine game preserve and those who are invited to enjoy the pleasures of the chase seldom fail to return well laden. There is a famous colony of white cranes at Orton inhabiting a lake of several hundred acres. There are also many mammoth cypress trees in the lake on one of which is an eagle's nest authentically recorded to have been annually occupied by eagles for over one hundred years.

Fort Anderson and Fort Fisher, now but dreary and hardly noticed landmarks, were scenes of fierce conflict during the Civil War. A movement is on foot which deserves success to make Fort Fisher a National Park, and to preserve it for future generations.

Fort Caswell, at the mouth of Cape Fear River, is maintained as a Government fortification with several hundred soldiers for the garrison. Just up the river is the Marine Quarantine Station built on piers in mid-river, while off to the eastward is Bald Head Island with lighthouses at either end.

Here tropical vegetation flourishes; thousands of palmettos reaching fifty feet or so in height make the place seem like a stray island from the West Indies. There are said to be forty-seven kinds of vegetation not found on the mainland. Here the proximity is close to the Gulf stream, some thirty-five miles off shore. Coon and squirrel shooting on the island is famous, as the number of these seem unlimited.

On a point at the western mouth of the river is old Southport, embowered in beautiful groves of wide-spreading live oaks. Southport is rich in traditions, and one can hardly find a more interesting spot, or one more provincial then here. There has never been a railroad enter the town, though one is contemplated and expected in the near future; nor has the annual visitation of several hundred "boarders" left a perceptible change upon the original sturdy character of the people.

A PICTURESQUE SPOT AT SOUTHPORT

* * *

Wilson on the Atlantic Coast Line and also on the Norfolk & Southern Railway is a thriving town of between six and seven thousand inhabitants. Fine agricultural country surrounds, and there are industries of cotton manufacture and carriage-making, etc., that employ many people. Wilson is also an important tobacco market.

* * *

Goldsboro was a point of importance strategically during the Civil War, and several battles and skirmishes took place near the town. Today, Goldsboro is a centre of good agricultural country, and there is industrial growth by the location of cotton mills, wood-working plants and tobacco warehouses.

MISS KATE STUART'S ANCESTRAL HOME
Southport

Among other monuments in memory of the loved and lost in the city of Wilmington is one erected to the Honorable George Davis, a senator from the State of North Carolina in the Congress of the Confederate States, and later Attorney-General in the Cabinet of President Jefferson Davis, until the fall of Richmond. To James Sprunt, William Calder and William R. Kenan, was given the honor of preparing a "suitable memorial and record" of his life, tracing the career of the gifted young orator who more than half a century ago won the admiration of the citizens of Wilmington by delivering an address full of tender love and admiration, Christian hope and faith, in honor of the illustrious Kentucky statesman, Henry Clay, then but recently deceased.

STATUE TO THE HON. GEORGE DAVIS, WILMINGTON

Upon the completion of his education, Mr. Davis took up the practice of law. Soon afterward he entered public life, and few statesmen of North Carolina have been held in higher esteem. Descended from the founders of the Cape Fear Settlement, he always had an intense love for his native commonwealth, and remained to his death a close student of Colonial history, and especially of the scattered remnants of record and traditions relating to his state. It has often been regretted that he did not live to compile a history of eastern North Carolina.

In February, 1861, Mr. Davis visited Washington as a member of the Peace Congress over which Ex-President Tyler presided and made his most famous speech. The North Carolina delegates at this Congress were strongly opposed to a severance of their State from the Union before actually compelled to do so, or until "all peaceful means had been exhausted."

Mr. Davis' address at this Peace Congress and his later correspondence gained the confidence and support of his people, and as member in the Cabinet of Jefferson Davis, he won both the faith and affection of his chief. The citizens of Wilmington are and may well be justly proud of the beautiful statue they have had erected in his memory, and in honor of the memorable life and service of this most talented son of that queen of the southern commonwealths — the state of North Carolina.

* * *

Reluctantly we said "good-bye" to our cordial friends at Wilmington, and our train was duly dispatched by the colored train announcer pulling the dangling bell-rope over the station platform. It is a quaint old custom still kept up here. It seems this used to be called the Wilmington and Weldon Railroad and was built prior to the War. Until the new station was erected at Weldon about five years ago, the custom of ringing the bell in dispatching trains was in effect there, but since that time has been discontinued. It would be interesting to know what was the occasion for placing bells on the Wilmington and Weldon stations, as it is doubtful if there is any place in the country other than Wilmington where it is still continued. Its clear, silvery note sounds more like a vesper than like what is usually considered the clarion call of business.

Speeding westward over the Seaboard Air Line, we passed through a country famous for its game. The North State Game Club at Council has a preserve of twenty-five thousand acres which extends from the Waceamaw Lake on the south of the railroad to many miles northward. Some five hundred members of the Club are annually entertained at the spacious Club House and camping grounds to enjoy deer stalking and hunting for partridges, the latter being very numerous in this section.

On reaching Clarkton a decidedly interesting farming country is reached, as is attested by this prosperous town and others westward. This is rich cotton country, and is destined to become a very important section of North Carolina's future development. Lots of new and up-to-date farming machinery was piled up near the station and the stamp of prosperity was conspicuous about the banks and mercantile houses.

* * *

Lumberton, a misnomer, should be known as Cottonton or Planton, for it is a country of progressive planters. Robeson County, of which it is the county seat, has 1150 square miles within it, or did have before a new county was recently formed of its northern part and portions of Drew and Cumberland counties.

Off to the west a few miles is "Scuffletown," a settlement of Croatan Indians, who are progressive planters and have a Normal School that is well patronized.

These Croatans are supposed to have in their veins the blood of Sir Walter Raleigh's "Lost Colonists." They possess many characteristics and names indicative of Anglo-Saxon lineage.

It was Saturday, Lumberton's "market-day." The streets were full of people and the stores and sidewalks teemed with country folks. A good indication of the easy times and ready money conditions was shown by watching the street photographers with their tintype machines doing a brisk business on the street corners.

RARE JAPONICAS BLOOMING IN FEBRUARY

Mothers with their babies all arranged in dainty white dresses and beribboned bonnets were waiting their turn to pose along with the country swains and their best girls. The way the quarters and half dollars dropped into the enterprising photographers' pockets showed that here was a good town for almost any legitimate proposition.

Maxton — a town of the Macs. Scottish names like MacKinnon, MacRae, MacLean and MacNair attest the commingling of the Highlanders and Lowlanders of Bonnie Scotch blood in the sinews of one of North Carolina's fine towns. In early days it was called "Shoe Heel" and the creek which flows by is still "Shoe Heel" Creek. Inquiry fails to secure positive information as to the reason for such a name. In Walter Scott's novel, "Fair Maid of Perth," he mentions the warlike clan of Quehele.

It is doubtful, however, if such was the first name of the town, and that "Shoe Heel" was the anglicization of the old Scotch name; but an effort was made to have the town called "Quehele" without success.

RESIDENCE OF MAJOR A. J. MacKINNON, MAXTON

Later during Samuel J. Tilden's presidential campaign it was voted to call the town Tilden — it was no use — "Shoe Heel" still stuck. Finally some one suggested Maxton as a contraction of Mackstown and it caught everyone's fancy; so Maxton it is and the only town so named, in the country, though Scott in his "Grandfather's Tales" gives the legend of a heroine who in a battle took up the fallen banner when her sweetheart, the colorbearer, was killed and led the Clan to victory. He says the maiden was from a little village in Scotland called "Maxton."

Sometimes reports come from some fruit section of the West that apples and peaches are rotting on the ground, or from some great grain-raising section that the crops are standing awaiting harvest hands. The cotton crop at Maxton was so big the past season that everybody got tired out before the end of the picking season and many fields running a bale to the acre couldn't be harvested.

Along with the town's fame for fine cotton, is growing more and more a reputation for watermelons and canteloupes. The warm, sandy soil is especially adapted to such crops, and asparagus, dewberries, and most all kinds of vegetables are grown profitably.

The first drainage district in Robeson County has been projected for Maxton. Forty thousand acres will be reclaimed or improved by this reclamation system which extends from Back Swamp and Jacobs Swamp off to the eastward for forty miles. It must not be understood that "swamp" in the sense it is used in North Carolina is the same identically with the kind of land so-called in New England. It is rather an intervale, subject to overflow in flood water time but capable of thorough drainage at low cost. With the completion of the main ditches and the laterals, farming will receive an impetus equal, if not greater, in North Carolina than the arid sections of the West gain under irrigation.

Maxton has a progeny that needs support. It is the North Carolina College for women. The Administration building is well under way but waiting sufficient funds for completion. Situated on the western outskirts of the town, it is backed by a handsome grove of tall pines, beyond and below which is a little pond that could be made a beauty spot. Hundreds of girls will depend upon the completion of this college for their higher education if they ever attain it.

The College will be of the Methodist denomination, and those desirous of doing good with their money can find a worthy recipient in this college for young women.

In the handsome Bank of Maxton building, the Commercial Club has very commodious and well-appointed quarters, and a handsome building for the Bank of Robeson is underway. It seemed evident that the fraternal, as well as the home spirit which permeates the South, especially in North Carolina, is a bulwark to insure happy fruition of the people's lofty ideals.

* * *

By raising forage crops on which to pasture the swine, hog-raising offers exceptional inducements in almost every part of the State. It is surprising how cheaply hogs may be raised and fattened by feeding them on fields of growing rye, rape, vetch, soy beans, cow peas, peanuts, not forgetting corn to give firmness and quality to the pork, especially as topping-off feed.

The people of the South are large meat consumers but small meat producers. Statistics show that Southerners consume more meat per capita than any other section of the country. And no section of the country can compete with North Carolina "under forced draught" in raising meat, especially pork; and there are strong reasons why North Carolina farmers should become stock men while remaining cotton and corn producers: —

First, because with something else to sell besides cotton, the price of cotton can be maintained or regulated by the supply rather than by the necessity of the farmers to raise money.

Second, because corn fed to hogs in connection with proper leguminous forage will bring about twice the returns as though sold as corn. According to government reports* when corn is fed straight to hogs it brings something like 48.9 cents per bushel; but fed with soy beans in various proportions the indirect returns from the corn have reached $1.59, $1.69 and $3.35 per bushel, a pretty good price even at the lowest figure.

The third reason why more hogs should be raised is the tremendous increase that hog-raising would insure to the cotton crop.

There is some question whether stable manure and chemical fertilizers contain much plant food, but as Professor Milton Whitney, chief of the Bureau of Soils, says,* "We have proof that a large part of the favorable action of cow peas and of manure is due to *the organic matter itself and the changes it causes in the soil.*"

Dr. H. C. White, Ph. D., says,† "Upon a field with sandy soil which had not been cultivated for many years stable manure, contrasted with chemical manures of various kinds and in various proportions, produced *the largest increase* and the largest profit per acre. . . . *There is no question about the efficacy of good stable manure properly used but the available supply is too small.*"

Mr. W. A. Simpkins, the champion cotton grower of the South, feeds and fattens large numbers of cattle on his cotton farms in order to produce stable manure. The question of cattle or hogs is one of minor importance; the results are beneficial in each instance. There is no question but that the cotton production of North Carolina could be doubled and perhaps trebled even with the same acreage as at present, should farmers generally go in for stock-raising and follow the lead of the men who as advocates of such and of seed selection are making phenomenal crops.

In Arkansas, at the Agricultural Experiment Station, hogs have been raised at a cost of $1.90 per hundred pounds weight on chufas and peanuts plus corn in one-half rations; the value of the corn being reckoned at 70c per bushel. At the Alabama Station the cost has been kept as low as sixty-seven cents per hundred pounds by feeding on soy bean pasture, plus one quarter rations of corn.

The benefit to the soil by growing a legume crop and then feeding it off with hogs has shown rather startling results. In the case of soy beans and peanuts the increased yields of the cotton crop following were 44.6 and 61.1 per cent respectively. There was, of course, much value in the legumes in increasing the cotton crop, as well as the hog-grazing, but it has been shown that in raising chufa, not a legume, the increase in the following cotton crop for two years following was 20.9 per cent.

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* "Feeding Hogs in the South." Farmers' Bulletin, No. 411, p. 29.

* "Soil Fertility," Farmers' Bulletin, No. 257, p. 19.

† "The Manuring of Cotton," Farmers' Bulletin, No. 48, p. 5.

North Carolina offers advantages unequalled by most other states for stock-raising in connection with cotton-growing, and will receive the attention of stock men on account of ideal climate and nearness to the consuming markets of both the North and South. There is absolutely no question as to the future greatness of this particular section of our country as a stock-raising community.

* * *

Mindful of the old query "What is in a name?" we were especially desirous of learning how Hamlet was thus christened. Before there was any considerable settlement at this now important railway junction there was an Englishman and one or two North Carolinians who had located here. It was, according to good old English custom, explained by the Englishman to his neighbors, that a tree was planted with due formality; and as he explained that every settlement must be a hamlet before it becomes a town, it was suggested that the place be called "Hamlet," and so it is called to this day, although it has outgrown the name and become a very brisk, enterprising town.

Waiting for a belated train may suggest the lines of the "silent Dane" who exclaimed: "The time is out of joint," and Horatio's reply regarding knavery: "There needs no ghost, my lord, come from the grave to tell us this."

But there is a bustling when the trains arrive, the same as in a far Western town, and a hurrying of men around the S. A. L. Hotel, which stands within the triangle of railroad tracks.

ONE OF NORTH CAROLINA'S FAMOUS BERKSHIRES

An anecdote was told of Hamlet which illustrates the easy-going management of the railroads in times past. It seems a windstorm was approaching from the west, and some farmer who was visiting town was told of the fact, and advised to go home to look after things. His knowledge of train service led him to apply the same regulation to the weather, as he grimly replied that the storm would be three hours late getting out of Hamlet anyway, so there would be no need to hurry.

A little southeast of the central part of the State is Fayetteville, one of the oldest towns of North Carolina. Long years ago before the railroads were built, this was the distributing point for merchandise brought up the Cape Fear River and destined for the western part of the State, and Eastern Tennessee. River transportation is still maintained; with the completion of dredging, for which Congress has appropriated $615,000, an eight-foot minimum channel will be maintained even during the lowest water periods.

Citizens of Fayetteville are expectantly looking forward to the completion of the Inland Deeper Waterways because that insures the cheapest possible barge transportation to and from the whole Atlantic Seaboard and Gulf points.

A singular looking but strikingly picturesque brick building, standing on posts and pillars, allowing an open passageway underneath, is right at the intersection of the principal streets in the centre of the town. It is the old ante-bellum slave market and is cherished as devotedly by the women of Fayetteville as is the old South Church by the Colonial Dames of Boston. When it was proposed to raze the old marketplace and erect in its place a grander edifice, the ladies of the city intervened, even declaring that such desecration would only be accomplished after their opposing bodies had been trampled upon.

But Fayetteville has other things of historic interest. A little to the east of the market house is "Liberty Point," where in June, 1775, the Declaration of Independence was promulgated and signed. This is claimed to be before the Declaration of Mecklenburg Court House; certainly it was more than a year before the Declaration of Independence signed in Independence Hall, Philadelphia, on July 4, 1776.

MUNICIPAL BUILDING AND AUDITORIUM, RALEIGH, SEATING CAPACITY 4,500 PEOPLE

"Flore MacDonald Oak" still stands above the spot where that patriotic woman used to drink from the famous Cool Spring; but like the Big Spring in Spring Lane, Boston, the waters no longer gush forth to assuage the thirst of the wayfaring pilgrim.

When Sherman's returning army passed through Fayetteville, it burned the arsenal situated where now is the residential section known as Hay Mount, overlooking the Cape Fear River valley spread out to the

FIELD OF GROWING TOBACCO

southeast. And the army having passed safely over the old wooden bridge spanning the river, they burned it, an act which was only justified by the literal interpretation of Sherman's definition of war.

* * *

Almost everywhere through the Coastal Plains, and well into the Piedmont section of North Carolina grow the Scuppernong grapes, which because they grow in clusters of only two or three rather than in larger bunches are not considered desirable for shipping to Northern markets. But the flavor of the Scuppernong is delicious, and for wine-making it has few equals. On account of the vine bearing prolifically after coming to maturity, the industry offers great promise for development. It is claimed that though it requires six or seven years to bring the Scuppernong into maturity and bearing, it is thereafter capable of producing as high in some cases as a thousand bushels per acre yearly. While the average would be much less, the profits can be readily imagined when buyers at the wineries pay one dollar per bushel.

Many kinds of small fruits are being extensively and successfully grown, and there is also much interest manifested through the eastern part of the State in pecan orchards, for as many as seven hundred and fifty pounds of pecans can be raised in a season from a single tree. Pecans are very handsome shade trees, so there is a double importance in planting them around the home.

* * *

North Carolina's early history will always have closely identified with it the illustrious name of Sir Walter Raleigh, who fitted out and sent over the first English colony that settled in America. Sir Walter's name is associated, too, with the introduction of tobacco into England. The Civil War gave a great impetus to North Carolina's tobacco industry, for it was the Northern soldiers returning from the field who first carried back with them delightful memories of fine cut smoking tobacco, since plug tobacco had previously held an undisputed prestige. This was the beginning of the celebrated "'Bull' Durham" tobacco which is today known the world over, and the sales of which reach into millions of pounds annually.

Shortly after the "'Bull' Durham" name and quality were established, the famous "Duke's Mixture" came on the market. Both of these brands of smoking tobacco are manufactured in the city of Durham

LIBERTY TOBACCO WAREHOUSE, CLAYTON

which holds pre-eminence as the greatest smoking-tobacco manufacturing town in the world. Starting from very small and rather dubious conditions Durham's great tobacco industry has been built up by men of perseverance and discernment. The great factories of the American Tobacco Company in Durham are wonderful in their extent and almost amazing in the bulk of business handled. Apart from the others, and at the eastern end of the city, is their bag-making factory. This is several stories high and resembles a great cotton factory from the outside; but its sole work is the manufacture of the little cloth bags in which "'Bull' Durham" tobacco is shipped the world over.

Recently, when President Taft dispatched the American fleet to Southern waters, there was a government requisition sent to Durham for twenty-five thousand cases of "'Bull' Durham" smoking tobacco, and so expeditiously was the company able to handle this big order that inside of twenty-four hours the whole shipment was on its way to Norfolk.

* * *

A most interesting and instructive exhibit of North Carolina's varied resources is found in the State Museum at the Capitol in Raleigh. Many examples of the hard and soft woods are displayed, showing the beauty of woods under both polish and natural finish. The exhibit is given extra interest by accompanying each specimen with a photograph of the tree while standing in the forest.

North Carolina has such a varied climate that all kinds of grasses, grains, fruits and vegetables can be grown, and these form an important department in the museum.

The fauna is strikingly displayed in groups and natural settings, and includes the bison, elk, wolf, bear and so on down to the opossum and semi-tropical animals. In bird species the whole gamut is run from the snowy owl to the cormorants and water turkeys; so it is with fish and reptiles; the collection seems remarkably complete.

North Carolina's fishing industries are very valuable and though capable of being many times increased, amount to more already than that of all other South Atlantic States combined. A most interesting collection of giant specimens of finny life embellishes the walls and cabinets in the Fisheries Department.

Relics of early times have been collected and properly labeled, with detailed information. The styles in head dress, shoes, etc., one hundred years ago can be exactly defined here. Many souvenirs of the Civil War are also assembled.

The Capitol grounds are embellished with stately shade trees and several monuments that call for a passing tribute. At the South gate, the Capitol's front, stands one of the first statues erected to the memory of George Washington. The quaintness of the work is perhaps the most interesting thing about it, although the likeness is notable. At the east gate is a massive statue of North Carolina's war governor, Zebulon B. Vance, afterwards United States Senator. Worth Bagley's life size effigy in bronze does honor to Raleigh's hero son, the first to fall in the Spanish War.

At the west entrance rises a monument to North Carolina's Confederate dead. It is singularly artistic in conception and made of Mount Airy granite, it has a clean-cut appearance suggestive of unfading glory.

Surrounded by many reports and a voluminous correspondence, Major William A. Graham, secretary of agriculture, is ever willing to supply information on North Carolina's fertility and the advantages offered to farmers. Major Graham not only has the interests of North Carolina at heart, but he has the information in mind and at his finger tips all ready to impart.

FISHERIES EXHIBIT AND LOOKING THROUGH INTO HISTORICAL DEPARTMENT IN STATE MUSEUM, RALEIGH

The corn crop of the state increased from forty-one million bushels in 1909 to fifty-seven million in 1910; the average yield per acre has also increased to twenty bushels and under the incentive of corn clubs and more intensive farming, the average will go up to thirty-six or forty bushels, it is hoped.

Speaking industrially, the Major remarked that the cotton mills of North Carolina now spin more cotton than is produced within her borders, there being three hundred and sixty-five mills in operation or one to represent every day of the

HOUSE WHERE ANDREW JOHNSON WAS BORN, NEAR RALEIGH, N. C.

year. In furniture-making there are one hundred and fifty manufacturing plants in the State, some thirty-five being at High Point, which is second only to Grand Rapids in the quantity of goods now manufactured.

North Carolina apples won the grand prizes at the National Fruit Show held in Council Bluffs last year; being on the northern zone for early peaches, Major Graham has great confidence in the future developments of the industry when methods of culture, spraying, smudging and also for marketing are introduced, similar to those already in vogue in the West.

Touching on foreign immigration he said that the Anglo-Saxon stock is always welcome. About eighteen hundred Northern farmers have been settled around Chadbourn, and others are coming. Germans, Swedes, English, French and Scotch-Irish are particularly desired on account of their well-known thrifty habits and splendid citizenship.

Major William A. Graham is the son of William Alexander Graham, governor of North Carolina for two terms, 1845-49 and afterwards Secretary of the Navy under President Fillmore. On March 24th, 1852, Secretary Graham commissioned Commodore Perry to the command of the United States Naval squadron on the Asiatic station which led to the opening of the ports of Japan to the world's commerce.

Tall and clean-cut as a West Point graduate and hardly forty years of age, Governor W. W. Kitchin is a veteran of several political campaigns. The governor is an orator, and comes right out into the open in waging his campaigns. Governor Kitchin is exceedingly democratic, and receives his friends with an easy grace. While keeping in very close touch with every phase of conditions within his state, he yet keeps posted on all national and international affairs. It is easy to appreciate Governor Kitchin's command in state matters by just a glance at his penetrating eye and firm-set mouth.

North Carolinians are coming to realize that there is a great benefit, almost measurable in dollars, when desirable citizens are secured, or when a native citizen becomes a leader in the state's development. There has been a belief common in the older communities of the East that a man who becomes dissatisfied with his native en-

CONFEDERATE MONUMENT, CAPITOL GROUNDS, RALEIGH, N. C.

vironment, and "pioneers" to a more satisfactory place, is a visionary and a good riddance to the community he leaves behind. People shake their heads for a while and discuss the prospects of the fellow's getting a living in his new home; then everything goes on as before until other resolute souls move away in the same hope of finding bigger things to do. The West has been made prosperous by the invincible purpose of pioneers from "back east." The very fact that a man or woman has the spunk to migrate is a proof positive of their competence for meeting and surmounting any natural difficulties.

But the time has come to call a "right about face" to the people who are rushing out West and especially a "left wheel" movement to Northern capitalists and farmers. Ably inaugurated by the Carolina, Clinchfield & Ohio Railroad Company, there is a growing sentiment for a "Back Home" movement throughout the South. The sons and daughters of Dixie who have wandered away are urged to come back. A new South awaits them—new opportunities are wide open for them to enter and possess. This "Back Home" movement is ably seconded by the Southern Commercial Congress that is preparing an aggressive advertising campaign to be launched very soon throughont the North and West.

STATUE OF ENSIGN WORTH BAGLEY, U. S. N.
Capitol Grounds, Raleigh

And it can be safely predicted, without any question whatever, that no such thing as failure would attend the coming of industrious people from any section of the country. That's the history of all who have come. A man need not have been a cotton planter in order to become a successful one; the man who knows how to work the soil and has a love for doing it can raise productive crops right from the start. The same is true of corn and general farming.

* * *

North Carolina occupies an important position geographically in the cotton industry. Thus far the destructive cotton boll weevil has not reached North Carolina, but has confined its activities farther south. For this reason there is little to be feared here in the future from the weevil's depredations. Great stimulus has been given to cotton culture all over the South recently by the wonderful work of Mr. W. A. Simpkins of Raleigh, who has developed a variety of cotton seed to produce several times the average crop, and to mature about two weeks earlier than other kinds.

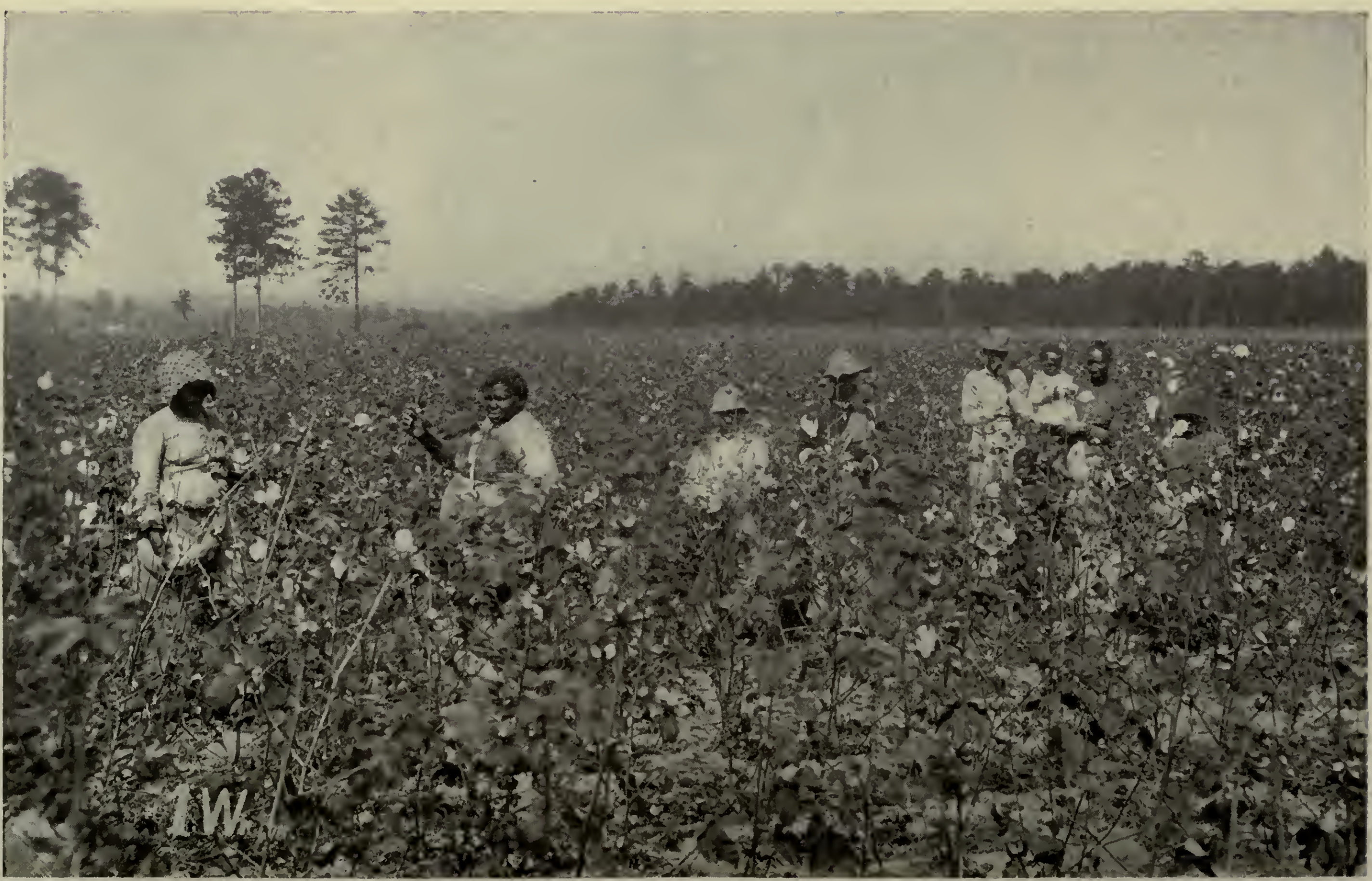
So important has been Mr. Simpkins' work that his "prolific" seed, as it is called, has been recognized for its preeminence in every cotton-growing state, because it has matured in advance of the boll weevil's ravages, and has produced much larger crops than any other seed ever planted. Mr. Simpkins is still a young man and seems likely to become for the South and the development of the cotton industry what Luther Burbank has become to the citrus-growing section of California. It has been hardly more than ten years since Mr. Simpkins, a comparatively poor man, came into public notice as a most successful truck-grower. His vegetables became famous for quality and earliness in Raleigh and Northern markets. At the Jamestown Exposition his vegetables easily won the Gold Medal.

Selection of seed and invigoration of the soil have always been subjects of great interest to Mr. Simpkins, and it has been by thorough study and experiments in these lines that his great success has been worked out. Last season he produced seven bales of cotton, averaging four hundred pounds, each from two acres of surveyed ground. Another plot of twenty acres yielded fifty-three bales of cotton, averaging four hundred and sixty-five pounds.

Mr. Simpkins has had faith in his work and has confidently proclaimed the virtues of his seed by thorough advertising. As a result he has become recognized the "cotton seed king" and probably handles more seed every year than all his competitors combined. Last year at the North Carolina State Fair he took first premium for best single stalk; best cotton in seed; best lint cotton, and best acre.

W. A. SIMPKINS, RALEIGH, N. C.
Who propagated the famous Simpkins "Prolific" Cotton Seed, producing 3½ bales per acre

Beginning on rented land, Mr. Simpkins' success has been rapid and unhindered until he has already become the owner of four large farms and insists on raising under his own personal supervision all the cotton seed which he sells. Furthermore, in order to keep his seed true to type and without deleterious hybridizing, he has established and operates his own cotton gin, where none except cotton which is raised from his own seed is received for ginning. This is a very important matter in making his seed dependable, for it in-



PICKING COTTON IN NORTH CAROLINA

JAMES J. BATTS, GARNER, N. C., AND HIS PRIZE ACRE OF CORN, 1910, 226⅔ BUSHELS. WON THE STATE PRIZE

sures that every stalk will mature two weeks earlier than other kinds.

The great San Carlos hacienda or ranch in Mexico, comprising a million acres and owned by Messrs. Trevino and Hernandes, has thirty-five thousand acres irrigated and adapted for cotton. On account of the havoc of the boll weevil in the past, cotton-planting has proved almost a failure. This year eighty-three hundred bushels of Simpkins' "Prolific" cotton seed were purchased for the San Carlos Ranch after a most thorough personal investigation by Mr. Francisco Gonzales Travino, who visited Raleigh for that express purpose.

Mr. Simpkins has also demonstrated the profit and possibilities of raising stock and fattening them with cotton seed hulls and cotton seed meal. In the feeding sheds at his big Oakdale Farm some of the handsomest beef cattle were nearly ready for market. There is an important by-product, so Mr. Simpkins assures, in the stable dressing which is made. You cannot raise good cotton without fertilizing the land liberally, and this is a matter to which the whole South is giving more attention.

It is something of a coincidence that Wake County, constituting a part of the sand hills and long-leaf pine section of the State, should possess the record-making farmers of the country for both cotton and corn. In Garner, a few miles to the southeast of Raleigh, where W. A. Simpkins propagated his "Prolific" cotton seed, Mr. James J. Batts, in a farming community where the land has been under cultivation for two centuries, has made the astonishing corn record of 226 2-3 bushels grown on one acre, thus winning two grand prizes, one offered jointly by two chemical fertilizer manufacturing companies, and the other offered by James H. Pou of Raleigh.

The secret of Mr. Batts' success was deep plowing and subsoiling, with adequate fertilization and cultivation.

A very remarkable record was made by Mr. W. H. Robbins of Raleigh, who produced one hundred and fifty-seven bushels of corn on an acre of ground at a cost of only 14.52 cents per bushel. He did not fully comply with certain rules prescribed for the contest, hence was not a prize winner. Such records, however, help to establish the fact that the Old North State is just swinging into the home stretch and is a formidable rival hereafter for the honors in National Corn Expositions.

A BIT OF NORTH CAROLINA SCENERY

Prosperity on the PIEDMONT PLATEAU

WINSTON-SALEM is a bustling, business city—the "Twin City" it is called. It is rather the stalwart, masculine Winston, in the prime of life like a man well bred, high-minded and strong, lovingly acknowledging the dear old mother Salem whose flesh and blood he is, and to whose precepts he owes the great measure of his success. Winston has but just passed the fifty-second anniversary of its founding. Salem's history goes back for one hundred and forty-five years.

When the new county of Forsyth was formed in 1849 the shire town of Winston was laid out, high up on a commanding hill above Salem. It would seem as though Winston, naturally imbued with scholarly and religious precepts of the mother town, would hardly break away from academic ways and become the wonderful industrial city that it is; but good blood and a thorough education form the basis for successful business, whether the rule be applied to people singly or in groups.

Winston and Salem are now indissolubly joined by continuous growth and by legislative enactment; and while Salem remains a centre of power educationally, and retains all its beautiful religious and domestic customs, Winston, the young son and heir, is rapidly becoming rich and influential in the business world.

The greatest industry in Winston-Salem is the tobacco business, and about 80 per cent of the world's consumption of plug chewing tobacco is manufactured here. Nine large corporations, engaged in tobacco manufacturing, had an output for 1910 of 52,286,681 pounds, a gain of 9,078,674 pounds over the previous year. The value of this manufactured tobacco for 1910 was $21,811,469.60, a gain of $3,631,469.50 over the value for 1909. The revenue paid the United States Government for stamps on tobacco packages in 1910 was $3,136,840.86, a gain over 1909 of $644,411.41.

While tobacco has led other lines of manufacturing, yet the other lines of manufacturing are varied, and form an important part of the city's growth and prosperity. Cotton and knitting mills already number eight, besides two woolen factories. Furniture-making, boots and shoes, wagons and carriages, rolling mills, etc., all have many well-paid workmen and supply permanent and prosperous inhabitants to the towns.

Situated so centrally, with abundance of hard wood close by, and the best of iron ore soon to be available in Ashe County, several harvesting and agricultural machine works should become highly successful if located here.

To maps of North Carolina showing railroads radiating on five sides of Winston-Salem must be added a sixth, the "Southbound," recently completed through Lexington and Albemarle to Wadesboro. Seven other railroads converging here are either under construction or have secured their charters, and their completion will make Winston-Salem one of the most important railroad centres in the entire South. These new roads will not only profit by securing their quotas of present valuable traffic at this point, but their contributory influences will accelerate varied manufacturing and wholesale industries, and command important commerce throughout the country.

During 1910 $2,040,025 was expended in new factories; $320,000 in new business houses and office buildings; $60,200 in new churches; $21,900 in school buildings; $388,375 in residences and $40,000 in hotel improvements. That's the way she spends her money — it's invested in local propositions.

WACHOVIA NATIONAL BANK BUILDING
One of the several fine edifices recently completed in Winston-Salem

Winston-Salem is made up of an ambitious, hard-working and successful citizenship. The worker quickly finds here a place for himself, but there is no inducement for the shiftless and the lazy. It's the fashion here to work in some line of honest endeavor; and he who works the hardest and does the most becomes the ideal and the pacemaker for others.

Nor are the workers all confined to the city and its factories. For many miles round about are found some of the finest farms with special adaptability for tobacco-growing; and the sale of leaf tobacco in the auction markets of Winston-Salem was nearly 23,000,000 pounds the past season. Everywhere there is shown a marked interest in better methods of farming, in good roads, good schools and the comforts of life. Under the efficient direction of the progressive Board of Trade, forty demonstration farms have been established in Forsyth County, under a competent supervisor. A Boy's Home Life Association has been organized; boys' corn clubs, too, are awakening a livelier interest and appreciation among the rising generation to the great heritage they are coming to possess in the agricultural prosperity of this favored section.

To one who has never seen tobacco being cultivated and brought to market a brief story may be of interest. There are two distinct and staple varieties of tobacco grown, one known as Kentucky Burley, and the other Virginia Bright Leaf. The former, grown hereabouts, is dark-colored and is particularly well suited for manufacture into plug tobacco. Its well-known and sought-for color and flavor are due to the ingredients of the soil upon which it is grown, such as the red clay loam of the Piedmont in which Winston-Salem is located and regions toward the west.

Bright Leaf, on the other hand, is grown only on the lighter, sandy-loam soils found on the Coastal Plains to the eastward, and is chiefly manufactured into cigarettes and smoking tobacco. What Durham has been in the development of the Bright Leaf industries, Winston-Salem has reached in the chewing tobacco business, the most important market in the world.

As early as March, the tobacco farmers sow the seed in hot beds which are covered

NEW PUBLIC LIBRARY BUILDING, WINSTON

with lawn cloth to regulate the temperature. On reaching proper size the plants are transplanted and carefully cultivated to produce large broad leaves, and to protect the plants from devouring insects and mildew.

In North Carolina the leaves are pulled from the stalk as they mature, the bottom leaves ripening first; and loosely gathering the leaves into bundles, they are hung over horizontal poles in kilns to be cured. The curing or drying process is effected by slow-burning furnaces; but the process is accelerated after a certain stage is reached in order to "fix" the color at just the desired shade. After "kilning," the tobacco is packed away until it can be properly assorted and tied into "hands" or bunches of convenient size, composed of about a dozen leaves, with a leaf wrapped around the stem ends. In this style they are again set astride poles and kept not too dry nor too moist until marketed. A German toymaker might fancy a resemblance in the "hands" of tobacco strung on sticks to rows of rag dolls; but New England and Nova Scotia fishermen would quickly think of smoke house herring, as they are strung on sticks in a similar way.

To the visitor the great tobacco warehouses have a fascinating interest. Here the tobacco is brought in from miles around by the farmers and being carefully weighed and properly tagged for identification is deposited in individual piles in long rows on the warehouse floor. With the knot or tied ends outward, and built up in conical piles, they resemble so many old-fashioned beehives. Thousands of pounds of tobacco are brought daily to each of the several large warehouses of Winston - Salem during the marketing season.

The real fun for the visitor begins when the sales start at 10 A. M. promptly.

OLD SALEM INN WHERE GEORGE WASHINGTON WAS ENTERTAINED

BEFORE TOBACCO SALES BEGIN—AUCTIONEER SEATED RIGHT CENTRE

Buyers representing the several manufacturing companies are on hand and from long experience recognize the grade and value of the goods almost at a glance. You would think the auctioneer was singing "Old Dan Tucker" in Yiddish, so quickly does he enunciate, and by the sing-song tones he uses. But the buyers understand him, and he watches every lift of the eyebrow or twitch of the mouth-corner of his several buyers as their way of making a bid.

The sale seems to be a "walk-over" so quickly is business transacted and the procession moves along. Each lot is announced by number, the bids opened and advanced by competitive bidding, until the lot is knocked down to the highest bidder, and on an average each sale requires no more than fifteen seconds.

A "warehouse man" is also one of the group, and a vociferous talker he is; he holds up handfuls of the tobacco and expatiates on the virtues of each successive pile. The sales are conducted on strict business principles, laid down by the Tobacco Board of Trade, and any farmer who is not satisfied with the sale of his tobacco, by immediately protesting, may have the sale set aside and the lot sold over again at a later date.

In quaint mountain wagons that are the prototype of the pioneer "prairie schooners" out West these North Carolinians in the Piedmont often bring in their tobacco for sixty or seventy-five miles. The body of the wagon curves upward at front and back and the canvas covering is also upturned at each end and "saddle backed" in the middle. Just why the covering should be crescent shaped is uncertain, but the wagon body is often used for sleeping in on journeys—a bed at each end with the sleepers' heads raised by the curvature.

A visit to Winston-Salem would be incomplete without visiting one of the great tobacco-manufacturing plants. Such constitutes a story in itself and may be

SALEM COLLEGE AND ACADEMY FOR GIRLS—MANY PROMINENT SOUTHERN WOMEN WERE EDUCATED HERE

MRS. J. T. ("STONEWALL") JACKSON ATTENDING COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES AT HER ALMA MATER, SALEM COLLEGE

presented in a later issue. To inspect the many processes through which tobacco passes in one of the big factories is an education in what has been accomplished by the indomitable business men of the "Twin Cities."

As was said at the outset the industrial success of the Winston section is in no small degree due to the high moral and intellectual atmosphere which was perpetually established in the early days of Salem by the Moravian forefathers. Uprightness, industry and thoroughness are precepts always taught by men and women of example. The Salem College and Academy conducted by the Moravian Church has long been a leading institution and patronized by young ladies from almost every civilized part of the world. Over twenty thousand women have been educated here — a record in itself to be proud of.

With President Randthaller we walked beneath the venerable cedars to the Moravian burying-ground on the hillside. The centurian trees stand in stately rows along the sequestered pathway and are worthy of a poetic ode. Within the burying-ground the dead lie in equal lots. A plain white marble slab lies prone upon each grave. It matters not how famous was the life of a person; he lies here with an honest blacksmith beside him, perhaps, or possibly his own man servant. There are no paltry honors heaped upon the dead; but the mothers sleep in one part of the yard with their daughters at their feet, and in another part lie the men with sons at the feet of their fathers.

One of the most beautiful Easter ceremonies is conducted by the Moravian Church on Easter morn. With silver trumpets sounding, a procession marches beneath the tall cedars, and after due observances within the graveyard awaits the rising sun; then friends accost each other, greeting: "The Lord is risen." To which salutation is answered: "The Lord is risen, indeed."

Wholesome home life is afforded the young women students at Salem College and Academy. According to old German custom the most beautiful part of the grounds and recreation walks are in the rear of the college buildings and removed from extraneous influences. Within a fine auditorium, visitors are sometimes delightfully entertained with musical programs of rare interest and technique.

To one interested in Colonial times, no richer storehouse of things domestic and historical can be found than in the archives of the institution. It is wonderful what was accomplished in early days with the crude implements at hand, and it is equally worthy of note that no matter how hard use things were put to they very seldom wore out.

There is a delightful social atmosphere in Winston-Salem, and one can never pass a few days here, even though on business bent, without coming to know as accomplished and finely educated people as can be found in any other city.

* * *

When looking upon the almost speckless, spotless glaciers among the Alps, or in the Canadian Rockies, there comes up the question to be soberly pondered over regarding the wisdom of God's inscrutable plan. But when you behold the expanse of glistening white granite quarries at Mt. Airy, North Carolina, there is more love than awe felt within the heart at the Creator's wonderful benevolence to mankind.

Like a great white bosom of Mother Earth this mountain of seamless, flawless granite is giving from her exhaustless store of stone for buildings and monumental work being erected in widely remote states, and furnishes a prosperous livelihood for a growing army of stone cutters and handlers.

You would travel far in North Carolina without suspecting that within her borders is located the most wonderful deposit of white granite in the world. For in the eastern section there are no rock formations showing above the surface, and in central and western portions the rock is usually dark in color and much fractured with seams and dykes.

MORAVIAN GRAVE YARD, SALEM

Some geologist has described the granite and marble deposits along the Atlantic Seaboard as resembling the spiny backbones of a fish protruding at intervals here and there all the way from Maine to Georgia.

Mt. Airy granite is different from the quarries in New England in that there are no seams or fissures in the great deposit. It is absolutely one solid, homologous piece with a surface area of two hundred and forty-one acres, and reaching down to depths no one knows how far.

At first thought it would seem difficult to raise or loosen a considerable horizontal area of the great mass where no cleft or seam exists, but the expansive forces created by the sun's heat make the work simple and comparatively easy. In the flawless depths of the granite mountain a "lift" is made of any desired thickness, starting first with a small hole drilled to the desired depth for the rift. Usually about seven feet depth is desired; then a small charge of dynamite is repeatedly exploded, firing two shots daily for about ten days. From a small horizontal fracture at the base of the drill-hole at the first shot the seam is extended gradually on all sides, a little at each shot, until finally acres are loosened and "lifted" like a thick skin of almost uniform thickness. Were it not for the tremendous expansive tension in the rock, caused by the sun's heating the surface while the interior remains cold, the simple use of dynamite could never accomplish the work.

When a "lift" has been effected over a large area the great sheet of loosened granite will often curl or lift up at the outer edge for several inches during the heat of the day; then gradually subside again when the sun goes down, illustrating the stress the quarrymen make use of in cracking up a layer, or lift, from the solid mass.

Sometimes when the rift is very extensive, the last stages of the work are best done with compressed air or hydraulics.

It is simply amazing to see how thousands of tons of stone can be rifted and raised by the force of air or water. At the bottom of the drill-hole where the explosions occur a cavity is developed horizontally and of several inches in depth. The many shots of dynamite bruise the stone like continual hammering, and much of the impalpable dust escapes in the gases of the explosion.

It is an arduous undertaking, almost like building a city, to establish power plants, railroad facilities, and cutting sheds in opening up a big granite quarry like the one at Mt. Airy. But from its humble and modest beginning several years ago, when with one derrick and a few men, the business was made to pay its way, up to the present time when eight aerial tramways are in operation for lowering blocks of granite quickly from their source to the flat cars that await their loads immediately below at the base of the mountain, there has been a systematic and steady development. Everything is converted by the least possible handling and expense direct from a raw state to a finished product. After a great sheet of "lift" is loosened up, long strips or monoliths are broken off by drilling small holes with compressed air drills which are then plugged and wedged open by progressively hammering the wedges along the straight row. When a monolith is split off it moves a little down hill by gravitation, and gravitation is a force constantly made use of, even in moving blocks down the aerial cableways to the awaiting cars; and for moving the loaded cars down grade to the finishing works; or past the finishing works, the stone in the "rough," direct to the railroad when so ordered.

One misses here the usual "dump pile," for there is none to speak of, there being no waste. Every block of granite is a commercial product; every chip or particle of dust is a commercial by-product. At the entrance, and also at the upper end of the works powerful stone crushers are built beside and over the tracks in such a way as to receive the broken pieces by gravitation from the quarries above, and when crushed it is stored in bins until it is sold; then it is sluiced into the freight cars by simply opening the gates. The good roads movement in North Carolina and other states has created a constantly increasing market which calls for all the crushed rock the company can produce and at good prices.

In line with the attention which has been given to the subject of mineral fertilizers in Germany and is now arousing agriculturists in this country, the fine impalpable dust from the crushers and the cutting sheds is valued as fertilizer for tobacco, corn and many other crops. This "stone meal" will become one of the valuable products of the company, as it is known to contain potash, silicates and other important elements.

Comparatively little of the work is accomplished by "main strength and awkwardness," as was the method in vogue in former days. Compress air is piped to every part of the quarry and the rattle of the air drills on the quarries, and the electric chisels in the finishing sheds thrills one to the appreciation of the modern methods here employed. No building stone possesses more essentials than Mt. Airy granite. Its crushing strength is twenty thousand pounds to the square inch. It has the brightness so much admired in the fresh cut stone, and it retains that appearance in city structures for years after other granite has become dulled and weather-stained. A few of the notable structures which testify to these essentials are the towering Land Title Building and the classic Manayunk National Bank of Philadelphia; the beautiful Union Trust Building in Washington; and St. Nicholas Church at Atlantic City, New Jersey, of striking architectural design. The clear, light color of Mt. Airy granite emphasizes strikingly the architect's conception in massiveness, endurance and classic beauty.

When it came to deciding the material for the United States mammoth dry dock at Newport News Navy Yard, Mt. Airy granite fully met the requirements; and so that great basin, capable of accommodating two of the largest vessels at the same time, is built of granite from North Carolina's famous quarry. Likewise, when the State of Pennsylvania voted to erect an imperishable monument on the battlefield of Gettysburg to her illustrious soldiers who died there for their country, Mt. Airy granite was considered the best; thus the whole massive shaft, including base and beautifully carved panels, were not only quarried at Mt. Airy, but the lifelike groups emblematic of the Infantry, Cavalry, Light Artillery and Heavy Artillery, etc., were all duly carved by the master stone-cutters in the company's finishing department.

One cannot pass through the spacious finishing plant of the company without having his interest many times arrested by the work in process, destined for monuments and public buildings whose beauty and durability will stand for centuries. Probably Mt. Airy granite has few, if any, equals in quality and beauty; and there is unquestionably no other place in the country where production is achieved so cheaply or the volume of output can on short notice be so multiplied as at Mt. Airy. At a fair estimate, five hundred thousand tons of the finest stone is "loose" at all times, and so distributed over the summit and sides of the mountain that the working force may be doubled or quadrupled to handle it without interfering with the efficiency of each other's work. This is a matter that constitutes an important factor when orders come in calling for quick and simultaneous deliveries.

It would seem as though Mt. Airy must become a focal point for many contracting and construction companies who will find here ample room for establishing independent finishing sheds, because they can purchase at the quarry dimension stone in any sizes desired, and at much cheaper rates than would be possible to quarry it themselves in other places. In this respect the quarrying of the stone could be made a business by itself, and with the largely increased output scale the cost down to the very lowest in the United States.

It was interesting to see the little old air compressor, now discarded and stored in one corner of the great power-plant. Its capacity was two thousand cubic feet per minute; whereas the present machines condense twenty-two thousand cubic feet per minute, and new equipment is contemplated that will double the present capacity.

It has been the aim of the management to keep increasingly busy; and equipped as they are for completing all kinds of orders promptly, there is always an abundance of work. Large contracts come in from Washington and other cities for street curbing; Cincinnati and other points are now being supplied with "Belgian Blocks" for street paving; so the freight traffic given the railroads is among the heaviest in North Carolina, and second only to some of the largest lumber companies.

The supply is inexhaustible, no matter how actively it is quarried; and if one should try to figure out the market value of the great mountain of Mt. Airy granite, it would cumulate into figures compelling him to exclaim in words of the cowboy, "There ain't no such money."

It was certainly due to something more than chance that Mt. Airy has been chosen as the home of hundreds of incoming citizens and several of national and international repute. After traveling pretty much the world over, Eng and Chang Bunker, the celebrated Siamese Twins, settled here and spent the last years of their lives. They had had opportunity to see almost every beautiful spot on both hemispheres, but chose Mt. Airy as chiefest of all.

For years they had been star attractions in P. T. Barnum's "Greatest Show on Earth." Retiring, they resided near Mt. Airy for many years, having married sisters, and each was the father of ten children. Over one hundred grandchildren, all healthy and normally developed, live in this section, and are highly respected people. Two of the sons are among the most prosperous farmers of the town. One of the daughters is a talented singer; and the families have intermarried with cultured people throughout the section.

Daniel Boone once was a resident here; and no less a personage than "Uncle Joe" Cannon, the ex-speaker of the United States House of Representatives, was born in a nearby county.

Mt. Airy combines the green fields and pastures, and clear running rills of New England with the delightful sunny climate of the Southland; and its beauty of setting and environment is particularly its own, and hardly to be found in any other spot. On a plateau semi-surrounded by a crescent of fertile valleys, and bounded in the distance by the beautiful mountains of the Blue Ridge, Mt. Airy has a vista for the eye that never surfeits or tires. The main street of the town reaches for more than a mile along the very ridge of the plateau and forms a drive of singular beauty.

As the town's greatest industry is the granite business, so, as might be expected, there are many beautiful examples of stone architecture, including four large churches of beautiful design. Furniture, carriages, and sundry other manufacturing industries help supply the sinews of stability. The residences and homes of the people reflect a high degree of prosperity, and leave an impression upon the visitor that never can be forgotten. Here repair every year hundreds of well-to-do families from the Southern States to escape the oppressive heat during July and August, and to enjoy complete relief from mosquitoes. A few miles from town, and now being connected by a new macadamized highway is the White Sulphur Springs Hotel. This is a famous resort, and a spot of natural beauty which is enjoyed by hundreds of guests every season. The waters are not only refreshing but curative, and are said to overcome tobacco and alcoholic effects equal to the famous European Spas.

ENG AND CHANG BUNKER

The "Siamese Twins" who were born, lived and died inseparably joined together at the breasts. They chose Mount Airy for their home after traveling extensively

If Northern people seeking respite from extreme wintry weather, yet desiring a touch of invigorating climate, could only learn the beauties of Mt. Airy, it is certain this would become one of the most popular winter resorts in the entire South. The water is excellent, and the granite soil formation of this section of the country supplies sweet pasturage for dairy stock, insuring an abundance of rich cream and milk so much appreciated by hotel guests.

* * *

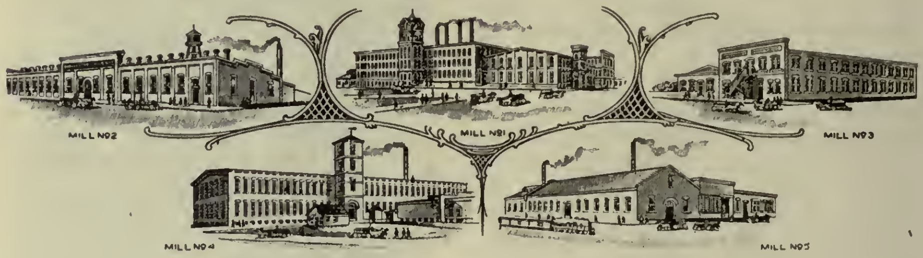
Throughout North Carolina, especially in the central sections, many kinds of manufacturing enterprises are doing a great work for the industrial development of the state. Every growing town aspires to have one or more cotton mills, for with raw cotton growing in the fields close by, it is logical that in such communities can be found the best operatives for manufacturing cotton cloth, since every phase of the cotton industry contributes important knowledge to the final stages.

The Durham Hosiery Mills have wisely located their five manufacturing establishments in several towns in the central part of the state. Two mills with sixteen thousand spindles and one thousand knitting machines are at Durham; others are located at High Point, Chapel Hill and Goldsboro.

Standard hosiery for men, women and children is manufactured, and a mercerizing plant is to be erected in connection with the mill at Chapel Hill.

The old joke came to mind of the four little Peck boys who were regarded as making a bushel, on meeting Mr. J. S. Carr, Jr., the President of the Durham Hosiery Mills, and learning that he is ably supported by four other Carrs: Mr. A. M. Carr, the first vice-president, looks after the selling end in New York; Mr. A. H. Carr is second vice-president; Mr. C. M. Carr, treasurer, and Mr. W. F. Carr, secretary and assistant treasurer. This beats the Pecks, for here is a whole train of Carrs.

The Durham Hosiery Company maintain their own selling agency at 346 Broadway, New York, and are effecting most economical production by employing modern methods and maintaining a systematic inter-relation of all departments with each other.



NORTH CAROLINA

By CHAS. C. BROTHERS

OF Southern stars, she is the third,
The sixteenth in the Union;
She yields to none below the sun,
In civic pride and blest communion.

Two million souls defend her flag—
Shout loud her praise and story;
The Old North State, she's grand and great
And proudly salutes "Old Glory."

The stars and stripes float o'er her land,
The Blue and Gray are blended.
One common aim doth e'er proclaim
Fraternal strife forever ended.

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In the LAND of THE SKY

THERE had been a good shower—occasional showers keep Nature's mantle ever green amongst these mountains, verdure clad to their very summits — when we motored out from Hendersonville to see the lakes and points of scenic interest surrounding this attractive city.

But first a word as to Hendersonville itself — a resort, it is said, to which the Southern Railway sell more tickets, during the tourist season, than to any other in western North Carolina. Its permanent population of 3,500 is increased during the summer to three and four times that number by the ever-increasing flood of tourist travel from the prosperous South.

On a level plateau, 2,252 feet above the sea, surrounded by innumerable mountains whose peaks touch the clouds and whose slopes are covered with forests of pine, hemlock, spruce and oak, Hendersonville possesses climatic advantages peculiar to itself, for here are neither fog, dampness nor mosquitoes. But one other section of the United States has a larger percentage of sunshine, and while the days are warm and invigorating, the nights, even during August, are cool and restful.

Hendersonville has one of the finest business streets in the entire South — one hundred feet wide, straight and level, flanked on either side by many substantial business blocks. This, mind you, is a mountain city. Miles of concrete sidewalks are already down, and more will be built — a sure sign of civic growth. Its sewerage system is good; its water supply comes from mountain springs, far above all habitations; naturally pure, it is made absolutely so by passing through a modern filtering plant. The public spirit of Hendersonville's citizenship is indicated by the public improvements now under way and assured — including a new $21,000 public school building, extending the concrete walks, and subscriptions for a new street railway to encircle the town.

Hendersonville is the gateway to the far-famed Toxaway, the highest artificial lakes in this country and said to be the most beautiful in the world. Its fast-growing importance as a resort, as the home of the wealthy and leisure class of the great South is indicated by the number of superb country homes dotting the sides of the surrounding hills, and by the success of Kanuga Lake Colony and Highland Lake Club — two excellent illustrations of the community plan of living, in the development of which over a quarter of a million of dollars have already been spent.

But we are in the motor car headed for Osceola Lake, a mile and a half from town. We stopped on the way to see a prosperous stock and dairy farm — a few years ago waste land and now transformed by a young man who came out of the West. Nearly a hundred fattening cattle being fed for the market and half as many Jersey dairy cows producing milk to supply the local demand, all the result of a few years of work, indicated what the possibilities are for a man in this fine country. No long weary years of waiting for his market to develop — this young man found the market waiting for him.

Just beyond this model farm lies Osceola Lake, resting between wooded points and

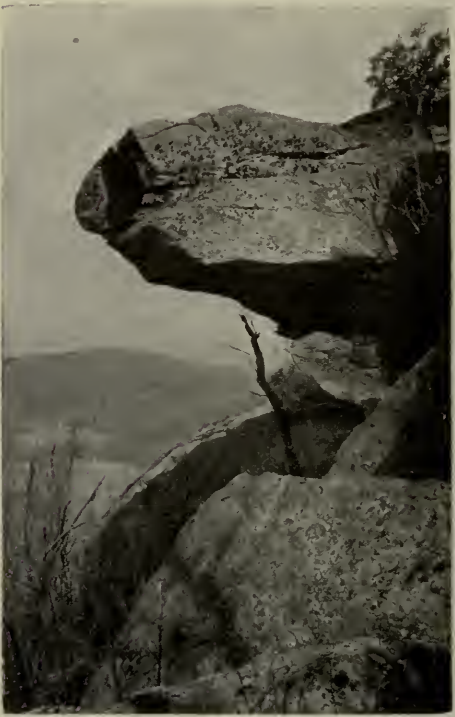
ON THE PRECIPITOUS SIDE OF CHIMNEY ROCK, NEAR HENDERSONVILLE

fertile fields, and overlooked by a big hotel and many cottages. One does not tire quickly of driving around this lake, watching the waterfowl and the ripples that play upon its shore; the azure sky and the shadows of nearby mountains are reflected upon its placid surface, for man and nature have here combined wisely their efforts, and the resulting picture once seen is not soon forgotten.

Then for Kanuga Lake, a couple of miles farther out, over whose perfect road our car breaks all speed limits. This is a colony of cultured Southern families, where the community plan of living for a part of the year is being carried to its logical and successful conclusion. Over six hundred memberships in the Club have been sold; bungalows, cottages, club dining rooms are at the disposal of the members, while the summer amusements include boating, fishing, golf, private theatricals in the pretty theatre, with occasionally such attractions as the Ben Greet players. The hundreds of acres comprising the estate abound with bridle-paths and mountain drives. The landscape engineering is on so extensive a plan as to still require many years for its complete development.

Highland Lake Club, on the other side of town, is in the historic and very beautiful "Flat Rock" section, settled away back in 1820 by some of Charleston's first families; here were the homes of Count De Choiseul, the Barings, and others. Highland Lake Club is similar in its methods and aims to Kanuga Lake Colony. Vast sums are now being expended there in the building of the club house, the many cottages, an eighteen-hole golf course — all to be in readiness for the reception this season of the cultivated and congenial Southerners forming its membership.

Back to town we rode, and started again in a different direction to visit beautiful Laurel Park — quite different from the others in natural beauty. Only a mile and a half from the center of town and reached by a street car for a five-cent fare, one finds two placid lakes, Rainbow and Rhododendron, connected by an absolutely unique canal — a canal widening along the side of a great mountain.



JUMP-OFF ROCK HANGS TERRIBLY IMPENDING FROM JUMP-OFF MOUNTAIN

CITY RESERVOIR ON TOP OF ECHO MOUNTAIN, HENDERSONVILLE

Laurel Park is no misnomer, for dense thickets of laurel clothe the hillsides and in spring paint the landscape with the waxy whiteness of their blooms, quickly followed by the rhododendrons with their gorgeous pink and scarlet displays. The fragrant honeysuckle, the clinging ivy vie with each other in covering everything they can surmount, while the thrifty galax fringes brooks and noisy waterfalls with dainty foliage. While driving over the many miles of roads in this fair domain, or wandering along the lanes and lovers' paths cut through the interlaced and overhead thickets of laurel, one is ever within sound or sight of tumbling waters falling musically over rocks and boulders, searching eagerly their way to the lakes and streams below. Quite unexpectedly, perhaps, one comes upon "Crystal Spring," bubbling from the living rock — certainly one of the most remarkable and beautiful springs in America. Near by a gourd hangs.

"*Drink, weary pilgrims, drink and pray*," but we add to the old couplet "that we may some day return to this lovely spot," as we pledge one another in water pure as crystal, cold as ice.

Finally, up the Swiss inclined railway to the tower on Echo Mountain, where is unfolded to the startled gaze a panorama of

A SENTIMENT-SUGGESTING PATH, LEAF STREWN, THROUGH THE RHODODENDRONS IN LAUREL PARK, HENDERSONVILLE

CRYSTAL SPRING IN LAUREL PARK. "HERE'S TO YOUR HEALTH, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN"

beautiful scenic magnificence unsurpassed. As far as the eye may reach are seen serried ranks of gigantic blue mountains, with here and there some stupendous old fellow overtopping his companions, his jagged crest lost in the clouds. Off yonder is Mount Mitchell, the highest peak this side of the Rockies. Covered all to their very summits, with virgin forests, their gently undulating slopes ever attractive, never terrifying, as are the Rocky Mountains of the West.

To the south, through the perfectly clear atmosphere which seems to bring it close to hand although many miles distant, rises Mount Kalassa; to the East Blue Ridge Pinnacles, then the Hog Back Range over in South Carolina. Beyond the Green River Narrows are the White Oak Mountains, to the northeast the Hungry Mountains, where the Shaking Bald in 1878 split wide and formed a bottomless abyss which threatened to vomit flame and lava. There is Mount Pisgah, the highest point of land in Mr. George Vanderbilt's one hundred and thirty-two thousand acre estate at Biltmore; and close to its summit is Mr. Vanderbilt's hunting lodge. Clingman's Peak, Toxaway, Jump-off, Sugar Loaf, Bear Wallow, Pinnacle, Hebron, Tryon Mountains help to complete the circle and to form a picture of which one never tires — really an inspiration to higher and better things.

What inspiration and strength to meet the wearying duties of busy life! What a flood of new thought and hope for the mother and patient housewife would come if such weary toilers from every state and every field of endeavor could come here, husband and wife, while yet their union is unbroken, and enjoy the many comforts and pleasures afforded by nature or thoughtfully supplied by competent officials!

Too often we see the unhappy survivor of a union where death has blighted the happiness of home surroundings trying vainly to seek in lonely wanderings some

THE "PANAMA" CANAL, CONNECTING RAINBOW LAKE AND THE RETREAT (SHOWN IN LOWER PICTURE) WITH RHODODENDRON LAKE, LAUREL PARK

TOURIST REFUGE, JUMP-OFF MOUNTAIN

surcease from sorrow. How much better it would be to plan now for a delightful visit to the "Land of the Sky," and to Hendersonville, the hospitable city where everyone finds a remarkable combination of rest and wonderlands of interest.

Bill Nye's home, near which his ashes rest, is only a few miles to the northward. Pinnacle, St. John's in the Wilderness, Mt. Hebron, Sugar Loaf, Faraway (Bob Fitzsimmons' home), Balsam Grove, Caesar's Head, Pisgah (Vanderbilt's Lodge) and the "Rat" are but a few of the many popular drives from town.

Attracted by the abundance of raw material, the available labor, as well as by the peculiar climatic advantages, capitalists are locating industrial enterprises here and are finding their money to be wisely invested. The town has many social advantages, the schools, the churches and all one naturally expects to find in a modern little city — but, above all, is the town's earned reputation for hospitality and go-aheadness — a reputation too highly prized to be jeopardized.

* * *

If you were to itemize a list of the things most desirable for a home environment, it is likely that Waynesville could be checked off as possessing a majority of ideal conditions. Nature has provided here a central plateau for locating the town, within surrounding valleys and somewhat rectilinear walls of high mountains.

Hither come thousands of summer visitors to avoid heat prostration, and the malarial climate farther south. Hotels, private residences and farmhouses are all thrown open every summer to the invading hosts. If the accommodations were doubled

OSCEOLA LAKE, NEAR HENDERSONVILLE, AND OVERLOOKED BY MANY COSY COTTAGES

WAYNESVILLE AND PIDGEON GAP IN THE DISTANCE

or trebled, the demand would doubtless equal the supply; for Waynesville is known as "The Beautiful," so sumptuous has been the number of Nature's blessings. The town is right in the midst of the heavily forested Balsam Mountains, whose sides seem to rise from just beyond the corporate limits of the town.

To drive up Junaluska Mountain is to experience an elation, almost a feeling of translation, on beholding Waynesville reduced like a picture in the valley below, while all round are stationed sentinel peaks and mountain ridges with Junaluska, the citadel upon which we stand, in the centre. What a tonic is in this mountain air! How the blood quickens and the steps rebound! The "lid" goes on the blues and comes off the joyful. It's a twenty-eight hundred foot elevation climb, but the nimble horses are accustomed to the mountain drives and the road was skilfully laid out, not spirally but by angles and horseshoe curves, and is equally well maintained. Always by easy gradient the road ascends the mountain, bordered by deep shadows of stately trees and often fanned by the water-cooled breezes sweeping down from the brook-beds as we cross them. Such is the road to the famous "Eagle's Nest" Hotel built on an angle of the mountains at an altitude of over five thousand feet above sea level. If American tourists and rest-seekers all knew the charm of scenery and the delightful comforts that are provided here, there would be a demand sufficient to require a mammoth hotel to accommodate the guests.

As we stood in silent admiration of the world beneath and around us, the noon whistles sounded in the town below, calling the weary toilers from their labor to re-

LOOKING DOWN FROM THE EAGLE'S NEST HOTEL UPON WAYNESVILLE

WHERE ELSE BUT IN THE LAND OF THE SKY FLOW MORE BEAUTIFUL RIVERS

fresh the inner man. Not so for us; we gave no thought to our appetites but drank in the beauty of this wondrous cyclorama which was hung centuries ago, and will last undimmed until all human imitations have long since crumbled into dust.

The Southern Methodists have wisely chosen Waynesville in locating their Chautauqua and Assembly grounds. More than one thousand acres of land have been purchased within which a three hundred acre lake will be made to give beauty to the park and furnish all kinds of aquatic sports for the members. Situated about a mile to the northward of town, this new addition will be connected by street cars and by fine driveways. The workmen have cleared away the trees and brush in the lake basin and it required a vivid imagination to transpose the lovely landscape into a more lovely one in which human ingenuity will improve upon Nature.

Thousands of cottages, clubhouses, auditoriums and administration buildings are to be erected making a combined educational and health resort surpassing all others in the South, and equal to any in New York or the West.

The Southern Railway has recently had fifty of its passenger agents visit Waynesville for a day and a night to give them a view of the beautiful mountain scenery from Junaluska and a vision of what is contemplated for the Assembly grounds.

The temperature of Waynesville for the entire year averages 59°. Though the climate has been more famous for visitors during the summer months, its comforts are proving so ideal for Northern people seeking a relief from winter's rigors without suffering the reaction of hot weather farther south that much can be done along these lines. The short period of freezing nights in December and January is followed by milder weather during the remaining winter season. There is just enough brace in the morning air like the tingle of a northern autumn to give one a quickening circulation, but the middays are seldom other than sunny and delightful for outdoor life. There's zest in walking and driving, or in just gazing in rapture at the play of lights and shadows on the mountains round about.

Pure water from far up the uncontaminated mountain sides and in never-failing qualities is provided for. The sanitation of the town is properly effected. Waynesville, "the beautiful," is destined to become

BALSAM' GAP, NEAR WAYNESVILLE, HIGHEST RAILROAD STATION EAST OF THE ROCKIES

ON THE DRIVE FROM WAYNESVILLE TO BALSAM GAP

a great health and pleasure resort, and one of the most popular for tourists. The region is rich in minerals, but the possibilities for the agriculturists are such that there can be no gamble or uncertainty governing one's success. It is a land where the apple grows to perfection; and corn, tobacco and cereals make farming profitable. To have a home in such a delightful spot; to profit by fruitful orchards and healthy herds of stock; to see the smiling sun with no more protracted frowns than during passing showers or occasional days of refreshing rain, is the life long hoped for by many thousands in the North and West.

Waynesville has electric lights and power sufficient for all purposes. The prosperity of the community is apparent to the casual observer, and is abundantly attested by the reports of her several banks and the building improvements going on.

* * *

Many people imagine that living in North Carolina would be irksome on account of the negro question. Really there is no troublesome negro question in North Carolina. Negroes there are — plenty of them in many parts — but as a rule they have their own distinct sections of residence in the towns and their places would be very hard to fill in many lines of work.

The negro race is in an evolutionary stage from ignorance and barbarism toward civilization. It cannot be expected of them that their qualifications as individuals, or as a race, will be on a par with the white man's for many years to come. It has been demonstrated by scientists that every person passes through similar stages of evolution from childhood to maturity that the race has passed through from the dawn of life to the present; in other words, the little child is primarily a savage. He has his warlike tantrums, and ungovernable spasms of anger. He is prone to run away from home and to do many things similar to savages. From nine to fifteen he is half-civilized, never getting away from the desire to "play Indian," and to be interested more in stories of "scouting" and wild life than in his school books. Finally comes the sedate, fully civilized individual. The negro race has about reached the second period of this development, and so from a sociological standpoint are only children. Simple things delight them; and they are happy, carefree, improvident, just as children usually are.

The view point of the negro question is different in the South than what it is in the North. Southern people have a strong

'TIS SUCH SCENES AS THIS THAT MAKES ALL OF THE FIVE SENSES TINGLE

APPLES FROM NORTH CAROLINA HAVE WON MANY COMPETITIVE PRIZES ALL OVER THE COUNTRY

love for many individual negro servants who have always been identified with their families. Hardly a Southern family but what supports in more or less idleness one or more colored servants; and almost every member of the family would suffer privations, if need be, in order to some way take care of these old family appendages; but for negroes as a race they have little regard. In the North, the condition is quite the opposite. The negro race is considered deserving of the law's unequivocal protection; but when it comes to consider individuals among the race, there is no such love in the North for them. No shiftless, good-for-nothing "nigger" can depend upon perpetual charity in Northern families. If he will not work, he will have to starve; and this accounts to a very large extent for the enterprise and superiority of Northern colored people over the poorer examples of blacks in Southern states.

A great change is beginning to show itself among colored people, and many observers go as far as to claim that in one or two more generations they will make great gains in overcoming the disparity with the whites. Education is doing much to fit the younger generation for citizenship. They are becoming land-holders more and more, and in almost every instance it seems that when a colored man owns land he gains a new conception of citizenship and a stronger purpose to be reliable, hard-working and progressive. On railroads, in sawmills, and in even some of the textile mills, notably silk manufactories, colored people have shown their qualities and are developing their talents along progressive lines.

It is very seldom that you meet with a disconsolate, low-spirited colored person. They are almost invariably happy, uproariously laughing at any little instance, and as good-natured as the days are long. It is seldom, except when intoxicated, that they make trouble and are quarrelsome. Many amusing stories are related of the peculiar expression and idioms of speech used by the colored people.

On one occasion Sam Jones found Eliza Williams animatedly talking with Jim Lewis at a colored baptism. Now, Eliza was Sam's "best girl," or he reckoned her that way; so walking up he sought to monopolize her attention. But Eliza, considering the interruption unwarranted, wheeled upon Sam with, "Yo' will have to 'scuse me, I am otherwise at present."

Another story is told of old "Uncle

POTATOES YIELD ABUNDANTLY AND TWO CROPS A YEAR CAN BE GROWN

William," who has been a faithful servant in a Southern family for many years, and with his savings has taken great pride in educating one of his nieces. She had been to "boarding school," and on finally graduating had returned with something of the hauteur that white girls might assume upon finishing an academic course. Approaching "Uncle William" in the garden one morning, his niece interrogated with much assumed affectation, "Uncle William, does Uncle Alec continue to reside in the westerly portion of the town?" to which question "Uncle William" with unfeigned contempt replied, "If yo' all mean, does Alec still live at thar tail end o' Dog Hole, he do. Don' you come 'roun heah slingin' yer Latin grammer at me."

Undoubtedly a great deal of the unreliability and seeming laziness of the Southern negro is due to low wages. When it is the custom, if it ever is, to make the scale of negro wages considerably higher and in comparison with what would have to be paid white labor for equal effort, then it is believed there will be marked showing of improvement in energy and reliability among the workers. This idea is refuted by some who claim that all the colored people care for is just to live, and if they were paid $2.00 a day instead of $2.00 a week, they would work one day and loaf the rest, as $2.00 is enough to support them. This is undoubtedly true in some cases, as was illustrated by the remark of one darkie who good-naturedly observed: "Ah jes' can't work when ah has money in mah pocket"; but in instances where colored people have become land-holders and property-owners, they have almost invariably shown a desire to get ahead and prosper.

ONE OF W. A. SIMPKINS' "PROLIFIC" COTTON FARMS IN WAKE COUNTY

* * *

It is admittedly true that North Carolinians get a living too easily for their own material good. If it were necessary to work twice as hard to obtain the necessaries of life, it is probable that North Carolinians would have become ere this among the wealthiest and most well-to-do citizens of any state,

IN THE FERTILE VALLEY OF THE FRENCH BROAD RIVER
TRANSYLVANIA COUNTY

especially the agricultural classes. Climate is kind and balmy and old mother earth most bountiful; but we must take into consideration the condition in which the Civil War left the country devastated. More than one-third of the entire losses the Confederate army suffered during the late war in killed and missing were North Carolinians. The very flower and hope of the State's young manhood were shattered and destroyed in that terrible conflict. Sherman's raiding armies burned, pillaged, and purloined horses and stock, as well as household goods, and left hardly a remnant of the State's earlier resources with which to reorganize and to start life anew.

A DAIRY THAT PAYS IN MECKLENBURG COUNTY

Many writers and visitors to North Carolina and other sections of the South have looked upon the spectacle of a decrepit old white man, or a negro, driving an ox yoked to a two-wheel cart as something ludicrous and as representing a natural depravity of the people. Such is farthest from the real truth. The sight though seldom seen still is sometimes met with, and represents not a general rule but an isolated relic of Reconstruction times when there were no horses or mules in the country to speak of, and everyone had to use makeshifts of some kind. Such examples rather honor North Carolina in showing what has been accomplished in overcoming conditions, and so fully eliminating as they have the crude methods once necessarily employed.

There are many things that can be still improved upon. Agricultural pursuits are capable of more development in the matter of better farming implements and methods of procedure. Too often planters and farmers drive

BANNER CROP OF CORN GROWN AFTER A CROP OF WINTER WHEAT a mule or a horse singly in ploughing or cultivating where two animals would enable one driver to plough or cultivate twice as much at the same time. Carts and vehicles are often made with narrow felloes and tires where broader tires would enable heavier loads to be hauled and at the same time do less injury to highways.

NORTH CAROLINA HAS THREE HUNDRED AND SIXTY-FIVE COTTON MILLS AND MORE BUILDING

Much interest needs to be aroused, too, in the matter of cozier homes in the country, and in labor-saving helps for home use. One very seldom sees a washing machine in use. The old-fashioned way of washing in the open air at the side of a brook or at the well, and boiling the clothes in an iron kettle over a smoking open fire is still in vogue. In the matter of gardens greater variety of vegetables could be easily raised such as are commonly known among the housewives of the North. "Collard," a winter-growing cabbage, seems to monopolize the larger part of most Southern gardens. It would be a great blessing if by demonstration and precept the variety and desirability of many Northern vegetables and plants were permanently introduced farther south.

CRYSTAL FALLS, SOURCE OF ASHEVILLE'S WATER SUPPLY

There is a general misconception among people of the North and West regarding the attitude with which North Carolinians would greet them, if a general movement was made to seek homes in their land of promise. No more genial or warm-hearted people can be found anywhere than in North Carolina, and they would welcome most heartily by letting "bygones be bygones" and with a desire to make the present and the future better and happier for all, if earnest people should seek homes among them. The Southland and especially North Carolina, offers excellent opportunities to all who may enter its borders.

WASHING THE STREETS OF ASHEVILLE

ENTRANCE TO KENILWORTH PARK, ASHEVILLE

SWANNANOA RIVER ON BILTMORE CAR LINE, ASHEVILLE

The story of North Carolina is being told in four chapters. The curtain rises on the Coastal scenes; then the arbored setting of the Long Leaf Pine; the ruddy coloratura of the Piedmont Platueau follows; and finally the curtain falls amid the splendors of "The Land of the Sky."

The last city visited in North Carolina was Asheville—truly called "America's Beauty Spot in 'the land of the sky.'" It seemed a fitting place for a farewell glimpse after a most delightful tour of the Old North State. The train from the East steadily climbed the mountains by sinuous and enchanted passes. There are tunnels and spans across deep chasms to be passed before the train reaches an elevation of twenty-two hundred and fifty feet, and the plateau where the historic county of Buncombe is situated. Here was originated the phrase "talking buncombe," for in this mountainous country years ago, Colonel Edward Buncombe founded his famous hall, and placed the words

"To Buncombe Hall
Welcome All."

over his doorway. The expression, "I am talking for Buncombe," meaning Buncombe County, became current hereabouts by home folks, but unregenerate strangers have used it to signify political blarney or exaggerated praise. The capital of the county is Asheville, surrounded by enchanting mountain scenery.

It rained early in the morning, but before ten o'clock the sun burst the clouds, revealing all the splendor and beauty of the sky line. In the distance loomed Mount Mitchell, the topmost point of land east of the Rockies, and named for the professor who lost his life when proving his claim of the height of the peak. Nearer the city are a dozen mountains exceeding in height the widely known Mount Washington of New England.

On the spacious veranda of the Battery Park Hotel the visitor was soon under the spell of mountain scenery with its soft, hazy distances and majestic grandeur. Fortunate, indeed, was he later in threading the town in an automobile, guided by the sure hand of an Asheville girl. We dashed up and down the mountain roads and enjoyed the exhilaration which mountain scenes—and lungs full of ozone—ever supply to Asheville people.

Asheville enjoys the rare distinction of being one of the few resorts that is as popular in summer as in winter. Where can be found another place with such a climate? Humid and sultry days are unknown, and the blizzards of the North are shut out in this all-the-year-round resort, whose mean temperature is fifty-five degrees. While the city is situated in the midst of beautiful mountainous country, it is cosmopolitan in its make-up, and its people extend a hospitality that makes one instantly feel at home.

The trip about the mountains with Mr. W. H. Plummer, who knows every mountain and peak thereabouts, and loves to visit them frequently, was a rare experience. How invigorating was the air that day as we dashed out to see the Asheville School—one of the finest private schools in the country, where the boys are instructed under the tutelage of Professors Charles Andrews Mitchell and Newton Mitchell Anderson, who

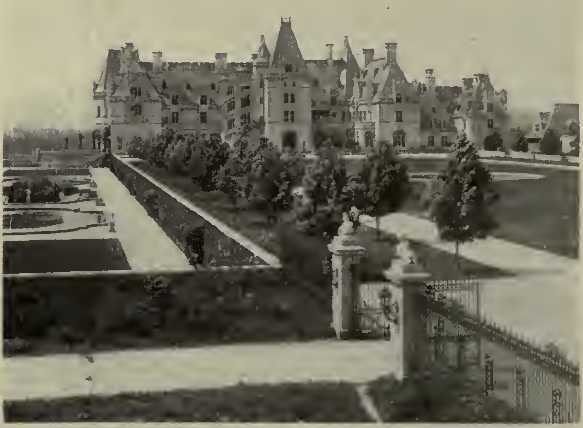
PACK SQUARE BY NIGHT, ASHEVILLE

ALL SOULS CHURCH, ASHEVILLE

OVERLOOKING THE FRENCH BROAD RIVER, ASHEVILLE

ENTRANCE TO GROVE PARK, ASHEVILLE

BILTMORE FROM THE ESPLANADE



GARDENS AND CHATEAU AT BILTMORE

searched the county over before finding a location so ideally situated for climate and health of vigorous growing boys. Here is also located the famous Bingham Military School, established in 1794. Situated among the mountains, it is small wonder that this school has become so popular.

Skirting the roadsides, hardy rhododendrons, cultivated so carefully in the North, blossomed in glorious freedom; dogwoods were abloom with snowy flowers—a sure sign of fishing-time. The water supply comes from uncontaminated springs among the mountains and the hundreds of feet fall supplies an almost irresistible pressure. The abundant volume of water in the French Broad River has been harnessed at two large hydroelectric plants, which afford immense power for the development of the city's manufacturing interests. A number of new factories and industrial plants have recently been located here, and through the active work of the Board of Trade, under Secretary N. Buckner, many more are coming. "Business is good in Asheville," is the slogan. Few cities have been more effectively advertised than Asheville, and this exploitation has meant much for the State.

At Overlook Park, a thousand feet above Asheville, is a popular resort from which the most inspiring panoramic vistas are to be enjoyed. Mr. E. W. Grove, the proprietor of the famous Bromo-Quinine, has developed a residential section upon which a terrace of handsome villas is already constructed.

Above these on a most picturesque site on the crest of the mountain, he is to construct a fine hotel from which a comprehensive view of the Blue Ridge may be had. Near the summit of this historic range a mountain driveway, which will be unrivalled the world over, is being built.

In every season of the year, there is an assurance of good climatic conditions at Asheville. Within twenty-four hours from the rigors of the North and only twelve hours from the heat of the South, the city is the resting place of the migrating tourists in both directions—the central and natural meeting-place for the pleasure caravans.

Asheville is called one of the cleanest cities in the country. The homes, schools, churches and business blocks show the aggressiveness and faith of an enterprising citizenship. Its asphalt pavements are washed daily with water under heavy pressure instead of being swept. Asheville is one of the healthiest cities in the country, and it maintains its claim as being "America's Beauty Spot."

At the base of the great Mount Pisgah is Little Pisgah, also called the "Rat"—a mountain contour that resembles a great crouching rat on the skyline, while at its tail is located the Vanderbilt hunting lodge. What a delight it was to climb the great peaks that seem to defy the painter's brush and never lose their interest and fascination! In the early dawn, at noonday when the glorious sun is centered in the azure splendor of the heavens, or in the twilight, as the filmy white and blue clouds float over the ridges toward a superb sunset,

PACK SQUARE BY DAY, ASHEVILLE

BATTERY PARK HOTEL, ASHEVILLE

THE MANOR, ASHEVILLE

sending out radiant shafts of dying glory from between Pisgah's heights, while the peaks, rose-tinted, circle the city on every side—this magnificent spectacle has a scenic setting such as Nature rarely affords a single city. The scenes shift like a kinetoscope, and the night falls so gently over the great majestic solitude of the mountains that one sinks into a land of rest and dreams seemingly amid the beauties of Asheville.

The fact that Mr. George Vanderbilt after searching over the entire country decided to locate his home at Biltmore, on which an expenditure of seven million dollars has been made, is of itself a proof that Asheville is an ideal residential locality.

Asheville and Biltmore are inseparably blended. On the banks of the Swannanoa and lining the splendid roads which have been built by Mr. Vanderbilt at great expense, are the handsome villas of the great estate on which no pains or money have been spared to make an ideal village. It is built on the old English style, from the ivy-covered church, to the swinging iron signs on street and shop that suggest the ancient taverns of old England.

The private estate contains twelve thousand acres, and the Pisgah Forest adjoining comprises over one hundred and twenty thousand acres. On three days of each week visitors are admitted to drive over this great park, and view the scroll of forestry splendor. Every known specie of tree, shrub and plant is grown here that lives in the temperate climate; one may see examples of experiments in forestry that attract attention the world over. All the help employed upon the estate are recruited from the people living here who, seeing what Mr. Vanderbilt is doing on land similar to theirs, are stimulated to achieve equal success on their own little farms.

The large prize dairy herd of Jersey cows that closely resemble the deer in the park —high bred and high strung—the great chicken yards and the fields of corn, alfalfa and broad acres of truck gardens, are practical factors, and are an ever-present object lesson of what can be accomplished. Every product of Biltmore commands its "fancy price." It can hardly be called a "pleasure estate," for it is a demonstration in practical production from the soil at a profit.

On the crest of a foothill is Mr. Vanderbilt's chateau. Right below and in front is the sunken garden, while to the rear is a grand esplanade from which grand views are to be had in every direction. Biltmore was laid out by Frederick Law Olmsted, who planned Central Park in New York City.

Biltmore reminds one of scenery in Switzerland or on the Rhine. But where in the world can be found an estate more complete in its appointments and in its picturesque beauty, yet free from entangled memories of oppression and feudalism, likewise so thoroughly modern in its operation that its influence has been of incalculable value to development?

An old abandoned road was taken in returning, the charm of which suggested why Biltmore was chosen in the exhaustive search for an estate where the investment would serve combined utilitarian and artistic purposes. The beauty of the trees and foliage, the varied contour of the land, the junction of sweeping rivers nearby—what more could be conceived in the making of an estate that truly typifies the spirit of development?

* * *

READY FOR A CROSS COUNTRY RIDE IN NORTH CAROLINA

NOTHING MORE DAINTY THAN A NORTH CAROLINA FAWN

SOJOURNING 'Neath the Long Leaf Pines

ONLY eighteen hours from Broadway by rail is Pinehurst, North Carolina, one of the most favorably known and popular winter resorts in America. It was no mere chance or accident that was responsible for the placing of Pinehurst in the Sand Belt of North Carolina amid the Long Leaf Pines, a combination of Dame Nature's lavish provisions that have made the place known the world over for its invigorating and health-giving attributes. It was only fifteen years ago that the late James W. Tufts of Boston, accompanied by a medical expert, consulted the best authorities in Washington with a view of ascertaining that spot in the entire South that was considered most suitable for the establishment of such a resort as he had in mind. He was directed to this section and now the testimony of thousands of tourists bears witness to the judgment of the consulted authorities. The transformation of the sand hills and land that was supposed to be of little value for agricultural purposes into masses of flowering shrubbery and fertile farming land, at the will of its owner, are today perpetual testimony to his judgment and indomitable courage. Using the same care and precision that had been given to the selection of a location, Mr. Tufts then consulted the foremost landscape gardeners of the day and the work of laying out the village was intrusted to the world-wide known firm of Olmsted, Olmsted and Elliott and given into the immediate charge of Warren H. Manning who has retained the personal supervision of the place to the present time.

THIS IS A HERD OF TAME DEER IN THE GROVE

A few years of persistent effort and lavish expenditure metamorphosed the desert of the sandhill belt, and the town was appropriately christened Pinehurst—today synonymous with the popular rendezvous of tourists either going to or coming from the Southland.

Upon reaching the long-leaf pine area, the traveler is impressed with the balmy air—it just feels as if springtime was pushed along on the calendar. Arriving at Pinehurst, the stranger as well as the returning guest feels the cordial welcome extended at the "Carolina" or at the hospitable Holly Inn, the Harvard or the Berkshire—hostelries that have transplanted and added all the comforts of New England to the charm of Southern homes. For to visit Pinehurst once means to come again and again, and to stay so long that the seasons of visitation have lengthened out every year.

In the hotel corridors there was much discussion of golf—for the great Scotch golfers, Donald and Alexander Ross, direct from Inverness, Scotland, were in charge of golf. The guests, in little groups, were engaged in an animated conversation regarding the zodiac ball, and of what had been done on the links during the day. The Holly Inn is facetiously known as the "19th hole"—where matches are continued after the eighteenth hole of the course has been played. Enthusiasts over the game of golf seem daily to increase in numbers, and what man ever played too much golf by his own confession? The favorite recreation of President Taft and hosts of strenuous workers, golf is not likely to lose its grip. Upon the unrivalled links at Pinehurst, many business men leave the city and active business life to enter betimes upon a chase of the elusive golf ball with the same zest that characterizes their business methods.

SUN PARLORS OF THE "CAROLINA"

The Pinehurst golf links include three eighteen-hole courses, each about six thousand yards long, and a new nine-hole course is planned. The soil is so well-drained that water never stands in pools and one can play rain or shine—stormy weather seldom interferes with golf schedules. The hard clay putting greens, sixty feet square, are as level as billiard tables, and covered with fine white sand. Three hundred caddies are in active service, and real caddies they are, too—professional caddies, in the strictest sense of the word. They have their

FOX HUNTING AT PINEHURST IS ENJOYED BY MANY little village all to themselves, and have their eating places christened after the large hotels, according to price—the "Carolina," "Holly Inn," "Berkshire," etc. Ardent in the support of the players whom they follow, many of the amateur golfers might learn much by consulting these Pinehurst caddies.

Many of the most noted golfers in the world are to be found at Pinehurst. There is always a thrill of interest in watching the Caledonian Ross brothers on the links. Every season there are many tournaments, and the trophies offered to the winners attract contestants from all countries. World records have been broken and a new one established on the links of Pinehurst.

Every phase of life that adds exhilaration to the joys of living seems to exist here. A famous hunting preserve of 50,000 acres is provided for quail shooting; and in the dog kennels maintained by Mr. Leonard Tufts are well-trained pointers, handsome setters and thoroughbred hounds that know well how to locate the "coveys" or to follow the stealthy gray fox of the Southern forests. Fox-hunting in the olden style has already become an interesting and exhilarating recreation at Pinehurst, and the open woods, sandy slopes and long stretches of unobstructed riding make it very safe if less exciting than in England.

Of course baseball has its devotees, as well as tennis and other outdoor sports. The congeniality and *camaraderie* of the Pinehurst gatherings make an impression on the newcomer from the moment of arrival. Once a week a *gymkana*, a sort of competition in the feats of horsemanship is held, which always proves exciting for contestants and most interesting to onlookers.

IN THE PORTE-COCHÈRE OF THE MAJESTIC "CAROLINA"

There is wonderful provision of home resources in the dairy, and on the Pinehurst farms. All winter greenhouses and gardens furnish the guests with flowers and vegetables. Soil, elements and architecture—all things combine to make Pinehurst a perfect resort.

Winter festivities come thick and fast, and are designed to meet the varied tastes of the guests of all classes. In the evening, the golf enthusiasts, others who have made good bags of quail, or the horsemen, tired yet full of their thrilling experiences in the fox-hunt, gather about

PINEHURST HAS A MODEL DAIRY

the great fireplaces and spin yarns, discuss the various activities of the day, and make plans for the morrow, thus making the days at Pinehurst one busy round of pleasure. Later at night comes that sweet and restful sleep amid the sweet-scented pines that has made Pinehurst nights famous.

* * *

Climatic conditions could not be more nearly perfect. To walk along the winding paths fringed with flowering shrubs on a moonlight night, with the balmy breath of long-leaf pines filling the nostrils at a time when the Northland is rigid with cold—could more ideal conditions be conceived?

Since the death of Mr. James W. Tufts, the property of Pinehurst has passed into the possession of his son, Mr. Leonard Tufts, who has not only carried out in detail his father's unfinished plans for the place, but has so developed it that, even at the present time, it far surpasses the dream of its founder; and the plans of its present owner are in but their first stage of completion. As a tribute of respect and affection to the father, every Sunday evening in the hotels the favorite song of the founder of Pinehurst, "God Be With You Till We Meet Again," is played by the orchestra and sung by all in reverence for the man who created Pinehurst.

Some of the handsomest private cottage homes and villas in the South have been built in Pinehurst, and homes they are in the true sense of the word.

TWO OF PINEHURST'S WELL-SEASONED CADDIES

How interested in Pinehurst would John Ruskin be were he living—for here in actual operation are the requirements and situation for his "ideal life." There are the village post-office, the express and telegraph office, long-distance telephone, heating and power stations, ice-plant, laundries, apartments, stores—in fact,

A PUTTING GREEN ON PINEHURST GOLF LINKS

there is everything that would make the typical community complete. The village publishes and supports a very brilliant paper, the *Pinehurst Outlook*, in which the guests are kept fully informed of all the district happenings. In the preparatory school I picked up a tiny magazine called *The Pine Cone*, published by Pinehurst scholars. Their contributions told a story of mental and literary development of the children that was an inspiration.

In the Administration Building, Mr. Leonard Tufts keeps in close touch with the development in all its phases. Year by year, many guests who have not made early reservations are unable to enjoy the pleasures of Pinehurst. The seasons are growing longer each year, the registers reveal a permanent and growing list of "Pinehursters" rather than a strictly transient clientele. No consumptives are allowed in the town, and health statistics fully verify the early plans of Mr. Tufts.

A universal family spirit pervades Pinehurst. You feel it the moment you arrive in the bus, and in the evening at the bridge parties or at the entertainments—which are many and various—there seems to be that sociability dreamed of by philosophers of old. Visitors come early and linger long, and an increasing number of those bound for resorts south of Pinehurst stop here on their journey, and a larger number still are glad to escape the hot and enervating climate of resorts farther south by spending the early spring months here.

PLAYING MAY BEGIN AS SOON AS THE RAIN CEASES

Most of the cottagers come to Pinehurst early in October, and stay into May. The Holly Inn opens in November, and the majestic Carolina swings open her hospitable doors after the first of January to welcome the guests who have remained in the North to spend Christmas at home.

WITH ALL THE IMPROVEMENTS PRIMITIVE TYPES ARE SOMETIMES SEEN

Autoists will, in the near future, appreciate that all roads lead to Pinehurst. —Mr. Leonard Tufts has taken the initiative in building a "Capital to Capital" highway from Washington to Richmond, from Richmond to Raleigh, from Raleigh to Pinehurst and thence to Columbia, making it possible for motor tourists to tour the Southern states from either direction with the least possible wear and tear.

A "BEFO-DE-WAH" CADDY

The day I wandered about the farms and golf courses a flying machine—"white, mystic, wonderful"—silhouetted against the blue heavens, was winging its way above the pineries, wheeling, hovering and speeding like a soaring eagle, until dipping gracefully over the hazy hills in the distance, it was lost to view. Some of the Pinehurst guests had enjoyed aerial excursions above the Pinehurst links.

So immaculately clean is Pinehurst that they call it "The Spotless Town." In the great game preserve there are yearly hatched and nurtured myriads of quail that find, saved for their winter feeding places, some fifty-half-acre plots of grain and other foods.

Possibilities of stock-raising in the Thermal Belt may easily be recognized. The full-blooded cows graze near a dairy that has all the charm and neatness of a Dutch Creamery. More than seventeen ribbons have been taken by Pinehurst Berkshires at the North and South Carolina fairs. The farmers hereabouts are making great records with the blooded stock of Pinehurst. The height of good living may be found in this sand-hill belt, which not many years ago was passed by as useless for stock-raising and agricultural purposes.

Much interest is taken by Mr. Tufts in the agricultural development of this section. He was actively associated with the entertainment given by the Demonstrative Farm Workers, who last September held their meeting at Pinehurst under the leadership of the late Dr. S. A. Knapp.

Pinehurst is more than a winter resort. It is a development and a study in economics and sociology which demonstrates how a great sandhill region, with incomparable climate and splendid water, has been transformed as if by magic into a thriving town settlement. Homes and farms cluster about the hotels, where first the delights of Pinehurst were enjoyed by tourists, through the foresight, the initiative and the constructive genius of one man who believed through and through in North Carolina.

A LUNCH IN THE OPEN

ROCKINGHAM

YOU just feel the spirit the moment that the train pulls into the station at "Push Forward Rockingham"—the local slogan of "The Best Town At All."

No one can doubt the salubrity and delights of the climate—none better—and as to the cordial and hearty welcome accorded the newcomer—it seems to come right in the first and introducing handshake. The good folks of Rockingham are ready to help along any industry, and just as in a trolley car, there is room in Rockingham for the proverbial "one more."

Rockingham, the county seat of Richmond County, was founded in 1739, and named in honor of General Rockingham, a member of the British Parliament, and "a friend of America." The gain in population during the last decade has been marked; there are now about three thousand people, and the rapid growth of local industries promises soon to increase the number of residents to the ten thousand mark. Located at an altitude of 274 feet above sea level, in the central southern part of the state within ten miles of the border between North and South Carolina, Rockingham is far enough from the seacoast to escape fog-laden winds, and from the mountains to experience no cold storms in winter. The climate is therefore beneficial to health, and many nerve-worn visitors from the North regain health and strength in the sunshine of Rockingham.

The town is most advantageously located for manufacturing. The splendid water supply system, which has a normal pressure of 150 pounds per square inch, has brought about the building of many important mills. Already an enterprise is on foot to make connection with the Atlantic Coast Line, which with the Seaboard Air Line will give the city competitive railroad rates.

Around Rockingham there has also been great development in the trucking industry and crops of cotton, corn, oats and peas are staples of the section. The town is also the center of large poultry-raising farms which promise to soon become a great industry. Richmond County is a rich agricultural section, though good land is still on the market at low prices and can easily be bought.

Pee Dee Lake and Ellerbe Springs, near Rockingham, have long been noted summer resorts and the remarkable curative properties of the spring water have a reputation far beyond the boundaries of the state. Ellerbe Springs Hotel is not only

CONSTRUCTION VIEW OF ROCKINGHAM POWER COMPANY'S DAM AT BLEWETT FALLS

well kept and furnished, but is an attractive and homelike hostelry, embowered amid great oaks and lofty pine trees. The water supply and the electric lighting plants are owned by the town and are self-supporting.

At Blewett's Falls, eight miles west of Rockingham on the Pee Dee River, the Yadkin River Power Company is developing a hydro-electric water power which will have few equals in the South. This power will be distributed from Rockingham as a center to other mill towns in the state. The Yadkin River Power Company is expending nearly five million dollars on this project.

One could not meet the pushing business men of Rockingham without catching the infection of the "Best Town At All." The fertile valley of the Pee Dee is certain to develop a great fruit and truck raising interest and a thriving metropolis—and Rockingham is a place where the "Push Forward" Club really pushes. Whenever a stranger arrives and stops one night he feels a desire to stay. The loyal men of the club all know the advantages of their town; there's a distinct way they have of talking about them. The town is bound to go forward under such "head of steam" and to keep going all the time. Rockingham has cheap and desirable locations for industrial plants, both large and small, and the visitor becomes imbued with the "Push Rockingham Forward" idea before he has been in town overnight.

In "The Rockingham," the town's new $100,000 hotel, we found luxurious ease and slept ensconced on the loveliest bed enjoyed for many a day. So delightfully restful was it that we could not resist looking it over when morning dawned; and lo! it was called a "Lewarae" mattress, and the trademark showed that it was made right here at Rockingham. Looking up the management it was learned that their mattresses are made of absolutely high-grade North Carolina cotton. A few weeks afterwards, and in another part of the State, a similar downy couch was enjoyed; and on the morning of the morrow, in answer to our curious inquisition, it proved that one of the "Lewarae" mattresses had again brought a comfort not equalled thereafter.

Picturesquely situated with an overlook across the fertile valleys and wooded hillsides the town has also a charm and embellishment all its own.

In laying out the residential section of the town the natural beauty has been incorporated rather than eliminated.

Streets follow the hillsides and the ridges rather than making them in rectangular "blocks." The natural environment intensifies the attractiveness of each beautiful home and exemplifies the watch word "The Best Town At All."

SWAMP DRAINAGE DITCH DUG WITH DYNAMITE

GREATER THAN IRRIGATION

By SAMUEL WESLEY LONG

YESTERDAY irrigation was the big word in agricultural development; today the biggest term in the farming vocabulary is dynamite.

Results which will vastly exceed in extent what irrigation has done to make land tillable where there was no water, or not enough, dynamite is securing in making available land where there is too much water. And the once drowned land is showing degrees of fertility equal to, or greater than, those shown by the famished soil.

In the draining of swamp land by the use of dynamite, results are immeasurably easier to obtain and at a cost with which irrigation admits of no comparison; for while irrigation is usually a stupendous co-operative project, the reclaiming of much of the swamp land is the possible and easy work of individuals.

But big as is the possible achievement of dynamite in the reclamation of seventy million acres of swamp, its magnitude suffers by comparison with the myriad square miles whose cultivation is blocked by stumps, boulders, hardpan, worked-out top-soil, etc. Yet this land can be made to laugh into harvest when awakened from its sleep by the dynamite blast.

Five hundred million acres, the amount of land now under cultivation in the United States, seems enormous, but compare this with possibilities like these: in three states alone, Minnesota, Wisconsin and Louisiana, there are 91,803,946 acres of land, whose cultivation is impeded

REMOVING A STUMP WITH DYNAMITE—A DAY'S WORK DONE IN A FEW MINUTES

by stumps. Similar conditions exist in many other states. Yet all this land could be made tillable by the removal of the stumps with dynamite.

Other hundreds of millions of acres lie idle, because of the presence of hardpan, clay, sub-soil, boulders and depleted top-soil. Dynamite would make practically all of this uncultivated land cultivatable.

The effective use of dynamite does not require the expert knowledge of the civil engineer, or other highly trained specialist, but only the common sense necessary to follow a few simple directions.

What skill is required to manufacture dynamite and the almost endless experiments made to definitely determine its uses and effects, is another story which has no part in an article dealing with the results to be secured with dynamite.

That dynamite is not a part of every ordinary farm equipment is due to a lack of appreciation of its general utility and because of the almost superstitious fear in which the explosive is held. These obstacles are rapidly being overcome by the combined efforts of explosive manufacturers, the great railroads, farmers' trains, agricultural colleges and other agencies, through which the farmer's lot in life is being rapidly improved.

True, the latent power of dynamite is terrific, but its direction is simply a question of ordinary intelligence. As a matter of fact, dynamite is safer to handle and use than ordinary gunpowder, with which all are familiar.

No general rule can be laid down for the use of dynamite, as there are many kinds and each kind made for a particular purpose. However, an enormous amount of data has been compiled, and specific directions for the use of each grade of the explosive are furnished by dynamite makers and dealers.

While the determining of the kind and amount of dynamite to use to secure specific results has been the work of the scientific investigator, new uses of the explosive for farming purposes have been in nearly every instance the discovery of the farmer. This, as much as anything else, proves the practicability of farming with dynamite.

The first use of dynamite on the farm was for loosening up stumps so that they could be more readily removed, but this method has been superseded by the adoption of heavier charges, whereby the stumps are blasted clear of the ground and reduced to kindling wood, in which form they can be hauled to a convenient point for burning. The wood ashes afford a valuable fertilizer. A marked advantage of dynamiting stumps, over the old method of burning them out, is that while burning destroys the valuable humus in the soil, thereby rendering it infertile, dynamite actually fertilizes the soil.

When dynamite is properly used, but little of the dirt is thrown out with the stump and it is not necessary to clean the roots of earth or spend time filling in a big hole, as is the case when a stump-puller is used.

The cost of clearing cut-over land with dynamite depends on the character of the soil and the kind and size of stumps. Results close to minimum cost were secured at the Long Island Railroad Company's experimental farm on Long Island, the average cost of removing one hundred stumps being but sixteen cents each. Hand labor for pulling these stumps would have required three men thirty-three days, at $1.33 per day, or, $131.67.

A HOLE FOR TREE PLANTING, DUG WITH DYNAMITE, GIVES THE ROOTS A CHANCE

The comparison of time is also interesting, for, while it would have required a whole day for two men to remove two stumps in the ordinary manner, a dynamiter and one helper blasted one hundred and fifty-seven stumps within the same time. The pulling of stumps requires at least two horses in addition to the services of the men; another saving effected by dynamite.

Careful record of the cost of explosives, including blasting caps and fuse or electric fuzes, used in blasting stumps in different parts of the country, give these results:

	Average Diameter	Average Cost of Explosives per Stump
768 Southern pine stumps	29 in.	$0.30
78 Oak, walnut, gum, etc. stumps in Illinois . . .	30 "	.53
329 White pine, oak, maple, birch, etc., stumps in Michigan	32 "	.47
37 Apple, ash, oak and chestnut stumps in Pennsylvania	34¼ "	.56
77 Washington fir stumps	50 "	1.13

The explosives used in most cases, except for blasting the Washington firs, was forty per cent. dynamite. The fir stumps were blasted with twenty per cent. strength stumping powder and low powder (5 per cent strength). These calculations are based on retail, not wholesale prices.

Records kept by A. J. McGuire, superintendent of the Northeast Experimental Farm of the University of Minnesota, show even lower costs.

Some of Mr. McGuire's records are as follows:

	Average Diameter	Average Cost of Explosives per Stump
255 Popple.	14 in.	$0.12
255 Jack pine, Norway pine and white pine	14⅓ "	.18
395 Birch, ash, spruce, pine	20 "	.16

Mr. McGuire used twenty-five per cent to forty per cent ammonia dynamite, and states that the best and most economical results were had with twenty-five per cent and twenty-seven per cent. grades.

THE FIRST BLAST IN A STUMP-STUDDED WASTE

THE SAME FIELD — THE STUMPS

The Iowa State College recently blasted eighty-two oak and elm stumps and trees averaging twenty inches in diameter, at an average cost of about thirty-eight cents each for explosives.

On a large land-cleaning operation in Minnesota during the summer of 1909, eight thousand, nine hundred and seventy stumps were blasted out. Although a considerable number of these were large pine stumps, an average of less than three-quarters of a pound of dynamite per stump was used.

In cases where stumps are unusually large, the blasting charge, while blowing them clear of the earth, sometimes fails to rend the stumps sufficiently to permit of their being easily burned, but a small amount of dynamite placed in auger holes, bored part way through the stump will instantly split the toughest wood.

Southern pine stumps are large producers of turpentine and by-products, but before the wood can be distilled, it is necessary to break it into pieces small enough to fit the shredder. This is quickly accomplished by shattering the stumps with several small dynamite cartridges, exploded simultaneously.

When clearing land of growing timber, it is often of advantage to blast out the entire tree and saw off the roots afterwards. The same procedure is followed in felling trees as in blasting stumps, the amount of dynamite necessary being about the same as for stumping. The blast lifts the tree to a height of a foot or two above the ground, then it falls, usually with the wind.

Often the barrier, and until now an insurmountable one, to the development of much farm land has been boulders. This is particularly true in New England

and has been the most common cause of the "abandoned farms" of that section. Now, however, the giant crushing force of dynamite is being employed to make possible the easy cultivation of that vast territory.

The three methods of boulder blasting are "mud-capping," "snake-holing" and "block-holing." The quicker methods, though requiring more dynamite than block-holing are mud-capping and snake-holing. Mud-capping is also termed "doby shooting" or "blistering" and the effect is of the crushing blow of an enormous sledge hammer. In mud-capping the charge is placed at the point where one would naturally strike the boulder if a sledge hammer were employed. The dynamite is packed in a solid mass by slitting the paper cartridge shells, but is not spread over any more of the surface of the boulder than is necessary. A blasting cap, crimped onto the fuse, is placed in the center of the charge and the whole covered with six inches of damp clay or sand. The material is pressed firmly over the dynamite, care being taken not to cover the free end of the fuse. When a boulder is deeply embedded in the ground, the earth around it is loosened or dug away before the blast is fired.

In the snake-holing operation a hole is made with a crowbar or dirt auger, under a flat or hollow side of the rock and the same method as used in stump-blasting is followed. Block-holing, while slower, is the most effective and positive method, and will reduce to fragments the largest and densest boulder. A boulder weighing ten tons can be removed with a single pound of dynamite properly placed and tamped in a hole drilled to the depth of from ten to twenty inches. Where the hole should be,

BLASTED OUT INTO FIREWOOD

TEN MONTHS LATER—$800 WORTH OF CELERY PER ACRE

SUBSOIL BLASTING MAKING AVAILABLE NATURAL FERTILIZER NOT REACHED BY THE PLOW depends upon the shape and grain of the boulder.

The next stage in the use of dynamite on the farm began when a practical mind saw the possibility of blasting holes for fruit-tree planting. To the surprise of the farmer, the trees set in dynamited holes thrived more than those planted in holes dug in the usual way. The dynamite method has since been largely adopted and in every case with most gratifying results. Following this successful experiment, the force of dynamite was employed to loosen up ground in old orchards. Given a chance, the well-nigh barren trees showed their gratitude by again producing crops that rivaled those that had been the pride of the fruit-grower.

The remarkable increase in the productiveness of dynamited orchards raised the question: "If dynamiting the soil is good for trees, why not for corn and other grains?" The answer was bumper crops where before the farmers' pains had been repaid with but a sparse growth of nubbins. Thus, plowing with dynamite, subsoil blasting and the breaking up of hardpan are becoming common.

The plowing of subsoil and hardpan can be done as effectively with dynamite as the plowing of the top soil with a plow. The effect of plowing with dynamite, lasting for years, makes this method exceedingly economical.

The prediction is made and facts bear it out that dynamite will, within the next few years, put under cultivation millions of acres formerly considered worthless.

When hard subsoils are blasted, the surplus rainfall sinks down to the lower soil and becomes available when needed, the water being drawn up by the roots of plants.

The millions of bales of cotton lost every year, because of too much moisture, or a lack of it, can be saved by subsoil blasting. Equal savings are possible with other crops.

Subsoil blasting or plowing with dynamite also increases the fertility of soil, because the blasts aerate the soil and open up rich storehouses of natural fertilizer located below the depth to which the plow reaches. A field whose top soil has been worked out will take on new life when the underlying plant food is made available.

Those making close and scientific investigation of the effect of subsoiling are of the opinion that shortly there will be discovered things which will virtually revolutionize farming.

With all its manifold benefits, subsoil blasting is about the easiest feature of farming with dynamite, the manual labor involved being simply the punching of holes in the soil with a crowbar or other simple tool and the placing of the dynamite charges. In many localities the holes are spaced twenty feet apart but this varies with the character of the soil. When ready the dynamite is exploded by men passing down the line and lighting fuses, or by the detonation of a number of charges by electricity at one time. For the latter purpose, a portable battery box or blasting machine is used.

What has been written about subsoil, applies, in a general way, to hardpan, though the sinking of the holes for hardpan blasting is usually a little more difficult.

Thousands of farms which were supposed to have been worked out and were, in so far as the thin top-soil was concerned, have been brought back to a high state of productiveness by the intelligent use of dynamite.

The farmer who would grade a road finds dynamite will accomplish more in a few hours than would a gang of men and a team of horses in several days. To excavate a cellar means simply the proper placing of a few dynamite cartridges.

Ditches for drainage or irrigation can be ripped through any kind of soil with dynamite, at one-quarter or less the cost, and in a small fraction of the time they could be dug by hand or machine. The width and depth of the ditch are determined by the amount and strength of the cartridges used and the distance between the charges. A curved or irregular ditch can be dug as readily as a straight one.

The stretches of low swampy land found on many farms can be drained by sinking charges of dynamite into the underlying stratum of clay or other impervious earth and detonating the explosive with a fuse and cap, or by electricity. This breaks up the hard substance

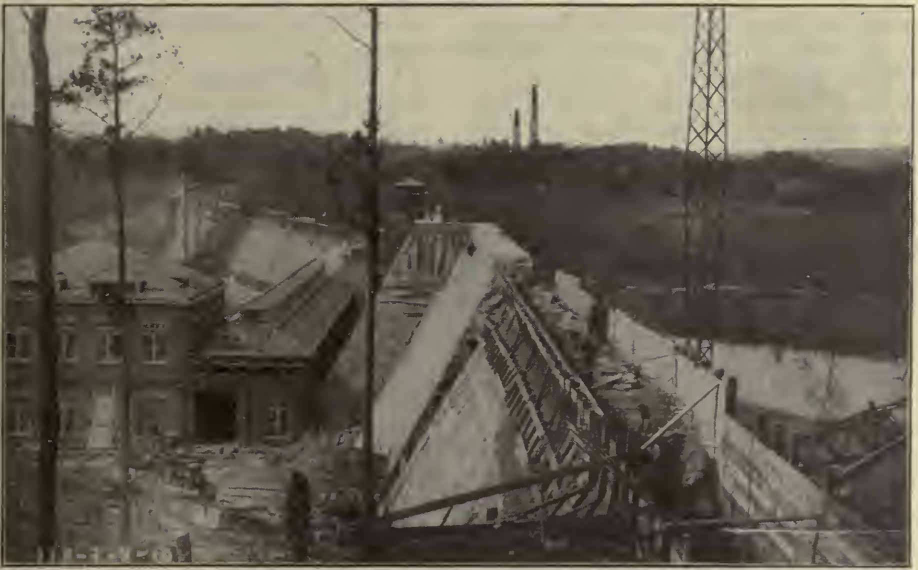
BOULDER CRUSHED WITH DYNAMITE — THE FIRST STEP IN THE REGENERATION OF AN "ABANDONED" NEW ENGLAND FARM

and allows the water to drain through the gravel or other open material below. Often the work can be done at a cost of five dollars or less. The only tool required is a wood or dirt auger attached to a piece of iron pipe, fitted with a tee, through which a wagon spoke is run to form a handle.

What part dynamite is playing in increasing land values is partially shown in the many instances where land which sold for twenty dollars an acre, because it was studded with stumps, has been cleared for twenty-five dollars and sold for one hundred dollars and upwards.

It is but a matter of time until extensive operations will be carried out by land development companies, in the clearing of vast stretches of waste land, many of which are within easy distance of cities.

During the next few years, thousands of city toilers going "back to the farm" will find the way blazed with dynamite.



In the Wake of the Electric Wave

THE development of American cities, each in its own way, is a subject given much attention by European scholars and statesmen, for they see in the evolution of small towns the repetition of problems that were confronted in the upbuilding of great metropolises like London and Paris.

The story of Charlotte, North Carolina, as told to me in the corridor of the handsome Hotel Selwyn, by Mr. D. A. Tompkins of the *Charlotte Observer*, brought this study of civic development vividly to mind.

Charlotte, the "Queen City" of Mecklenburg County, and the headquarters of the Southern Power Company, is called the "City of Electric Energy," and this title applies to more than mere industrial force, for there seems to be a reflection of electric power in the very activities and enterprise of Charlotte citizens. The sturdy spirit of the first signers of the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence seems to prevail in Charlotte. Named for the German Princess, Charlotte of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, afterward Queen of England, Charlotte has a suggestion of Scotch thrift and Irish impulse in her Scotch-Irish make-up.

Standing on one of the prominent street-corners, a blind man heralds the virtues of the different stores and the record of passing events, which bespeaks the town's aggressive spirit. In the busy streets and through the outlying districts, where more spindles are in action than in any other section of the South, one reflects upon the enterprises of Charlotte and wonders what her population will be in years to come.

Ten and twelve story buildings in the main streets have provided office homes for the Southern headquarters of many great industrial interests. With a freight business running upwards of $2,000,000 a year and with a climate that has no rival, with schools, churches, street-cars, colleges, libraries and all other things that make up a town ideal, small wonder it is that Charlotte and progress are terms synonymous. Within the circle of a hundred miles are operated nearly six million spindles, to say nothing of great knitting mills and looms, and much of this industrial power has been gained in thirteen years. Charlotte enjoys the distinction of having the largest building and loan association, for a city of its size, of any in the country.

One secret of North Carolina's great progress is her aggressive and alert newspapers, who love the Old North State. Charlotte newspapers have long held high national rank. The *Charlotte Observer* is a pioneer potential force in newspaperdom, and the *Charlotte News*, owned and directed by Speaker Dowd of the Legislature, has contributed much to the glory of the town. Then, too, there is the *Charlotte Chronicle*, with Editor Wade H. Harris, who, behind his inseparable pipe, pushes a pencil day after day, extolling the virtues of Charlotte. If there ever was an editor who loves to write about his city, Harris is the man, and every year he prepares an admirable little brochure retelling the interesting story with additions.

All the railroads seem to lead Charlotte way. Scarcely an hour passes in which one of the thirty-four passenger trains are not moving north, south, east and west. The twenty-six miles of electric railway, with miniature Coney Island and Luna Park and other enterprises—these evidences of civic pride stand as monuments to the energy of Mr. E. D. Latta, one of Charlotte's progressive citizens who has "done things."

A regiment of five hundred traveling men find their domicile in Charlotte, and these commercial travelers never tire of telling the virtues of the "City of Electric Energy."

The Y. M. C. A. building, which cost nearly $100,000, is the home of more than a hundred young men. A glowing tribute was paid by one of them when he said that his home here was the best he had ever known since he left his mother's roof some twenty years previous. The Association, under the direction of Mr. Probert, has been a potential influence in Charlotte.

YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION, CHARLOTTE, N. C.

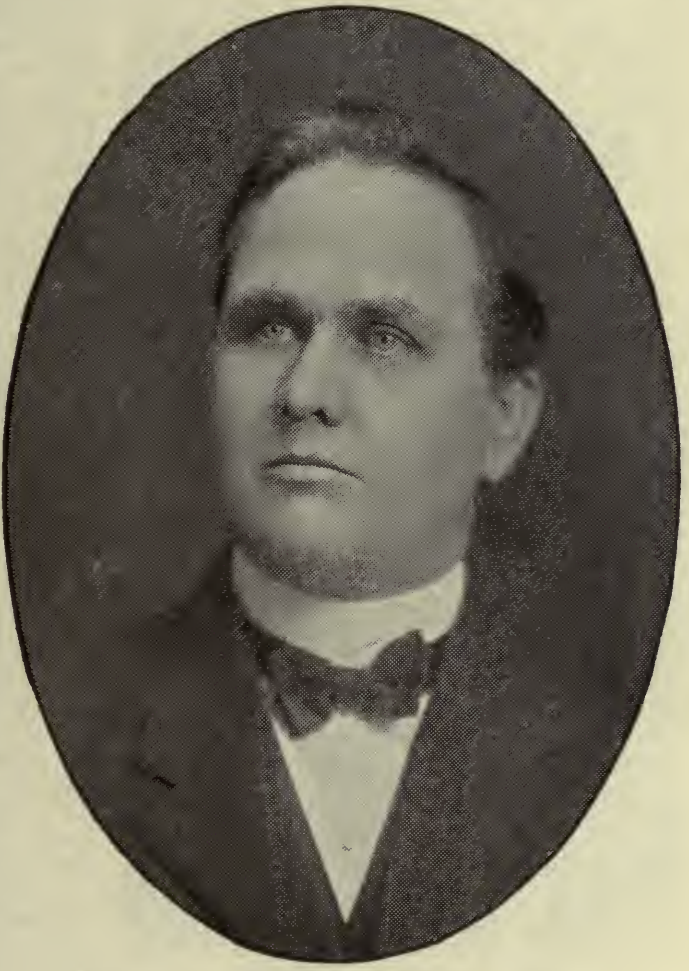
Across from the historic Mecklenburg Court House stands the "law building," four stories high, built and owned entirely by lawyers, suggesting the law court of London.

Charlotte has long been recognized as one of the foremost educational centers of the South. Here is located Elizabeth College, Charlotte Conservatory of Music, the Presbyterian College and other excellent institutions. There is St. Mary's Seminary, a Catholic school conducted by the Sisters of Mercy, also the North Carolina Medical College, and a quartet of superb graded schools, two private, one for whites and one for the colored people. The University for negroes in Charlotte has done splendid work. Not far out of town is Davidson College, one of the oldest schools in Mecklenburg County, which takes high rank among American colleges. The churches of the city are unique in architectural style and beauty.

At the present time no question is of greater interest to the people of North Carolina than good roads, and Mecklenburg County has long enjoyed distinction in this respect. Mr. H. B. Varner, of Lexington, publishes a periodical, *Southern Good Roads*, devoted exclusively to this subject. Next year promises important developments in this direction; many of the counties have already voted bonds for the purpose of building suitable roads. The Central Highway was chartered by the last General Assembly to run through nineteen counties from Beaufort Harbor to the Tennessee line, a distance of four hundred and sixty miles. This highway will be a thirty-foot road from ditch to ditch, made of sand clay, gravel and macadam. It will represent the beginning of a great transcontinental highway from Atlantic to Pacific. At the coming Fourth of July celebration, addresses on good roads will be delivered at every ten-mile point along the line, to rejoice in North Carolina's "declaration of independence" from bad roads. The week following the Fourth is to be "good roads week," and more than one hundred thousand men will volunteer their services to make the Central Highway complete within the week.

About Charlotte are many historic spots. The Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence, signed twentieth of May, 1775 represents the crown jewel of this "Queen City." Nearby also was born James K. Polk, the eleventh President of the United States. The pioneer gold mines of the United States were located in this historic county. Eighty-three gold mines were recorded, and up to the time of the discovery of California gold Mecklenburg mines took the lead in gold production.

In a rare old dwelling on one of the main streets of Charlotte lives Mrs. "Stonewall" Jackson, upon whom a call was made in the early evening. The glow of the old-fashioned base burner shone gently on the face of the little lady whose life had been associated with the great Confederate General, as with cordial greeting she welcomed the Northern friend. A full-length painting of General Jackson hung in the little parlor, and in the semi-twilight I made bold to tell her of the schoolboy essay written on "Heroes



HON. W. C. DOWD
Editor of *Charlotte News* and Speaker of the General Assembly

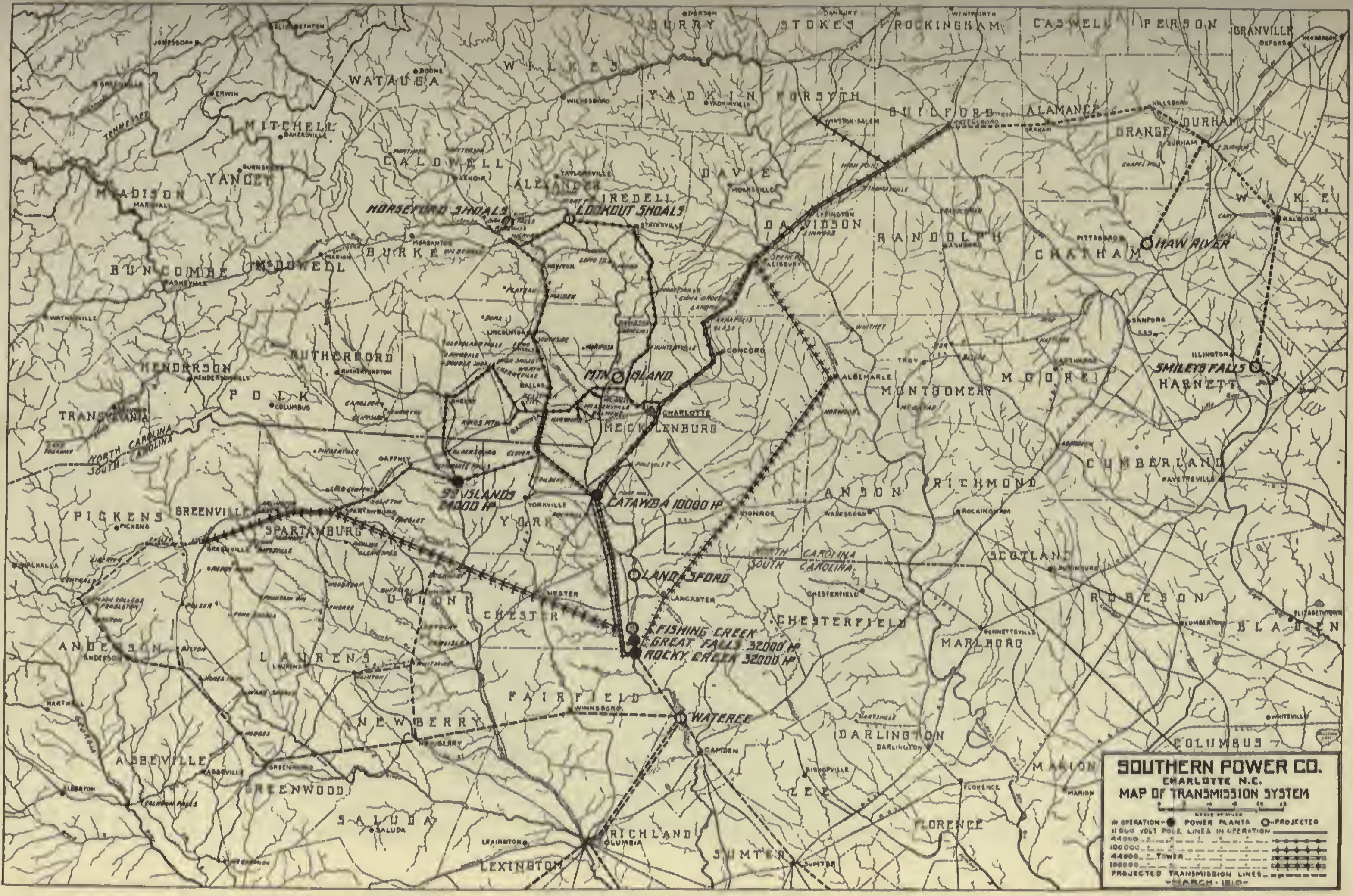
of the Civil War" which included a generous tribute to her illustrious husband. It was General Robert E. Lee who said that Jackson stood with his men like a veritable "stone wall" in defence. And "Stonewall" Jackson the college-professor general remained ever after.

REALTY BUILDING, CHARLOTTE

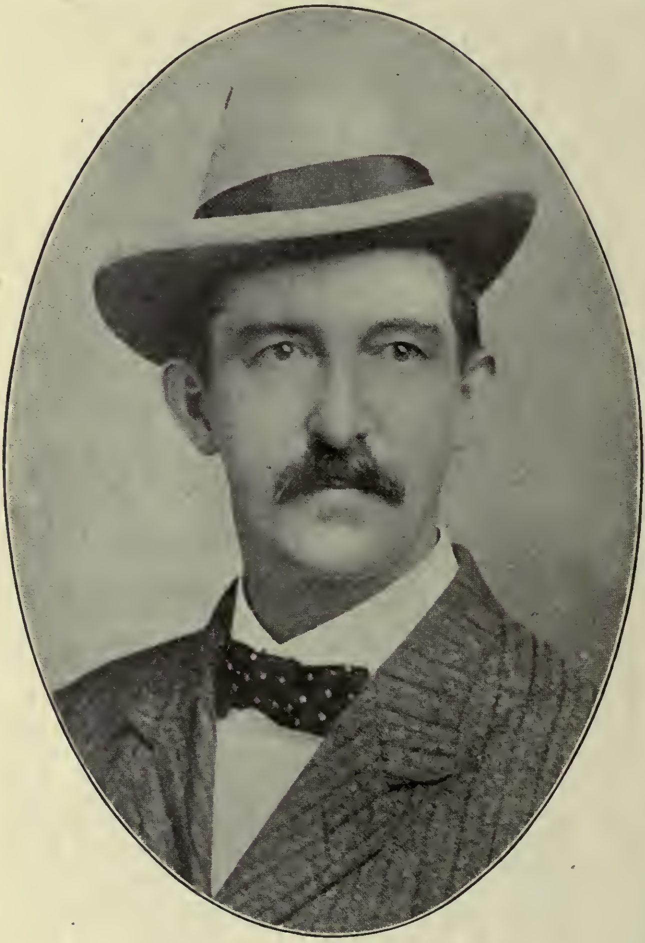
It does not require even a day in Charlotte to realize that an exhibition of goods from this city of diversified manufacture would make an interesting exposition in and of themselves. Another twelve-story building is to be erected, showing the faith in Charlotte of her own citizens. The progress of the great Hydro-Electric Development of the Southern Power Company is a centralization of the manufacturing interests of the South, and will make that section a still more powerful competitor of foreign countries as well as of the North.

When you ask the citizens of Charlotte as to the greatest thing in their city they instinctively reply, "The Southern Power Company." What a nightmare would Benjamin Franklin have had following his experiments with electric currents and a kite, could he have seen veritable flashes of lightning harnessed and turning at whirlwind velocity the dynamo to create current that will supplant the old water wheel at the mill. A large number of the cotton mills in North Carolina are run from the transmission wires of the Southern-Power Company. More than one hundred and fifty cotton mills, besides several oil mills, cotton gins, twenty-six miles of street-car systems, and the lighting and power load in forty-five towns and villages, are now on the list, and this clientele represents only the beginning of a legion of consumers from the electric wire cables of the Southern Power Company.

One of the country's greatest developments of electric transmission power is represented by the Southern Power Company, which virtually constitutes the industrial vertebrae of North and South Carolina and the southeast of the South. Although the water power plants are in South Carolina, the power is spun like a web over the industrial area of the North State. New channels of commerce have been created, and it is estimated that the load carried by this system is equal to the power procured from a million tons of coal annually. The development in building each great dam and power station with power from the plant formerly constructed, and the new methods of handling economically the work as developed, is


SOUTHERN POWER CO.
CHARLOTTE N.C.
MAP OF TRANSMISSION SYSTEM
SCALE OF MILES
IN OPERATION-● POWER PLANTS ○-PROJECTED
11000 VOLT POLE LINES IN OPERATION
44000
100000
44000 TOWER
100000
PROJECTED TRANSMISSION LINES
-MARCH-1910-
HORSEFORD SHOALS
LOOKOUT SHOALS
HAW RIVER
SMILEYS FALLS
MTN. ISLAND
CHARLOTTE
99 ISLANDS 24000 HP
CATAWBA 10000 HP
LANDSFORD
FISHING CREEK
GREAT FALLS 32000 HP
ROCKY CREEK 32000 HP
WATEREE
NORTH CAROLINA
SOUTH CAROLINA

a marvel, the triumph of modern engineering. In a few months one of the Southern Power Company's plants will be manufacturing nitrogen, and it is felt that the results will surpass even those obtained in Switzerland, Austria and Norway in manufacturing a commercial fertilizer with surplus water power. To think that Nature has provided in the air itself the concrete substance for a fertilizer, to replenish properties taken from the soil, further demonstrates the wonders of nature and the law of compensation.



WADE H. HARRIS
Editor of *Charlotte Chronicle*, one of North Carolina's leading newspapers

The development of the Southern Power Company furnishes to mill towns and cities along the line electric power as cheap as nature and falling water could provide, and showing that the "water that runs by the mill race" can be utilized again, exploding an old-time poetic aphorism. Steam stations for emergencies are in process of construction, but each section of the transmission is so divided into districts that if one is affected the other is not disturbed.

The development of this gigantic power company is a most inspiring evidence of the confidence of men of broad experience who have invested over ten or twelve millions in an enterprise that must stand or fall by the success of industrial development along this line in the South. The country hereabout has already become a network of transmission wires, and hundreds of miles of electric railway are made possible by this power. Across the hills and valleys of North Carolina are located the wire towers that carry the transmission lines. When the work was begun on hydro-electric development, there were few cotton mills that used the electric drive, now so popular because of its possibilities of greatly increased production. Soon various parts of the mills will be adjusted for the necessities of immediate production without working overtime. The map shown herewith tells at a glance the striking story of industrial development, and foretells the still greater transformation which is to follow. Electric lines which truly reflect development center from the Charlotte headquarters. The immense contracts for water power development made at this office would amaze the old-time scientists. The crystalized creation of great electric power distributed along the highways to farmers as well as to smaller factories reveals a concentration and co-operation difficult to excel. Farmers will have their plantations as completely "wired" as a modern apartment house. Each one of the thousands of consumers is a part of the great enterprise which has so practically conserved the great value of falling water.

* * *

A few hours in Durham, North Carolina, reveals the charm of a city whose people blend the ideal and commercial spirit in civic development. Although Durham has grown rapidly during the last ten years, increasing from a population of about 6,000 to 28,000, the second largest population increase of any municipality in the state, other improvements besides mere commercial development have aroused the civic pride of the townsfolk.

The Durham visitor usually asks first to see the factory where they make "'Bull' Durham," the smoking tobacco that is known along the highways and wherever the baseball park is located. "'Bull' Durham" was first made by W. T. Blackwell & Company in a building which is today a part of the chain of plants operated by the American Tobacco Company.

HON. E. Y. WEBB
Congressman from North Carolina

The story of development of smoking tobacco trade reads like a romance. It was early in the days of reconstruction that Washington Duke and his sturdy sons, who then lived four miles from Durham, began to flail out tobacco leaves and to make them into smoking tobacco.

On the road to Durham is located the Bennett House, where General Johnston surrendered to General Sherman, one month after Lee surrendered at Appomattox. The beautiful old fields about little suggest the strife of fifty years ago. Here the armies of the North and South were encamped awaiting the final close of the great Civil War. During the armistice the Southern and Northern soldiers fraternized and visited each other. The flaky smoking tobacco soon found favor among the Northerners and they carried it away in bags. The young man who made it died of consumption, and the factory was later sold to W. T. Blackwell & Co., who continued the business and named the "'Bull' Durham" brand.

This humble beginning was the nucleus of the demand for Durham-made tobacco, leading later to the organization of the American Tobacco Company, of which Mr. James Buchanan Duke is the head.

More smoking tobacco for pipes and cigarettes is made in Durham than in any other one town in the world. From all directions the farmers come to sell their choice cured leaves, which are stored in large hogsheads and kept for many years in the largest tobacco warehouses in the world. These are more than half a mile long, with freighthouses, and store considerably more than fifty million pounds of tobacco.

* * *

The manufacture of tobacco does not represent the sole industry in Durham. Here are located the famous Durham Hosiery Company's plant, a part of the group of mills that produce more hosiery than any other one company in the world. The Erwin cotton mills have also long been famous in the industrial South. A new million-dollar Erwin mill is nearly completed, and will soon be in operation. One of the main trunk lines of the Southern Power Company reaches Durham, and during the past summer land was purchased here for the site of another immense steam auxiliary power station.

An automobile ride about the city with Mr. R. O. Everett not only revealed much to admire, but showed that Durham, while attractive in many respects, was especially strong in educational institutions. The Durham Conservatory of Music, the colleges and business academies,

GEN. JULIAN S. CARR OF DURHAM, NORTH CAROLINA together with the public schools, indicated a strong and practical educative spirit.

The handsome office buildings and business blocks, and the picturesque curve of the main business street, in the bend of which stands a large and stately public building, force one to recognize the enterprise that has made Durham the "biggest little city" in North Carolina. A commodious, handsome theatre owned by the town, street cars, churches (among which is a memorial chapel that the Dukes are having built in honor of their father), and schools—these and all things that make an up-to-date city may be found in the good town of Durham, named for an early pioneer, and one of the new and thriving cities that have sprung up since the Civil War.

"SOMERSET," HOME OF GEN. JULIAN S. CARR, DURHAM

The Fourth Ward of Durham enjoys the distinction of being in proportion to its population the richest in the world. Here are the palatial homes of the Dukes and others, telling the story of their love of the town—for no matter whether the dwelling be magnificent or unpretentious, Durham people are distinctly home folk. The Watts Hospital at Durham, just completed by Mr. George W. Watts, is perfect in equipment and one of the best endowed hospitals in the South.

The negroes in the city and country hereabouts are most progressive. Durham is the headquarters of the Mutual and Provident Loan Association, the largest negro insurance company in the world. At Hayti, a very enterprising negro town near the city, is located the National Religious and Chautauqua Association. The leader of this organization, Dr. James E. Shepherd, has made for himself a worldwide reputation. His idea is to stimulate the spiritual as well as the educational faculties of the negro, believing that the thoroughly good negro is just as susceptible to uplifting spiritual influence as is the white man. Negro ministers are being educated here along these lines, and among these there are said to be many promising speakers, scholars and leaders.

Durham takes pride first of all in her schools. In few places can be found such a sincerely democratic spirit, for the sons and daughters of millionaires all attend the public schools with the children of the workers. There are no "exclusive" academies or private schools; all the children go to the Durham public schools.

At Durham is located the famous Trinity College, an institution which has long held high rank among the colleges of the country. New buildings are now being erected on the enlarged grounds. These improvements will enable Trinity College to fulfil the destiny marked out for it by its founders and ardent supporters, and by the immense body of alumni who have an enduring love for their alma mater.

HON. JOSEPHUS DANIELS
Editor of *Raleigh News and Observer* (see "Affairs at Washington")

A trip was made with Judge Manning to Chapel Hill, that historic spot eight miles from town where stands the University of North Carolina. Over the picturesque country roads were passed many places of interest, among them the remains of Cornwallis' headquarters during his last campaign in the Revolution. Nearby were the remains of an old military road built by his troops during the War for Independence.

At Chapel Hill a vista of ideal North Carolina scenery greets the eye. At the entrance of the winding ascent we came upon the old East, West and South buildings of the university. The handsome old trees on the campus—under which the founder of the University took his luncheon one day and decided that here was to be located an institution of learning—are still standing. After a drink at the old college pump, much shouting and cheering emanating from the Assembly Hall announced to us the good news of North Carolina's victory over Virginia in a hard-fought baseball contest.

All the University buildings were decorated for a ball in the evening. Blue and white, the college colors, were everywhere in evidence. The laboratory and other buildings given by the alumni and private individuals nestled under the shadows of the old trees and formed a most attractive quadrangle. One rectangular building, constructed in 1800, exemplified the undoubting faith of the early founders in their state institutions.

In Memorial Hall, built in octagonal form, are tablets giving the history of the distinguished alumni of the college. The dates on some of these reach back to the very days of the republic's infancy. The University of North Carolina has always enjoyed the distinction of being one of the foremost educational institutions of the South. Although it was not open during part of the Civil War, the dauntless and enterprising North Carolinians would not permit the doors of the University on Chapel Hill to remain long closed. Comparatively little direct support from the state has been given to maintain the University, and few state institutions present such a gratifying proof of the personal devotion of its alumni, for many of the buildings and a multitude of generous contributions to the college have come direct from private individuals. The interest of the visit was enhanced by the company of Judge Manning, formerly of the Supreme Court, a son of one of the early instructors at the college. An ardent alumnus, Judge Manning's voice rang out as lustily in cheering for the victorious North Carolina nine as if he were still one of "the boys" whose enthusiastic plaudits echoed under the old trees.

* * *

In Orange, one of the oldest counties in North Carolina, is located Hillsboro, formerly the capital of the state. Arriving from Durham to "Occoneechee," the farm of General J. S. Carr, one finds himself in touch both with the glories of the historic past and with the triumphs of present and future. A superb country place is General Carr's "Occoneechee"—a model plantation on modern lines. Here are Shropshire sheep, Angora goats, ducks, ponies, Berkshire hogs and chickens—everything that heart could desire to complete a perfect picture. The stately red buildings and beautiful grounds make the estate a veritable park in itself. Yet a practical farm is "Occoneechee."

THE NOTED SPRING AT "OCCONEECHEE"

On the hillside is located a famous spring, and some of the buildings on the farm were built more than a century ago. The woodland and pasture—the splendid fields of alfalfa—the stock—the farm house—no matter which way one looks, the vision is complete in all things that constitute a model farm.

General Carr was a partner in the original farm of W. T. Blackwell & Co., which manufactured the famous "Bull Durham" tobacco. He sold out his interest some years ago, to devote himself to his farm and to other business interests in the city of Durham.

The General served with distinction in the Confederate Army, and has been one of the prominent and aggressive citizens of his state. It was an honor as well as a pleasure to visit "Occoneechee" with its owner and there to quaff buttermilk of the favorite Jersey kind. The General delights in the old home spirit of hospitality for which the South is famous, and whether it is at his home, "Somerset," in Durham, or at "Occoneechee," the guest finds himself amid surroundings that make the visit memorable.

MR. D. A. TOMPKINS OF CHARLOTTE

Born at historic Chapel Hill, where stands the University of North Carolina, there lives no more enthusiastic alumnus of the old college than General Carr. The handsome Carr Building, on the campus, attests to his loyalty and devotion. The General first launched in business at Little Rock, Arkansas, but upon returning to visit his parents at Chapel Hill he decided, in order to remain at home, to engage in business at Durham. He has been prominent in public affairs and few men have done more toward the development of city and state.

* * *

Near the central border line between North Carolina and South Carolina lies Hartnett County, one of the first settled and most prosperous agricultural sections of the state. Here the North Carolina Orchard Company has secured ten thousand acres of land for the purpose of developing cotton and fruit production. Several thousand acres of the tract have already been improved; the entire area is available for cultivation. For some time past Northern farmers seeking investment in Southern farm lands have looked with longing eyes upon this section, realizing its great possibilities.

Located where the Coastal Plain is broken, and the foothills of the Piedmont Plateau begin, the land of this section was formerly a heavy timber growth. It has been proven that in twenty-five years the North Carolina forests reproduce themselves, thus giving a natural profit of six per cent gross in the natural increase on timber.

The entire area is supplied with good water, and the village of Cambro is on the Company's land. Cambro is connected with the Atlantic Coast Line at Manchester by the Harnett and Southern Railway Company—thus giving from twenty-four to thirty-six hours' service in getting its produce to market. It is within twenty hours' train-ride of New York.

The directorate of the new company,

IN THE FIELDS AT "OCCONEECHEE," THE PLANTATION AND MODEL FARM OF GEN. JULIAN S. CARR, NEAR DURHAM

including prominent business men of North Carolina and Virginia, represents in itself a strong endorsement of the North Carolina Orchard Company. Judge J. S. Manning, formerly Justice of the North Carolina Supreme Court, Messrs. Brodie L. Duke, R. O. Everett, and J. O. Ellington are all well-known in North Carolina. Mr. Paul Garrett of Norfolk is one of Virginia's leading business men. Mr. W. E. Housel of Holly, New York, is a prominent orchardist, and has made a thorough examination of the possibilities of this tract of land.

The headquarters of the directors is at Fayetteville. North Carolina development is the one subject of supreme interest to North Carolinians, and the strong and energetic local interest is a favorable omen for wonderful strides in still greater development of the Old North State's agricultural sections during the next few years.

A SONG

I SEEM to see thy face
In daylight dreams, in dreams of night-time;
And oh, the beauty and the grace
My raptured eyes have to delight them!

Thou art the star that crowns the midnight;
Thou art the sun that glorifies;
And I afar must ever worship
With steadfast eyes.

I see thee ever in all places;
I have no eyes for other faces;
Waking or sleeping, night or day,
I seem to see thee alway!

—*Henry Dumont, in "A Golden Fancy."*

The Cottonwood Tree

HOW stately and how tall it grows,
  With trunk of girth and might
To breast the fiercest gale that blows,
  And shuddering storm's affright!
Its bright leaves murmur in the air
  A song to memory dear;
It breathes a fragrance sweet and rare—
  The tree of the pioneer.

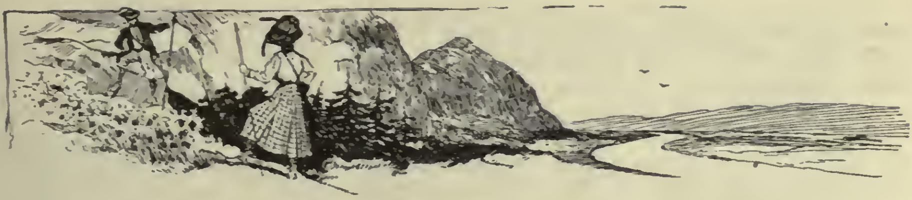
We spent our youth beneath its shade;
  The sunny summer hours.
Around its grassy foot we played,
  We sought it from the showers.
And all our revery and dream,
  And all our vision clear,
Is linked with its bright boughs agleam—
  The tree of the pioneer.

The squirrel loves each spacious limb;
  The owl at midnight hoots
Within its sheltering foliage dim;
  About its spreading roots;
The tiny field mice romp and play,
  The shy mole comes anear;
And all things own its gracious sway—
  The tree of the pioneer.

It grows beside the country road,
  It looms upon the plain,
It towers above man's frail abode,
  It guards the field and lane.
The landmark of the commonwealth,
  Steadfast from year to year;
It points the way to cheer and health—
  The tree of the pioneer!

—Edward Wilbur Mason.

Council Bluffs, Iowa.



The Rocking-Chair Tourist

By GEORGE WILLOUGHBY

I AM a rocking-chair tourist. I'd rather read a good book on travel than to go myself. It doesn't take so much time, nor so much money, and if the truth be known, I haven't much of either. It is surprising what a lot of traveling one can do through books, and not miss a single day at the office. So let us understand one another in the beginning. There are some who go and some who stay behind, but all are tourists, whether the trip is made in a steamer chair or in the old side-arm rocker. I can't begin to tell you how many times I've crossed the ocean in the old chair, and never once have I been sea-sick. I have enjoyed "home cooking" en route, and altogether have had a mighty fine time of it.

The other evening as I came into the house, my wife noticed a new book under my arm.

"Going on another cruise?" she laughed.

"A grand one!"

"Where?"

"'Through Lands of Yesterday'*—with Dr. Curran."

"I'll join you," she said, "as soon as the children are ready for bed."

And that is how we came to make the acquaintance of Professor Clinton, of his two nephews, of Virginia Hampton and her mother, and of the Bayards. Out of New York harbor we found ourselves sailing with a delightful company indeed, and from the time we left the sight of land until Gibraltar was reached, there wasn't a dull moment. The young rascals were in love with the girls, and continually tried to give us married folks the "shake." But we knew more about it than they thought. It didn't take us long to realize that Jack had a "strike" on Virginia, that Frank thought Florence Bayard "pretty nice"—and, well, even that the *Professor* became rather loquacious and exceedingly gallant when the widow, Mrs. Hampton, was about. Altogether, it was an interesting party.

DR. CHARLES H. CURRAN
Author of "Through Lands of Yesterday"

At Gibraltar the Professor, who had

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* "Through Lands of Yesterday," by Dr. Charles H. Curran. Boston: Chapple Publishing Company, Limited. 50 net.

been over the ground many times before, took charge of the party by mutual consent, and after having explored to some extent, we went on to Naples. It would be impossible to tell all about the interesting things we saw at the different places visited. The only thing that can be done is to give a rough itinerary of the trip, and if you knew *Professor Clinton* as well as we, you wouldn't doubt that we saw all there was to be seen.

From Naples we went to Alexandria, thence to Cairo and the Pyramids, where we talked to the Sphinx. Crossing the Mediterranean we landed at Jaffa, took the train to Jerusalem, where we stopped at the historic Olivet House, and from here made short tours to the interesting spots in Palestine and Syria. In this delightful land we spent much of our time. 'Twas a strange country—very strange indeed, as we recalled the Biblical pictures of the different places. We traveled to the ancient ruins of Baalbec, worked our way through to Constantinople, Athens, Venice and Rome, thence to Naples, not forgetting a visit to Pompeii and Mount Vesuvius before taking voyage for our return trip.

A happy, congenial party it was—and we were genuinely sorry when the journey ended—this journey of such pleasant experience and enjoyment.

I looked at my watch. It was nearly two o'clock in the morning. We don't usually stay by a journey until the end, but somehow we didn't feel like leaving this party, even for another evening, and so we had gone "Through Lands of Yesterday," without a stop-over. That certainly is "going some"—even for a rocking-chair tourist.

The author of "Through Lands of Yesterday," Dr. Charles H. Curran, was for years a successful physician at Holyoke, Massachusetts, until five years ago becoming overworked he was compelled to abandon active practice. Since that time Dr. Curran has traveled extensively in all parts of the world and "Through Lands of Yesterday" is the story of one of his journeys.

A WORD OF THANKS

By ELWYN A. BARRON

FRIEND Chapple, I'm jolly well pleased
  With the Heart Throbs you've caused me to feel.
My emotions rushed back, thought released,
  Through years of remembrance and leal,
As the lilt of a long ago song,
  Or the soul of a poem forgot,
Restored me to youth, and the throng
  Of the friends and the days that are not!

A labor of Love was the book,
  But Patience and Care were your guides;
And into each corner and nook,
  Wherever a "favorite" hides,
They led your long hunt for choice "finds"
  Till you gathered of treasure a store
That shall gladden and quicken men's minds
  When you and I, Joe, are no more!

MUSICAL RECORDS FOR THE MONTH

By FREDERICK HULZMANN

SPRINGTIME music is lively and light. Many of the late songs are offered this month to the phonograph owner, and a special effort has been made to present dance music which has an irresistible appeal.

* * *

A few months past it was my pleasure to call attention to the work of Mr. William McDonald, the inimitable bass. In our day, when the best male singers seem either to be tenor or baritone, one might easily become enthusiastic in describing the wonderful force of Mr. McDonald's bass. This month he is singing the favorite "Asleep in the Deep" and Shattuck's "In a Hundred Fathoms Deep," double-disc record A986.

Guido Deiro offers two accordion solos. One of these is Eilenberg's "Sharpshooters' March," the other the delightful "Ciribiribin Waltz," which has a way of appearing regularly with different accompaniments. It is not less appealing on the accordion than on the harp or violin—in fact, any rendition of the "Ciribiribin" is sure to be popular.

A new Columbia singer, Miss May Walters of Philadelphia, is introduced with the most charming of selections—Eugene Field's "Little Boy Blue." Mr. Charles K. Harris' new child song "Will the Roses Bloom in Heaven?" is sung by Mr. Henry Burr; tenor, on double-disc record A989. Facing this number is Mr. Von Tilzer's new lullaby, "All Aboard for Blanket Day." Already the air is being whistled in the streets; the title is catchy and the waltz rhythm holds.

The favorite Shubert's "Serenade" is again presented in record form, sung as a soprano and baritone duet by Mrs. Idelle Patterson and Mr. G. C. Jell. Mrs. Patterson is joined by Miss Margaret Keyes in the "Barcarolle" from Offenbach's "Tales of Hoffmann." This is a beautiful selection, and makes a delightful soprano and alto duet.

A royal welcome must be extended to such a popular ballad as "Twickenham Ferry," the old English ferry-boat song. Facing this selection is Balfe's "Excelsior," founded on Longfellow's poem of that name. John Young and Frederick Wheeler sing it as a tenor and baritone duet.

Two selections have been taken from Rossini's "Stabat Mater." The first, the "Cujus Animam," is rendered by a new Columbia singer, Mr. Charles W. Harrison. The "Inflammatus," the one great soprano solo of the "Stabat Mater," is sung by Mrs. Anne Grant Fugitt, well known in Washington, D. C.

* * *

A certain selection on the Edison list for June has an irresistible appeal for lovers of Kipling. Few of the barrack-room ballads and the sketches of British army life in Africa are more popular than the rhythmic "Danny Deever." This is sung by Marcus Kellerman as a baritone solo, with orchestra accompaniment.

Perhaps no juvenile record thus far prepared for the children is as exhaustive in scope as "Mother Goose Days." The young folks will find many of their old old friends among the selections given. "Jack and Jill," "Humpty-Dumpty," "Little Boy Blue," "Dogs do Bark," "Little Bo Peep," "Little Tommy Tucker," "Hey Diddle, Diddle," "Baa, Baa, Black Sheep" and "Hickery Dickery Dock"—this is the program for the children laid out on Amberol Record 685.

One might prefer to put aside Record 688 until a more opportune season. Why should the Edison Company offer a rollicking "Winter Song" on their May list? The music calls up visions of a warm fireplace and of a howling exterior—the record doubtless would have made a "best seller" on the January list. And yet, in truth, one need not enter the realm of fancy to enjoy these wintry conditions. At the time of this writing, fireplaces and howling exteriors are not to be looked back upon in a dim past. It may be possible that the Edison Company foresaw a continuance of the brumal solstice and put in this "Winter Song" for good measure.

A feature of the May list is the introduction of the National Promenade Band, an organization whose work is entirely devoted to dance music. So many informal "hops" rely upon the phonograph for music, that this band will doubtless become very popular. A two-step and a waltz are given this month—both well rendered.

There are several good "funny" pieces, notably "The Crushed Tragedian." The list of popular selections, both vocal and instrumental, shows the usual scope. Five numbers make up the Grand Opera list, the well-known "Ave Maria," sung by Mme. Labia, being included.

* * *

Upon her return from a successful concert tour of the country, Mme. Tetrazzini, "the matchless one," went direct to the laboratories of the Victor Company and made four exquisite records for the Victor list. These are the typically Spanish "Carceleras"; selections from "Traviata," record 88293; Carnival of Venice, Parts I and II, records 88291 and 88292.

So many Victor owners have signified their appreciation of the late Farrar records—those simple folk-songs with which all are familiar—that the May list continues this plan. The beautiful old hymn "Abide With Me," and Haydn's "My Mother Bids Me Bind My Hair," are given on records 87076 and 88289.

The favorite contralto singer, Mme. Louise Homer, is also represented by the "Flower Song" from "Faust," and by the rare "Banjo Song," Weeden-Homer.

The success of the light opera "Naughty Marietta" has reflected great credit upon its composers, Rida Johnson Young and Victor Herbert. One of the most popular songs in the score, "I'm Falling in Love with Someone," is sung this month by John McCormack—record 64174.

Two "Faust" records by the New York Grand Opera chorus will appeal to many who love this magnificent work. Kermesse Scene, Act II, and Soldiers Chorus, Act IV, are listed; records 74213 and 74214.

Besides this rare showing of grand opera—or work of the best grand opera artists—the Victor Company offers three orchestral selections from the Imperial Russian Balalaika Court Orchestra. This band of musicians, under the directorship of Andreeff, have made a deep impression upon Americans. They play upon the *balalaika*, a Russian primitive folk instrument, whose tone is like that of a mandolin.

There are a number of instrumental selections, and other "light" offerings which show quality and variety.

Public Utility Methods That Win

By W. C. JENKINS

A CENTURY ago the first company was organized to manufacture artificial gas in London, England, and this practically marks the beginning of the industry. The first century's history of gas has been a history of experiments. Theories advanced by the most enlightened men of the age were tried and discarded, and even today it is doubtful whether or not the industry has been placed upon a permanent basis.

The first mistaken belief was a very costly one to thousands of innocent investors. For a period of forty years both in the United States and Europe it was supposed that, in the last analysis, free competition was the best assurance that the people would be given efficient service and reasonable rates. This plan was a lamentable failure. Later it was supposed that monopoly under parliamentary regulation would be the ideal method by which the commodity could be manufactured and distributed in London, but after twenty years the breakdown of this system took place. Then came a period of comparative peace under a method whereby the interests of the company and the consumers were identical and up to the present time no plan has met with more pronounced success.

In this country there have been three dominating periods in the history of gas corporations. The first period took it for granted that any charge the public would stand without collective protest was fair and equitable. During this period many abuses were perpetrated, and seed sown at that time continues to vegetate as tares.

The second period, short and tempestuous, was one of unbridled trickery and dishonesty. Politicians and municipal franchises were purchased like coal and land. Many sensational exposures resulted and the people were dumfounded. During this period politics fought business and business fought politics and each side was severely wounded. In the general scrimmage the people were more or less injured and they were easily led to believe the corporations had no souls; and while in this frame of mind the theory of regulation and rate commissions gained many adherents.

The third period, upon which we are now entering, is a time of mutual understanding, of openness and frankness and of reciprocal relationship. It requires no philosophic discussion to convince the patron of a public-service corporation that at no time in the history of such corporations has he been considered a factor to the important extent he is recognized at present; not by every corporation, it is true, but by those institutions whose credit is of the highest and which are managed by men of modern thought and honest convictions.

It has been a difficult matter for many American managers of gas corporations to realize that the people are entitled to any special consideration. They had secured from the municipalities vested rights which permitted them to manufacture and distribute illuminating and fuel gas under prescribed conditions and under our American laws such rights whether reasonable or unreasonable are contracts the obligations of which cannot be violated. Many of these vested rights were improvidently granted by the representatives of the people in days gone by and were beyond the reach of a reasonable and proper regulation. Realizing their point of vantage, corporation managers only replied to complaints with the interrogation, "What are you going to do about it?" It is no wonder that the time eventually came when the people began to hate the corporations and all concerned in them.

Recently there has been a notable tendency on the part of many progressive managers of gas corporations to break away from a pedestal of defiance and insulting arrogance and to come down among the people; and the results are phenomenal. The best paying gas properties in the United States today are managed by men who recognize in the confidence and good will of the people a greater asset than that which exists in a long term franchise, and these men are continually devising means whereby they can prove themselves worthy of the people's confidence.

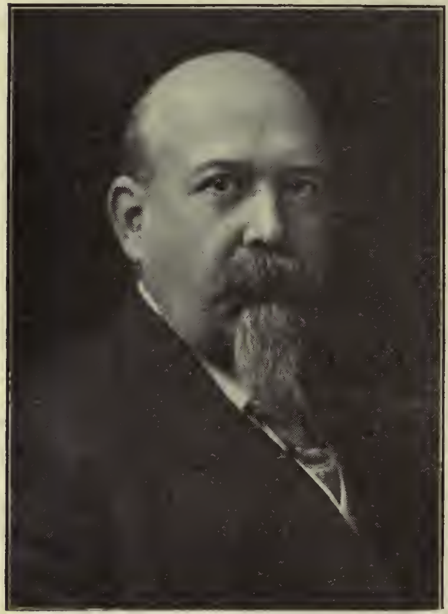


Photo by Strass

W. K. BIXBY
President of the Laclede Gas Light Company

Eastern financial publications have recently given considerable prominence to the fact that The Laclede Gas Light Company of St. Louis has announced a reduction in rate to eighty and sixty cents. By referring to Poor's Manual, I learned that the company is operating under a charter granted March 2, 1857, by the State of Missouri; that the charter is perpetual and ante-dates all the restrictive corporation legislation; that the company controls the entire gas business of St. Louis, and that under the provision of this charter it may engage in the manufacture and distribution of electric current for illuminating purposes. I also learned that the Supreme Court of Missouri has decided that the rates charged by the Company are not subject to regulation by either the City or the State.

Here was a curious enigma—a corporation protected by the laws of the state against the rate-making commission and City Council, possessing, if it desired to exercise the privilege, the right to charge rates which were common and customary many years ago, and still voluntarily reducing its rates to a point below which no gas corporation in the United States has yet dared to willingly venture. As such an unusual incident was of more than ordinary interest it was not long before I boarded a train bound for St. Louis.

"I want to learn some facts regarding the St. Louis gas situation," I told the first newspaper man I met.

"You will have no difficulty in finding that the Laclede Gas Light Company is blazing a new path in public-utility affairs," was his answer; and such I found to be the fact.

It was not difficult to discover that the people of St. Louis believe they have the most progressive gas corporation in the country, and they cheerfully admit that during the past three years the attitude of the people of that city has changed from antagonism to admiration and from suspicion to confidence.

The first impression created by the St. Louis situation is that the ever-perplexing public-utility problem has been solved; and, indeed, many St. Louis people boastingly assert that the harmonious relationship which exists between the Laclede Gas Light Company and its customers is without a parallel in the United States.

During a decade of investigation among American public-utility companies I have never seen the spirit of fair treatment to patrons better exemplified than is being manifested by the management of the Laclede Gas Light Company at the present time. Today the company ranks among the highest in financial circles and enjoys the fullest confidence of its 140,000 customers. Never in the history of the corporation has its affairs been in such splendid condition. This condition, I learned, is not the result of chance, it is the natural consequence of indefatigable labor intelligently directed to serve the the people honestly, conscientiously and efficiently; and to draw still closer the bond of common interest between the company and its customers. Such a policy fixes the customer as a factor in every transaction and recognizes his rights at all times. It makes economic management a necessity and changes monopoly from master to servant. It means increased business, honest profits and a position of respectability in the community.

The manufacture of artificial gas in St. Louis began in 1836. In 1837 the original charter of the St. Louis Gas Light Company was approved by the Missouri Legislature. This charter was for many years considered a legal masterpiece. Its context was copied on many occasions when similar corporations applied for charters, and the document was supposed to embody every ordinary requirement for the protection of the corporation and the people. Under its charter the St. Louis Gas Light Company could charge $10.00 per thousand cubic feet for gas but no more. It was provided that the company must be managed by a board of six directors who were citizens of the state and of the United States, and each must own at least ten shares of $100 each, of the capital stock of the corporation. Superintendents, engineers, bookkeepers and other officers and servants were required to give bond with security to the satisfaction of the president. The company was permitted to buy and sell coal, wood, lime and stone. It could also purchase or lease lands not exceeding six hundered acres, and might operate lime kilns, collieries and stone quarries.

The original charter provided that the company should be entitled to the sole and exclusive privilege of vending gas light or any substitute in St. Louis and its suburbs. It also provides that in addition to paying for gas consumed in street lighting, the city must pay the gas company an interest of eight per cent per annum on the amount of the original cost of street lamps and posts and expenses in erecting the same. The company's capital stock was exempt from taxation for ten years and the city of St. Louis was authorized to subscribe for any number of shares of stock in the company.

The original act under which the Laclede Gas Light Company is working, fixed the duration of the franchise at thirty years with another provision that unless the city availed itself of the opportunity to purchase the plant, the franchise should be extended for another thirty years. The city did not buy the property.

Photo by Strass

C. L. HOLMAN

Vice-President and General Manager of the Laclede Gas Light Company

By an amendatory act, approved March 26, 1868, the Legislature granted to the Laclede Gas Light Company the right to enjoy its franchise privileges forever.

The original charter granted the company the sole and exclusive right to manufacture and distribute gas in St. Louis, but the exclusive privilege was stricken out by an amendatory act of the legislature in 1857. This act, however, was repealed in 1868. Subsequently the company, in contracts with the city, waived the exclusive feature of its franchise.

The invariable opinion of the Supreme Court of Missouri has been that the city of St. Louis has no right whatever to interfere in any way with the Laclede Gas Light Company, which is a creature of the state and is not therefore subject to control by any subdivision of the state.

The situation in St. Louis at the present time is unique in that, the Laclede Gas Light Company being owned and controlled by local capitalists, the management is not expected to resort to the questionable methods which characterize many similar corporations when the strings are pulled from Wall Street or other Eastern financial centers.

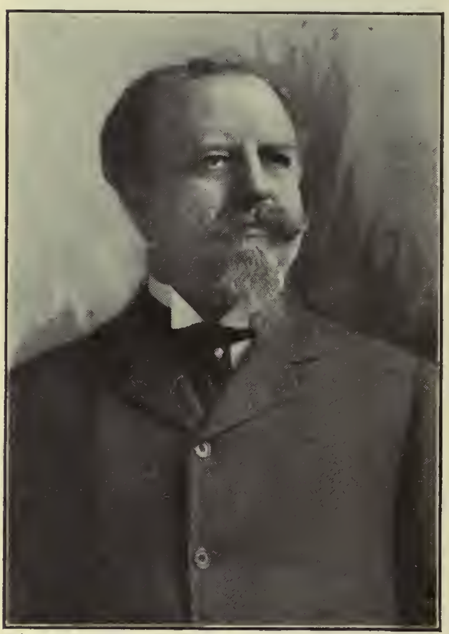


Photo by Strass

ADOLPHUS BUSCH

Who, with other St. Louis financiers, recently acquired control of the Laclede Gas Light Company

When it was announced that the majority interest in the Laclede Gas Light Company had been purchased by a combination of St. Louis capitalists with Adolphus Busch at the head, the news was received with gladness. The people of St. Louis know Mr. Busch. His dealings with the city have always been on the square, and his identity with any corporation means that the business will be conducted honestly.

The public-utility companies of few cities are owned by local people. Usually the stock is controlled by Eastern capitalists who make a specialty of this class of investments. Such owners are not sympathetic with the needs of the community only so far as their own interests are concerned and much of the prejudice which exists against public-service corporations is caused by a belief that these Eastern capitalists exact too large a tribute from the people.

In many cities the corporation game is played under the eyes of the people who understand as little about the methods employed as the tenderfoot at a gambling table understands about the signs, passwords and methods which mean his undoing. The management must earn dividends on heavily watered stock; it must discreetly play the game of politics and must take care of every grafting politician who has influence in the Council or Legislature. At the same time it must stand between the people, a great majority of whom know nothing of the conditions and are unable to realize the difficulties, and the Eastern financiers who never fail to insist upon a satisfactory rake-off.

The pessimistic citizen, who never hopes to get anything from the corporation officials but the worst, has during the past three years been astonished on several occasions by the liberality and progressive spirit shown by the Laclede Gas Light Company management. He has seen the company's officials in the front rank of every innovation which was calculated to benefit the city; he has seen his gas bills reduced without his request; he has witnessed the company entertaining and giving Christmas presents to thousands and thousands of children, and he is about ready to believe that a gas company is not a soulless corporation after all. Without any abstract reasoning on causes and effects the ordinary citizen can easily conclude that the present management of the Laclede Gas Light Company has adopted the most up-to-date policy known to successful public-utility operators. The working basis under such a policy is that the good will of the people is the highest assurance of profits. Hence there is no necessity for stock-juggling deals which invariably work to the gas customer's disadvantage.

When the company was acquired by St. Louis interests two years ago the purchase was characterized as a melodramatic step designed to relieve the corporation from the halo of adverse public sentiment which surrounded the institution. At first the public was skeptical, but many evidences of sincerity on the part of the new owners finally convinced the people that the ultimate purpose was to create for St. Louis the best gas company in the United States. Home folks do not generally tyrannize over their friends, and anyone acquainted with the personnel of the directors of the Laclede Gas Light Company would never impute to these gentlemen any other design than to conduct their corporation along the lines of strict business principles and with a degree of honesty that must in the end win public confidence and esteem.

Local ownership is usually sympathetic with the needs of the community. It has other interests at stake besides the Public-Utility Company and generally directs its operations so that the entire community will be benefited. Under such conditions competition is never of advantage because monopoly is not oppressive; and with a whole city to serve a scale of low rates can be adopted that will make the margin of profit on each individual customer almost infinitesimal while the aggregate enables the company to provide for its interest and dividend requirements.

The company on several occasions during the past few years has startled the people of St. Louis with its publicity novelties. A little over a year ago there suddenly appeared in its show window an educational exhibition that attracted a great deal of attention. At times the street in front was blockaded and was only cleared when the window curtains were pulled down shutting off a view of the display. The novelty consisted of two views of the culinary part of housekeeping, one showing the rusty old-fashioned coal stove methods, and the other the advantages of the Quick Meal Gas Range. The old-fashioned coal stove was presided over by a dusky maiden surrounded by general uncleanliness, the entire scene being harmoniously blended, while the gas range was in charge of a neatly dressed housewife, who was preparing the evening meal with comparative ease and pleasure. Above the two scenes was a sign bearing the interrogation, "Do you expect your wife to be an angel and a coal shoveller, too?" The girl at the old-fashioned stove was sweltering while nothing was being cooked; the neat appearing housewife at the gas range was cooking dainty dishes and apparently enjoying the work. The contrast was indeed an object lesson, and the result desired was obtained—a great deal of gossip about the gas company's novel exhibition.

More than twenty thousand patrons visited the office of the Gas Company the day before last Christmas and received the tokens and prizes offered as Christmas presents. Sixty orders for prizes were given away and ornamental balloons and footballs were tendered to all who came. The throng became so vast that Vice-President C. L. Holman was obliged to ask for police aid in order to prevent an accident. The prizes consisted of useful articles such as gas ranges, gas heaters, portable gas lamps and various household appliances. The orders were contained in the balloons which were released in front of the offices. In all sixty balloons were sent up, and almost everybody in St. Louis was watching for their descent in the hope of getting a prize. As an advertisement for the company it was most successful.

The company desires to be progressive at all times, and so long as the present local owners are charged with the responsibility of supplying the people of St. Louis with artificial gas, one of the most important considerations on the part of the company will be to see that its service is of the highest class commercially possible. There will be nothing of a mystifying nature in the system, and the management will cheerfully give the public whatever information is desired regarding the results of operation. Obviously a fair margin of profit is necessary, but it is desired that the business shall grow rapidly, which of course will insure the lowest rates consistent with efficient service and good management.

It is an interesting question nowadays how far the price of gas can be reduced and yet strengthen the legitimate profits of the company. Popularizing the business is one of the surest ways to give steadiness to profits and provide means for expansion. Manufactured gas is increasingly used for fuel and this opens up some important economic and sanitary questions for the community. Gas is smokeless. During the days when natural gas was used almost exclusively in Indianapolis for both illuminating and fuel purposes, that municipality was one of the most smokeless cities in the world. Its present population was gained largely during that smokeless era, as people considered it an ideal place to live. But in time the natural gas failed, and the city was compelled to resort to coal which ended its distinctive position as the cleanest city in America.

During the latter part of 1910 considerable interest was taken in a plan to bring natural gas to St. Louis. Three different companies were seeking permission to enter the city with pipe lines. A tentative proposition came from the Busch-Everett Syndicate which met with considerable favor and which offered to bring natural gas from the Caddo Fields in Louisiana, a distance of 550 miles, and to distribute same through the mains of the Laclede system at a price to consumers of fifty cents per thousand cubic feet. The company at an extremely heavy cost pursued the development work even to the point of making surveys and of locating the right-of-way of the proposed pipe line from the fields to St. Louis. Financing the enterprise to the extent of $15,000,000 had been completed subject to the approval of certain engineers and natural gas experts. A final engineering report in November was unexpectedly adverse to the plan and stated that the transportation of natural gas for a distance exceeding two hundred miles is impracticable and should not be financed.

During the progress of the natural gas discussion the Laclede Gas Light Company sent a communication to the Chairman of the Public Improvements Committee of the City Council, in which it expressed its willingness to enter into any fair agreement whereby its pipes could be used by any corporation or person who could successfully bring natural gas from any of the contiguous fields in sufficient quantity to supply the demands of the city. The sentiment of the people was in favor of natural gas, and the company showed its disposition not to obstruct the movement but to co-operate in every possible way.

When the Busch-Everett proposition was withdrawn the Laclede Gas Light Company promised a reduction in rate to eighty cents and sixty cents net a thousand cubic feet. Accompanying the promise was a request to the city Council that the standard of service be changed from a candle power to a heat unit basis. When it became apparent that such a proposition would involve needless discussion and more or less misunderstanding the company abandoned the idea and promised the reduction regardless of any municipal action.

The standard of service throughout the world is, with few exceptions, on the heat unit basis. A heat unit, or a British Thermal Unit, as it is generally termed, is a unit of heat, as an ounce is a unit of weight, a horse power is the unit of energy, an inch is the unit of distance and a candle is the unit of light. Before the invention of the Welsbach burner and other improved means of gas illumination, a candle power standard of service was generally employed. The mantle burner, however, has radically changed conditions. It gives much greater efficiency and consumes less gas per hour than the old open jet method; in fact the open flame burner consumes twice as much gas and gives about one-fifth the amount of light. It has always been difficult to arrive at an absolutely correct test for candle power. Human frailty enters into such a test, and considerable variation is possible. In its request for change in standard of service the Laclede Gas Light Company was simply asking that an obsolete system be changed to modern practice.

The eighty and sixty cent gas rate became effective April 1, and will save St. Louis consumers approximately $400,000 a year.

It represents a reduction of twenty cents per thousand cubic feet on illuminating gas.

It involves a displacement of over 100,000 duplicate meters from the premises of consumers.

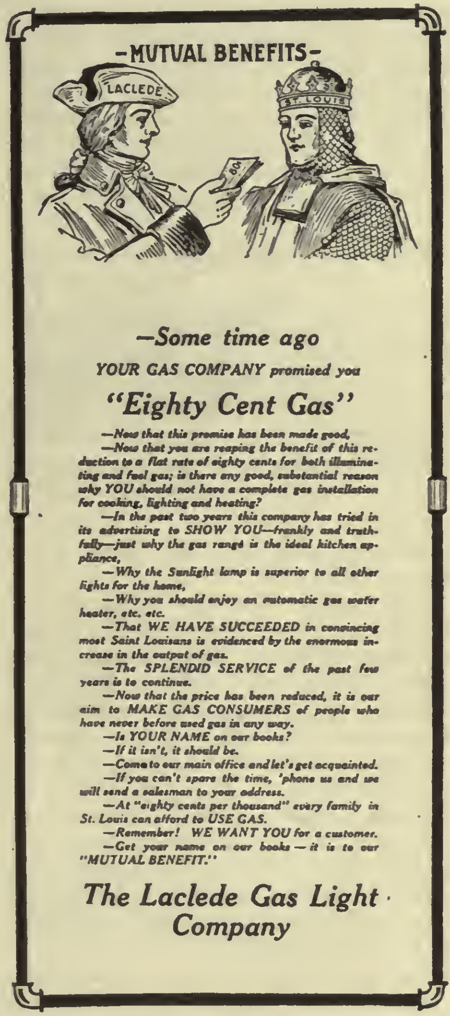
It means that 100,000 rebate checks will be sent out to the customers.

The rate reduction was made voluntarily by the company, and if the reduction results in sufficient increased consumption of gas, another cut in rates will be made.

To give the consumers the rebate the company might have deducted the excess charges from the customers' April bills, but it preferred to acquaint every consumer in the most forcible way that the price had been reduced and that the reduction was a voluntary one on the part of the company. In order to conclusively show each customer the amount he will save by the reduction it was decided to send out the rebate checks. The management realized that herein was a great possibility for valuable publicity, and as "publicity" is a watchword in gas-lighting affairs in St. Louis just now, this opportunity was quickly grasped. Manager Holman played a trump card when he decided to send out the rebate checks.

The detail involved in changing to a one meter system to put the eighty cent rate into effect was enormous. It was necessary to remove over 100,000 meters and make pipe connections so that all the consumption will flow through one meter. In many cases it was necessary to take out both meters and install one large enough to carry the gas that was formerly measured by two.

From April 1 users of gas, whether fuel or illuminating, in excess of 10,000 cubic feet per month, will have to pay only sixty cents a thousand cubic feet. In less amounts than 10,000 cubic feet the price will be eighty cents. The net rate in New York, Cleveland, Detroit and Milwaukee is eighty cents. The rate in New York was reduced only after a strenuous fight in which the case was carried to the United States Court and the eighty-cent rate declared constitutional. The Laclede reduction was a voluntary one. There was no clamor in St. Louis for a rate reduction; everybody was satisfied with the service and rates, but the management felt that it could inaugurate lower prices and thus further increase the general good feeling which existed.



-MUTUAL BENEFITS-

—Some time ago

YOUR GAS COMPANY promised you

"Eighty Cent Gas"

—Now that this promise has been made good,

—Now that you are reaping the benefit of this reduction to a flat rate of eighty cents for both illuminating and fuel gas; is there any good, substantial reason why YOU should not have a complete gas installation for cooking, lighting and heating?

—In the past two years this company has tried in its advertising to SHOW YOU—frankly and truthfully—just why the gas range is the ideal kitchen appliance,

—Why the Sunlight lamp is superior to all other lights for the home,

—Why you should enjoy an automatic gas water heater, etc. etc.

—That WE HAVE SUCCEEDED in convincing most Saint Louisans is evidenced by the enormous increase in the output of gas.

—The SPLENDID SERVICE of the past few years is to continue.

—Now that the price has been reduced, it is our aim to MAKE GAS CONSUMERS of people who have never before used gas in any way.

—Is YOUR NAME on our books?

—If it isn't, it should be.

—Come to our main office and let's get acquainted.

—If you can't spare the time, 'phone us and we will send a salesman to your address.

—At "eighty cents per thousand" every family in St. Louis can afford to USE GAS.

—Remember! WE WANT YOU for a customer.

—Get your name on our books — it is to our "MUTUAL BENEFIT."

The Laclede Gas Light Company

ADVERTISING A VOLUNTARY REDUCTION IN THE PRICE OF GAS

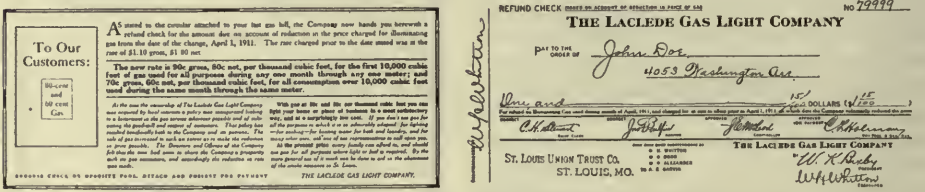
The company, it is stated, has over 1,000 stockholders. For the first time these stockholders received, in February, a printed annual report showing the results of last year's operations. The statement shows that in 1910 the daily capacity of the Laclede Gas Light Company's output increased 6,000,000 cubic feet. The distribution system was expanded by the addition of 18.94 miles of mains and 3,370 gas services. The number of customers increased 7,411, and there was an increase of 10.5 per cent in the sales.

The company is installing facilities for generating electricity. A year ago work was started on the construction of a new electric light plant of 8,000 kilowatt capacity to replace the one destroyed by fire in 1907. This plant is practically completed and is one of the most thoroughly equipped electrical generating stations in the West. A turbo-generator of 300 kilowatt capacity was installed at Station "A" for the purpose of generating electric current by using the exhaust steam from the gas plant.

It is stated that the company will shortly erect a ten-story building at the northeast corner of Eleventh and Olive streets, which will cost approximately $750,000. When the building is completed the company will occupy the first floor and basement and the seventh, eighth, ninth and tenth floors.

Nearly $10,000,000 have been spent in improving the plant and mains during the past few years. Today the Laclede Gas Light Company's property is considered the most modern and efficient gas system in the United States.

During the preparation of this article I visited many representative business and professional men of St. Louis in an endeavor to determine the local sentiment regarding public-utility matters. No one expressed a wish that the Laclede Gas Light Company should operate at a loss because a corporation that could not earn enough to take care of its expenses would not be a good thing for the city. The opinion was unanimous that the Laclede system is now in excellent condition and is most efficiently managed. To many business men it seems paradoxical that in these days of high cost of raw material, when the price of every commodity is steadily advancing, the gas company should propose a voluntary reduction in its rates and this, too, without any corresponding reduction in wages. But the general consensus of opinion is that the application of modern methods and the freedom from greedy political demands have effected a most important reduction in the general expenses of the corporation. Everybody in St. Louis seems imbued with the idea that the gas company is trying to accomplish two things: To popularize gas so that its use as a household necessity will be greatly stimulated and by the resulting increased consumption make further reductions in rates.



To Our Customers:

80-cent and 60 cent Gas

As stated in the circular attached to your last gas bill, the Company now hands you herewith a refund check for the amount due on account of reduction in the price charged for illuminating gas from the date of the change, April 1, 1911. The rate charged prior to the date stated was at the rate of $1.10 gross, $1.00 net

The new rate is 90c gross, 80c net, per thousand cubic feet, for the first 10,000 cubic feet of gas used for all purposes during any one month through any one meter; and 70c gross, 60c net, per thousand cubic feet, for all consumption over 10,000 cubic feet used during the same month through the same meter.

ENDORSE CHECK ON OPPOSITE FOLD. DETACH AND PRESENT FOR PAYMENT

THE LACLEDE GAS LIGHT COMPANY.

REFUND CHECK

NO 79999

THE LACLEDE GAS LIGHT COMPANY

PAY TO THE ORDER OF John Doe

4053 Washington Ave.

One and 15/100 DOLLARS ($1 15/100)

THE LACLEDE GAS LIGHT COMPANY

ST. LOUIS UNION TRUST CO.
ST. LOUIS, MO.

By W. K. Bixby

W. H. Whitton

COPY OF REBATE CHECK AND ACCOMPANYING INFORMATION SENT TO THE LACLEDE GAS LIGHT COMPANY'S CONSUMERS

It would be difficult to find in a public-utility company a more enthusiastic organization of employees than may be found in the Laclede Gas Light Company; and herein is one of the principal reasons for the remarkable success which the company has recently enjoyed. The optimism and enthusiasm of the management seem to have touched a sympathetic chord which has vibrated through the entire organization.

W. K. Bixby, who was elected to the presidency of the Laclede Gas Light Company in February, is one of the best informed corporation men in the West. He has been actively identified with many commercial enterprises and knows the general requirements of successful operation. His policy has always been liberal and progressive, and he possesses the fullest confidence of the people of St. Louis. No better selection for president of the gas company could have been made. Mr.

Bixby is a member of the Board of Directors of the American Car & Foundry Company, a Director of the Frisco Railways, the St. Louis Union Trust Company and the National Bank of Commerce.

C. L. Holman, Vice-President and General Manager, has been identified with the company for the past eight years. Mr. Holman was on the editorial staff of the *Topeka Capital* at the time Rev. C. M. Sheldon took charge of the paper for a week to run it "as Christ would run a newspaper." The public utility, however, presented to Mr. Holman great possibilities, and in this new field he has won considerable distinction. The average corporation manager has been so accustomed to hearing the people complain that he has come to the conclusion that it is utterly impossible to please them. But here is a man openly inviting suggestions and criticisms, and cheerfully rectifying errors the moment they are brought to his attention. His courteous, affable manner impresses all who have dealings with the company and wins for the institution a host of friends. He possesses the advantage of youth, quick perception, clear vision and indefatigable energy, and these qualifications have contributed in no small degree to the popularity which the company now enjoys.

The directors of the Laclede Gas Light Company are composed of the most prominent and successful business men of St. Louis. The executive committee takes a particularly active interest in the affairs of the company, and their influence has contributed a great deal in winning for the corporation the degree of public confidence which it now enjoys. The committee is composed of W. K. Bixby, C. H. Huttig, Thomas H. West, G. H. Walker and C. L. Holman.

I hold no brief for the Laclede Gas Light Company; neither do I desire to give the management any undeserved publicity. In preparing this article the dominating thought was to show the tendency on the part of at least some corporations to end the "Damn-the-public" era of public-utility operation.

CROWNING VERMONT

(For the "Brooklyn Society of Vermonters," January 17, 1899)

By EDNA DEAN PROCTOR

HOW shall we crown Vermont? With the beauty and balm of her mountains?
The wealth of her fields of clover, her quarries, and flocks, and corn?
The charm of her towns, hill-guarded, or set by Champlain's clear fountains,
Or Connecticut, fairest river, that winds through the meads of morn?

Nay! for the fame of her sons is more than her quarries and clover;
Strength of the hills is theirs, like her Allen of bravest mould
Who seized Ticonderoga in the name of the great Jehovah
And the Continental Congress—bold as the right is bold.

Strength of the hills is hers; aye, and the strength of the waters!
Proud she points to her Dewey that morn in Manila Bay;
Happy the hearts and homes of her patriot sons and daughters—
With the might of the hills and the seas we will crown her today!

Copyright, 1905, by Edna Dean Proctor

LET'S TALK IT OVER

AMERICANS who wish to have a glimpse of Swiss life in Swiss settings, will soon have this opportunity without crossing the Atlantic. The little European republic is not to be moved from where it is—though room could be found for a score of Switzerlands in the Canadian Rockies—but a typical Swiss village is to be created that will give visitors to that wonderful sea of mountains a very comprehensive idea of the home, the habits and the customs of those hardy mountaineers across the sea.

A permanent home for the corps of Swiss guides who are annually brought over by the Canadian Pacific Railway Co. to assist visiting mountain climbers in their ascent, is being established by the railway company in a part of the Rockies that will suit their native characteristics and afford them, during months of otherwise comparative idleness, ample opportunities for further development of strenuous outside athletic sports. It will give them and their families a new home in this new land, and will doubtless develop into a large settlement, peopled by a hardy class of self-reliant, adventurous men who know the ways to the summits of untrod peaks as the average man knows the highways and byways of his native city. It will add to the picturesque surroundings, and will furnish a pleasing and interesting sight to the great brotherhood of nomads who are continually passing through the mountains on Canada's pioneer transcontinental road.

The site chosen for the future Swiss villages of Canada lies in the province of British Columbia, on the north side of the main line of the Canadian Pacific Railway. The first village will be situated at the first western mile-stone adjoining the quaint Canadian village of Golden, which embraces within its borders the point of union of the Kicking Horse and the Columbia rivers. Within close range of the western reaches of the Selkirks, on the north bank of the Columbia river lies, sloping to the south, the old farmstead on which the romance-pictured Swiss cottages are to be erected. Along its eastern side foams Hospital Creek, while through the center trickles a small stream fed by limpid springs from the foot hills. The wooded mountains to the south are favorite haunts of deer and bear; the Columbia River teems with fish which are good for eating; the high, rocky peaks to the north, which for nearly every month in the year are snow-capped, are famous as the home of the mountain goat, mountain sheep and the grizzly bear. A movement is on foot to introduce chamois into the mountainous region, which would give further zest to the sportsman's appetite. In every direction in the nearby mountain fastnesses, there are splendid chances for easy hunting, and for snow-shoeing, skiing and tobogganing, while skating and curling are already popular pastimes during the months of snow. Further afield are high virgin peaks yet unclimbed and unnamed, which offer great temptation to the experienced alpinist.

* * *

The new village is to be called "Edelweiss"—the bridal flower of the Swiss—and its location is on a plateau which rises

You Who Get Hungry Between Meals

Don't deny yourself food till meal time.

When that midmorning hunger approaches, satisfy it with Uneeda Biscuit.

These biscuit are little nuggets of nutrition. Each crisp soda cracker contains energy for thirty minutes more work.

Many business men eat them at ten in the morning. So do school children at recess.

They're more nutritive than bread.

You can eat them dry—or with milk.

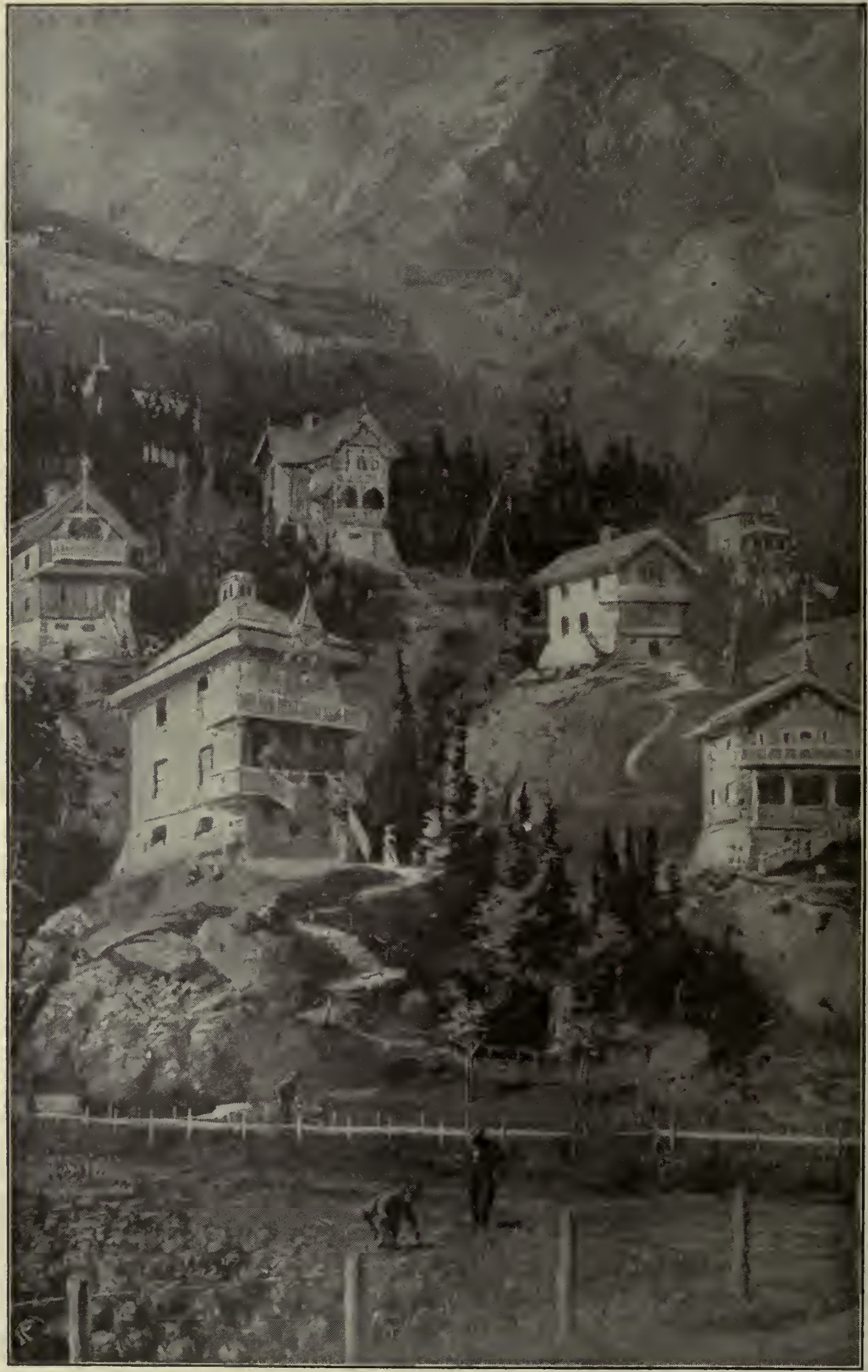
Uneeda Biscuit are always crisp and delightful.

Never sold in bulk

5¢

In the moisture-proof package

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY



"EDELWEISS," THE NEW SWISS VILLAGE IN THE CANADIAN ROCKIES

The village will be distinctly Swiss in all respects, and will give visitors an accurate idea of the home, habits and customs of the Swiss. See Publishers' Department

Victor-Victrola

The most perfect musical instrument the world has ever known.

The Victor-Victrola possesses all the virtues of the famous Victor, but has improved sound-amplifying surfaces instead of a horn and all moving parts are entirely concealed.

Like the Victor "it plays itself", nothing being left to uncertain skill—therefore an artistic rendition is always a certainty.

It brings to you the world's best music, sung and played by the foremost artists, and delivered in a sweet, pure, mellow tone-quality that is absolute perfection.

Victor-Victrola X
$75
Mahogany or oak
Other styles $100, $200, $250
Victors $10 to $100

Victor-Victrola XIV, $150
Mahogany or oak with racks for records

Stop in any store where you see the famous Victor trade-mark and ask to hear the Victor-Victrola. You'll be astonished and wonder why you have waited so long.

Victor Talking Machine Co.
Camden, N. J., U. S. A.
Berliner Gramophone Co., Montreal
Canadian Distributors.

To get best results, use only Victor Needles on Victor Records

Look for the Victor dog on every Victor-Victrola

New Victor Records are on sale at all dealers on the 28th of each month.

two hundred feet from the bottom lands, and within unobstructed view of the passing trains. The spot is most picturesque. The plateau and the hillsides are dotted with clumps of poplar, whose light-greenish leaves pleasingly contrast with the darker shades of fir and spruce. The cottages—half a dozen to start with—will be distinctively Swiss in architectural design, construction and surroundings.

The Columbia River, which flows from Lake Windermere, and other mother lakes about 100 miles south of Golden, is one of the most tortuous waterways in the world. Its course is northwest to a point past Golden called Boat Encampment, where it makes what is called the Big Bend, and turns south again, crossing under the C. P. R. tracks at Revelstoke, the railway having cut across the mountain range to meet it. From here it flows on into the Arrow Lakes, and into United States territory, finally emptying itself into the Pacific Ocean from Oregon, nearly 2,000 miles distant from its source. Between Golden and Windermere there are splendid roads now much used by motors, and these will be extended to Banff and Calgary on the main line of the C. P. R. and to Fort Steele and the Crow's Nest Pass branch of the railway on the south. These roads will be the great automobile highways for motorists through a region that may well be termed the playground of the world, not the least interesting feature of which will be the new "Edelweiss" and its people.

* * *

MISSIVES like the following are appreciated by the publisher more than can well be realized. Favorable comments upon the Washington Department, and sentiments similar to those embodied in the first letter below quoted are unmistakable evidence of the kindly interest taken by our readers in their representatives at the Capital.

"Almost everything in the NATIONAL interests me, especially your 'Affairs at Washington' and old war stories. It is gratifying to find one magazine that has a good word once in a while for some of our public men.—*L. F. Philips, Gravity, Iowa.*

"Of all my reading material, I should miss the NATIONAL most of all. It brings one more in touch—a personal touch—with the personnel of our national law-makers and other national figures. I believe the NATIONAL is filling a long-felt want in this respect.—*A. S. Plummer, M.D., Peoria, Ill.*

"I must say that your photographs and description of the Washington people are fine.—*Mrs. E. A. Nastick, Rock River, O.*

Few of our friends, however, commend the NATIONAL without a word in passing on their favorite among the "Books the People Built."

"I have taken your valued magazine since the World's Fair at St. Louis, where I first heard of the magazine. I have taken it for others as well as myself and I cannot remember how many copies of the "Heart Throbs" and "Happy Habit" I have given away for Christmas and birthday presents.—(*Name withheld.*)

"We think a great deal of the NATIONAL. Your books 'Heart Throbs' and 'Heart Songs' are treasures."—*May & Umbenhauer, Grinnell, Iowa.*

* * *

"UP-TO-DATE advertising" has been superficially considered as practically confined to America and Americans, but our English friends are doing things also, effectively and very originally. When in London, I saw a series of plates by Messrs. Clark, Nichols & Coombs, the great cocoa and caramel manufacturers, that showed remarkable growth in two years' development, and indicated that advertising was as efficacious in England as in America.

The caramels and cocoa of this well-known firm have become immensely popular, and a visit to the factory at Victoria Park showed at a glance why the goods have had and kept such a vogue. Mr. Channing Pelot of the Spottiswoode Advertising Agency, who had charge of this account, went to England with Mr. Paul Derrick, when he visited London some eight years ago to exploit Quaker Oats in Great Britain.

The immense increase of advertising in English periodicals and newspapers, and recent changes in their makeup and illustrations show that advertising as developed in America is being rapidly adopted, and adapted to the trade and business conditions of every civilized country.

Quality
Is
Economy

The Conservation of Resources in Finishing Work means The use of Murphy Varnishes

Labor, Time, Material, are squandered in using the ordinary varnishes.

With Murphy Varnishes, every ounce and moment and stroke is utilized.

You buy no dregs in Murphy Varnish —pay for no extra labor in brushing and rubbing, over and over, to smooth the surface.

Finishes made of Murphy Varnish have the beautiful old age which avoids the costs and the bother of re-varnishing.

Murphy Railway and Motor Car and Carriage and Marine and Piano and Architectural and Furniture Varnishes, Murphy Surfacers and Colors and Stains and Enamels and Konkreto, all have the Economic Qualities.

The Varnish That Lasts Longest

Murphy Varnish Company
FRANKLIN MURPHY, President
Associated with Dougall Varnish Company, Limited, Montreal, Canada

NEWARK, N. J.
CHICAGO, ILLS.

THE HOME

ANN RANDOLPH is at our women readers' service on any subject that may come within the offices of the NATIONAL'S *Home Department. Replies to general questions will be printed unless otherwise requested; particular inquiries will be personally answered.*

ONE wee girlie writes in a plain, bold hand that does justice to her six summers, asking why we don't have a story for the boys and girls. The illustration at the head of "The Home" pages made our little correspondent, who "never saw the NATIONAL before," expect something "just for the children."

Now I like to accommodate nice little girls who are in the "second primary" and able to read "words with fourteen letters," and I believe that little Miss Evelyn and our other small folk will enjoy the tale of "Old Man Ketchum." It's the story of how the twenty-six letters were found, and we'll have a verse every month until we pass *Z*. This time we'll get ready:

Oh, Little Boys and Little Girls,
  I wonder if you've heard
How each and all the letters
  That you find in every word
Were first discovered—but of course
  I know that you have not;
So here's a little story, then,
  For every little tot.
So pull your little chairs about
  And snuggle close to me—
I'll tell you all about it just
  The way 'twas told to me.

Next month we'll have "A," with a picture.

VOGUE in bookland centers about Arnold Bennett—answering Mrs. J. J. D.'s query. That is, the American press so declares. Mr. Bennett's late novels would not, I fear, especially appeal to Mrs. D. or to the average "home" woman. Business women, however, always enjoy his "Journalism for Women," which contains general advice for all business folk. This little book is one of the author's earlier works, and his counsel and information are freely dispensed. With eager eyes and hopeful heart, in days gone by, I read every word of it along with many other "Guides" to the portal of journalism. But now, alas, I remember little of it save the author's references to a certain fault common to woman-kind—that of being late at all times and in all places.

One example outlined by him is particularly annoying. A city editor once assigned to a woman reporting a very important lecture. The evening edition went to press without mention of the event. Inquiries were instituted, and it was found that no copy on the lecture had been received. The woman reporter was sent for, and reached the editorial office late the following after-

THE ORIGINAL AND GENUINE CHARTREUSE

has always been and still is made by the Carthusian Monks (Pères Chartreux), who, since their expulsion from France, have been located at Tarragona, Spain; and, although the old labels and insignia originated by the Monks have been adjudged by the Federal Courts of this country to be still the exclusive property of the Monks, their world-renowned product is nowadays known as

LIQUEUR PÈRES CHARTREUX

—GREEN AND YELLOW—

At first-class Wine Merchants, Grocers, Hotels, Cafés.
Bätjer & Co., 45 Broadway, New York, N. Y.
Sole Agents for the United States.

"Get the Hook"

[TRADE MARK]

"Easy-Grip" Garters

And you won't have to stop on the street to hitch up your sox Web under all metal

Worn so loosely around the leg you simply forget them, still

THEY NEVER SLIP DOWN

"EASY-GRIP" hooks adjust themselves; all edges are well rounded and will not tear. Large, flimsy hose can be held tightly around the leg by taking a big bite, or tight sox held by a few threads.

"EASY-GRIP" never lets go.

Price 25 cents

Mailed for ten 2-cent stamps and dealer's name.

If for any reason you don't think "EASY-GRIP" the best garter you ever wore, money will be cheerfully refunded if goods are returned unsoiled within 30 days.

EASY-GRIP COMPANY
508 S. Dearborn Street, Chicago
Special inducements to agents.

The largest and most complete in North Carolina

Durham Hosiery Mills

Manufacturers of

STAPLE HOSIERY

FOR MEN—WOMEN—CHILDREN

Mills Nos. 1 and 2 located at Durham, N. C.
Mill No. 3 located at High Point, N. C.
" " 4 " " Chapel Hill, "
" " 5 " " Goldsboro, "

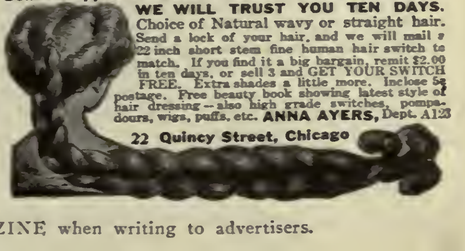
Sold through the jobbing trade

Sales Office: 346 BROADWAY
A. M. CARR, Manager **NEW YORK CITY**

BOOKS

INVALUABLE EVERY-DAY SUGGESTIONS for every member of the family will be found in "Little Helps for Home-makers" which contains over two thousand tested home-hints to lighten the household cares and gladden the heart of the housewife. Sent postage paid, on receipt of $2.00. With National Magazine one year, a $3.50 value, for $2.50. Address M. R. Fraser, 9 Elder St., Dorchester, Mass.

Sent on Approval. Send No Money. $2 HAIR SWITCH.



WE WILL TRUST YOU TEN DAYS. Choice of Natural wavy or straight hair. Send a lock of your hair, and we will mail a 22 inch short stem fine human hair switch to match. If you find it a big bargain, remit $2.00 in ten days, or sell 3 and GET YOUR SWITCH FREE. Extra shades a little more. Inclose 5c postage. Free beauty book showing latest style of hair dressing—also high grade switches, pompadours, wigs, puffs, etc. **ANNA AYERS,** Dept. A123

22 Quincy Street, Chicago

noon. "Well," she explained to the editor, "the lecture was so long and the place was so hot that when it was over I was all done up and went home."

This, you understand, is not Bennett's story verbatim. He tells it in the same terse, delightful way that his novels are written. I think that most of the libraries have the little volume in which any reader will find much entertainment.

* * *

SCIENCE of the fingers has interested many of our readers, if one is to judge by letters "for further particulars" on the palmistry notes published last month. I have pored still further over "The Guide to Palmistry" and find that surprising significance is attached to the thumb. "Every instinct may be modified or completely changed," says Mrs. Henderson, the author of the book, "by the form of the thumb."

Taking size first, we find that "a large thumbed woman is always considerate and clear-headed. Love with her is free and faithful, and she is never a flirt or a coquette. A small-thumbed woman is infinitely more fascinating. Love is her all and all."

Here is a hint for the June bride. Let her look to her husband's thumb. Says Mrs. Henderson: "In marriage it is advisable that a large thumb should be wedded to a small thumb, for if both persons have dominant wills, no happiness can result." But by all means beware of an inordinately large thumb, coupled with a long forefinger. Such persons are "too headstrong for their own good."

Have you any lines in the flesh near the thumb-nail? Then you may hope for legacies. Confidentially, I have discovered nearly a score of these beside one thumbnail, and am "livin' in hopes, Honey," like May Dixon Thacker's "Aunt Lize."

* * *

ADMONITIONS are never pleasant, but Mrs. E. N.'s letter has a timely warning between the lines. "I noticed your letter about mothers training their girls for business," she writes, "and was much interested in it. I am only writing you because I think some mothers whose daughters are already at work will be warned by our awful experience." For Mrs. N.'s young daughter—twenty-two and ambitious—has just become totally blind.

The story of the tragedy is not unique. Miss N. used her eyes all day and, in an evening school course, practically all night. Frequent headaches were usually quieted with "powders"; the eyes were never given a thought, until, one day, they refused then and forever to perform their function.

So much advice is published every day on the same subject that my comment upon care of the eyes would be superfluous. Mrs. N. reproaches herself for allowing her daughter to attempt evening study; "a mother who does this," she declares, "will rue the day of night schools, as I have." I am not sure that these schools should be so sweepingly condemned. Glasses for reading, a shade for glaring light, boracic acid, or plain salt and water, for an eye-bath—these common helps lessen the strain on the "windows of the soul" and are almost indispensable to the girl who must read and sew.

Ann Randolph.

* * * * * *

LITTLE HELPS FOR HOME-MAKERS

A VIRGINIA DISH

The Misses Isabelle and Virginia Heard

In a baking dish place alternate layers of sliced apples and sliced boiled sweet potatoes, each layer sweetened and flavored with nutmeg; add a lump of butter, pour over a little water and bake slowly until the top is nicely browned; serve in dish in which it is baked. *Delicious.*

WHEN BAKING APPLES

By Mrs. Wm. C. Kneale

A new way to bake sweet apples. Put the apples in a stew pan over the fire with a cup of sugar to a pint of water, let them boil until tender, but whole, and the water all in the apples; then put in dripping pan in a good oven for a short time. They are very juicy and firm.

Do You Use Press Clippings?

It will more than pay you to secure our extensive service covering all subjects, trade and personal, and get the benefit of the best and most systematic reading of all papers and periodicals, here and abroad, at minimum cost. Why miss taking advantage for obtaining the best possible service in your line?

Our service is taken by all progressive business men, publishers, authors, collectors, etc., and is the card index for securing what you want and need, as every article of interest is at your daily command.

Write for terms, or send your order for 100 clippings at $5 or 1000 clippings at $35.

Special Rates quoted on Large Orders.

THE MANHATTAN PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU

ARTHUR CASSOT, Prop.

Cambridge Building, 334 Fifth Ave., cor. 33d St.
Established in 1888 NEW YORK

COOPER'S
Spring-Needle Knit UNDERWEAR

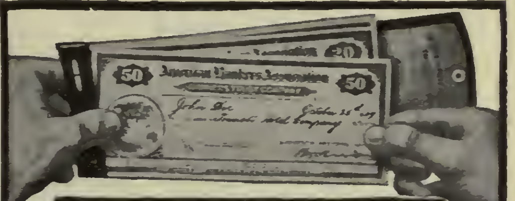
"That's what I want!"

Every man who will *insist* on Cooper's and be sure it bears the Cooper Trade Mark will always get perfect underwear satisfaction. There is no "same as" nor "just as good" for

we make the machines that make the goods—the kind with the stretch.

Best dealers carry a complete line of the various styles, weights and colors. Sample of fabric and booklet giving prices on request.

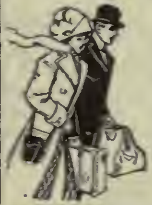
COOPER MFG. CO., Bennington, Vt.



AMERICAN BANKERS ASSOCIATION TRAVELERS' CHEQUES

Safer and Handier than Money.

You know the risk and inconvenience of carrying much actual money. The *safe and handy way* is to have one of those neat wallets well filled with $100, $50, $20, and $10 ***"A.B.A." Cheques,*** obtained from leading bankers. To pay bills ***anywhere,*** simply tear out cheques, countersign them and tender as ***so much cash.***



They are taken at par in most countries and in the rest at New York or London Exchange rates.

Write to Bankers Trust Company, 7 Wall St., New York, for information as to where you can obtain these cheques in your vicinity and interesting booklet, "The Self Identifying Cheque"

BUY THEM FROM YOUR OWN BANKER
OR IF HE CANNOT SUPPLY THEM APPLY TO
BANKERS TRUST COMPANY. NEW YORK CITY.

$526.00 From A Five Cent Clipping

If you are interested in learning how it was done send for our Booklet, which tells about our:

Trade News Service
Current Topics Service
Personal Item Service
Literary Department

The International Press Clipping Bureau receives, reads and clips, 55,000 publications daily and weekly papers, monthly magazines, trade, literary and religious papers, etc.

Write us stating your line of business, or in what you are interested, and we will show you, without expense to you, how we can serve you.

International Press Clipping Bureau

R 403 **378 Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.**

FOR MUSH

By Nettie Rand Miller

When frying mush, dip the slices first in the white of an egg, and it will be fine and crisp.

For the Food Chopper

When running dates, figs or raisins through the food-chopper, add a few drops of lemon juice; it will prevent the fruit from clogging the chopper.

For Callous Spots

For hard or callous places on the feet, take equal parts of vaseline, pulverized gum-camphor and turpentine, mix thoroughly and rub a little on the places every night; rub it well; this is also good for cuts or bruises.

A NEW "STICKER"

Mrs. W. Boyd Wilson

A ten-cent can of black sorghum mixed with one and one-half quarts of water; then apply with a brush to a painted wall; if it is papered in the usual way, the wall-paper will stick forever. As many do their own papering in the spring of the year, this may be of interest.

A Home-Made Mop

A most excellent mop for hardwood floors can be made in this way: Take about twelve old stocking tops, cut open and sew together on the machine and fasten in the mop handle; this leaves no lint and never scratches the highest polished surface.

CHEESE OLIVES

By Mrs. Jack Johnson

Into a saucepan put one-half pint of milk, three ounces butter; season to suit taste. When this boils, stir in five ounces of flour, and take from fire; add three eggs and four ounces grated cheese. Sprinkle a little flour on board, roll into pieces the size of a walnut; dip in beaten egg, then in bread crumbs, and fry to a golden brown in boiling lard.

Fill with the following custard: One-half pint milk, four eggs, one teaspoonful flour, a pinch of salt. As soon as it comes to a boil, add one ounce bread crumbs, and three ounces grated cheese. Mix lightly, and fill the olives. Serve in a napkin and garnish with parsley. Delicious.

A SEWING HINT

By E. C. F.

If, in these days of using pins instead of basting, you will wind the arm of your machine with three-quarter inch strips of thick wool cloth, to put the pins into when not in use, you will find it much handier than laying them on the machine table where they are sure to become scattered over the floor.

USE OF BRAN WATER

By Mrs. Caroline Vinton Henry

An effectual and harmless dirt-remover is bran-water; it cannot be surpassed. Place in a cloth bag some bran, pour boiling water upon it and let it stand several minutes; squeeze the bag and remove, when the water is ready for use.

In washing painted or hardwood floors, it will be found invaluable; the dirt is quickly removed and the original finish of the wood is retained.

For washing printed fabrics it has no equal, for it will not injure the most delicate colors.

An important consideration is that it does not injure the hands; on the contrary, bran is an excellent skin-whitener and beneficial when used in the bath.

Household Uses for Salt

Brooms soaked in hot salt water wear better.

Salt dissolved in ammonia, or alcohol, will remove grease spots.

Salt thrown on any burning substance will stop the smoke and blaze.

All vegetables that harbor insects, such as cauliflower, lettuce, or cabbage, should stand in a solution of salt water before they are used.

Rattan, bamboo or basket furniture may be thoroughly cleaned with brush and salt water.

Bedroom floors may be kept cool and very fresh in summer if wiped daily with a cloth wrung out of a strong solution of salt water; microbes, moths and pests are thus destroyed.

DISCOLORED FRUIT JARS

By "F. B."

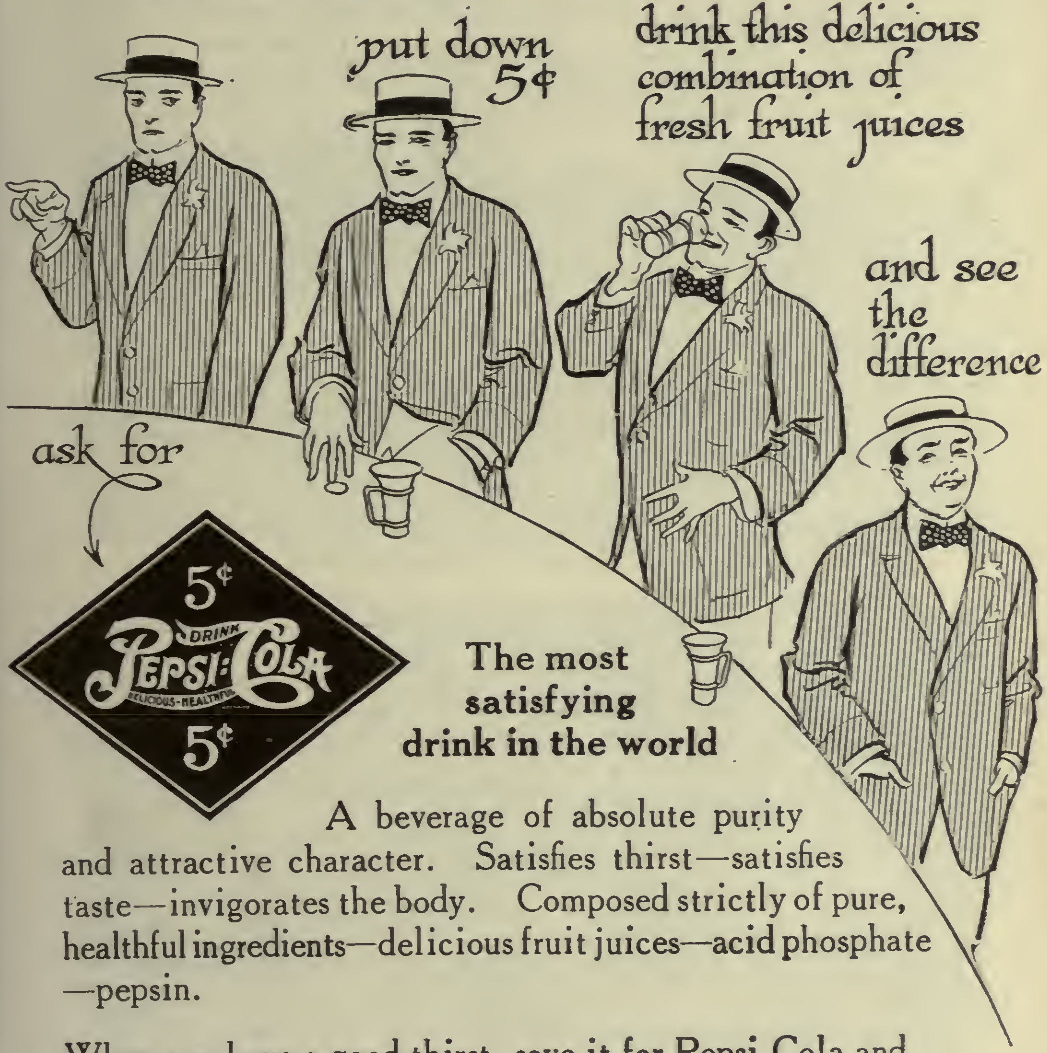
In using my canned goods during the winter I often notice jars, particularly those having had fruits put up in spiced vinegar in them, which have a brownish, dusky appearance after they have been thoroughly washed. I find hot suds and any amount of rubbing with dish mop will not make glass clear. Having found a never-failing remedy, I wish others to be helped by it. Fill the jar with warm water adding a teaspoonful of household ammonia. Set the jar in a sunny window or on a shelf near stove. Let it stand a few hours and wash with dish mop, rinse in warm water and the glass will be clear as new. By this same process I clean my vinegar cruet and medicine bottles.

NEW WAY TO COOK FISH

By Mrs. W. E. Bell

Put a fork through the tail of a fine trout, and hold over sink; pour boiling water over fish until the backbone begins to curve; then skin it and clean it; stuff with dressing same as chicken; bake; make milk gravy; cut crosswise and serve. It is fine.

You're thirsty
Do this—


put down 5¢
drink this delicious combination of fresh fruit juices
and see the difference
ask for

5¢
DRINK
PEPSI-COLA
DELICIOUS-HEALTHFUL
5¢

The most satisfying drink in the world

A beverage of absolute purity and attractive character. Satisfies thirst—satisfies taste—invigorates the body. Composed strictly of pure, healthful ingredients—delicious fruit juices—acid phosphate—pepsin.

When you have a good thirst, save it for Pepsi-Cola and the pleasure of it and the benefit.

"There's a difference"

Ask at all fountains—5c **also in bottles at dealers 5c**

FOR MILDEW STAINS

By Mrs. M. L. Rumnell

Wet the cloth and rub on soap and chalk, mixed together, and lay in the sun; or lay the cloth in buttermilk for a short time, take out and lay in the hot sun; or put lemon juice on and treat in the same way.

Morocco Leather

Morocco leather may be restored with a varnish of the white of an egg. Try it.

"Love of a Bonnet"

Two scraps of foundation,
Some fragments of lace;
A shower of French rosebuds
To droop o'er the face.

Fine ribbons and feathers,
With crape and illusion;
Then mix and "derange" them
In graceful confusion.

Inveigle some fairy,
Out roaming for pleasure,
And beg the slight favor
Of taking her measure.

The length and the breadth
Of her dear little pate,
And hasten a miniature
Frame to create.

Then pour as above,
The bright mixture upon it,
And lo! you possess
Such a "love of a bonnet!"

BEDBUG EXTERMINATOR

By Mrs. Theo. Wonzon

Use this mixture for bedbugs, an easily prepared, most effectual destroyer:—To a quart of ammonia, use a cupful of salt and apply to cracks.

Birdina Cocoa

A nice drink which we have named "Birdina Cocoa" is made by adding a large teaspoonful of cocoa to a cup of green tea; sweeten and add cream to suit the taste.

For the Cabbage Worm

The most effectual destroyer for the cabbage worm is a teaspoonful of black pepper sifted on the cabbage.

A VALUABLE HINT

By Mrs. W. A. Davis

One day a lady, when calling at my home, gave me a little hint which I took advantage of as soon as she had gone. I was delighted, as you will be, when you discover that you can remove that unsightly white spot from the polished top of your dining-room table, caused by a hot dish, by simply saturating a piece of cloth with essence of peppermint and rubbing spot with it.

TO SCREEN BATH-ROOM WINDOWS

By E. B.

If you wish to screen bath-room windows or any other without excluding the light, paint them with the preparation made by dissolving pulverized gum tragacanth for twenty-four hours in the white of eggs. Apply to the window panes with a soft brush.

For the Shoe

Warm the soles of new shoes. While they are warm paint them with copal varnish. When it dries, paint them again. Three such coats will not only make the soles water-proof but will make them last twice as long.

For Sprains and Bruises

An infallible remedy for all sprains and bruises attended with pain or inflammation is a poultice of hot molasses and salt. Stir the molasses stiff with salt. Apply with a muslin bandage and cover well so as to retain the heat.

For The Window Screen

It is not generally known that if window screens are painted with a thin white paint instead of with black as they often are, that those inside the house may look through the screen the same as before, while outsiders cannot see inside.

HELPS FOR WASH DAY

By Mrs. E. C. L.

I have found spirits of camphor the best of anything to remove fruit stains. Saturate the spot with camphor, then pour boiling water through the stain. Camphor alone will generally remove the fruit stain, but I always use the hot water as an added precaution.

For grass stains rub well with molasses, if that does not remove the stain entirely, use alcohol.

Oxalic acid will remove all old stains. Get oxalic acid in crystals, put in bottle, pour cold water over. Dilute the acid for use and then make stronger if necessary.

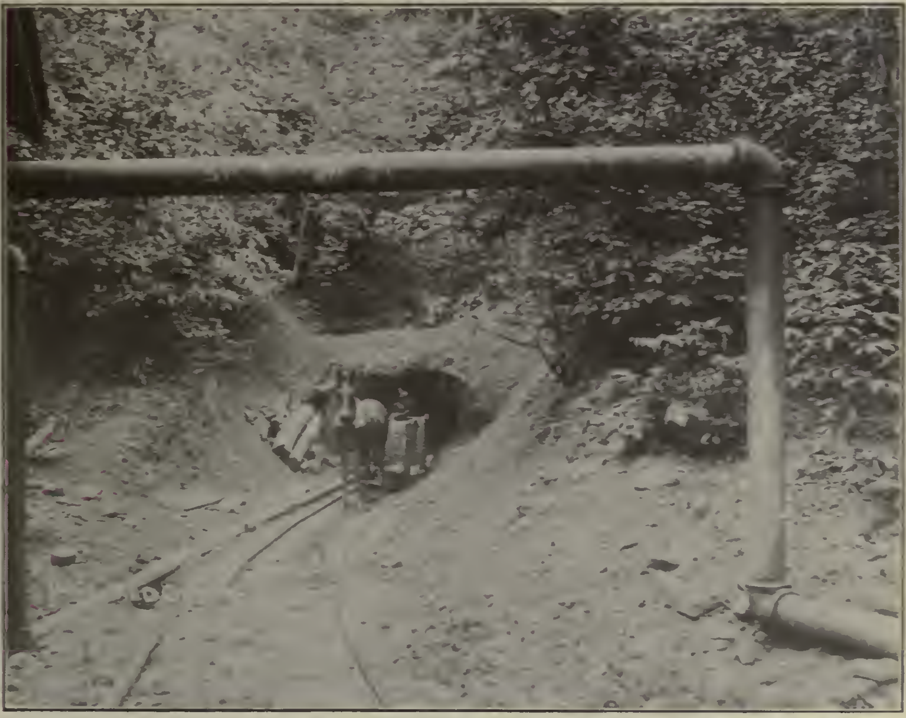
It is a deadly poison, keep away from children. Touch only spots and rinse with clear, cold water, then wet spots in ammonia, rinse again. It will remove fruit, ink and leather stains.

A NEW WAY TO SHINE A STOVE

By Mrs. K. E. Holden

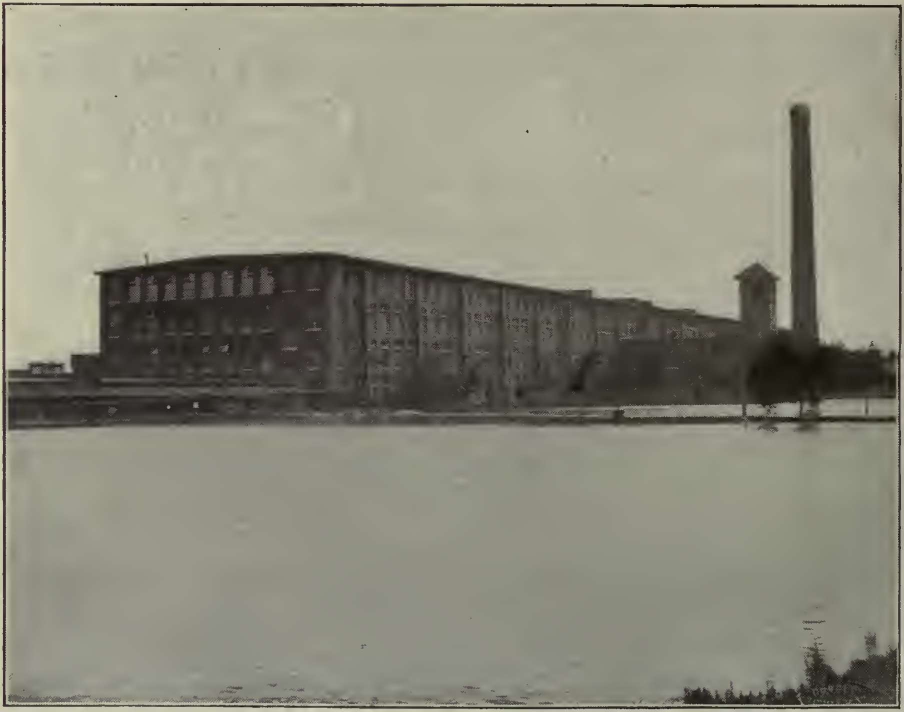
Many women ruin their hands polishing a kitchen range. I find the best way to make a range shine is merely take a cloth, dip into your dishwater, which is more or less greasy after washing the dishes, and rub the stove off. If this method is used every day, you need never use stove polish and your stove will shine and look like new.

COOSA RIVER SCENE, GADSDEN, ALABAMA



IRON ORE MINES OF THE HAMMOND MINING COMPANY, GADSDEN, ALABAMA

IRON FURNACE OF ALABAMA CONSOLIDATED COAL & IRON COMPANY, GADSDEN, ALABAMA



COTTON MILLS OF DWIGHT MANUFACTURING COMPANY, GADSDEN, ALABAMA

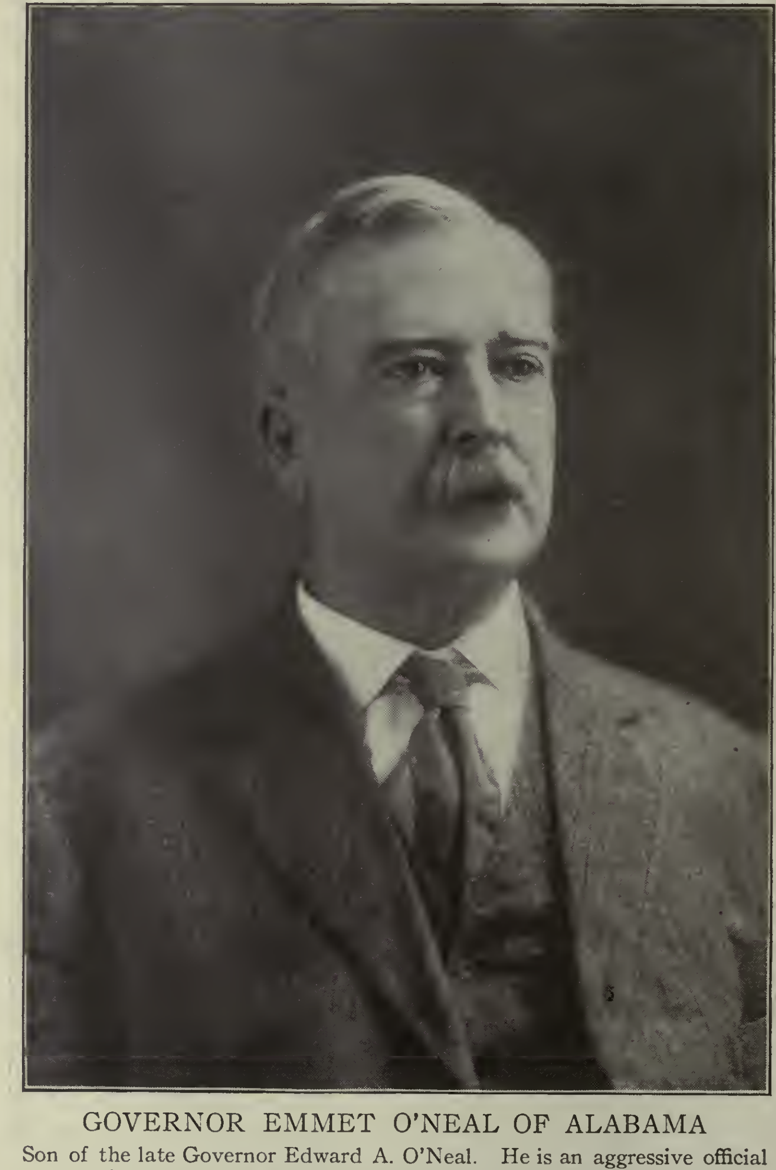
PICKING EARLY BEANS ON A FARM NEAR LOXLEY, ALABAMA—ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTY HAMPERS PER ACRE AT $2.50 PER HAMPER

JAPANESE PERSIMMON GROVE ON A FARM NEAR ROSENTON, ALABAMA

A SATSUMA ORANGE TREE NEAR BATTLE'S WHARF

AN EARLY CORN CROP IN STOCK IN ALABAMA

MOONLIGHT ON THE BAYOU LA BATRE

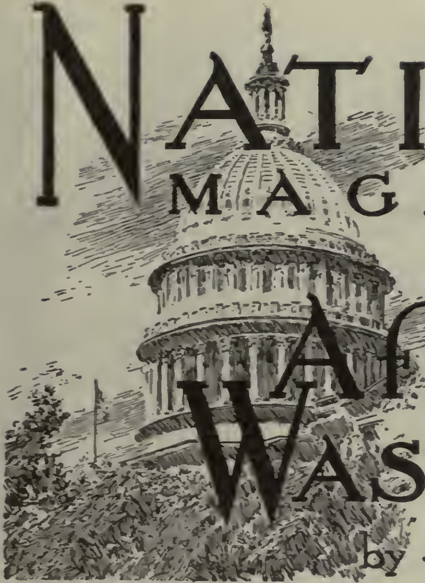


GOVERNOR EMMET O'NEAL OF ALABAMA

Son of the late Governor Edward A. O'Neal. He is an aggressive official and is accomplishing great things for his state. He is a lawyer by profession, having been admitted to the bar in 1875. Has also been United States attorney for northern Alabama district and president of the Alabama Bar Associaton

NATIONAL MAGAZINE

JULY, 1911



Affairs at WASHINGTON

by Joe Mitchell Chapple

APPROPRIATE memories of the first Fourth of July were recalled by Congress in session at the time of the national anniversary. The scene at Washington on July 4, 1911, was scarcely suggestive of that day at Philadelphia in 1776 when the old bellringer gave the tidings of the Declaration of Independence. Some patriotic members made an excursion to Philadelphia to stand within the hall where the Republic was declared.

The crowds were thronged for merrymaking; a "safe and sane" Fourth of July policy prohibited dangerous explosives, and lives were saved. But scarcely a Congressman remained in Washington for the Fourth who had not some memory of former celebrations in the old days "back home." Many of them initiated their public career by reciting with stentorian voice under the old trees in front of the Town Hall the stirring sentences of the Declaration of Independence to lead off the "Exercises" for the day. How like the auburn-haired, mellow-voiced Jefferson did they feel as they reiterated the sentiments of the historic old document! Later in the day there was the Fourth of July oration, a momentous event, in which the eagle duly soared.

FIRECRACKERS blazed on the White House lawn, and on the vacant lots, in picnic groves and in streets and back yards—for even the "sane and safe" regulation cannot entirely quench the militant ardor of the American youth in celebrating the Fourth of July. Yet it is in foreign lands that these celebrations touch the heart and bring to mind most forcibly the memories of the "land of the free." Just the sight of that beautiful old flag, unfolding gently in alien breezes, thrills the heart of every American.

The absence of flags in piping times of peace is a somewhat sad commentary upon the spirit of patriotism. It seemed refreshing to find, here and there, a household or a business block that had just enough thoughtfulness to fling to the breezes the starry banner created one hundred and thirty-five years ago.

Although these outward evidences of patriotic fervor may not be so pronounced in these days, the deep and abiding faith in the republic is firmer today than ever before. The average American just takes it for granted that no such thing could be contemplated as the dissolution of the nation that floats the stars and stripes. However much our countrymen may disagree in political views, no writer, no thinker—even the most pessimistic philosopher—can bring himself even to suggest a disintegration of the government so indissolubly bound together by the Declaration of Independence. The spirit of that document prevails today as does no other. It is the common ground upon which all people of all parties stand united—the basis of Americanism. Do trusts grow great and threatening? There is the Supreme Court and judiciary to call a halt. Is federal law and authority defied? There is the President, with his power to hold it in check. Are development or improved new conditions to be met by new laws? Congress has always been equal to the task of making and enacting legislation.

Senator setting off fireworks—a safe and sane Fourth

So in the triumphant triumvirate, in the three branches of government, executive, judiciary and legislative, we sleep in peace of nights, and another glorious Fourth glides into history with a fitting remembrance at the National Capital, where Congress is in session, endeavoring to mold law as on that hot day in '76. Some cynics insist that when they adjourn or finally "declare" on tariff schedules there will be bellringing and rejoicing in every city, town and hamlet throughout the land.

ONE more magnificent structure has been added to the "real sights" of the capital city with the completion of the Pan American Union building. The tourist has not "done" Washington who has not visited the great edifice where, under the direction of Mr. John Barrett, a continent is considered in the making.

The new building is of beautiful white marble, and the artistic Latin-American idea of elegance is suggested even in the exterior. Once inside the real Latinistic charm enhances all who gaze upon the playing fountain of Aztec design, carved by Gertrude Vanderbilt Whitney. One feels indeed that he is in the patio of a Latin-American domicile. The beauty of the court, arched only by the azure sky, reminds one of the scenes described by that incomparable writer of tropical glories, the late Lafcadio Hearn.

By means of an electric contrivance, in the winter months a roof is provided for the court, in which tropical luxuriance radiates winter and summer. In rich, dark wood and gold trimmings, the surrounded eaves suggest the majestic art of the Incas of Peru. The tiled roof, the handsome decorations, the statuary, the courts and the awe-inspiring atmosphere, all evidence the homogeneous tone of the Latin-American republics.

On the first floor are located the spacious offices of the Union, and on the second, leading from an imposing stairway, is the handsome assembly room, known as the "Hall of Americas," in which the beautiful prismatic crystals of the chandelier and the perfect decorations of the room, with its gilded chairs, remind one of the palatial salons of the Louis in France. This room is considered one of the most artistic meeting-halls in Washington.

In the Governing Board room twenty-one republics are represented by delegates at business convocations. Each one of the massive twenty-two high-backed chairs bears the coat-of-arms of a republic. The great oval center table is a rare piece of workmanship, the finest of its kind in the world, and the product of the well-known Derby Desk Company of Boston.

Immediately in the rear of the sparkling fountain, great throngs of visitors were gathered about a relief map of Latin

EX-GOVERNOR JOSEPH FORNEY JOHNSTON
UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM ALABAMA

America. A glance at this work when Editor Franklin Adams, of the Pan American *Bulletin*, was close at hand, furnished a continent's geography lesson in tabloid form. The northern part of South America is here revealed as a veritable island, as the Orinoco River source nearly touches the head waters of the Amazon. Ocean steamers far up the Amazon, almost across the entire continent, and reaching the foothills of the Andes, within an air-line of five hundred miles of the Pacific coast, are shown on this map. Most of the country has been traversed by Mr. Adams in an extended expedition through the interior of South America. The map shows every railroad built, and also those in process of construction. The road over the Andes, and the network that covers thriving Argentina and empiric Brazil, Chile and other republics of South America, show the arteries of steel in whose wake follows marvelous development.

HON. JOHN BARRETT
Director of the Pan American Union

The interrogations from the many visitors who stood about this map of the Southern continent indicated the increasing interest of North Americans in their Southern neighbors. The high-school boy from Omaha was proud to have an audience upon whom he could impress his progress in Spanish. "Si, si, Senor," he said carefully half a dozen times, but when someone remarked with envy upon the magnificence of South American forests, he burst out indignantly, "Gee, I'd rather see corn tassels," and abandoned the cultivated accent.

On the upper balustrade the visitor may look upon the statues of Latin-American heroes. Each republic is to send a bust of its favorite national character for a niche in this Hall of Fame. Mexico recently sent on Juarez, and when his grandson recently visited the Bureau, the likeness was pronounced excellent.

Washington is no longer strange to the citizens of the Latin-American republics, who now feel that in this building of the Pan American Union they have a real home. Many hundreds of tourists come every day to look upon the headquarters of this great modern movement. The memorial erected to Honorable James G. Blaine, the founder of the Union, is given the place of honor in the hall.

The Pan American Union building stands almost beneath Washington monument, and will be an important one of the magnificent group of buildings on the Potomac's great mall. The Union has assumed proportions that make it a vivid reality.

* * *

AS I saw President Taft in the box at the Belasco Theater, witnessing for the second time William Hodge's presentation of "The Man from Home," thoughts came to mind of that more tragic scene at the Ford Theater on Tenth Street many years ago, and I reflected on the great change that had taken place in the general condition of our country since that day. The President was especially appreciative in his genial enjoyment of the young actor who was impersonating the Hoosier lawyer, perfectly oblivious to the notable guest who sat above him in the box. Never for a moment were the audience diverted from the charm of the story, and the President seemed especially pleased that "The Man from Home," besides being a home play, was also a tribute to the profession of law.

After the curtain had fallen and as the last strains of "Sweet Genevieve" died away, the President again arose to applaud Mr. Hodge, looking toward the stage whence the idyllic love song still seemed to linger on the air. Then the President, with strangely light footfalls, left the foyer, evidently under the same spell that charms everyone after an evening with William Hodge and "The Man from Home."

When Ida Vernon, with a stage career reaching back to Richmond before the war, rendered with superb majesty and energy her magnificent lines in the third act, she was given a most appreciative ovation. Never have I seen a Washington audience respond more quickly and enthusiastically to a play. There was no giggling or explosive hysteria such as follows some so-called comedies, but a jolly round of clear enjoyment and hearty, sympathetic laughter.

The remark was made by a French journalist present that in this theater that night he learned more of American characteristics than in all his weeks of most studious observations.

When a President sits down to enjoy himself amid his fellow-Americans of all ranks and stations, including Senators, Representatives and diplomats, and all join together in a hearty chorus of laughter at the theater, there is little to be feared for the republic, for the sense of humor is emphatically the true "saving grace" of all American qualities.

* * *

UNCLE SAM'S traveling expenses have been an interesting phase of the investigations of Dr. Frederick A. Cleveland, the government economy expert at Washington. Over $12,000,000 is annually expended by federal officials for traveling expenses. This includes the mileage at ten cents a mile allowed to Congressmen. A tip of twenty-five cents a day is allowed government travelers to Pullman porters, but tips to waiters at hotels must not appear in Uncle Sam's expense accounts. There can be no "padding" nowadays, for all bills have to be itemized down to decimals. The total expenditure of the United States government is more than a billion dollars a year, and Senator Aldrich first drew attention to the possibilities of saving $300,000,000 per annum if the government was run on a practical basis and if the customs and plans of a well-conducted private or corporate business were adopted.

This investigation, instituted by former Secretary Norton, is now transferred to the shoulders of Mr. Hilles, of the executive department, and he has the problem of reducing some of the items enrolled in the "expense account" mentioned as a direct policy of the administration.

MISS IDA VERNON
Who appeared with William Hodge in "The Man From Home" before President Taft in Washington and whose splendid work was heartily applauded

* * *

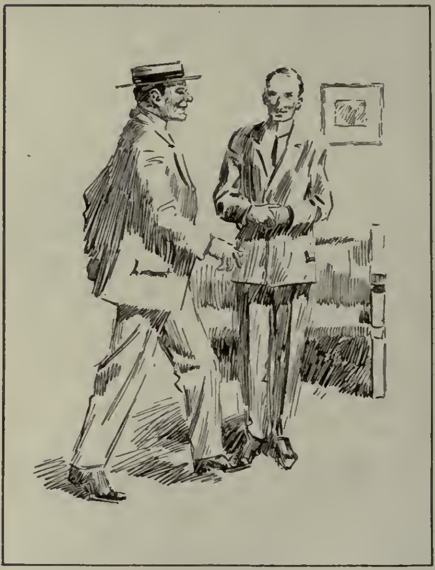
RECOLLECTIONS of the old office in the White House where Secretary Cortelyou used to keep a close eye on those waiting outside to see the President often come to mind. Mr. Cortelyou would appear in the reception room every few minutes just to see how things were going. It was said that about the time he saw a visitor ready to boil with indignation—to "blow up" at the delay—he would arrange to shoot him in, and the change of expression from wounded vanity to pleasure and anticipation as the visitor picked up and brushed off his coat to be presented to the President, was a contrast that would interest even a student of psychology.

Before and after waiting to interview the President

The responsibility of the President's Secretary is not always appreciated. He must know not only what is going on inside, but outside as well, and must be able to give free and full attention not only to old friends, but to all possible new friends of his chief. For the well-seasoned secretary realizes that it is necessary to keep recruiting friends day by day and hour by hour. It requires careful study to know just what to do in order to hold together the chain of friends—the warm and cold friends, the old and new friends; the treacherous callers, the deceitful ones, all have to pass through the same hopper. There is the long-winded friend, the short-winded friend who "listens" well, the friend with a grievance, the friend with a passing fancy of basking in official smiles—all these must be classified by the trained secretarial eye. The Secretary must know when, what and why without asking too many questions. Never did a position require tact with such a large capital T.

* * *

AT midnight on March 10 the great regulating clocks in France were stopped for the space of nine minutes and twenty-one seconds, to keep step with the standard time of the rest of the civilized world, whose chronometers, starting from the meridian of Greenwich in "perfidious Albion," are arbitrarily set one hour behind at each succeeding zone, as at the 15th, 30th, 45th, 60th and 75th degrees of longitude, and so on, around the world.



After having been admitted to the Executive office

With this concession ends the long-established "meridian of Paris," for centuries the basis of French science and cartography.

Courtesy of Pan-American Bulletin

FRANKLIN ADAMS

Editor of the *Pan-American Bulletin*, the official organ of the Pan-American Union, Washington

SPECIAL sessions of Congress mean one perpetual "Busy Day" for the Secret Service men. A flood of cranks pour into Washington during the summer months, and especially when Congress is in session. The man with the draft of a million dollars on the Treasury appears intermittently. Then there is the individual who fancies that he is King George V, entering the State Department, with provisions for the Coronation.

"Uncle Jim" Wilson at the Agricultural Department has his full quota and then some. One man arrived with a box and was ready to demonstrate the advantages of his "new and improved" pigsty. He insisted that he could prove that pigs, if kept in cleanliness in his new style pen, would become naturally clean and that the Department of Agriculture would need to issue no more warnings on the impurities of pork. Then there was the inventor of a grasshopper preventative, and a patent bug killer "guaranteed to kill 'em by the *billion.*"

THE LATE SENATOR MORGAN

* * *

THE silver wedding anniversary of President Taft was celebrated at the White House in the merry month of June. More than twelve thousand invitations were issued, and it seemed as if nearly everyone who had been invited was there.

It was a memorable as well as a delightful occasion, as the silver wedding of a President had never been celebrated at the White House since the incumbency of President Hayes. The duties of hostess were graciously and gracefully performed by Mrs. Taft, although it was thought that she was not quite equal to the ordeal of being hostess as well as receiving thousands of guests.

As the guests arrived and departed in the long and beautiful June twilight, a very army of "fair women and brave men," in beautiful costumes and gay uniforms, filled the brilliantly lighted halls, gay with decorations and rare exotics and foliage.

Everybody was in merry mood, and if courteous congratulations and innumerable good wishes can please it is doubtful if there has ever been an occasion more enjoyed by the President.

* * *

A STORY told in Washington of Senator John T. Morgan brings a thrill of pride to every Alabamian. A university professor from sedate and scholastic New England, who was listening in rapt attention to one of Senator Morgan's exhaustive debates, became curious to know what college had produced so eloquent a graduate. He insisted that the Senator's language and style reminded him of Burke, Macaulay and all the other great English orators and stylists. Imagine his surprise to learn later that Senator Morgan never attended a college, but like many other old-time Southern boys, was educated at home. Much of his time when a boy was spent with the old classics, and from these he acquired that stately diction for which he was famous.

In his early youth Senator Morgan spent much of his time in the country among the Indians. Former Secretary of the Navy Hilary A. Herbert tells the story of how the Senator as a boy was out with the son of an Indian chief. In some way the Indian boy was bitten by a rattlesnake and died, while young Morgan was left to tell the news, fearing the suspicious wrath of the chief. After the story was told in breathless agony by young Morgan a missionary present turned to the father and offered consolation, and asked him anxiously on behalf of the young man's story, "What do you think of it?"

With a shrug of his shoulders, the Indian chief replied with the stoicism

Courtesy of Pan-American Bulletin

FRANCISCO J. YÁNES
Assistant Director of the Pan-America Union

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Harris & Ewing

SENATOR ROBERT LOVE TAYLOR OF TENNESSEE

characteristic of his race, "A darned shame."

The sturdy and rugged figure of Senator Morgan will long be remembered in the National Capitol for his long and useful career.

* * *

DELIBERATE and leisurely in movement, I can never watch Senator Robert Taylor's progress along the Senate corridor but I wish he would produce that violin which has so prominent a place at his home, and would vary the monotony by tuning up the E string and fiddling some of those typical Taylor selections which bring folks down to their feet in an all-hands-round breakdown.

No Tennesseean is better known than Senator Taylor, who has for many years represented his state in the Senate and has thrice been Governor of Tennessee. A politician in a state of active politics, he has won out in many a hard-fought campaign, and when on one occasion he ran against his own brother for the governorship, onlookers everywhere insisted that this was truly a "fiddling" contest. Yet the Senator has never played in public, nor on the stump nor in a canvass—nor, in fact, has his indefatigable brother "Alf." The Senator can scratch out a merry tune with his left hand—but he is not a "public performer."

HON. OSCAR W. UNDERWOOD
Representative from the Ninth Congressional district of Alabama and chairman of the Ways and Means Committee of the United States House of Representatives

As an orator Senator Taylor has few equals, and when it comes to amusing an audience, "Senator Bob" has an inexhaustible repertory of fun. He personifies the Southern chivalry of the old school, and has made many friends since his advent into senatorial circles. His constituents write enthusiastically to the NATIONAL about his work, and this appreciation of the folks at home is like sweet incense to the statesman in Washington.

* * *

AN Irishman was to make an important address at the annual meeting of the Hibernians. He had finished up a review of the ancient glory of the Irish race and what they had accomplished, calling attention to Daniel O'Connell, the Duke of Wellington, and other dominant figures of Irish history. Then he took it to his Representative, thinking of course that a little touch of Congressional dignity would add to its effectiveness. As he read it, the Congressman closed his eyes and listened intently to the ringing words, then complimented the author upon his splendid production.

"But, Pat," he said, "you ought to have something that brings it down to date. Give it a personal touch, you know. Yours is a little too much on the Patrick Henry style, I fear. A trifle antique, so to speak. Now why not have a peroration with the present-day touch? Describe the stirring scenes of the Civil War in which your countrymen had so prominent a part. Add to it a little Mexican border flavor. And for effect don't leave out Sherman's definition, 'War is hell.' "

The fateful night of the oration came, and Pat began his speech with all the fervor of Irish eloquence. Finally, in reaching the last part—the peroration which his Congressman had suggested—he hesitated a moment. He was lost. Two things were uppermost in his mind—bringing the speech down to date and the Sherman quotation. "I tell you, gentlemen," he thundered, "I tell you that war—that as we see the great procession of our sons marching past on to victory—on to war—parading on fields of battle and going—direct to *hell*—as General Sherman so well said—I"—

When son Patrick tittered he realized his mistake. Without a moment's hesitation, he continued, "You don't think so, gentlemen? Well, now—coming down to date, aren't they having a hell of a war down on the Mexican border?"

SETH BROWN
Editor of "Standard Advertising" and one of Chicago's constellation of brainy advertising stars

"Say, Dad," broke in his son, "you got that Congressional hell pretty well mixed. Try a Dutch oven."

* * *

FOR twenty years the Montauk Club, of Brooklyn, New York, has honored Chauncey M. Depew by a banquet to celebrate the anniversary of his birth. At this twentieth annual dinner, the seventy-seventh birthday of Senator Depew, and the fiftieth anniversary of his entrance to public life, an address was made by the inimitable after-dinner speaker which rang with the optimism and buoyant hope that has always characterized his career. Skilfully he outlined his half century's experience in public life, from the time he entered the legislature as a struggling young lawyer until his retirement, full of years and honors.

"I was elected a member of the Legislature in 1861," he said. "1911 rounds out fifty years in intimate contact with public life or in the public service. The thought which most impresses itself upon me is that the functions of government, the rights of the citizen, the influence of laws upon the people have entirely changed during that period; I think, emphatically for the better. The iconoclast has been abroad and shattered the most cherished images of the fathers. If one of the framers of the Constitution could be reincarnated and visit us today, he would find the same great instrument almost unchanged, still the fundamental law of the land, but he would discover that legislation forced by the growth of the country, the rapid development of its resources, the influences of steam and electricity, had compelled the enactment of restrictive laws which he would regard as tyrannical restrictions upon individual liberty, and that those laws had been sustained as constitutional by the interpretations of the Supreme Court. He would discover that these interpretations had so treated the general principles of his Constitution as to make them applicable and serviceable for a progress so radical as to seem to him revolutionary. Jefferson pinned his faith on the individual. He emphatically declared, 'That government is best which governs least.' His idea was to give the freest reign to individual initiative, effort and achievement. It was this which made him opposed to slavery and anxious for its abolition. The ideas of Jefferson controlled the legislation of the Republic down to the Civil War. The first break in the traditional sentiments and principles which had so long governed us was when the Supreme Court found warrant in the Constitution to raise armies to coerce sovereign states and compel them to remain within the Union; not only to raise armies, but to incur gigantic debts and expand the revenue in every possible direction to establish the fact that the Union of the States is indestructible and eternal."

The speech, with its sparkling humor, its indescribable charm and eloquence, showed that the Chauncey Depew of our father's day had not changed a whit.

Still he worked in his unexpected jokes with a genius that has made him America's best-loved postprandial orator. In speaking of pure food improvements, he said:

"My breakfast for years has been one boiled egg. I found recently when I took it out of the shell that it was as lively as soda water when the bottle is first opened. It had fermented. I felt as did Horace Greeley who, at a formal dinner, was so absorbed in his talk that not noting what he was eating, he got a mouthful of the sorbet which was concocted of Jamaica rum. Angry and spluttering, he turned savagely to his hostess and shouted, 'Madam, I never drink intoxicating liquors, and you know it, but if I did, I don't want my rum frozen.' I said to my dealer, 'An egg fortifies me for the day, but I don't want soda water eggs.' "

Senator Depew has always practiced the old-fashiond rules of simple living. He says, with Dr. Eliot:

"Go to church. Keep a clean heart and a good conscience. Give your mind exercsie as well as your body—really think. Exercise regularly. Eat in moderation. Take a full allowance of sleep. Avoid indulgence in luxury and the habitual use of any drug, not only of alcohol, but of tobacco, tea and coffee. Sleep is the absolute necessity for health and longevity. It was said of Napoleon that he required only four hours, but one of the innumerable biographies from those who were on his staff says that he often slept in his saddle. A man at seventy-seven should not attempt things which would be easy at forty, no matter how vigorous he may feel. Matthew Arnold died because at sixty-five he took a flying leap over a high fence to shame the boys.

"The most difficult advice to follow given by Dr. Eliot is to really think. Most people exercise their minds along the lines of their business or profession, but on general subjects let the newspapers do the thinking for them. This becomes a habit from which it is almost impossible to break away and real thinking becomes too hard a task. A farmer on the western reserve of Ohio, sitting with a troubled look on his face, was asked by a traveler what was the matter. He said, 'My Democratic neighbor got the better of me in an argument last night, but wait until the weekly *Tribune* comes with old Greeley's editorial, and then I will smash him to bits.' "

To see this inimitable statesman in the vigor of unimpaired ability at seventy-seven is an inspiration. He scoffs at men who grumble because of increasing years:

"I frequently meet with men past sixty who complain that their friends and companions are dead and they are unable to find new ones to take their places. So they say life is very dull and uninteresting. These unfortunate people have not found the true secret of happiness at any age. It is to be part of each generation, to be a participant in its work and in its play, to appreciate its fun and not laugh at its follies, to be an elder brother in your church associations, in your political organizations, in your club life, in your fraternity, so alert and valuable in your activities that you are welcomed by the youngest and the experience of venerable years gives a value to your advice which commands the attention of all. This appreciation and applause is the most healthful of tonics and one of the best aids to vigorous longevity."

Very few men in public life have ever enjoyed so large and so pleasant an acquaintance with public men at home and abroad. During the height of the Home Rule agitation in England the Senator had a most important conference with Gladstone. On his return from his annual European trips, the newspaper boys were always waiting on the dock for a story, and they never were disappointed, for if there ever was a staunch friend of the American press, that is Chauncey Depew.

HON. CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW

What Senator Depew regards as the chief monument of his career was the enactment of the Employers' Liability Bill, which he had the honor of crystalizing into law. When William Howard Taft was Secretary of War he came to Senator

Depew and insisted that an Employers' Liability Bill must be passed to protect the people working on the canal. Thus at the President's original request, Senator Depew took up this bill and championed it with all his force and vigor.

The recent collection of all the addresses of Senator Depew, reaching back to over a half century, are a complete compendium of events of the nation.

He moves and acts and talks with the same old-time power that makes his life career stand out as a most important epoch in American history. His information on men and events during these past stirring years is phenomenal. The friend of everybody, the embodiment of good-nature and optimism, the influence of his life will never pass away. It has made its impress on fifty active years of American progress.

DR. HARVEY W. WILEY
Chief of Bureau of Chemistry, Department of Agriculture

* * *

HE was "one of the regulars," clad in khaki, with a ribbon in his hat, and he leaned over the rail and looked pensively in at the New Willard diners. Slowly he rolled another cigarette, and then remarked, nodding toward the dining-hall, "That's why you never see any of us getting fat. We don't eat in there."

When General Henry G. Sharpe sends out the rations for eighty thousand hungry soldier boys, he puts it in tabloid form. An emergency breakfast, dinner and supper is contained in a tiny can only about four inches long, and an inch thick—which fits nicely in the hip pocket.

"It's quite a jump from the old days of hard-tack," said the regular—"this breakfast of compressed brick." But the truth is that chocolate, milk, sugar, eggs and cocoa butter are duly contained in the mixture, which is endorsed and recommended by Dr. Wiley.

Letters are already pouring into headquarters at Washington from campers, hunters, and explorers, to inquire about this new compressed food. George Wharton James relates that he lived for months on deserts in Arizona and the West with only a supply of dry food. He insisted that he came out feeling as if he had taken a course at an expensive food sanitarium. The advantages of the new arrangement were thus set forth to the Regular.

"Yes," he agreed, "all there is to do is to have your tobacco and your pressed bricks, and you're all ready for a campaign. But an oyster stew—pie, pancakes and all the other things that mother used to make—gee, they taste good once in a while."

* * *

MANY prominent statesmen have taken an active interest in the bill for a memorial in honor of Commodore Oliver Hazard Perry, the gallant hero of the battle of Lake Erie. The victory of Perry and his Rhode Island men is accounted one of the most important in the country's history, for as a result the British withdrew all claim to the Northwest Territory, which consists today of the states of Minnesota, Wisconsin, Michigan, Illinois, Indiana and northern Ohio. The proposed monument is to be erected at Put-in-Bay, Ohio, overlooking Lake Erie and the scene of the battle. The structure is to include a lighthouse, a United States meteorological station, and a wireless telegraph plant.

The hero of Lake Erie was the elder brother of Commodore Matthew Calbraith Perry, who opened Japan to the commerce of the world. While chatting with Colonel W. A. Graham, North Carolina's Commissioner of Agriculture, I was shown a copy of the letter written by his father, Hon. William Alexander Graham, Secretary of the Navy under Fillmore, which commissioned Commodore Perry to take command of the squadron in the East India and China seas. This letter has an intrinsic historical value, and is the veritable wedge which opened up the civilization of the Orient to the Occident.

Commodore M. C. Perry, Appointed to Command the U. S. Squadron, East India and China Seas.

Navy Department, March 24, 1852.

Sir:—You have been designated, as has already been intimated to you, to take command without unnecessary delay, of the squadron in the East India and China Seas.

In addition to the vessels already on that station, the Squadron will consist of the steam frigate "Mississippi," the first class steamer "Princeton," and the store ship "Supply."

You will therefore at once take command of these several vessels and hasten their preparations for sea with all practicable despatch. Commander W. J. McCurrey in command of the "Mississippi" at New York, Lieutenant Sinclair in command of the store ship "Supply" in the same harbor, and Commander S. S. Lee who is directed to assume command of the "Princeton" at Boston by the 15th of April, are severally directed to report to you, as well as to the commandants of the respective navy yards aforesaid, for orders touching their preparations for early departure.

The "Mississippi" will be your flag ship until your arrival on the station, when at your option, your flag may be transferred to any other vessel of the squadron.

To facilitate the early enlistment of suitable crews for these vessels, the Department adopts the suggestion contained in your communication of yesterday, and yourself and the officers in command of the ships aforesaid are authorized to nominate such men for stewards, cooks, servants, musicians, etc., as you may select. Also such native or naturalized citizens to be received as landsmen, in lieu of a like number of ordinary seamen, as you may think fit, all of whom will be enlisted at the rendezvous most convenient to the vessels respectively.

I am, Sir,
Very respectfully,
Your obedient servant,
Wm. A. Graham.

SUMMER months find a large number of important conventions scheduled for meetings in Washington. The Daughters of the American Revolution held their meetings in Continental Hall, on a site adjoining the handsome new Pan-American Union headquarters, in a building put up by the Daughters themselves.

Although the paragraphist must have his joke about factional disputes among the Daughters, yet in the preservation of historical places and in the stimulation of interest in the glorious past, the Daughters of the American Revolution have carried on a great work.

MRS. MARGARET EMERSON McKIM
Who it is reported may marry Alfred Vanderbilt

The meeting of the Mothers' Congress followed closely upon the D. A. R. convention. Contrary to the usual newspaper quip, the work of the Congress was conducted by real mothers, and the real old-fashioned heart and home spirit prevailed.

To look upon one of these meetings was

in itself an inspiration. There was an impressive earnestness and sincerity among these delegates who met to consider the great problem that surpasses all others. For of what avail, after all, is the Congress of the United States, or to what purpose are the laws of the nation without these mothers of rare and noble qualities whose love and care alone can rear true men?

MRS. FREDERIC SCHOFF
President of the Mothers' Congress which recently held its annual session in Washington

Of course it caused a smile to find a mere man manifesting keen interest in the deliberations of the Mothers' Congress, but, as was brought out by one of the younger delegates, with a saucy toss of her plumed hat, "If we can enlist the interest of good fathers, the work of the mothers will be greatly assisted."

So the humorist got his clue, and insists that next year there shall be a Fathers' Congress to keep pace with the splendid results achieved by the mothers.

The President has been quite equal to the demands made upon him by different organizations, and has received each with a cordial welcome. Neither the resuscitation of the White House tennis court or the allurement of the golf links have influenced him to shirk the duties of the genial host at the numerous conventions that assemble to their great profit and pleasure at the Capital.

* * *

WHEN Secretary Wilson threw down his pen after his final "O. K." on the last proof of the 1910 Yearbook of the Agricultural Department, he had completed the seventeenth volume of the Department. The Agricultural Yearbook has long been accounted one of the most interesting public documents issued. Ever since the first Secretary of Agriculture, Hon. Jeremiah Rusk, published his famous "Horse Book," the Yearbook of the Agricultural Department has been accepted among the farmers of the country as standard literature.

Appreciation of the services rendered to the Department by the late Senator Dolliver is indicated by the selection of a portrait of the late Iowa Senator as a frontispiece.

The current Yearbook contains the fourteenth annual report of Secretary Wilson and bristles with important and interesting statistics. There is much pertinent subject matter concerning the management of second growth sprout forestry, and provision for fire control of national forests. The injury to forests by round-headed borers, the agricultural duty of water, the observation of mountain snowfalls; and the use of bituminous preventatives and road-binders are all interesting chapters on important subjects.

The observations on stock-raising and the cure and prevention of epidemics and injurious parasites are carefully and scientifically considered, for if ever a United States Secretary of Agriculture won distinction as a stock raiser before he entered public life, James A. Wilson is that man.

Establishment of agricultural courses in high schools, and that fascinating community work which has done so much to increase the popularity and attraction of farming development in later years—these subjects are practically discussed.

Each Senator and Representative has a quota of Yearbooks for distribution, and they are always in great demand. The mailbags outside the offices of the Congressmen were bulging with Yearbooks very soon after their publication, while many constituents were watching out for the package bearing the signature of their Representative.

FOR a long succession of Mondays in Washington, the anticipated trust decisions of the Supreme Court were awaited. They are a livid touch to a gray picture of affairs at the Capitol centered in the room nearly under the dome of that stately building.

Dull Mondays are proverbial in business, but on the fifteenth of May, the brokers who had enjoyed their week end outings, hastened back to New York and closed a day's business, few realizing

HON. JOHN HOLLIS BANKHEAD
United States Senator from Alabama and a leader in the work of Committee on Public Buildings and on Rivers and Harbors Committee

that sometimes decisions come when unexpected.

It had been a drowsy, dull, hot day; it was nearly four o'clock and there were few in the court room, when Chief Justice White arose and announced in a matter-of-fact way that he would deliver the decision in the case of the United States against the Standard Oil Company. There was a flutter of excitement. The double doors began to swing, for the news spread over the building and over the wires in an incredibly short time. The Supreme Court was thronged as some of the Senators hurried over to hear at least part of the decision as originally given.

MARBLE BUST OF MARTHA WASHINGTON
Presented to the Daughters of American Revolution, and one of the pleasant incidents of the convention recently held in Washington

With the remark that he had hesitated to announce the decision because the hour was so late, Chief Justice White stated that he felt it should be done because of the importance of the case. He proceeded to deliver the opinion of the justices as set forth in some thirty pages of printed matter. The written pages were rarely referred to as the Chief Justice delivered the decision in his musical voice, emphasizing the more weighty points with an impressive gesture.

The decision decreed the dissolution of the giant corporation known as the Standard Oil Company, but modified the decision of the lower court by allowing six months for this procedure. While eight members of the bench agreed on the opinion as read, Justice Harlan announced his dissent. He insisted with sarcastic force that the court had reversed an unbroken line of decision for fifteen years past, and that the courts had written into law the word "reasonable" that Congress had failed to pass upon. There was for a time in the court room such an impression as one receives in a legislative body, because Justice Harlan had made it very apparent that there was at least some dissension on the bench.

It seemed almost dramatic that the long-fought Standard Oil case, necessitating hours, months and years of testimony and deliberation should be condensed into the thirty thousand words that stand ultimately and finally as the law of the land on the mooted trust question.

The decision again calls attention to the care that must be exercised in the wording of a law, a precaution of which even the late John Sherman never realized the importance when he made the first draft of the law.

An old officer of the Senate called attention to the time many years ago when Senator Sherman introduced this bill to declare unlawful the restraint of trade by combinations and trusts. "Little did the Senator think," he said, "that that bill would so engross the attention of the people."

The bill was originally introduced in 1889, but no action was taken upon it, and in December it was again introduced, referred to the Committee on Finance and reported back with amendments. Senator George objected to the measure as un-constitutional, at that time, and his objection was shared by several Senators, although they favored the general purposes of the bill. A substitute for the original was presented a month later, when Senator George made a memorable speech which is now historic.

The object of the bill, he reiterated in his speech, was to declare unlawful the restraint of trade and production. These few words contain the whole essence of the bill, and declare that certain contracts as made against public policy are null and void. As Senator Sherman remarks in his memoirs, he did not propose to announce a new law, but to apply the old common law to the complicated jurisdiction of state and civil government. While "each state can and does prevent and control combinations within the limit

CHIEF JUSTICE WHITE OF THE UNITED STATES SUPREME COURT of the state," it is not the purpose of the Federal Government to interfere with that power, but he insisted that "in our complex system of government" the states were unable to deal with the "great evil" that threatened them in interstate trade.

To use the word "unreasonable" in this simple law is the essence of the Supreme Court decision, for as Senator Sherman declared, this bill should not interfere with lawful trade and the customary business of life. "It only aims at unlawful combinations"—these are the words that Senator Sherman himself used on the floor of the Senate. It does not affect combinations in aid of production where there is free and fair competition. "It is the right of every man to work, labor, and produce in any lawful vocation, and to transport his production on equal terms and conditions, and under like circumstances. This is industrial liberty, and lies at the foundation of the equality of all rights and privileges." The history of such legislation in England, from the day of Coke and Littleton to the time of the speech, was ably reviewed by Senator Sherman.

HON. CLARENCE WATSON
West Virginia's new United States Senator

The matter was referred to the Committee on Judiciary, and Senator Edmunds, as chairman of that committee, reported a substitute for the bill, and stated that although it did not entirely meet his wishes, he was willing to support it. When the bill was presented Senator Sherman stated that he would vote for it, as it approached what he wanted and was the best thing that could be secured under the circumstances. Only one vote was cast in the negative, and the bill became a law June 26, 1890.

Shortly before his death, Senator Sherman commented upon the passage of the act which bears his name, and insisted that he had observed the effect upon legitimate trade and production, "of the combination of firms and corporations to monopolize a particular industry." He continued to emphasize his belief that where the association was merely to promote production, it was beneficial, but he held that the combinations organized to prevent competition and to advance prices and profits, or to place them "under the control of one man," was the condition that the law sought to prevent. In his closing comment he used these words:

"I hope the courts of the United States and of the several states will deal with these combinations so as to prevent and destroy them."

The text of the Sherman anti-trust law makes interesting reading these days.

"Sec. 1. Every contract, combination in the form of trust or otherwise, or conspiracy, in restraint of trade or commerce among the several states, or with foreign nations, is hereby declared to be illegal. Every person who shall make any such contract, or engage in any such combination or conspiracy, shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and, on conviction thereof, shall be punished by fine not exceeding five thousand dollars, or by imprisonment not exceeding one year, or by both said punishments, in the discretion of the court.

"Sec. 2. Every person who shall monopolize, or attempt to monopolize, or combine or conspire with any other person, or persons, to monopolize, any part of the trade or commerce among the several states, or with foreign nations, shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and, on conviction thereof, shall be punished by fine not exceeding five thousand dollars, or by imprisonment not exceeding one year, or by both said punishments, in the discretion of the court.

"SEC. 3. Every contract, combination in form of trust or otherwise, or conspiracy, in restraint of trade or commerce in any territory of the United States or of the District of Columbia, or in restraint of trade or commerce between any such territory and another or between any such territory or territories and any state or states or the District of Columbia, or with foreign nations, or between the District of Columbia and any state or states or foreign nations, is hereby declared illegal. Every person who shall make any such contract, or engage in any such combination or conspiracy, shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and, on conviction thereof, shall be punished by fine not exceeding five thousand dollars, or by imprisonment not exceeding one year, or by both said punishments, in the discretion of the court.

SEC. 4. The several circuit courts of the United States are hereby invested with jurisdiction to prevent and restrain violations of this act; and it shall be the duty of the several district attorneys of the United States, in their respective districts, under the direction of the attorney general, to institute proceedings in equity to prevent and restrain such violations. Such proceedings may be by way of petition setting forth the case and praying that such violation shall be enjoined or otherwise prohibited. When the parties complained of shall have been duly notified of such petition the courts shall proceed, as soon as may be, to the hearing and determination of the case; and pending such petition, and before final decree, the court may at any time make such temporary restraining order or prohibition as shall be deemed just in the premises.

"SEC. 5. Whenever it shall appear to the court before which any proceeding under section four of this act may be pending, that the ends of justice require that other parties should be brought before the court, the court may cause them to be summoned, whether they reside in the district in which the court is held or not; and subpoenas to that end may be served in any district by the marshal thereof.

"SEC. 6. Any property owned under any contract or by any combination, or pursuant to any conspiracy (and being the subject thereof) mentioned in section one of this act, and being in the course of transportation from one state to another, or to a foreign country, shall be forfeited to the United States, and may be seized and condemned by like proceedings as those provided by law for the forfeiture, seizure, and condemnation of property imported into the United States contrary to law.

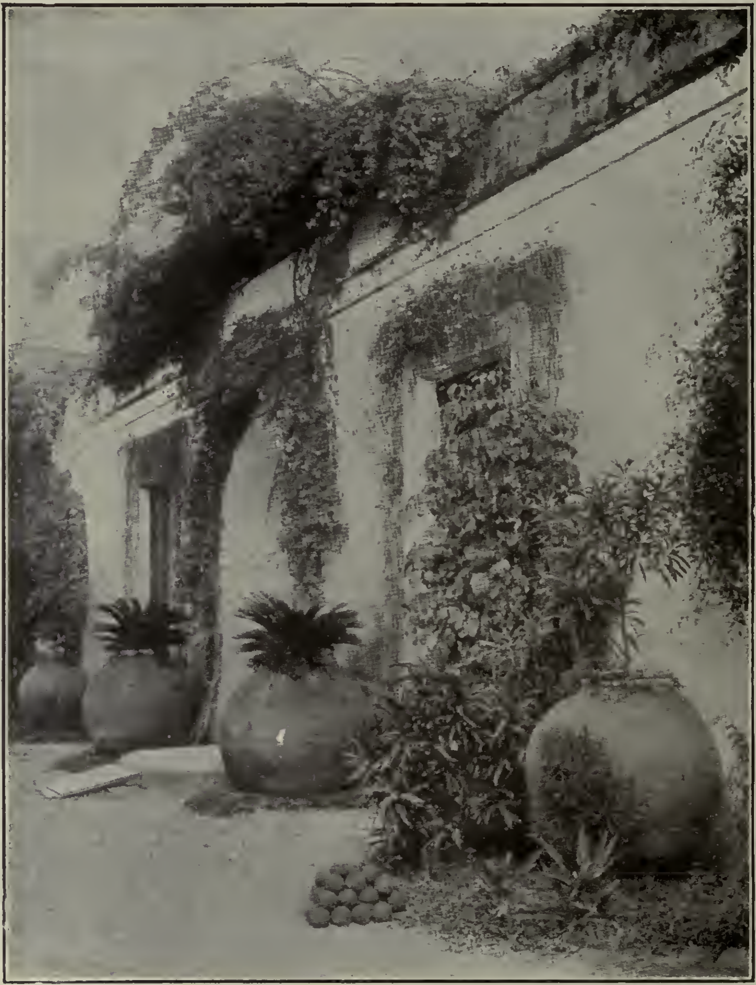
"SEC. 7. Any person who shall be injured in his business or property by any other or corporation, by reason of anything forbidden or declared to be unlawful by this act, may sue therefor in any circuit court of the United States in the district in which the defendant resides or is found, without respect to the amount in controversy, and shall recover threefold the damages by him sustained, and the costs of the suit, including a reasonable attorney's fee.

"SEC. 8. That the word 'person,' or 'persons,' wherever used in this act, shall be deemed to include corporations and associations existing under or authorized by the laws of either the United States, the laws of any of the territories, the laws of any state, or the laws of any foreign country."

HON. HENRY D. CLAYTON
Who is serving his eighth term as Congressman from the Third Alabama district

EVEN Poland is "beginning to sit up and take notice," for a new railway line eighty-three miles long from Herby, on the border of the German Silesia, has just gone into operation, opening up the two provinces which hitherto have been unable to send their lumber to the Baltic on account of the lack of transportation facilities.

Already it is said that the value of dimension lumber has advanced from about five to fifteen cents per cubic foot. Now many millions of feet will be close to a market and activity, and good wages will benefit a sorely-burdened peasantry.



Photograph by American Photo Company

IN THE PATIO AT HOTEL CAMAGUEY

"The truest points of interest in and around Havana are, indeed, those which cannot be foretold, nor found twice alike, since they are, perhaps, only the blue of a deep shadow there, across a white pavement; a detail of a balcony's construction, in a certain light; the pink of a girl's apron: the laugh of a chocolate-brown naked baby, grasping through window bars at a passing stranger's clothes; in short, a thousand sights and sounds, trivial in themselves, yet cherished strangely in memory, by those few winter visitors ('ducks of Florida' is our colloquial Spanish for tourist) who, as they wing their flight from spot to spot at a guide's mandate, have an eye to see, an ear to hear."—*From the book "Cuba," by Miss Irene A. Wright; copyrighted and published by The Macmillan Company.*

A PEEP AT PARLIAMENT IN SESSION

By THE EDITOR

THE eyes of the world were upon Westminster that day, for the veto bill was to be formally introduced with a lively volley of liberal oratory, calling attention to the historic parallel when the Magna Charta was wrested from King John by the barons at Runnymede. Things were running in typical London fashion at the House of Commons. Taxicabs were shooting about the famous twin Gothic towers that stand by the bridge on the Thames. The bells of "Big Ben" were striking the hour as we entered the great hall in the center of which Gladstone is buried awaiting future interment, and in which King Charles I was brought to trial and condemned to die on the block. Through this wide, historic corridor, barren of all furnishings and pictures, redolent with events that inspired many of Macaulay's eloquent pen pictures of English history, we passed on up the steps to the House of Commons, remembering the "bobbies'" salutation to—"turn to the left."

In company with the Rt. Hon. John Burns, of Battersea, and one of the strong men of the ministry, the tablets that commemorate certain great events in England's legislative history were reverently inspected.

Immediately outside Central hall is the site of the old House of Commons. Here Pitt and Fox participated in famous debates, when the future of the American colonies was being weighed in the balance. As I reflectively lingered on the spot where stood the debaters' desk, marked by brass stars in the tile, my companion asked, softly, with a twinkle in the dark eyes that shone under heavy black brows, "And would it not have been better had the colonies never left us—and together we had made the one greater nation of all times?" There seemed almost a note of international amity and cousinly feeling in the challenge of the distinguished British cabinet minister, who reflectively stroked his gray beard awaiting an answer.

Central Hall is the vestibule ornamented with relief busts of the kings and queens of England, where visitors approach Parliamentary precincts. At the door of the House of Commons, a green card is signed with the name and address to call out a member in much the same way as at the doors of the House of Representatives in Washington. On one side of the hall is the entrance to the House of Commons, and directly opposite, entry is made to the historic House of Lords.

* * *

The green card did the work. Out came T. P. O'Connor—"Tay-Pay," as he is affectionately called by his hosts of beloved friends—the leader of the Irish cause, orator and litterateur, the man who has met and written about more eminent men of all nations than any other in all England. "Tay-Pay," with irrepressible good-fellowship, insisted that it was time for luncheon, and led to the restaurant for a "bite" to fortify for the evening, as the House of Commons is a nocturnal body, and holds most of its sessions at night.

An indicator on the restaurant wall informs the diners who is speaking. The Rt. Hon. George Wyndham began at 9.03 P.M., according to the ticker. Later the indicator revealed that Rt. Hon. Winston Churchill had "the desk"—rather than "the floor," as we have it—and was closing the debate on the veto bill. There was a hurried lunch-ending and a rush for the gallery. A ticket had been previously provided, but all the power of the King's men couldn't get you by the guards during a debate in the House of Commons when the gallery is "full up" and you are not there to take your seat at the time a vacancy occurs.

There was consternation on the face of "Tay-Pay." "This will never do," he murmured as appeals were made both to the different sergeants and lieutenants, whose regal bearing was enhanced by the silver chains about their shoulders, and to the members who sauntered out, with silk tile atilt backward, to meet their constituents. The "Rules of the House" were not to be disregarded. They are as rigid as a statute, and things were looking dubious for my attending the session that night when out came Paddy O'Brien, the famous Irish whip. The inimitable Patrick is at hand when there's something to do. He seems to know everything and everybody, and it doesn't take him long to find a way out of dilemmas. He listened to "T. P's" story and disappeared like a flash. He had gone himself to the Speaker under the canopy, and he came back with a large card elaborately filled out and bearing the honorable speaker's flaming signature. With true British deference I was escorted to the diplomatic gallery, where one solitary seat remained for the wayfaring American.

You ask for the first impression of the House of Commons in session. There was a roar of "Hear, hear" from the benches on either side, which emphasized the intensity of the great contest. "T. P's" observation that, although Parliament is usually dreary and dull, it has its great moments, was recalled. This was certainly one of the great moments—for me, at least. At a desk six feet wide, between the benches of the opposing political parties, stood the Rt. Hon. Winston Churchill, in a flight of staccato oratory. He stuttered a bit as he read his notes on the desk, but he hurled keen shafts of satire at the members of the opposition. His ready expressions and comment as he diverted from manuscript now and then had the exhilarating touch of rough and tumble debate, for the solid phalanx of Government forces made indeed a stirring picture of parliamentary debate outlined in Mrs. Humphry Ward's novels. The speaker used powerful, incisive, forcible English; there was no attempt at pyrotechnical effect, but his words rung sharp and rasping now and then, and his halting speech lent special emphasis to his terse allegretto sentences. Now I understood why the English House of Commons has always been declared one of the greatest debating bodies in all history. The close physical contact between the six hundred and fifty members, in a room not half the size of our House of Representatives, brings the debater at the desk and the assembled body within close range to each other. There are no swivel chairs and desks upon which to write or to idle time away while a debate is in progress. The members sit in stiff-backed, long wooden benches like those in the old schoolhouse. If a member is not present at the opening of the session, no seat or "bouquet" is reserved for him. Not one member was seen reading the paper, pasting on postage stamps or enjoying diversions such as those at Washington. They must at least make a pretense of paying attention through the proceedings, although the various postures of some of the members suggested the typical court room scene, where the jurymen are under direct glance of judge and counsel—now bored, now interested, but always right there within the optical vision of the speaker.

* * *

The faces along the benches like the figures on the dial indicated the drift of debate. The Rt. Hon. Arthur J. Balfour crossed his long legs and pensively studied the toe of his shoe by way of diversion while figuratively—the opposition boots were levelled in his direction. The Rt. Hon. John Burns entered and waxed attentive, and Premier Asquith, David Lloyd-George and nearly all the members of the cabinet filled the Ministry bench, whence the closing speeches of the great debate on the veto bill centered their fire on the opposition bench and calmly awaited a "division of the house."

The visitors in the gallery are provided a "program" or calendar of the prospective day's proceedings. This program is a lively rival of our own Congressional Records. In England the public knows what "quizzing" is coming, while in the States the public know of it officially afterwards.

A neighbor in the gallery watched my attempts to handle a cane gracefully. I forgot myself and let it fall once or twice against the rail.

"An American?" he whispered with a furtive glance—school rules of silence prevail there.

"Yes," I admitted, letting the stick fall again.

"You must be doing England a-foot."

Somehow the cane got tangled in my legs as I prepared to make a fitting reply. An officer looked sternly at the offending cane and then at me. One or the other would have to go.

"Take this stick," I whispered, desperately, "in remembrance of the day."

"R-e-a-lly," he gasped, "why, what day might this be?"

"George Washington's birthday," I said in a tone not suggestive of patriotic aforethought, "and I can't seem to keep this confounded American stick quiet." The officer looked at me again, quizzically, and then we studied the programs.

John Burns

THE RT. HON. JOHN BURNS

One of the most interesting pages of the program was a department entitled

"Questions for Oral Answer." These furnished fireworks for the debate. The first questions put by Mr. Burgoyne on the February 22d record had to do with battleships. Two-thirds of the questions propounded were to the First Lord of the Admiralty, notably evidencing the one thing uppermost in English minds. The Englishman who will not be stirred to enthusiasm at the mention of the navy is yet to be discovered. The army may be important as a basis for Kipling's stories, but the navy has been England's pride since the days of the Armada. Closing questions were printed on the calendar concerning super-tax, and a few pointed queries were put to Mr. Chancellor of the Exchequer. These were a most impressive demonstration of the democracy of English institutions and of the methods which maintain the Engish confidence and pride in their House of Commons. The calendar has a remote suggestion of the referendum, and the individual voter seems closer to the governing body of England than any similar action of the Congress of the United States, where the inquirer merely receives an excessively formal letter for his pains when asking questions of some Congressman.

FIRST LORD OF THE TREASURY, PRIME MINISTER H. H. ASQUITH

The debates are usually to the point and not so exclusively prepared for "home consumption" and campaign material. The opposition has its hearing, but has to meet the rough-and-tumble spirit of Cromwellian democracy. Cheers and jeers mingle amid a continued chorus of "hear, hear," first from one side and then from the other. It all seemed like a great play with the somber setting of the days of Henry VIII. Here stood the leading characters of public life in person addressing the House, with words and gestures, reciting the very lines of legislative deliberation which make up English law and history. The honored speaker, clothed in flowing robes, and wearing a wig, according to ancient custom, was seated with dignity under the canopy. He is exclusively a presiding officer, for he is often retained in service by the opposing political party and exercises strictly the judicial functions of "the official in charge." In front of him were other officials whose special duties were not apparent from anything they said or did. Fast and furious came interpellations; back and forth flew insinuations and recriminations until finally a vote or "division" was taken. All the members filed out and in behind the Speakers and were counted. Each vote determines the life of the party, and the result was awaited with interest. There are no yea and nay votes or roll calls. The government by a majority of 121 obtained permission of the House of Commons to introduce the veto bill. This vote or division is taken before the bill is actually introduced. If the government lacks the strength to introduce a measure, the Ministry promptly resigns, for of what avail is it for a party to be in power if it cannot enact its legislative program—a marked contrast to recent events in the United States?

With impressive ceremony Premier Asquith arose. Smooth-faced, clean-cut of feature, his high-pitched voice corresponding with his nervous mien, he addressed the Chair. Passing to the other end of the room, the premier of England approached the Speaker's desk with a courtly bow and in formal tones introduced, in behalf of himself and other members of the cabinet, the veto bill. With lusty cheers was spread upon the parliamentary records the bill that purposed to curtail the veto power of the House of Lords, which has remained unchallenged for centuries past, and was only once used in connection with Lloyd-George's budget, for many years. The scene continued dramatic in its details as "hear, hear" continued. Members in full evening dress wore silk hats while in their seats. The spectacle recalled the days of Gladstone and Disraeli, when the latter was commemorating his great strategy in the purchase of the Suez Canal for England. The benches were filled and some members stood, while others were in the seats in side galleries. The session closed rather abruptly, and the members rose quickly without adieus or ceremony and whisked away in taxis and "hansoms" in the misty reflection of London street lights as "Old Ben" was striking the midnight hour. My new acquaintance thumped with the cane as we parted, and insisted that he had enjoyed my celebration of Washington's birthday with a peep at Parliament and a patriotic "stick."

* * *

At the main entrance doors of the House of Commons is still enacted a scene that recalls the stern ceremonies of Elizabethan days. When the King's messenger, the Black Rod, approaches the House of Commons, the doors are closed and locked in his face. He must knock three times and bow three times with true humility of the common people—then and only then will the king's message be heard by the people's representatives in Commons assembled. In such customs are indicated the inherent purpose of the House of Commons to insist upon its full prerogative as the direct representative of the common people, from which the creation of republics and democracies are made possible.

A glimpse of a daylight session of the House of Commons witnessed discussion to provide a better breed of horses, and I thought of Uncle Jim Wilson and our Agricultural Department, with reverent memories of Uncle Jerry Rusk's only and original "Horse Book." From a rear bench arose a typical scion of England, in whose veins flowed the real sporting blood, to defend the measure, in accents cool and imperturbable. Lloyd-George, at the desk, was interrupted and made replies to charges that he contradicted what he had said in a previous speech. The young member—a true lover of horseflesh—kept after the Chancellor of the Exchequer, as if determined to ride to a finish. Proceedings were delayed until a parliamentary portfolio carried by members could be searched to ascertain just what Lloyd-George had said in his former address, word for word, even with an eye for stray split infinitives. The papers were shuffled and reshuffled, for the words of a cabinet minister are weighed to the last grain. The scene recalled the stories of Charles Dickens, who was a parliamentary reporter in his early days, and whose ability in reporting debates assisted in developing the masterly genius that later recorded in literature the incidents of English life.

HON. DAVID LLOYD-GEORGE
Chancellor of the Exchequer

* * *

Many English women are as actively interested in politics as in balls and social affairs. The suffrage movement in England is no joke. If women are taxed direct to help pay privately $500 a year to a member of Parliament and take part in political campaigns, the ballot is looked upon as a natural corollary. Ladies occupy seats on the stage during political meetings, proudly decked in the colors of their party, either in their hats or upon their muffs. They go out and ask for votes direct, and the wary tradesman and newcomer must be careful before committing himself to bewitching canvassers who wear party colors. Elections are serious affairs here.

Speeches follow in quick succession during political campaigns, and there are often turbulent scenes on the hustings.

Courtesy of the Sphere, London

THE EIGHT CREAM HORSES DRAW KING GEORGE TO WESTMINSTER—SCENE OUTSIDE THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT ON MONDAY

* * *

The hour was high noon when I was escorted by a ruddy-faced officer of the Parliament building down through the long corridors adjoining the House of Commons. On either wall was an impressive row of books, state documents redolent with the musty odor of centuries, recording laws reaching far back into past generations. A room assigned to the "Leader of the Opposition" was reached. At the threshold stood the Rt. Hon. Arthur J. Balfour, former Premier of England, who has for many years been accounted one of the great personalities in English public life. His office overlooked Parliament square. A February fire was burning brightly in the grate—for there is a distinctive blaze in British hearths for each calendar month. Face to face with one of the strong men and philosophers of England, I was soon put at ease. The cane was gone and my silk hat was stored away in the locker by the courteous attendant. A stately picture of a former premier was presented when Mr. Balfour arose to respond to the rag time American handshake, delivered impetuously and as hurriedly as a pass in a boxing match. The scholarly stoop of his shoulders, the dark eyes and expressive countenance, lined with wrinkles of deep thought, sparkled a kindly welcome. There was a grasp of the hand that seemed more real than the usual perfunctory ceremony of public men.

He curled up in a low chair, as if settling himself for a good chat. Everything that could be told about the unwritten customs in vogue at Washington interested him—calling on the President, departmental work, and troubles of Senators and Representatives with their constituents should they indulge in taxi-cabs while the "sovereign people walked." Such things seem strange to an Englishman, because the average Briton insists upon a public man's being a real "sport" and spending money,

Courtesy of the Sphere, London KING GEORGE AND QUEEN MARY OPENING PARLIAMENT

The King is in the act of signing the covenant. This is the great Parliamentary ceremony maintained for centuries past

on pain of being designated a "bounder" and being "bounced" by the votes of an indignant constituency. The English member of Parliament who does not make his canvass with all due pomp and dignity is looked down upon with fine scorn by the working people. If he can afford a carriage, he must have one—a man must spend money according to his income or be condemned as a "tight-wad." The prejudice against the display of wealth in a campaign does not seem so pronounced as in America. Under the corrupt practices act, money cannot be expended for motors for election purposes. They must be "loaned"—and many voters insist on a real joy-ride during the progress of an election, which continues for several days.

As the host listened and commented in leisurely fashion in that pure English diction which characterizes his writings, he pushed nearer the blaze, backed up toward the grate, and finally sat upon the hob, which was partially warmed by the fire, unmindful of the folds of his frock coat and the embers on the hearth.

The Rt. Hon. Arthur James Balfour began his parliamentary career at the age of twenty-six, representing Hertford, but later he served Manchester for twenty-one years. He was private secretary to his uncle, the Marquis of Salisbury, when the latter was Secretary of Foreign Affairs. His range of experience in foreign affairs doubtless had its beginning at this time.

The tidal wave of Liberal supremacy brought his first defeat in 1906. Another constituency was promptly provided for him in Scotland, and this he represents today without the worriments of post-office appointments or federal patronage. Thus, England is able to retain the services of her experts in governmental affairs and eminent public men, in spite of any local disaffection and factional contest; and the Conservatives and Liberals of England preserve their leaders regardless of local conditions.

Mr. Balfour led the opposition to Gladstone's Home Rule bill in a way that convinced his opponents that there was virility and resource even in a mere "literary cuss" from Eton and Cambridge. At one time Mr. Balfour was assigned membership of the "Fourth Party" by his opponents, which under the leadership of Lord Randolph Churchill was called an irrepressible group of four, who dreamed of naught that was practical, and did all that was iridescent and fanciful in the realm of statesmanship.

The son of Mr. Balfour's colleague, Lord Churchill, is the Rt. Hon. Winston Churchill, now identified with the Liberal government, who has the privilege of showering political bricks on the old-time political comrade of his father.

One cannot chat with Mr. Balfour without realizing that his great ability lies in his wonderful grasp of international questions. His mind reaches out beyond the narrow bounds of by-elections, and "the state of the country."

The isolation of the United States in international affairs is passing away. It is plain to any observer that the affairs of other nations are becoming more and more our own. The world's thought, indicated by national sentiment, comes in cycles, and a mental attitude spreads over all the world without any direct propaganda or association. These periods are distinctly marked in world history and indicate that the identical problems that perplex one country confront others. The unity of thought and need of the race cannot be more clearly emphasized than by an analysis of the legislative records of the various nations and by a study of their public sentiment as expressed in the electorate, and of the public men closely associated with that electorate. As the old-time methods of competition are passing away in the business world, so the bitter intolerance of political intrigue is losing its force as the people of various nations discover the identity of mutual interests in a common international public welfare development.

These reflections recalled a scene I witnessed in the Thames embankment some years ago, just prior to the downfall of the Balfour cabinet. A procession composed of thousands of the wives of the unemployed had proceeded to No. 10 Downing Street, to call upon Mr. Balfour for relief. He was frank, outspoken and honest, but this was a "Coxey's army" episode where public sentiment was not to be soothed with philosophy, no matter how true.

In conversation, as in his writing, Mr. Balfour displays a directness and freshness in his point of view that usually appeals to Americans. Naturally skeptical, and subtle in his philosophy as well as sarcastic, he has the quiet insistence of wanting to be shown logical conclusions rather than to reach them through the light of mere faith or bubbling enthusiasm. He thinks from the back of his head at times.

And yet, when I saw him on the golf links at North Berwick in Scotland, bareheaded and intent on the game, among those who love to wield a golf stick on their native heather, he presented a picture of democracy in the quiet and genial way in which he mingled with the plain people. At Bradbury House, after a good score, his brow was again wrinkled, possibly by the contemplation of those thoughts expressed in his notable work, "The Foundations of Belief," which has already passed into several editions since first published in 1895.

* * *

The rugged strength and popularity of the present Liberal government must be reckoned as an expression of the force and demand for progressive legislation. Among the Liberal leaders there are Lloyd-George—that nervous, tenacious and aggressive Welshman; Premier Asquith, who leads without a spark of magnetism, but who understands how cohesively to utilize all manner of factional followings, that in some respects are as widely divergent from his personal views as the opposition itself—and then there is John Burns of Battersea.

Born at Vauxhall, within sound of Westminster chimes, he began life as a laborer. His career as a locomotive engineer at Millbank, his struggles in West Africa, his defense of the labor cause and the part he took in the meeting at Trafalgar Square, for which he was imprisoned—these are all concrete activities which make him one of the great personalities in England.

Something about John Burns reminds me of the resistive force of Carlyle—without the cynicism of the philosopher. His home is just across the Thames from Carlyle's homestead at Chelsea. On the night I drove through Battersea, Burns' home, and viewed evidence of John Burns' work for the people, I met the throngs gathering for the celebrated artists' ball in Chelsea. Four thousand different costumes were worn—every type of dress known to civilization and history. The splendor of the days of the Louis in France, the glories of the field of the Cloth of Gold and costumes reaching back to the days of Grecian mantles, were flaunted from whirring taxis in the precincts of the Chelsea home of Thomas and Jane Carlyle. The deposed King Manuel of Portugal was attired as a costermonger, and seemed to forget the woes of exiled monarchs as he joined in the festivities, which began at twelve o'clock.

All the guests bowed to the demands of the occasion, even John Burns, a workingman's representative, was arrayed in court dress and chapeau.

All night long the hotels and thoroughfares of London were thronged with carriages and taxis of the gay revellers hailing from the quarter where Carlyle burned the midnight oil in writing his story of the French Revolution, where the Rossettis painted pictures of the pre-Raphaelite schools and where the poets wooed the Muse.

These scenes by night revealed to me why John Burns has so strong a grasp on the people in his protest against the frivolities that have ever proven a firebrand in arousing the class hatred and prejudice that have always been such dangerous explosives in governmental progress.

HON. T. P. O'CONNOR, M. P.
The famous Irish leader and writer who seems to know everyone in Europe

* * *

The House of Lords is arranged much the same as the House of Commons, save that the trimmings of the benches are in royal scarlet, and are located in the south part of the Palace of Westminster. The building was completed in 1852, at a cost of $15,000,000, a little more than was expended upon our State House at Albany, recently destroyed by fire, yet on this site for six centuries Parliament has met and decided the destinies of the nation "on whose dominions the sun never sets." There is a magnificent dais or dual throne upon which the King and Queen open Parliament—the one great legislative ceremony in which the representatives of the people and the rulers meet.

On opposite benches were arrayed leaders of the political parties, as in the House of Commons. The "Committee of Four" occupied a center bench. On certain days the Lord Advocates—the body which constitutes the Supreme Court of Great Britain—are in session, and on these occasions all members of the House of Lords, save those connected with the judiciary, are excluded.

Something of the fascination which possesses American heiresses hunting a title came over me when I first gazed upon the splendor of the House of Lords. For were not these real dukes and earls, lords and barons whose pedigrees reached back into the hazy shadows of the Norman Conquest?

There is something in the very atmosphere of the Chamber that is awe-inspiring to an American, who reverently looks upon a tombstone one hundred years old as a heritage of history. I could almost see the old scenes pictured in history, for French and Norman words and traditions are retained in the English House of Lords to this day. The English Parliament is, however, in spirit a successor of the ancient Norse or Teutonic assemblies, wherein every freeman had his place and right, forming the "Assembly of the Wise," the *Witenagemote* of the whole realm. It has been called "a body democratic in ancient theory, aristocratic in ordinary practice, but to which any strong popular impulse could at any time return its ancient democratic character." This same strong, popular impulse is just as perceptible in public sentiment in England as in the United States.

The English constitution appears to have had no definite birth or founder, and can be found in no written or printed form, or limited by past practice or legislation. It is a growth of certain precedents and acts of Parliaments, which the House of Commons may at any time modify or alter, with and by the consent of the people.

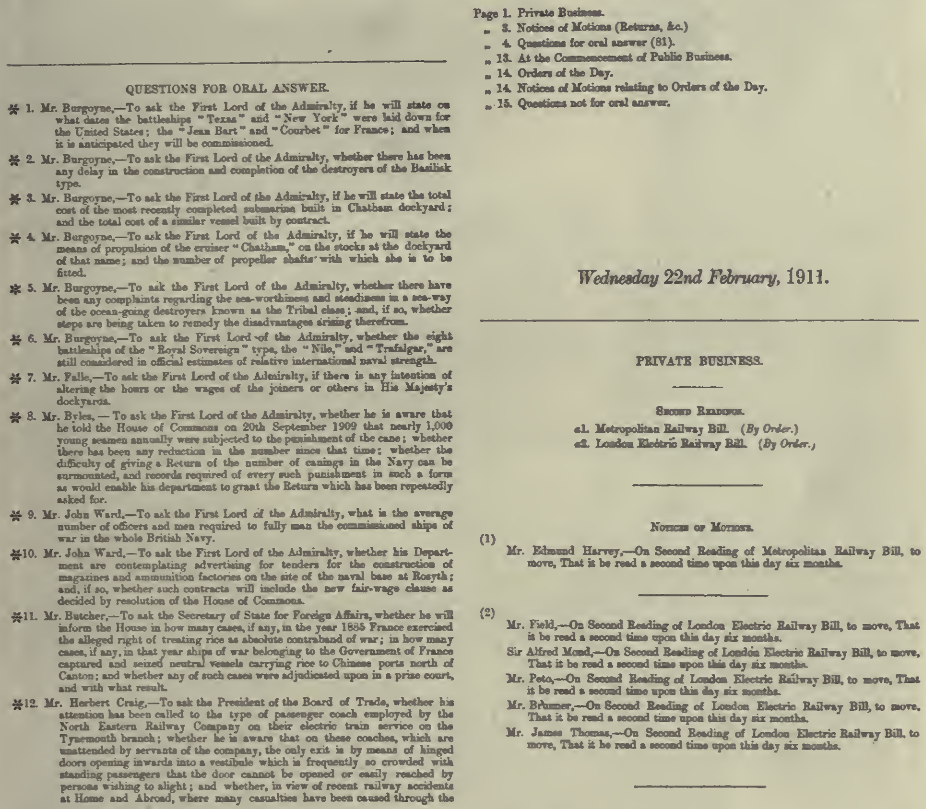
The various Parliaments present many phases of history—the Mad Parliament, Good Parliament, Bad Parliament, Unlearned Parliament, from which all lawyers were barred, the Addled Parliament which King James had sublet to some political bosses to carry out his plans, the Long and Short Parliaments—with some recesses continuing ten years—all are interesting and important studies in English history and of the growth of English civilization. Our own Congress—although our forefathers endeavored desperately to avoid the very appearance of adopting anything Royalist or English—reveals itself to be a direct outgrowth and continuation of the Norse theory, the English Parliament and the Norman French Chamber. All English history is reflected in the sessions wherein the eternal strugge between might and right rise and fall over the distribution of wealth—and with the wealth, the power of one man among his fellow-men.

These facts had a newer charm for me when read at the British Museum in Bloomsbury Square, in the smoky atmosphere of ancient parliaments, than if gleaned at home in the class-room or in the library of the editorial office. And as I saw how various parliaments had passed into history with some special description, I wondered: What should we call this Parliament, if historians permitted it to disappear in the course of events, without giving it even so much as a distinct title of "good," "bad," or "indifferent"?

Well, it seemed to us that this should be termed in our modest notes as the "Lordless Parliament," for it was evident that the House of Commons was determined that the Upper House should resign the power to veto acts passed by the Commons, and should forsake some of the prerogatives that tradition and hereditary descent had bestowed upon its members for centuries. It seemed not unlike the movement for the election of senators by direct vote, for when the House of Commons feels that its official toes have been trampled upon, so to speak, the same spirit that prevails in the Representative wing of the Capitol at Washington is aroused, and there is trouble right away. The

United States Senate appears to be a more deliberative and representative body than the House of Peers, for even United States Senators must come and go as the political tides and eddies of public opinion ebb and flow.

The ring of the brass dinner bell, used as a gavel in the Reichstag at Berlin, will be the next place visited with NATIONAL readers, as we loiter in the legislative galleries of Europe, to see how laws are made in other lands.



QUESTIONS FOR ORAL ANSWER.

✻ 1. Mr. Burgoyne,—To ask the First Lord of the Admiralty, if he will state on what dates the battleships "Texas" and "New York" were laid down for the United States; the "Jean Bart" and "Courbet" for France; and when it is anticipated they will be commissioned.

✻ 2. Mr. Burgoyne,—To ask the First Lord of the Admiralty, whether there has been any delay in the construction and completion of the destroyers of the Basilisk type.

✻ 3. Mr. Burgoyne,—To ask the First Lord of the Admiralty, if he will state the total cost of the most recently completed submarine built in Chatham dockyard; and the total cost of a similar vessel built by contract.

✻ 4. Mr. Burgoyne,—To ask the First Lord of the Admiralty, if he will state the means of propulsion of the cruiser "Chatham," on the stocks at the dockyard of that name; and the number of propeller shafts with which she is to be fitted.

✻ 5. Mr. Burgoyne,—To ask the First Lord of the Admiralty, whether there have been any complaints regarding the sea-worthiness and steadiness in a sea-way of the ocean-going destroyers known as the Tribal class; and, if so, whether steps are being taken to remedy the disadvantages arising therefrom.

✻ 6. Mr. Burgoyne,—To ask the First Lord of the Admiralty, whether the eight battleships of the "Royal Sovereign" type, the "Nile," and "Trafalgar," are still considered in official estimates of relative international naval strength.

✻ 7. Mr. Falle,—To ask the First Lord of the Admiralty, if there is any intention of altering the hours or the wages of the joiners or others in His Majesty's dockyards.

✻ 8. Mr. Byles, — To ask the First Lord of the Admiralty, whether he is aware that he told the House of Commons on 20th September 1909 that nearly 1,000 young seamen annually were subjected to the punishment of the cane; whether there has been any reduction in the number since that time; whether the difficulty of giving a Return of the number of canings in the Navy can be surmounted, and records required of every such punishment in such a form as would enable his department to grant the Return which has been repeatedly asked for.

✻ 9. Mr. John Ward,—To ask the First Lord of the Admiralty, what is the average number of officers and men required to fully man the commissioned ships of war in the whole British Navy.

✻10. Mr. John Ward,—To ask the First Lord of the Admiralty, whether his Department are contemplating advertising for tenders for the construction of magazines and ammunition factories on the site of the naval base at Rosyth; and, if so, whether such contracts will include the new fair-wage clause as decided by resolution of the House of Commons.

✻11. Mr. Butcher,—To ask the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, whether he will inform the House in how many cases, if any, in the year 1885 France exercised the alleged right of treating rice as absolute contraband of war; in how many cases, if any, in that year ships of war belonging to the Government of France captured and seized neutral vessels carrying rice to Chinese ports north of Canton; and whether any of such cases were adjudicated upon in a prize court, and with what result.

✻12. Mr. Herbert Craig,—To ask the President of the Board of Trade, whether his attention has been called to the type of passenger coach employed by the North Eastern Railway Company on their electric train service on the Tynemouth branch; whether he is aware that on these coaches, which are unattended by servants of the company, the only exit is by means of hinged doors opening inwards into a vestibule which is frequently so crowded with standing passengers that the door cannot be opened or easily reached by persons wishing to alight; and whether, in view of recent railway accidents at Home and Abroad, where many casualties have been caused through the

Page 1. Private Business.
" 3. Notices of Motions (Returns, &c.)
" 4. Questions for oral answer (81).
" 13. At the Commencement of Public Business.
" 14. Orders of the Day.
" 14. Notices of Motions relating to Orders of the Day.
" 15. Questions not for oral answer.

Wednesday 22nd February, 1911.

PRIVATE BUSINESS.

SECOND READINGS.

a1. Metropolitan Railway Bill. (*By Order.*)
a2. London Electric Railway Bill. (*By Order.*)

NOTICES OF MOTIONS.

(1)
Mr. Edmund Harvey,—On Second Reading of Metropolitan Railway Bill, to move, That it be read a second time upon this day six months.

(2)
Mr. Field,—On Second Reading of London Electric Railway Bill, to move, That it be read a second time upon this day six months.
Sir Alfred Mond,—On Second Reading of London Electric Railway Bill, to move, That it be read a second time upon this day six months.
Mr. Peto,—On Second Reading of London Electric Railway Bill, to move, That it be read a second time upon this day six months.
Mr. Brunner,—On Second Reading of London Electric Railway Bill, to move, That it be read a second time upon this day six months.
Mr. James Thomas,—On Second Reading of London Electric Railway Bill, to move, That it be read a second time upon this day six months.

FAC-SIMILE OF TWO PAGES OF THE DAILY CALENDAR OF THE HOUSE OF PARLIAMENT

(REDUCED IN SIZE)

THEODORE NEWTON VAIL
PRESIDENT OF THE AMERICAN TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH COMPANY

The Lure of WORK

BY JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE

THE American people realize more and more vividly that there is an active patriotism in times of peace; and that the real incentive with many men of great achievement is far nobler and far more inspiring than a desire for the mere sordid and selfish accumulation of money.

In the careers of men who have attained success in this generation, there is a commanding interest, and especially of those who, impelled by the lure of work, after life's battle has been won so far as they are personally concerned, continue to assist in building up great enterprises and in helping on the younger men whose energy and ability need the direction of mature years and experience.

The history of revolutions of the past have been written in blood, but they are of little moment to the lessons that have been taught in the last half century—in whose wonderful achievements the men who marshalled the timid forces of development have been stalwart figures in the public eye. Among these men stands forth prominently the active life of Theodore N. Vail, president of the American Bell Telephone Company and Western Union Telegraph Company, who, in his sixties, when called upon to take charge of a work that required the most arduous effort, indomitable purpose and infinite tact, did not shirk a call to duty. He had apparently finished his active business career—a struggle for recognition and success that has all the fascination of romance—and had begun quietly to enjoy his well-earned holiday. He had a fortune which ensured a comfortable living. He was intensely interested in New England farming, and believed that it could be developed along practical lines—in somewhat the same way that he had exploited the great telephone interests. With his farm home, his library and his local interests, ample work was laid out for years to come. There were also long-deferred plans for tours of foreign travel, going far afield from the well-worn tracks of tourists. With the same foresight that had characterized his exploitation of the telephone interests, he had mapped out a characteristic program to round out his career at "Speedwell," his Vermont farm named after his mother's family, prominent in the colonial annals of New Jersey.

When requested to return to active business life, it was useless to urge that his personal interests would be enhanced; there was only one effective inducement that won him, and that was that there was a great *work* to be done. Work, unceasing work, important work, vital work, work that would test his powers to the utmost; work that would benefit not only his own company, or his own country, but the entire civilized world.

All recognized his peculiar fitness for the great undertaking, and he saw more clearly than any one else the magnitude of the task, the difficulties to be overcome, the antagonisms to be met. The lure of the work that had engrossed his attention in early life when he left the railway mail service to nurture the infant telephone "toy" enterprise, fired his imagination with a picture of world-wide proportions, and he enlisted once more to make that early dream a concrete realization.

His foreign travel is now cut down to a brief few weeks in European cities, during which his work never ceases. He still finds rest and recreation in the farm at Lyndonville, Vermont, but it comes from the change of scene. For his work follows him —even into the quiet restfulness of the country, where his maturing plans include even the broad sweep of the green hills about.

When I first met him for a brief conversation, it covered topics that would require hours of leisure comment at the club, but here every word and sentence seemed to suggest the dot and dash of telegraphic brevity. It is said that in three brief staccato suggestions Mr. Vail can line out three weeks of vigorous work for those coming for instructions. While we talked he was drawing out a diagram on the blotter. He was still studying the geometrical figure outlined by his pencil while he absorbed, assimilated and dispatched.

If he travels in a private car, it is only that he may work more effectively without interruption. In the city, when he leaves his office in a limousine, it is that he may save his time and strength to create more work for thousands in all parts of the country. If he has a private room for lunch, it means that the noon hour is not respected. When the early trains reach "Speedwell" at "milking time," he is always alert, even before the sun rises, to plan great movements for the day or week.

One does not recognize in Theodore N. Vail the careworn head of a great corporation. He seems never to be harassed, never weary, never nervous. He just works as though he loved it—and he does. He enjoys making every minute of the hours count, without watching the clock to know that they are passing. He seems to stand apart from human annoyances, and to observe and to utilize the great trend of events. He is interested in every new project, and quick to realize its possibilities. There is never a moment in which his gray eyes are not focused upon human activities. Information is digested as readily as his simple dinner.

In the New York headquarters he sits at a flat-top desk. The office tradition is that before you approach it you must know just what to say, because the dispatch of business in that office parallels the alert rapidity of modern telephone service. Mr. Vail is not in ready sympathy with the man who doesn't know what he wants until after he arrives.

The one word *work* characterizes Theodore N. Vail, his life, his limitations, his disappointments, his successes; but in none of these things is there any record of misspent moments or wasted opportunities. His scheme of life is an inspiration to ambitious young Americans of today, for he represents the genius of gigantic effort, incessantly working out the problems before him.

Although constantly under this stimulus to activity, Mr. Vail does not think of himself as a worker. In the great library at "Speedwell," where he was constantly "dipping" into this and that book, and noting very closely every word and inflection, I suggested that he must have much to do.

"Oh, no, I don't," he replied. "The young fellows do the work. I only suggest now and then." The usefulness of this man, incessantly planning how to increase the efficiency of myriads of operators, each surrounded by a web of wires and dispersed all over the country, can never be estimated. The word *work* has a broader and more comprehensive meaning after one has met Theodore N. Vail.

* * *

His entrance to telephone exploitation dates back to the early days of Alexander Graham Bell. As Mr. Herbert N. Casson has well said in his recent book, "Bell invented the telephone; Watson constructed it; Sanders financed it; Hubbard introduced it; and Vail put it on a business basis." Here was where exploitation touched the magic button.

The call to the new field of labor came to young Vail at Washington, where he had learned both how to handle the mails and to serve the public. He accepted the offer of general managership of the infant telephone company, a struggling little concern without capital or friends, in characteristic words:

> "My faith in the success of the enterprise is such that I am willing to trust to it, and I have confidence that we shall establish the harmony and co-operation that is essential to the success of an enterprise of this kind."

So he took his seat in the tiny office in Reade Street, and it has since been agreed that his arrival was at the psychological moment.

With no experience in the telephone business, Mr. Vail came to his work with peculiar fitness. He seemed then and there to be destined to fulfill the dreams he had while playing with the telegraph wires. For many generations the Vail family had operated the Speedwell Iron Works. The engines for the "Savannah," the first American steamship to cross the ocean, had been built by his grand-uncle; his cousin Alfred was the co-worker of Morse, the inventor of the telegraph. Morse himself had lived at the Vail home for several years, where the first telegraph line was erected—a three-mile circuit around the iron works.

As a boy, Theodore Vail had learned by heart the dramatic story of Morse's struggles and triumphs, had become an enthusiast in the exploitation of the telegraph, and his favorite toy was a little telegraph instrument that he constructed for himself. At the age of twenty-two he went West to farm at Elk Run, Iowa. A few few years later he went West and was employed on the Union Pacific Railroad, then building. Soon after he was given an appointment in the mail service on that road. He made such a record that he was called to Washington and put in charge of the organization and perfecting of the railway mail service, the distribution of mails in transit, and soon found himself at the head of that branch of the service. Even in those days he was studying the methods for facilitating the transmission and distribution of intelligence and accumulating a wide knowledge of railways and telegraphs.

This training had naturally fitted him to manage a national telephone system. Hubbard, whose daughter had married Alexander Graham Bell, and whose enthusiasm greatly promoted the exploitation of the telephone, was the first to discover young Vail's especial adaptation. Wherever Hubbard went, a pair of telephones were packed into his valise, and Vail, who met him often on trains and in Washington hotels, was soon enthusiastically painting roseate pictures of the telephone's future. He was willing to leave an assured government office for a telephone position with a salary promised when the company was able to pay it.

It is a singular coincidence that Amos Kendall, who left the post-office service to establish the telegraph business after Morse's experiments had proven its efficiency, should have preceded Mr. Vail, who left the government employ to establish the national telephone. The first duty of the general manager was to stiffen the backbone of the company, and even the ominous threatenings of the great Western Union did not shake his confident, earnest purpose. The attorneys fighting for the patents attacked by the opposition received only letters of encouragement from the man who was organizing and establishing the new business. He told his agents, who were being bitterly assailed with every kind of detraction and abuse, that there was only one reply—*No surrender*. Some of his letters written at this time ring with a clarion note of defiance, as when he said:

> "You have had too great an idea of the Western Union. If it was all massed in your one city you might well fear it; but it is represented there by one man only, and he has probably as much as he can attend to outside of the telephone. For you to acknowledge that you cannot compete with his influence when you make it your special business, is hardly the thing. There may be a dozen concerns that will all go to the Western Union, but they will not take with them all their friends. I would advise that you go ahead and keep your present advantage. We must organize companies with sufficient vitality to carry on a fight, as it is simply useless to get a company started that will succumb to the first bit of opposition it may encounter."

A definite policy was determined upon, existing contracts were made more explicit, and the operations of agents were confined to certain territory. A branch department was established to deal with new inventions, and soon agents encompassed the entire land. Telephonic apparatus was standardized and made to scale in one factory. The great dominating purpose was not only to form a telephone company, leasing a certain number of telephones, but the creation of a federal institution that should act as a permanent partner in telephonic operations and should maintain a uniformity and economy capable of establishing the broad economic policy that prevails today in the United States, where there are twice as many telephones as in all other countries in the world combined. This fact tells the result briefly.

As in the face of a stronger adversary, a general holds his forces together, so Mr.

Vail, in spite of the unrelenting opposition of the powerful Western Union Telegraph and the new Edison transmitter, an admitted improvement over that of the Bell Company, held his own. These were dark days; there were deserters, and many discouraging reports from all parts of the field. It was realized that the telephone rates had been made too low, and that the complimentary phones were a great drain upon the young company. The first telephone pay station ran three months without earning a dollar, and as late as 1880 at the National Telephone Convention at Niagara Falls, not one company could make the statement that it was making a cent.

These were financial "blue Mondays," when a draft of two hundred and seventy-five dollars was to be met without a cent, when a floating debt of thirty thousand dollars was on hand—and no salary for Vail. Every officer in the company was tortured on every hand with demands for money. A small bill of goods amounting to seven dollars was refused Vail until the money was paid, and on the very site of the store which refused this credit, 15 Dey Street, New York City, stands the present building of the New York Telephone Company. No salaries were paid in full—it was "take what you can." The notations from Watson's diary at that time are full of grim humor: "Lent Bell 50 cents," "Lent Hubbard 20 cents." Tempting offers came to Vail from the railroads, pledging a higher and more certain salary if he would superintend their mail buisness. Sanders was taunted by his friends, who told him that he had better tend to his leather business and quit playing on the "wind instruments," as the telephones were called.

To make things worse, Bell, who had been to England on his wedding tour, returned in the most urgent need, disheartened and ill. He lay in a Boston hospital and sent forth a cry to the struggling company. "Thousands of telephones are in operation in all parts of the country," he said, "yet I have not received a cent for my invention."

A letter from young Francis Blake of Boston came to encourage the struggling company. This young Bostonian claimed to have a transmitter equal to that of the company's competitors. Colonel W. H. Forbes took up the financial burden which had grown so unendurable to Sanders, and became president of the National Bell Telephone Company with $850,000 capital stock. He and young Blake had certainly arrived at the right time. The company was now put upon its financial feet and ready for carrying on a square fight which would make an organization such as Theodore N. Vail had planned—a national system, a world utility.

Publicists and business men slowly began to realize its advantages. President McKinley was the first United States executive to use the telephone to any great extent, and then governmental Washington adopted it with lightning rapidity. The great peace conference at Portsmouth, which closed the Russo-Japanese war, was virtually settled over the telephone from Sagamore Hill, with Theodore Roosevelt at one end of the wire. The power of Alexander's trumpet, which called a soldier ten miles distant to battle, had been far exceeded in sober earnest by this modern wonder.

Little by little the fondest dream of General Vail to have every home supplied with a telephone, to give to the humblest the same advantages and conveniences as those accorded the wealthiest, were reaching fruition.

Following the establishment on a solid basis of the American telephone system, work for European exploitation was early begun. The results were hardly encouraging. Five-eighths of the British rights were purchased for $500 by a Providence man, who after working in London four months could not find one who would put a shilling in the telephone. An English review said of it, "The telephone is little better than a toy. It amuses the English, but is inferior to the well-established system of air tubes." The London editors stood aghast at a telephone in each room, destroying the privacy of public life. Even in 1882, Herbert Spencer wrote that the telephone was little known in English cities.

The victory was won at last by Kate Field, who sang "Kathleen Mavourneen" over the telephone to Queen Victoria. The queen was delighted, asked Bell if she might buy two telephones, and it was not long before all England was awakened. A tiny exchange with ten wires was opened in London, and in April, 1879, Theodore Vail sent an order to the factory in Boston in his terse, characteristic way: "Please make one hundred hand telephones for export trade as early as possible."

For many years the Emperor of Germany when out on a trip has conversed with his cabinet every morning by telephone. But the first great friend of the telephone in Germany was Bismarck, who in 1877 ordered the first long distance line in Europe, connecting his palace in Berlin with his farm at Varzin, two hundred and fifty miles away.

France pounced upon the telephone after the pioneer work had been done by private citizens, and in 1889 the French telephone business was virtually taken over by the government. Then began a reckless system of bureaucracy. The system of rates was turned topsy-turvy; the girl operators were entangled in a web of civil service rules, and could not marry without the permission of the postmaster-general. The difficulties surrounding the switchboard would have furnished the plot for a Hugo novel. There was no Vail in Paris to systematize the French telephone system, and the blunders made cost the government very dear. In 1908 the main telephone exchange in Paris was totally destroyed by fire, and there was a general upheaval. It would take four or five months to build a new switch board, said the European manufacturers, but an American—a representative of the Western Electric Company—offered to undertake the work in Chicago and to have it completed inside of forty days. The new switchboard was in operation in Paris inside of thirty-six days, representing such a feat as has seldom been accomplished.

Eastern Hungary and Russia have managed to starve the telephone business; as Mr. Casson has said, "In each country the government has been a neglectful stepmother to the telephone." Outside of Budapest, Vienna, St. Petersburg and Moscow there are few telephones. In tiny Switzerland the officials have always preferred the telephone to the telegraph; the historic Alps are virtually threaded with the arteries of the telephone. In the Italian Alps, on the peak of Monte Rosa, is the highest telephone in the world. Strung at the order of Queen Margherita, it took six years to complete the connection between the top of the mountain and the queen's apartments in Rome.

In Turkey, the land of the Sultan, one finds marvelous development of telephony. In Sweden, Henry Cedergren had much to do with the place that Stockholm occupies as being the best telephoned city outside of the United States. Had he been the general manager of European telephones, as Theodore Vail was in the United States, Europe would have made a better showing in telephonic development.

The Japanese regard the telephone as a precious heritage. There are twenty-five thousand patrons of the Tokio exchange, and it is impossible to supply the demand for enthusiastic Japanese applicants. In India and in Persia, the far-off Philippines, South America, Africa, Egypt and Algeria, the telephone has made itself indispensable. All the world is indeed made kin by the voice-bearing telephone wire.

The United States has eight telephones for every hundred of population—while no other country has half as many. This indicates the initiative force that has made the wonderful and magical success of American telephone business. Under the repression of "too much government" in other countries the development has been slow. Delegations from foreign countries are visiting New York almost every day in the year to study the telephone methods in use in this country—telephony at its best.

* * *

It was in the spring of 1907, just at seedtime, when he was busy superintending his farm in Vermont, that Theodore N. Vail was called back to the presidency of the great company which he had placed on a business basis years before. On this farm, nearly twelve miles square, where hundreds of cows and beautiful Welsh ponies were grazing in the meadows and on the hills, he was beginning to realize the ideal program of a quiet home life to which he had long looked forward.

In the twenty years of his absence from the telephone world he had been doing many things. He had organized a system of trolleys and electric lights in South America, and now felt that he had earned a holiday. While he was enjoying to the full the invigorating air from massive Burke Mountain, a delegation of telephone directors who had been with him in the early days—the days of Sanders and Hubbard, Watson and Bell—the days of "lent Bell 50 cents" and Edison transmitters—a delegation came and in person to ask him to return to the telephone business.

"Nonsense," he said, "I'm too old." But they refused to be turned away. Carefully they laid before him the necessity of having his strong and experienced hand at the wheel, and there were many reminiscences of old times and well-won battles. Still he shook his head. "All my life, ever since I was at Elk Run," he said, "I've wanted to be a farmer." This argument did not silence the delegation; they showed him now the great system which he had introduced needed his hand to carry it out according to his ideas. In his absence the telephone business had grown up by leaps and bounds, but it was sadly in need of a system—in need of such a system as only Theodore N. Vail could initiate.

The call of the telephone was strong; the lure of work stronger. The old insistence or completeness of achievement and the appeal touching the dominating characteristic of his life, to make the telephone service national in the broadest sense of the word, was impelling. So he went back to the telephone world—back to *work.*

"All my life . . . I've wanted to be a farmer." Upon the allurements of his Vermont farm it has been my opportunity to look. The train arrived in the sweet darkness of budding dawn. The first rose tints of morning came while the soft mists, scattered like a bridal veil over the green hills, were passing. The overture of a day on the farm was being played in Nature's inimitable symphony. The horses felt the tingle of a new day coming as they dashed around the curve of country roads and over bridges spanning crystal brooklets from the verdant meadows on to the simple white towers of "Speedwell," a real New England homestead retaining colonial features in its stairways and balconies, and surrounded by the bell-topped elms of which Lowell sang. Inside, the great circular library, with its shelves and alcoves of rare old books, and the spacious veranda surrounding it all, indicated the favorite retreat of Farmer Vail in the evenings—winter and summer.

But "sun up" had come, and after breakfast was finished the great barns under the hill on the old "Sanborn place" were visited. Nearby was the ancient Fletcher farm, with its barn and great chimneyed house. The cow stable back by the side of the road had every convenience known, from cement floors, sanitary stalls and drinking tanks, to automatic doors for the haymow, so that one man could care for many more cows than in the old way. Over two hundred Swiss Brown cows were contentedly chewing their cuds in stalls as systematically numbered as the names in a telephone directory. The sturdy little Swiss Brown calves were in striking contrast to the dreamy-eyed and slender Jerseys. In the horse-barn nearby saddle-horses and heavy-draught animals answered to names quite as classic as those given to the Pullman sleepers of yore. From the Percheron two-year old to the Kentucky thoroughbred, there were enough blooded animals to make a good-sized county fair in itself.

Swinging his cane and marching forth over his premises, in Panama hat and linen suit, Farmer Vail suggests President Taft sauntering out to the golf course. His keen farmer's eye was vigilant in noting the progress of crops—to see that horses were exercised, chickens cared for, and to learn how the Welsh ponies and prize porkers were doing. In the spacious hothouses and upon this farm were grown almost every edible known to tropic or temperate zone. Here year by year for thirty seasons Theodore Vail had sowed and planted and had always added something to the inventory and the list of products garnered every year.

Only thin glass partitions separated the luxurious pineapple, pomegranate and fig from the sturdy apple and cherry trees outside. In the fields the work is planned carefully. The crooked roads were then being straightened, new bridges built, and a dam was being constructed to provide water for an artificial lake and a picturesque waterfall. On every hand the broad acres presented views that realized the pictures of the farm boy's dream.

In the week-end days, with bulging portfolio, Mr. Vail works on and on amid the alluring scenes of "Speedwell." In the evening he pulls his chair up before his great hearth side and revels in the old spirit of entertaining the neighbors. Above the fireplace hangs the frontlet of a great bison, the relic of early days when he helped to construct the first transcontinental railroad, and when a rifle was as necessary as pick and shovel. He smiled as he recalled the old days in the West, and sat down on the organ stool.

From the hidden pipes the homestead was flooded with old-time song and melody, as the Master of the Wire-World forgot all else but the love of his home and castle, from which he was called to take up battles as real in building up homes and in making for progress as those fought in colonial days with flint and lock.

* * *

After having left the dream of days at "Speedwell," and shortly after he had taken the reins for the second time, even as in the early days he had confronted financial storms, so a panic came—not a telephone panic, but a financial crisis by which all the great interests of the country were more or less affected. When things were at their worst, he sent out to the stockholders a letter formed according to his own homely, terse ideas:

> "Our net earnings for the last ten months were $13,715,000, as against $11,579,000 for the same period in 1906. We have now in the banks over $18,000,000, and we will not need to borrow any money for two years."

And through the dark and stormy days of this crisis the Bell system kept on its course without the parting of a lanyard or the shiver of a sail.

Then began the great work of consolidation. Overlapping companies were united. The public was taken into the confidence of the president as to the plans and purposes of the Bell system. There was no secrecy or mystification. In a plain, neighborly manner the people were informed of what he intended to do—and he did it. The industry was exploited by advertising, the same as any other successful business. Long distance problems were conquered, and with a satisfaction that no one else could fully realize in 1910 Mr. Vail signed a thirty-million-dollar cheque for the control of the Western Union Telegraph Company, accomplishing one of the greatest public-utility concentrations ever known. It consummated the great national telephone system which had lived in the mind of Mr. Vail since he first became general manager of the company.

There were no "pools" or conspiracies of Wall Street—the completion of the Bell system was organized on the same basis as if there was a road to be straightened—and it was done for the interest of not only the owners, but for the people it served. Efficient and practical methods, without coming in contact with the dull apathy of government exploitation, operate the telephone service of today. While quasi-public and subject to rigid supervision, it has required—as most great ideas need—the initiative force of such men of genius as Theodore N. Vail before coming to full fruition.

Since 1881 the Bell system has passed largely into the control of small stockholders, and its dividends are carried into more than a hundred thousand homes. The entire cost of the service in the country at $200,000,000 a year has been figured to be less than the American farmers earn in ten days.

The immense number of "pay" booths at terminals, hotels and other public places, indicate the increasing demand for telephonic privileges. Aside from all other benefits, the telephone is bringing immigrants of all nationalities to realize the necessity of learning the language, which is best understood over the telephone. The American "*Hello*" indeed means more than a greeting—it is both a command or a request—for five cents places the wires of all New York City in the service of the individual, night or day.

How many times has a railway fare been saved by the use of the telephone, and how wonderful it is that the subtle but peculiar inflection of any human voice can be readily distinguished with the same unerring accuracy with which an endorsement on the back of a cheque could be verified. Although the speaker may be hundreds of miles away, the telephone wire carries with it his personality in his voice.

Since Benjamin Franklin flew his kite in Philadelphia to prove the existence of electricity, over one-twentieth of our national wealth, $6,000,000,000, has been invested in electrical development, and there are more electrical patents sent out in a single month today than the total number recorded in the Patent Office up to 1859. But of all American patents, that of the telephone was admittedly "the most valuable single patent" ever issued.

The one demand in telephony is service. In thirty seconds the operator at the switchboard secures the connection with a person miles away. Every moment lost by distance is eliminated, and now since Pupin has introduced a method of automatically propelling an electric current, we have dreams of talking across the ocean. And upon one of those characteristic "three staccato word" orders, of Theodore Vail—which, as they say, create enough work for three months—upon such an order captains and lieutenants are working to make him a birthday present of a talk across the continent.

Neither time nor pains are spared to anticipate the needs and conveniences of the public. The rule is to look ahead, to anticipate what will give the people greater service. The cohesiveness of modern business is a logical and direct consequence of the telephone, and it is these conditions, these ideas, these wants, that are recognized by the tall, white-haired man who rides to his Vermont home every Friday to spend the week-end at home. There, drinking in the fresh mountain air, he looks forward to the time when the spoken words may fly across the entire continent on telephone wires. Every farmer in the field, every section hand on the railroad, even in the dismal swamp, every man everywhere, man is always in touch with his fellow-man when the omnipresent telephone wire can be tapped and the voice carried through the impenetrable jungle.

Sitting in a suburban home, one may now with the combination of the Bell system and the Western Union, send at midnight, as I did, a cable to a friend in Switzerland and receive an answer at breakfast in the morning. Over twelve million miles of wire can now be utilized for telephone service.

When I saw a tiny girl three and a half years old climbing up on a chair and talking over the telephone, actually giving Central the number she wanted and sending her own Christmas greetings far away, in fancy she was actually talking with Santa Claus, telling him her little story amid the twinkle of Yuletide tapers on the Christmas tree. The world's great fairy story is suggested in the universal ability to reach with the voice carried far above the roar of the tempest and the turmoil of a hundred cities to the remotest fastness of earth wherever a wire is strung.

The long, weary days and nights in farm or ranch, prairie or forest—how lonely they would be but for the telephone on the wall! And here was a wee voice piping its little greetings over a wire on which thousands of other messages perhaps directed the movements of great corporations, governments and municipalities—and all these activities were reiterating the great voice of prophecy:

"And a little child shall lead them."

The GUEST OF HONOR

By William Hodge
"The Man From Home"

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SYNOPSIS—John Weatherbee, author and poet, comes to New York with his four-year-old adopted son, Jack, and takes rooms at Wartle's boarding house. As finances dwindle, he keeps moving up until the "top floor back" is reached. Amid persistent dunning of Wartle, the landlord, and Mrs. Murray, the housekeeper, Weatherbee is kept in spirits by Warner, a blind newspaper man, who assures the young man that some day he will be famous. Weatherbee becomes rapturous in describing to Warner the girl who recited his prize verse at the exclusive "Ten Club." The same afternoon this young lady, Miss Rosamond Kent, calls personally to urge him to attend a luncheon. Weatherbee introduces himself as his own secretary. Rosamond recognizes a photograph of her sister Marguerite on Weatherbee's table, and later informs her mother. Rosamond's father, "Dick" Kent, a Wall Street broker, objects to his daughter entertaining an unknown author, and when Weatherbee arrives Kent practically dismisses him, but not until Rosamond has learned from Weatherbee, who admits his identity, that the original of the photograph she saw at his studio is dead. Meantime, Wartle and Mrs. Murray conclude to get married, but Weatherbee is forced to vacate his rooms or pay his rent. Just as he is leaving, Rosamond calls, learns that Jack is her sister's son and takes him home with her. A publisher then appears on the scene and buys one of Weatherbee's books, paying $500 on account. Weatherbee re-rents his room and sets out to find Warner. The advent of the check is duly celebrated. Little Jack in the Kent home wins every heart, even to that of the gruff Wall-Street magnate, who discovers that Jack is his grandson.

CHAPTER XIX

JACK struggled and grunted for his freedom until he became convinced that his efforts were useless as long as Kent wished to hold him in his arms, so he rested his head against Kent's shoulder and remained there for a short time, but the sentiment was all on Kent's side, for the little fellow was waiting patiently to be released, he wanted to get another peek at the flowers in the beautiful conservatory.

Kent placed his hands on the child's shoulders, pushed him back as far as his arms would reach and stared into his eyes until Jack smiled faintly and remarked in a quiet tone that showed he didn't approve of the tearful attitude that everyone whom he had met in the house had taken toward him:

"Everybody I have met in this house has cried all over me."

Kent rocked his head to and fro slowly many times before he spoke.

"Have they all cried on you?"

"All but the little girl," Jack answered quickly. "Mrs. Kent cried, and Miss Kent cried down at our house and then she cried again up here, but the little girl just laughed and shook me."

"Well, you see the little girl hasn't passed the laughing age yet. She laughs at everything, but she'll cry too some day," and Kent shook the little shoulders affectionately, then pinched the cheeks and pushed the curls back from his forehead.

"Do you like the little girl because she didn't cry?"

Jack nodded his head quickly and before he had ceased, Kent inquired if he liked Mrs. Kent and the head continued shaking, and shook while he informed Kent in a most convincing tone that he liked all the ladies and just loved Miss Kent.

"I want you to like me, too," Kent whispered, "for I like you and I want you to be my chum. Do you think you are going to like me?"

"Yes, I like you already. Miss Kent said that you didn't talk much, but you do. You talk a lot, don't you?"

Kent's mind was far away from anything humorous, but Jack's frank remark, which was meant as a compliment, forced him to laugh heartily. His fingers wandered through the child's curls;—he wound a curl around each of his forefingers, and would pull his hand away only to find it traveling back to pinch the rosy cheeks and from the cheeks it would go to the curls and back to the cheeks again.

"Do I talk too much?"

"No, I like to talk a lot and ask questions. Dad says I ask too many questions."

"Well, you just ask me all the questions you want to," and he gave the cheeks another tender squeeze. "What time does your Dad put you to bed?"

"About eight o'clock."

"I guess it's after eight now," and Kent drew his watch from his pocket and pressed the button quickly after he had glanced at it. "Why, it's nearly nine o'clock. Joe will take you up to Miss Kent and she'll tuck you away and I'll see you in the morning and we will go and look at the flowers and have a big long talk. Have you got a kiss for your new chum?"

Jack wound his tiny arms around Kent's neck and kissed him affectionately and Kent held him tightly while "Joe" stood at the door and awaited orders.

"Joe, take Mr. —— Mr. ——, take my chum to Miss Rosamond and tell her he is ready to retire," and Joe led Jack up the broad stairs and he pounded each step in vain with his tiny feet trying to make them squeak.

"These stairs just won't talk, will they?"

"I dun–o es I 'ave eva heard 'em, but I guess if anyone can make 'em talk yo am that puson, chil'. Yo 'ave cernly started a buzz in this 'ouse such as I neva heard afo'. What is yo name, anyhow?"

"Jack," was the quick reply in a loud voice, and he stopped suddenly and stared up at the wondering white eyes that were glaring out of the black, shiny face at him.

"Jack—Jack what?"

"Jack; and I guess that is all," and he pulled Joe on his way up the stairs, pounding away at each step in hope it might creak.

Joe delivered him to the ladies, who received him as a long lost child and he was hugged by one until the other succeeded in gaining possession of him, but he still looked upon his reception as a huge joke and accepted it all playfully, laughing and struggling until he escaped from one only to find himself in the arms of another.

Rosamond took charge of him for the night and his eyes opened wide when she ushered him into her room and he found that during his absence, a tiny bed which matched Rosamond's had been placed there for him.

"Oh, look at the funny little bed!" he exclaimed, as he paused just inside the door.

"That is yours. Do you like it?" Rosamond inquired anxiously.

"Yes, and it has got a little tent on it just like yours, hasn't it?"

"Yes, Helen slept in that bed when she was a little girl like you."

His eyes left the bed quickly and searched Rosamond's somewhat reproachfully for many seconds before he informed her with a great deal of pride that he was a boy.

Rosamond apologized for her careless mistake and assured him with another kiss that she knew he was a boy and was very happy over the fact. The pride he had shown in his rather boastful way of announcing that he was a boy forced her to refrain from informing him that there were no little boy's night clothes in the house and he would have to sleep in one of Helen's baby night dresses until Monday, so she decided to prepare him for bed and allow him to make the discovery himself and she waited with much pleasure to see if he would notice the difference. She drew the thin, white nightdress over his curly head and smiled as she started to tie the baby blue ribbon about his neck.

He examined his little bare arms, which stuck out through the short sleeves that came just below his shoulders and gave each sleeve a good pull to see if he couldn't bring it down where he thought it belonged, but he found that his efforts were useless. He untied the little drawn ribbon in the end of each sleeve and gave it another severe pull. He glanced down at the body of the dress to see if it was cut on the same plan as the sleeves, but found it plenty long enough, in fact too long, for many inches were lying on the floor. He examined the sleeves again carefully and finally remarked in a puzzled tone: "This is the funniest nightgown I ever saw."

Rosamond bit her lip to conceal her smile and tied the blue ribbons of the sleeves in pretty bow-knots.

"Isn't your nightgown like this?" she asked in a tone of forced surprise.

"No," Jack replied quickly, and he gazed with contempt at the blue ribbons and the long white lace which hung at the end of the sleeves. "My nightgown buttons down the front and has long sleeves and legs on it. This is like the ones they have on girl dolls in the store windows."

"You'll like this after you get to sleep."

"Well, after I am asleep I won't know I've got it on."

"No, you will forget all about it and Monday we'll get some with legs on them, just like yours."

"Maybe Dad will be back and take me home before Monday," and he glanced up into Rosamond's eyes with a hopeful smile.

The humorous expression darted from Rosamond's face and a sad twinkle crept into her soft brown eyes and her voice trembled as she whispered, "Don't you want to live here?"

"Yes, I want to live here until Dad gets back."

"Then do you want to go back and live with your Dad?"

"Of course, you wouldn't want to go and live away from your Dad, would you?"

"Perhaps I would if I liked some other place better."

"I wouldn't like any place better than where my Dad is."

"Don't you like it here?"

"Yes, but I like our house better."

"Why?"

"Because it isn't so big. This house is like a big store and you haven't any cat here."

"Yes, we have; there are two cats here and they have great, large, bushy tails and we have a nice bull dog and we have horses and we have two nice automobiles. You like automobiles, don't you?"

"Yes, but your stairs don't squeak like ours," and there was a challenging note in the child's voice and a proud twinkle in his eye and he held his little head high in the air and waited for Rosamond's reply, but she only twined his curls around her fingers and nodded her head in silence. She lifted him into the little bed and pressed her lips to his, but he pushed her head away gently and reminded her that he shouldn't go to bed until after he had said his prayers and he kneeled at the edge of the bed and repeated the Lord's prayer aloud. He didn't hear the door being opened, for Mrs. Kent made no sound as she turned the knob and peeked in at the tiny figure and heard the words, "God bless mamma, papa, and make me a good child for Jesus' sake, Amen."

Rosamond placed her finger to her lips and her mother closed the door silently and returned to her room.

Joe paced up and down past the open door of the library until both hands of the clock which stood on Kent's desk had reached twelve. He watched Kent who had been sitting on the divan with his elbows on his knees and his face buried in his hands for at least an hour. He had often sat in a dark corner and watched him pace the floor hurling heavy clouds of smoke from his cigar when he was worried over the business wars of Wall

"He found Warner seated on the bench they called theirs. His slouch hat was crumpled in his left hand, his cane stood between his knees and his right hand rested on its handle. His head hung low and his white hair looked as if it had been pushed in every direction by nervous fingers."

Street, but he had never known him to remain in one position without smoking as long as he had in the present one. He stood before the door and coughed mechanically several times, but his efforts went unnoticed and he decided to try and interrupt the silence by speaking, though he spoke twice in a loud tone before he was heard, but Kent made no reply.

"Can I get yo' anything, sir?" he pleaded for the third time, and Kent only grunted, "Nothing, Joe, nothing."

"Do yo' know it is twelve o'clock, sir?"

"All right, Joe, lock up," he ordered in a sighing voice that was strange to the servant who had listened to his gruff, boisterous tones for so many years. He pushed his hands into the pockets of his trousers, mounted the heavy stairs, entered his room and threw himself on the couch. Joe guarded his door and listened breathlessly until he was sure he heard him retiring. He looked at his watch as he stole down the hall and whispered to himself, "Ma Goad, it am fo' o'clock."

Breakfast was ready at eight o'clock, which was the usual hour. For years Kent's fruit and coffee had been served in his room, or at his desk in the library, but he instructed the butler to serve his breakfast in the dining room.

"Is Mrs. Kent having her breakfast in her room?"

"No, sir, she is coming downstairs to breakfast this mornin'."

"Are the girls going to dine downstairs?"

"Miss Rosamond am, but Miss Helen is going to have her coffee and toast in her room as usual, sir."

During breakfast, Kent made several apparent attempts to be unconcerned and jovial, but his efforts were forced and his humor displayed the mechanism and struggle that was back of it trying to force it over the mind that was still in a bewildered condition.

Jack was so busy watching the coffee bubbling up through the spout of the French coffee pot, that it was hard for him to answer the many questions which were being hurled at him from all sides.

Kent asked him for the third time how he slept and after he had given the question considerable thought, he replied that he didn't know how he slept, he just went to sleep and didn't know anything after that, but Rosamond was perfectly capable of answering the question, for she had spent most of the night watching and rearranging the spread about his shoulders and she assured her father that he had spent a very peaceful night.

"Isn't Miss Helen coming to breakfast?" he inquired after the breakfast was half over.

"Miss Helen is having her breakfast in her room," Kent replied quickly, for he showed an eagerness to answer all the child's questions and Mrs. Kent and Rosamond seemed anxious to give him the opportunity.

"Is she having her breakfast in the room where she sleeps?"

"Yes."

"Is she ill?"

"I hope not," Kent answered with a smile.

"What is she eating her breakfast in her bedroom for then?"

"She likes to eat her breakfast up there."

"Dad made me stay in bed and eat my breakfast one day when I had a cold."

"Do you like to eat your breakfast in bed?"

"No, you get the crumbs all over everything. The top is coming off!" he yelled, as he watched the steam force the glass cover of the coffee pot up and down.

Kent always spent Sunday morning with his private secretary, but he was dismissed without seeing Kent, though he insisted that there were several matters which needed Kent's immediate attention, but Kent sent word he was busy and to let everything stand as it was until Monday.

Joe was ordered to raise all the sunshades in the conservatory. Kent led Jack up and down the carpeted aisles and tried to explain the nature of the different flowers, but found he knew less about them than the child did himself.

"Where did you learn so much about flowers?"

"Dad takes me up in Central Park and teaches me their names. This is an azalea, isn't it?"

"I guess so," Kent grunted, and he smiled at his own ignorance. "You see I don't come in here very often. I don't have time. I guess I haven't been in here in a year."

"Don't you like flowers?"

"Yes, I like them well enough. They look prettier this morning than I have ever seen them look before. Everything seems to be in bloom, doesn't it?—and the birds seem to be singing softer—I guess they are singing for you. They yell so sometimes when I am working in the library that I have to shut my window, but they seem quite polite this morning—I like them."

During the conversation Kent had plucked a blossom or a bud from the many different plants and stuck the stem under the patches on Jack's dress and when he left the conservatory he looked like a walking flower bed, for each patch was partly hidden with a bright flower, and each curl held a different colored pansy.

"This is a fine day," Kent remarked pleasantly as he gazed up at the sun which was glaring down through his library window. "How about that automobile ride?"

"I'm ready," Jack replied quickly. "But these flowers will blow off, won't they?"

"Let them blow off, there are plenty more where they came from," Kent growled boastfully.

The open car was ordered and Jack was bundled up in one of Helen's seal-lined automobile coats. Kent laughed as he tried to turn the sleeves up to give Jack the use of his hands, but found it impossible, for after he had taken a few rolls in each sleeve, he found the ends were closed and hung in balls many inches below the child's fingers.

Jack clapped them together playfully and tumbled to the floor when he tried to walk and stepped on the bottom of the coat which lay in circles around his feet.

"I'll have to hold this up like the ladies do their dresses, won't I?" and he tried to catch hold of the coat, but found he was deprived of the use of his hands which were buried in the long sleeves. Kent smiled as he watched him struggling to raise the heavy garment above his feet.

Rosamond had watched the scene carefully and studied her father's affectionate attentions and remarks with much pride and satisfaction. "There seems to be more coat than man there."

"Don't you believe it. There is more real man in that coat than anyone ever dreamed of."

"I guess you are right, father," she said as she watched him draw Helen's blue cap down over his curls that left nothing but large blue eyes showing.

While Kent was showing Jack through the conservatory, the ladies were holding a meeting and they decided that they would not accompany their father on the automobile trip in order to let him be alone with Jack as much as possible. Each had planned some plausible excuse to offer when they were invited, but they discovered, much to their surprise, that no excuses or explanations were necessary, for when Kent pulled Helen's little cap down over the curls, he took Jack under his arm, strolled out to the car, tucked him under the robe and ordered the driver to drive to the Country Club.

As they drove along the edge of the Hudson, he explained with childish enthusiasm the different places of interest. Jack became an object of curiosity at the Country Club, but Kent forgot to even notice any of his fellow-members, for his time and attention were completely absorbed by Jack's many questions.

Kent was seldom seen at the Club; his great business interests claimed all of his time and robbed him of any pleasure of the many clubs of which he was a member. His great financial power and his gruff personality held him aloof from any familiar questions regarding the patched gingham dress, which held the attention of every person in the large room.

Kent's ignorance of plain lemonade was humorously displayed, for it was ordered and discussed and re-ordered at least a half dozen times before he could decide just what kind of a drink was best for the child's health. He thought a cold drink would make him cold and a hot drink might make him hot.

"Why not make one of plain, pure water of ordinary temperature and put no ice in it?" the waiter inquired, after he had shifted his weight from one leg to the other many times.

"I guess that is a good idea," Kent answered after he had thought it over carefully, but Jack said that he wanted a little piece of ice in it and there was no further argument on the subject.

"Yes, put a little ice in it," Kent suggested, as if the idea were his own, "but don't put any cherries or acid or any of that truck in it."

"Oh, yes, put a red cherry in it!" Jack exclaimed.

"Well, put a couple of cherries in it and hurry up with it. I could have made a dozen lemonades while you have been standing here!"

The lemonade was served and Kent watched it and the cherries disappear and interrupted Jack's party by asking between each sup if it was good.

Jack was carefully wrapped in the large coat and they started back for the Kent Mansion.

The slated roof of the Kent Mansion on Fifth Avenue and the old tin roof that covered the ceiling of the garret room on Twenty-ninth Street were heated by the same warm, friendly sun, but the walls of the Kent house surrounded more happiness than they had for many years and the slanting ceiling of the garret room hung over more loneliness than it had ever covered since it sheltered Weatherbee's tall figure.

There was a constant buzz of joy and happiness in the Kent house. The flowers in the large conservatory seemed to look more beautiful than they had ever appeared before, and the birds seemed to swing on the wire swings of their gilded cages and sing sweeter than they had ever sung before, but in the little garret room the conversation between Warner and Weatherbee jerked and dragged. Each man tried to force himself to talk and cheer the other and each one's efforts were noticed by the other.

Each man would unconsciously pause in the middle of a sentence and lapse into a long silence. Weatherbee had cooked a more elaborate dinner than had been served in the little room for many weeks, but it hadn't tasted the same as the scanty ones where all three had sat together and joked over the absence of butter; sometimes sugar and another time meat, perhaps, but today there was more of the dinner untouched than had been eaten. Each man tried to convince the other how happy he was, or should be, over Jack's future, but the statements were forced and the words were pushed and crowded from their throats.

The financial success that had entered the little room seemed like an unwelcome speck on the large, lonely gap which Jack's absence caused. The little ray of sunlight which had crawled in through the tiny window looked lonely as it rested on the old rag carpet.

Weatherbee sauntered to the window, drew the faded curtain aside and gazed up at the clear blue sky. As he held the colorless rag in his left hand, he pushed the right hand into the pocket of his trousers and the sound of the silver change surprised him and he drew his hand away quickly. He had forgotten that he possessed such a thing as money.

"Let's get out of here, Warner," he said impatiently. "Let's get on the top of a bus and ride up Fifth Avenue."

As the heavy bus rattled its way up Fifth Avenue, Weatherbee studied the occupants of each automobile carefully and he glanced from the corners of his eyes at each window as they passed the Kent Mansion, but the little face he was watching for was missing, and his eyes wandered back into each automobile that passed.

The traffic officer at Fifty-ninth Street brought all vehicles going either way on Fifth Avenue to a stop and ordered the cross-town cars to move quickly. Weatherbee searched each car carefully until his eye fell on Kent sitting with his arm around a bundle of fur-lined cloth. He seized Warner's arm and gripped it tightly. "There's Jack!" he whispered.

"Where?" exclaimed Warner.

"Sitting down there in an automobile with Kent. I wonder if he'll see us?"

"Yell at him."

"No, he may look up," and Weatherbee rose to his feet.

The officer signalled the Fifth Avenue vehicles to move and the large French automobile whizzed passed the rattling bus, but Warner and Weatherbee were not seen—for Jack was sleeping soundly.

Chapter XX

Though Sunday served Warner and Weatherbee with a large share of loneliness, it flooded the Kent mansion with happiness, Mrs. Murray with excitement and Wartle with several new wounds from his dull razor.

Mrs. Murray was to become Mrs. Wartle at three o'clock. She had ordered Wartle to have the house smothered in shamrocks, and the orders were obeyed to the best of his ability.

He thought the matter out carefully in his own mind and decided that he could smother the house as artistically as any decorator he knew of and by doing it, would save at least three or four dollars. He talked the subject over with all the florists on Twenty-ninth Street and several on Third Avenue and the lowest bid he received was three dollars, which didn't include the cost of the shamrocks. He informed each one that he was willing to pay a dollar for the job, but it wasn't worth any more.

"Hall you 'ave to do his to set the pots haround hon the floor, hand then pick 'em hup hafter the knot is tied. Hit don't matter where you set them—hit's hall foolishness hanyway, hand hif Hi can't get hit done for ha dollar, Hi will do hit myself. Hif you'll do hit for ha dollar, Hi'll let you stay to the weddin', hand you can 'ave supper hin the bargain. You hare Hirish, hand Mrs. Murray won't mind, because she doesn't care who his hat the weddin' has long has they hare Hirish. You'll 'ave ha good time. Mrs. Murray 'as harranged with Sweeney to furnish the heating and drinking hand she 'as 'ired some fiddlers hand there's going to be music too!"

The temptations of the Wartle-Murray wedding didn't appeal to the florists, who had other engagements to keep, so the decorations were to be made by Wartle who started down Twenty-ninth Street with a tiny pot of shamrocks under each arm.

There was no demand for such flowers in the neighborhood and after he had visited each florist, he succeeded in gathering seven small plants and five of the seven had long since passed their useful age and the withered stems hung lifelessly over the edges of the little clay pots. He scattered the seven pots about the room and replaced them several times until he thought each plant made an excellent showing. He stood in the center of the room and eyed each decorated spot carefully.

"Well, the place hisn't smothered, but hit looks very tasty."

He wondered what sort of an impression they would make on a person coming into the room, seeing them as they entered; so starting from the front steps he made a hurried entrance without becoming at all excited over their brilliancy.

"Hit's because Hi fixed 'em myself that they don't startle me," he said. "Hif Hi 'adn't seen 'em huntil Hi 'ad walked hinto the room, Hi'm sure hit would look more flowery."

He lowered the blue window shades, closed the door, and went to his room mumbling to himself.

"Hi've done my duty hand Hi know she'll be tickled. Hif she hisn't tickled when she see 'em, Hi know she'll be delighted when Hi tell 'er Hi fixed 'em hall myself hand 'ow cheap Hi got 'em."

He gazed into the mirror and heaved a deep sigh as he passed the ends of his fingers over the beard, which had been thriving for the past two days.

"Hi wish hit was hon the top hof my 'ead hinstead hof hon my face," he whispered to himself, as he glanced sadly at the pieces of sticking plaster which covered the wounds inflicted by the last operation.

"Hi suppose she'll be hangry hif Hi don't shave for the weddin'." He stood before the mirror some time figuring out the easiest route around the different cuts; he applied the lather and when he had shaved around the four pieces of sticking plaster, it was necessary to add three new pieces to cover the fresh cuts.

"Hi look like ha prize fighter," he grunted, as he looked at the long white strip that covered most of his upper lip. "Hit's hall 'er doings, though, she hinsisted hon hit. Hif Hi 'ad 'ad my hown way, Hi'd never 'ave cut ha 'air hoff hof my face hand hif Hi keep hon trying to shave myself, Hi'll cut my face hoff yet. Hi know Hi will!"

He had his own peculiar system of keeping books. Each penny he paid out was carefully marked down in one book and the name of the article given which caused its departure. In another book he kept a careful account of each penny that found its way into the Wartle establishment and he often sat for hours tracing the whereabouts of a penny that had disappeared unaccounted for, and once after two days' strenuous figuring, he traced a single copper out of the front window into the hands of an organ grinder—but only once. It had never happened but once and would doubtless never happen again.

He sat on the edge of his white iron bed, which still possessed a brass knob on one corner, and went over the expenses of the wedding, which were crawling up beyond his expectations. He had purchased a new white shirt that resembled linen—which tallied up eighty-three cents on the expense list. A collar of the same quality for fifteen cents and a red bow tie which looked like a continuation of his face. He pressed the end of his forefinger against the large piece of sticking plaster which was hanging on his upper lip and grumbled to himself, "Hi wonder hif she'll hexpect me to call for 'er with ha 'ack hor hif she'll be satisfied to walk hover. Hit hisn't far, hand the walk will do 'er good hanyway."

After more than fifteen minutes had been spent in silent meditation it was decided to walk the bride to her new home. He felt sure she would growl a little at the start, but he knew that she would feel just as well after she arrived, so the new white shirt, the collar and red tie were donned, the corners of the different pieces of sticking plaster were pressed carefully into their places, the moth-eaten hat was tipped a trifle to the rear, and with the family umbrella he started for his bride.

News of the Wartle-Murray wedding had caused a great deal of excitement in the neighborhood. Some considered it a great match, others considered it a foolish one. Some referred to it as a financial landing for Mrs. Murray. She had confided to her most intimate friends and friends of theirs the nature of her contract with Wartle, and she always spoke of it as a contract.

When she informed her friend Hannigan, the cab driver, that she was to become Mrs. Wartle, he threw up both hands, "He's a miser!" But he lowered them quickly and yelled "Bully fer you!" when Mrs. Murray told him that she had a written contract whereby everything that he possessed, including himself, became hers before the knot was tied, and at her request, Hannigan agreed to be best man. He explained to her that he had never met Wartle, but she assured him that that didn't make any difference.

"He don't know anny one that's goin' to be at the weddin'. None of his frinds is comin'. No one is goin' to be there but moi frin's. Oi didn't allow him to invoit anny of his Johnny-Bulls. It's goin' to be a Irish weddin'. Oi've invoited iverybody. The house is goin' to be smothered with shamrocks, an' it's goin' to be as swell a weddin' as has bin pulled off on the East Soid of New York City in years!"

Hannigan congratulated her on her business ability and agreed to bring his friends and be on hand at the appointed time.

"Bring anny of yer frinds an' tell thim to bring their frin's. Sweeney is goin' ter furnish the grub and there'll be plinty fer all—and Sweeney is goin' to be there himsilf."

She had given up her rooms and informed the landlord that she would vacate them not later than Sunday noon. She owed him a few weeks' rent, but explained the circumstances, including her marriage contract and assured him the rent would be paid as soon as she took possession of the Wartle estate. She had engaged the boys around the neighborhood to carry the furniture and all of her belongings over to her new home. They worked faithfully and had swept and scrubbed the floors of the two small rooms for their next occupant, and they were also to be paid liberally from the Wartle Estate.

Anne McCabe, who was Mrs. Murray's neighbor and lifelong friend, was to be bridesmaid and had promised to see her through and stick to the finish. When Mrs. Murray first broke the news to her and asked her to stand up with her, she replied, "Oi'll be there, Murray, wid hoigh heeled shlippers on both me feet."

She was surprised when she heard that Mrs. Murray was going to marry an Englishman, but sincerely approved of the match after she had listened to Mrs. Murray's side of the story.

"Oi'm not gittin' lazy, Anne, but Oi'm tired of chasin' me knuckles up an' down a washboard. Oi know Wartle's an awful thing to look at, but he's funny—sure, he's as good as a circus to have about the house. I can't look at 'im without laughin'—and he's as aisy to handle as a lame horse. He's got a gorgeous house, plinty of money. It's all moine and Oi'm takin' no chances. He has no bum relations hangin' around loik the last one Oi was toid to. Sure Murray had more hungry frin's and relations hangin' around than ye' would foind in a 'Poor House.' Oi used to have to put me breakfast under me pillow at noight ar they'd have it aten before Oi'd git up in the mornin'."

They viewed the match from every standpoint and both agreed that Mrs. Murray had the best of it, "goin' and comin'."

"Sure Murray give me the worst of it from the day Oi married him. He worked me loik a Jew would work a Christian, but it was a good lesson—it saved me gittin' stung ag'in. Oi've had a lawyer look over this contract and he siz all Oi 'ave to do is to sit back an' take the money. He siz Oi'm the first American bride that has ever spilt anny English coin in the United States. He had his toipwriter copy off the contract an' is goin' to have it printed in the paper. He siz it'll make thim hairesses that go to Europe wid a tub of money an' give it to thim fureigners fer marryin' thim, sick whin they raid it. He siz the King of England'll go nutty wid rage whin he hears it."

Both were dressed for the wedding and waiting for the groom to appear. It was quite evident that red was their favorite color. The dressmaker insisted on making Mrs. Murray a low neck gown, but she positively refused and laughed at the idea.

"Oi'll be covered from the chin to the floor. Sure Oi have a neck on me loik a withered pickle and Oi'm not anxious to show it to everyone, an' Oi want sleeves in me dress too an' Oi want thim to come clean down to me knuckles," and her orders were carried out to the letter. The sleeves came to her finger tips and the collar of her dress reached the point of her long, thin chin.

It was the wish of both ladies to have their dresses for this particular occasion made of the same material and exactly the same style. They were both made by the same dressmaker. The black silk for the dresses and the red silk lace and ribbons for the trimmings were purchased by Mrs. Murray and everything, including the making, was to be paid for out of the Wartle purse. Each had arranged the other's hair in the very latest style, and Mrs. Murray's keen sense of humor brought forth a hearty laugh every time she caught a glimpse of herself in the mirror.

"Sure ye are a picture, Ann, but Oi look as if Oi had bin hit wid somethin' that spattered whin it struck me," and she re-arranged the red lace shawl which was hanging over her head. "Sure Oi hain't had these whoite gloves on an hour yit an' they're black already!"

Miss McCabe assured her that she never looked as beautiful.

"Oi may look beautiful, but Oi feel as if Oi was screwed up in a vice. These shlippers are pinchin' the feet off of me. Ann, do ye think me old tan lace shoes would show from under this dress?"

"No," was Miss McCabe's prompt and welcome reply. "Sure nobudy will be lookin' at yer feet."

The white slippers were discarded and the old brown lace shoes which had done service for so many months took their place.

"Ye'll have to lace thim for me, Ann, for Oi can't shtoop in this rig."

"Sure Oi can't, nather. Sit down an' put yer foot up on the chair here an' Oi'll do the best Oi can."

After the shoes were laced, she stood up to see if they showed and to the delight of both they were not visible.

"Do they show whin Oi'm settin'?"

"No, yer dress touches the floor an' no one would ever know that ye had anny feet if ye didn't tell 'em."

"Thank God for that!" Mrs. Murray sighed with a great deal of relief.

The occupants of the different apartments on each side of the street who had not received invitations to the wedding, were seated at the windows to watch Mrs. Murray depart for her new home. A large crowd of friendly children had gathered in front of her house and waited for the bride to appear. Some of the little soiled hands were filled with rice, some were empty, while a few others waited with some small flowers they had plucked from a lonely plant which had been reared on a window sill of a crowded flat. A friendly cheer went up from the little voices when they spied Wartle's small, fat figure slowly approaching under the moth-eaten silk hat. The many pieces of sticking plaster on his face caused a great deal of wonderment in the minds of the little folk. Some thought that he had been in a fight, while others said it was "fashin'ble"—that people always did that to their faces when they were going to be married and that Mrs. Murray would have her face fixed that way too, when she came downstairs.

Wartle elbowed his way through the crowd and mounted the stairs to Miss McCabe's rooms. Mrs. Murray answered his nervous tap on the door and laughed heartily as she bade him enter.

"Hare you laughing hat my new necktie?" he asked with a feeble smile.

"No, Oi'm laughin' at what it's buttoned on. What toime is it?"

"Hit's ha little hafter two."

"Ye have a two-seated hack, hain't ye?"

Wartle hesitated several seconds before he found his voice and then announced in a guilty tone, "Hi 'aven't hany. Hi thought we could walk hover. Hit's such ha nice day hand hit hisn't far hand—"

Mrs. Murray didn't give him a chance to explain further.

"Go out an' git the best two-seated hack ye can hire. Ye'll not walk me to me own weddin'. Ye Jew ye—sure ye can walk if ye loik, but Oi'll roid or Oi'll not go at tall!" and she assisted him out of the door and ordered him to get white horses if there were any in the city.

When Wartle returned to the street unaccompanied by Mrs. Murray, a bewildered expression crept into each child's face and a short silence followed, but as soon as they recovered from the shock they showered Wartle with more questions than he could have answered in a whole day, even if he had been in his right mind, but he was not. He was not only uncomfortable in his new stiff shirt and collar, but he was very excited, he quickened his step to get away from the curious children, but they followed him, still inquiring for Mrs. Murray. He found himself completely surrounded, and was compelled to stop and give an explanation.

"For 'Eaven sake, keep quiet," he shouted as he raised the faded umbrella high in the air. "There his nothin' the matter. Hi'm goin' hafter ha 'ack, hand Hi'll be back hin ha few minutes."

He repeated the speech several times and some of the youngsters were satisfied with the explanation and returned to await his arrival at Mrs. Murray's, though others followed him to the stable and rode back with him in his "'ack."

Wartle protested vigorously and tried hard to keep the youngsters out of the carriage, but they only laughed at his excited chatter and as many as could crowded into the carriage and those who couldn't rode on the front with the driver and as many more clung to the rear springs.

His patience gave way entirely when the ones who had pushed their way into the seat with him insisted on knowing what had happened to his face. The perspiration had caused the corners of the different pieces of sticking plaster to curl up and they saw the cuts underneath and were convinced that his face was not slashed up in that manner just for style.

"Did you stumble and fall?" one child asked, but Wartle made no reply.

"No," one of the thoughtful ones grunted, "if he fell his nose would be cut too. He couldn't fall and hit both cheeks and his chin and neck without cutting his nose."

"Maybe something flew up and hit him."

"How could anything fly up and hit him in the neck?"

The comedian of the party informed them that lots of people got it in the neck.

"I bet he was playing with the cat!" one of the smaller ones whispered confidentially to her brother who was seated on her lap.

They put the question to Mr. Wartle at once, but received no answer, but the problem was solved in their minds. It was the cat—nothing but a cat could reach under a man's chin and cut in that way.

"Has Mrs. Murray seen you with your face like this?" another inquired as politely as his curious little voice would permit, but the question was ignored and Wartle tapped the floor of the carriage nervously with his umbrella. He tried to gaze out of the window, but such a luxury was prevented by the young unwelcome guests who were standing on either side, unable to find seats. The four short blocks seemed a long tedious journey to Wartle.

"Hi'll smother before Hi get there," he thought to himself and when the carriage stopped in front of Mrs. Murray's the disappointed cry went up, "Oh, are we here already?" and Wartle had to crowd his way out, but the treat of being in a real carriage hadn't been offered to the children of that neighborhood before and they insisted on remaining in the vehicle until Mrs. Murray arrived.

Wartle explained timidly as he wiped the perspiration from the well spots on his face, that it was impossible to get two white horses, but he got one.

"Hi got one white one hand one kind hof ha yellow one. The man honly 'ad one white one left. 'E used to 'ave two, but the hother one died."

"Oi'll bet this one is nearly dead or ought to be."

When they reached the front steps she threw up both hands, as she glanced at the horses with their heads hanging so low that their chins nearly touched the pavement.

"Fer the love of Heavins, look at that pair of goats to draw annyone to a weddin'. Even the driver's sleepin'," she gasped when she espied the dozing figure sitting on the seat with his chin resting on his chest.

The tails of the horses were worn quite short from constant labor. The flies kept them moving, and they had whipped the reins from the hands of their guide, who was slumbering peacefully, and they lay among their feet on the pavement.

A cheer went up from the little friends when Mrs. Murray appeared on the steps draped in her red lace veil.

"Yell louder," she exclaimed, after she had taken in the picture with one disgusted glance. "Yell, and see if ye can't wake thim two mules and the driver up," and a roar went out from the little throats that succeeded in bringing the man on the seat to his senses, but the flies held the attention of the rear end of the horses and their tails whipped to and fro while their heads still hung as if in a quiet dream.

When Mrs. Murray closed the door of the carriage, several little flowers and a few kernels of rice found their way through the broken window, she waved her long thin hand, smiled and bowed her head at the friendly little tots who were crying at the top of their small voices, "Good luck—God bless you," as the drowsy horses walked slowly up the street.

When she stepped in the hall of the Wartle home she searched the walls and floor carefully and stood for several seconds before she spoke.

Wartle studied the surprised expression on her face and interrupted the silence. "'Ave you forgot something?" he whispered.

"No, Oi've not forgot nothin'," she answered sharply, "but you have!"

Wartle looked blankly at the old umbrella in his left hand and felt for his hat which he found resting on the back of his head. "No, Hi 'ave heverything."

"Where is thim shamrocks?" she growled in a low sarcastic tone.

A smile crept over Wartle's face. He raised both hands with much assurance. "Ho, Hi 'ave them hall hin 'ere," and he threw open the door leading to the front room and rushed in to raise the curtains.

Mrs. Murray made a slow stately entrance into the room, and after she had surveyed it with one glance, she sank into the nearest chair, looked steadily at Wartle, who had removed the hat and was holding it far from his side to be sure he wouldn't ruffle any of the silk. He rested a large portion of his heavy little figure on the handle of the umbrella and was smiling contentedly, but the smile vanished as he watched the angry expression on Mrs. Murray's face.

"Fer the love of Heavins, look at that pair of goats to draw annyone to a weddin'. Even the driver's sleepin'."

She looked at him, then at Miss McCabe and back at the withered shamrocks. She leaned back in her chair, pushed the tan-covered feet far out onto the floor, and shook her head silently for several seconds before she found words to express her disappointment and disgust.

"Well, ye scar-faced piker!" she whispered slowly. "Ye scar-faced piker. Ye're cheaper than a piker. A piker is a spendthrift alongsoid of a cheap onion loik ye are. Here Oi've bin crackin' up this weddin' to all me friends an' tellin' 'em how the house was to be smothered with shamrocks an' this is what Oi git. Look at it! Seven measly shrubs that are a disgrace to Ireland. Take thim out of here, take thim out back of the house, take thim anny place, take thim out of me soight. Oi wouldn't have anny of me frin's see 'em. There'll be no decorations. Oi'll not be married in a house with a few pieces of withered fuzz loik thim settin' around. They look as if they had just got back from some old man's funeral. Go on, Oi tell ye, take 'em out er Oi'll throw thim out into the street!"

While Wartle gathered the small pots together, he explained in a sad, quivering voice that he had done the best he could.

"Hi rented hever shamrock that was hin the neighborhood. Hi went to hevery flower shop there his. Hi would 'ave rented some hother kind hof flowers, but you said you didn't want hanything hin the 'ouse but shamrocks."

His explanation, which was delivered in a low, trembling voice, touched Mrs. Murray's soft spot and she threw her hands into the air and roared hilariously when he stumbled over the small rug and fell headlong onto the floor, throwing the plants against the wall.

After he had obeyed Mrs. Murray's next order, he proved that he was more at home with a broom and dust-pan in his hands than he was with flowers.

"Ye can lave thim in the room," she said as she smiled at Miss McCabe, "and put the broom and dust-pan away."

She arranged the remaining shamrocks on the small table in the center of the room as Wartle made his exit.

"Oi can't help laughin' at 'im. He's so rattled he don't know whither he's on his head or his feet, and the miser is so stingy he won't go to a barber, but tries to shave himself and he has his fat face nearly cut off of him."

Hannigan drove up to the door with his own cab, and the two ladies hastened to the door to greet him.

"He's loaded to the neck," Mrs. Murray whispered as she watched him climb down off the seat with his whip in his hand.

"What is he bringing the whip in for?" Miss McCabe asked.

"Sure someone would swipe it if he left it out there. Don't say annything to him about drinkin', fer he has an orful timper and he foights at the drop of the hat. Oi don't know what he'll do whin he sees Wartle. Ye know they've niver met each other. Lord, he's pickled—look at 'im! He's bringin' the horse up on the walk to tie him to the iron fince."

"The police won't lit 'im shtand there, will they?"

"They will whin they foind out it's Hannigan's horse. Sure ivery cop in New York knows 'Tom Hannigan' an' they all love 'im."

He mounted the steps in an unsteady dignified manner and greeted the ladies quietly, making no apologies for his condition. He held fast to his whip while being presented to Wartle and gripped his hand tightly while he leaned far forward and squinted at the different pieces of sticking plaster. He threw a quizzical glance at Mrs. Murray, then viewed the face carefully again before he acknowledged the introduction.

"Yer face looks loik a piece of cheese that the rats had been gnawin' at," he remarked quietly, bending over in Wartle's direction so far that he lost his balance.

Wartle caught him by the shoulders and teetered him back gently to a standing position. "Hi was nervous when Hi was shaving han' the razor slipped."

"Shlipped," Hannigan grunted, "ye look as if ye fell on it!"

After he had complained of the room being extremely hot, Mrs. Murray and Miss McCabe assisted him and his whip into Wartle's sleeping room which adjoined the parlor and succeeded in persuading him to lie down until the ceremony was to be performed.

Sweeney arrived with three of his choice waiters. All three were related to him and had been schooled under his personal direction and knew as much about a piece of corned beef or a cabbage as any human being should know who was obliged to eat them.

The two ladies and Mr. Sweeney directed the arrangement of the dining-room, which was located in the basement, and it was soon put in readiness for the guests, who were arriving in parties of fives and sixes. The house was soon filled. The parlor in which the ceremony was to take place was quickly packed. Each step of the stairs served as a seat for three, and the narrow hallway was crowded with standees eager to catch a glimpse of the groom, whose frightened embarrassment had forced him to hide himself in one of the small closets.

Mrs. Murray squeezed her way through the crowd, shaking hands and "God blessin' " each one with a broad smile and a pat on the shoulder. She stood at the bottom of the stairs and threw kisses at those seated on the steps.

"Gratin's to ye all," she yelled. "Oi'd loik to shake yer hands, but Oi can't git up there widout a balloon. Lord, ain't it hot, and some frind has pinched me handkerchief."

"Is this yourn, Mrs. Murray?"

"It is," she answered. "Sure Ann McCabe made it fer me herself an' it ain't big enough to dry a floi's face wid. Oi'm afraid to put it near me nose for fear Oi'll inhale it."

The talk and laughter fell to a whispering buzz when it was learned that Father Gorman was elbowing his way up the steps. Those in the hall crowded toward each wall allowing him to pass into the parlor.

"Well, Father, this is goin' some, ain't it?" Mrs. Murray exclaimed as she shook his hand, and her face was covered with a smile that extended from one ear to the other. "It looks loik the Hudson-Fulton celebration, only Oi haven't got anny boats or water." She leaned forward and whispered, "but Oi have plinty of other wet stuff in the doinin'-room."

The priest raised his hand in a dignified manner, but the gesture was accompanied by a smile, and Mrs. Murray replied with a wink:

"Ye've niver saw me hushband, have ye, Father?"

"Not this one."

"Oi must show 'im to ye. Ye'll scream whin ye see 'im. He's built loik a Spanish union, but he's not half bad whin ye know 'im."

After the groom had failed to answer the many numerous calls which Mrs. Murray made in a voice that was heard on the opposite side of the street, the guests became curious and Mrs. Murray grew quite excited. Each room and corner of the house was carefully searched and when she opened the closet door adjoining a small, rear room on the third floor and saw Wartle sitting in the corner, she stepped back, seated herself on the edge of the bed and shook with laughter.

"For the love of Hivin, will ye tell me what ye're doin' in there? Ye look loik a fugitive. Have ye done annything ye are ashamed of? Come out of there, ye poor divil, shure ye are meltin' wid the hate. Ye look loik a boiled lobshter. Come out, Oi tell ye."

She pulled him from the closet, took the handkerchief from his trembling hand, wiped the perspiration from his face, pressed the corners of the sticking plaster into place and patted his shoulder gently.

"Cheer up, this is only the beginnin'—stick to me an' Oi'll see that no one hurts ye. Come on, Oi want to show ye to Father Gorman."

She clutched his wrist in her hand tightly and dragged him through the tittering crowd to the parlor.

"This is it!" were the words she used to present her future husband to Father Gorman, who controlled his smile and greeted the groom cordially and held his hand, while he assured him that there was no cause for fear.

"Is your friend here who is going to stand up with you?"

"Hi don't know," he mumbled. "Mrs. Murray said she 'ad 'ired some friend of 'ers to do that."

Mrs. Murray whispered to Father Gorman that the man was there, but she

"*Jack gazed with contempt at the blue ribbons and the long white lace—'This is like the ones they have on girl dolls in the store windows'*" didn't think would stand well unless he was propped up with something. "Ye better come in an' take a peek at 'im before Oi wake 'im up."

She pushed her way through the crowd hanging on to Wartle's wrist. They found Hannigan stretched across the bed snoring peacefully, with his whip gripped tightly in both hands.

"He's dead to the wurld, he ain't moved since Oi fetched 'im in here."

The priest shook his head sadly and murmured, "Too bad, too bad."

"His 'e hintoxicated?" Wartle asked innocently.

"No, ye rube, he's sea-sick from walkin' around the water fountain in Union Square!"

It was decided to let Hannigan sleep and have Sweeney act as best man.

"Hi wonder 'ow much Mr. Sweeney will charge hus, 'e his hawfully 'igh-priced with heverything hin 'is restaurant."

"If ye spake of money agin 'till after the weddin' is over Oi'll pull all the stickin' plashter off yer fat face!"

The situation was explained to Mr. Sweeney, who said he was sorry that he was not the first choice, but would do anything to start the wedding bells ringing.

After the ceremony, Sweeney called Mrs. Murray aside and informed her that there were a lot of "ringers in" present and wished to know who was to eat and who was not to eat.

"Fade thim all, fade iverybody, fade the ones out on the sidewalk, send over and git your restaurant, give everyone a plate wid somethin' on it and sind and git Hannigan's horse a bushel of oats and a bunch of hay—fade iverything that has a mouth on it!"

Her orders were obeyed to the letter and it wasn't long before everyone held a well-filled plate in their hand and Hannigan's horse had his face buried in a large bag of oats.

Wartle made several attempts to escape, but Mrs. Murray held tight to his wrist and forced him to stand in the center of the room and receive the congratulations.

It was nearly midnight before Mr. Sweeney, who was the last guest to depart, made up his mind to leave.

"For Hivin sake, Sweeney, don't shake me hand, it's loik a Cannibul stake, it feels as if a shteam roller had run over it. Everybody has held it and shook it an' squeezed it, 'till it's numb. Oi can't bind me fingers, but ye're a King—an' sure the name ain't good enough fer ye. Sure ye spread a table here today that would make a King look loik a starvin' pup, an' I've aten 'till Oi can't walk. Shake this hand, but shake it loitly," and she presented Sweeney with her left hand.

After he had left Mr. and Mrs. Wartle stood at the bedside and listened to Hannigan snore for several minutes before deciding what method they would use to get him home without arousing his temper.

"Ye kape out of soight an' lave 'im to me. He'll be nutty whin he foinds out the widdin's all over an' he'd pick a scrap wid ye as soon as he saw yer face. Shtand out there in the hall an' Oi'll git 'im away somehow."

"I'm ready," Hannigan muttered after Mrs. Wartle had pulled at his ear for several seconds.

"Well, git up, thin, sure it's nearly twilve o'clock an' yer horse is aslape on the soidwalk."

"Well, ain't there goin' to be no weddin'?"

"Sure the weddin's all over an' everybody is home an' in bed but you, an' the cop siz he'll run yer horse in if ye don't kape him off the neighbor's front steps."

"Where is the horse now?" and he rubbed his eyes with his knuckles until he succeeded in getting one of them open.

"Yer horse is waitin' fer ye on the front shteps. He's tryin' to git in here to git to bid wid ye, Oi guess."

"And is the weddin' all over?"

"Sure it's all over. Don't ye remember what ye did?"

"Did I do anything?"

"Why don't ye remember shtanding up wid Wartle?"

Hannigan rubbed his eyes again and smiled faintly.

"Oh, yes, I remember seein' him, but I don't remember the weddin', I just remember that face. I'll never forget that face. It looked as if it had been tattooed with whitewash. I was paralyzed when I saw what ye had picked for a husband."

"Sure, ye were paralyzed long before ye saw him, but Oi guess the soight of Wartle put ye out entirely!"

"It was a knockout when I saw it. Did I stand up wid 'im all right?"

"Sure ye was foine. Father Gorman had to hold ye, but ye shtood up as straight as an arrow. Don't ye remember?"

"Yes, I remember everything now."

"It'll all come back to ye in a day or so. Come on now, go home an' git some slape."

She assisted him onto his cab and he drove away laughing to himself, "I'll never forgit that face."

"Hit won't take hus long to hexamine hour weddin' presents," Wartle remarked dryly, when Mrs. Murray returned to the room. "We had ha lot hof people but there his honly two presents."

"Sure that spoon is from Ann McCabe. Who is the other one from?"

"Hi don't know. Hi was hafraid to hopen hit until you came."

Mrs. Murray opened the small package and removed a quaint silver pitcher with a card tied to the handle bearing the name of "John Weatherbee."

"Hit his second 'anded, hisn't hit?" Wartle grunted.

"Oi don't care if it is, it was moighty swell of him to give it to us, and we didn't invoit 'im to the weddin'. It's one of thim antake things of his that he is so crazy about. Sure he has the pawn shop stuffed with these kaind of things."

"Hi wonder 'ow 'e got this hout?"

"Oi don't know and Oi don't care. He was nice enough to give it to us an' it's none of our business how he got it. It's a little crame pitcher. Oi'll have the gairl clane up his room fer 'im tomorry. Go to bed now, sure Oi'm dead to the wurld and ye have to git up early in the mornin' and help the gairl clane up the house—it's a soight, it looks as if it was hit wid a cyclone."

Wartle started to remove his coat, but was instructed to keep it on until he reached his own room.

"Ye're to slape in the back room, upstairs. Oi'll take this room. Tell the gairl not to wake me up 'till nine o'clock in the marnin', Oi want ter git a good rist. Good noight and plisant drames."

She closed the door on the little fat figure and examined the pitcher carefully. "It's a rail antake," she said to herself as she noticed the figures engraved on the bottom, 1863.

(*To be continued*)

A LITTLE PARABLE

I MADE the cross myself, whose weight
Was later laid on me.
This thought is torture as I toil
Up life's steep Calvary.

To think mine own hands drove the nails
I sang a merry song,
And chose the heaviest wood I had,
To build it firm and strong.

If I had guessed—if I had dreamed
Its weight was meant for me,
I should have made a lighter cross
To bear up Calvary!

—*Anne Reeve Aldrich in the book "Heart Throbs."*

A BRIDE IN WASHINGTON IN 1876

By

Anna Burton

DURING the session of the Forty-Fifth Congress my husband, who had been a newspaper correspondent the previous year, took me as a bride to Washington. Having served in the Massachusetts House of Representatives he was, of course, well acquainted with the Bay State delegation, and also with the local members of Congress. In this way I dropped down, as it were, into the midst of the whirlpool of social and political life.

Our home (apartment houses at that time being almost unheard of in Washington) was in a fashionable boarding house not far from the Capitol, and here we met daily such men as Vice-President Wheeler, Judge Knox, who retained his colonial style of dress (with ruffled cuffs and shirt bosom); Joaquin Miller, "The Poet of the Sierras," who insisted upon wearing moccasins and sitting like an Indian on the drawing-room rugs, to the consternation of the ladies of the house; Senators Allison, Ingalls, Logan, Cameron and many others equally prominent. There were also Representatives Reed, Powell, Burleigh, and a host of others, as well as men and women newspaper correspondents who held high positions on their several papers.

The flowery rhetoric of Representative Tarbox of Massachusetts was music in my ears, and a wholesome quarrel subject to the tapping of Speaker Randall's gavel a source of wonder and amusement.

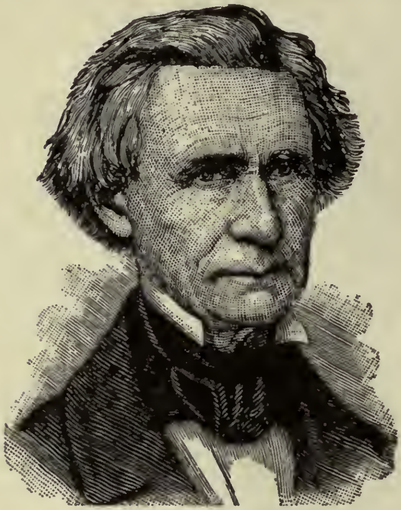
I soon became accustomed to the faces of some very attractive women whom I met each day in the corridors. These I learned were female lobbyists plying their trade among the members to further some bill in which they were interested. Pages would rush about the House presenting the cards of these women, and it was amusing to watch the faces of the recipients.

The midnight sessions were a novelty to me. The dignity of the legislator by day often gave way to the impetuosity of the natural man under the stress of a filibustering session.

I recall an amusing argument between Representative Conger (later a member of the Senate) and "Sunset Cox." After one of the latter's gyratic mental efforts in which some cutting remarks were made, Conger, ever sarcastic, rose and remarked, "The gentlemen from New York reminds me of a monkey on a hand-organ, with jingling bells." Of course, Mr. Cox made a suitable reply, but his words were drowned in a general roar until the speaker's gavel soon put a stop to the laughter.

Upon another occasion a sudden apparition on the floor provoked merriment in the galleries. A Massachusetts member had slipped out into an ante-room to be shaved and upon hearing that his pet bill was under fire, he rushed into the House forgetful of his barber's pinafore, and stood perfectly unconscious of his ludicrous appearance, his face covered with lather and a towel in his hand. It took fully a minute for him to realize that he was the center of amusement, when he made a parabolic exit. Among other laughable happenings Senator Thurman's unexpected use of a great bandanna handkerchief was set down in the daily calendar of humorous events.

A singularly happy event was the confirmation of Mr. Hoar's senatorship, which was brought to Mrs. Hoar in the Senate Gallery. I happened to be in conversation with her at the time, and the tears of joy on that dear little woman's face can never be forgotten. There were many beautiful women at the Capitol, among them Mrs. Kate Chase Sprague, whose career has been unfolded many times.

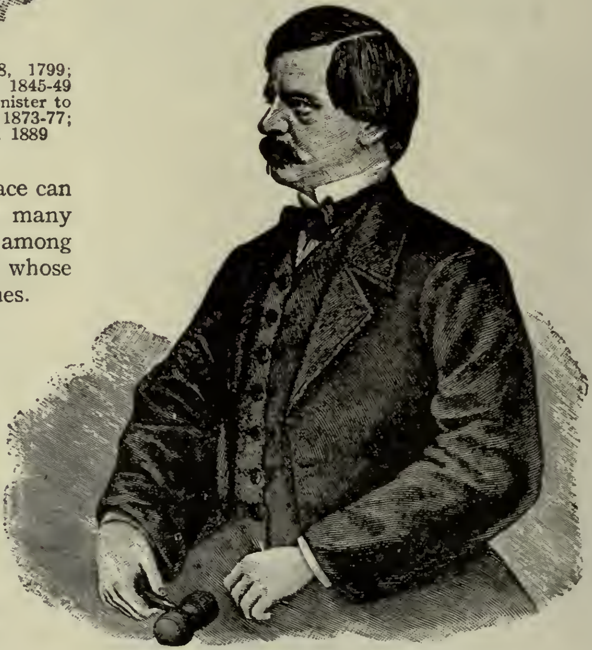


SIMON CAMERON

Born at Donegal, Pennsylvania, March 8, 1799; editor from 1818-45; United States Senator, 1845-49 and 1857-61; Secretary of War, 1861-62; Minister to Russia, 1862; United States Senate, 1867, 1873-77; died at Lancaster, Pennsylvania, June 26, 1889

Mrs. Fassett, the artist who grouped and painted the famous men and women of the Forty-Fifth Congress, was also very prominent. A visit to the studio of that courteous lady is a pleasant memory. Her picture of the famous "Electoral Commission" with the world-renowned lawyers, Evarts and O'Connor, pleading their case before the United States Supreme Court and the Press gallery, now hangs in a corridor of the Capitol. For the most part the likenesses were skilfully executed, and it seems wonderful that the artist was able to introduce so many figures into so small a space (my husband is in this picture among the members of the Press), and yet keep the features clear and discernible.

The Press at that time contained the names of Ben Perley Poor, General Henry Boynton, White, Curtis, MacBride, Crawford, several clever women, and many other brilliant writers. The several newspaper offices were familiar ground to me, for my husband often allowed me to wait for him while he and "the boys" prepared their "stuff" for the morning papers. As a woman, I can never forget their unfailing courtesy. It was an education to sit by and watch the tense faces of these makers of history, as they scribbled off words that were to affect the lives and interests of a great nation, yet they were ever ready to exchange courtesies with one another in the spirit of the newspaper fraternity, even though "a scoop," as they termed an exclusive item of news, was the event of their journalistic day. I have never lost the spirit of good comradeship toward



NATHANIEL PRENTISS BANKS

Born in Waltham, Massachusetts, June 30, 1816; member of Congress, 1852; elected Speaker of the House, 1856; Governor of Massachusetts, 1857-59; Major-General of Volunteers, 1861-64; member of Congress, 1865-72 and 1874-76; died at Waltham, Massachusetts, September 1, 1894 all newspaper men. I admired them then; I always shall admire them.

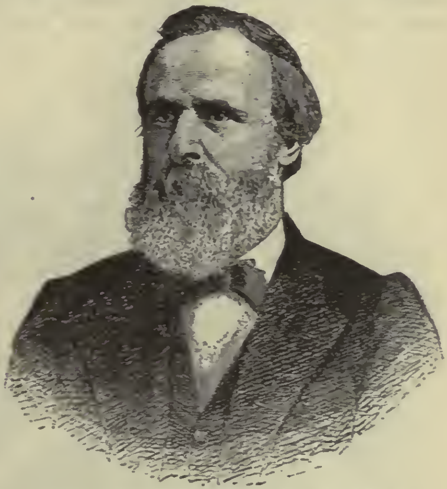
Many of the newspaper offices were situated in the basements of dwelling houses and were infested by the largest roaches I ever saw. To me these insects were a horror, but it was actually a pastime with the "boys" to make pets of them. One roach, they said, was trained to drink from their ink-wells, others were named for celebrities, and were given full right of way for their nocturnal visits.

That "the boys" were always ready for a little bit of fun goes without saying. An invitation was accepted by a few of them to visit a celebrated Sulphur Spring, and courtesy, of course, compelled them to partake of the noxious, ill-smelling water. This they did reluctantly, but were comforted by a more acceptable after-draught. I do not know the quantity or the quality of their antidote, but they suddenly became conscious of a sensation something like combustion, and they were pretty sick fellows for awhile—for sulphur fumes and the after-draught did not harmonize. However, they stood the fun poked at them, and bore the results with admirable patience.

MRS. LUCY WARE (WEBB) HAYES
Born August 28, 1831; married Rutherford B. Hayes December 30, 1852; served in Civil War in caring for sick and wounded, 1861-65; mistress at White House, 1877-81; died at Fremont, Ohio, June 25, 1889

It was my pleasure to be a guest at the home of Ben Perley Poor in Georgetown, where I was most graciously received. Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth, the widely read novelist of those days, also lived in Georgetown, her windows commanding a fine view of the Potomac River.

The cosmopolitan character of the city of Washington has always been one of its most attractive features. Even in 1876 the foreign legations were always interesting to the newcomer. "All the world," so to speak, promenaded on Pennsylvania Avenue, and when one came to know these foreign celebrities better through social meetings, they were still more interesting. At White House functions, which they attended in their several styles of full dress, I was deeply impressed with the truly gorgeous sight. The ribbons, jewels of honor, and decorations are quite beyond description.



PRESIDENT RUTHERFORD B. HAYES
Born at Delaware, Ohio, October 4, 1822; Major to Brigadier-General of Volunteers, 1861-65; member of Congress, 1865-67; Governor of Ohio, 1869-72, and 1876-77; nineteenth President of the United States, 1877-81; died at Fremont, Ohio, January 13, 1893

The Potomac Flats were not filled in then, nor was the Washington monument completed. It was almost impossible for a newcomer to walk down Pennsylvania Avenue in the sun and return in the shade without an attack of chills and fever, and a trip to Mt. Vernon was almost certain to produce a spell of this kind. I know whereof I speak—"chills and fever" are not soon forgotten.

How I loved to visit the big market place just off the Avenue! Good old colored "mammies" were crouching on the sidewalks surrounded by their wares—bunches of flowers, herbs, vegetables, sometimes fowl, and other eatables—and in their season, always baskets of persimmons. This fruit was new to me, with its unattractive, dull, shrivelled-up skin and I thought it was decayed, but "No, indeed, Honey," I would be told, "they is just right now to eat—mus' be laike that to be ripe, and not pucker yo' mouth all up." And sure enough they were, and I became a customer many times. Roses—I simply revelled in roses! I carried armsful of them to my home each time I went to market; they cost so little and were so fair and sweet.

BENJAMIN PERLEY POORE

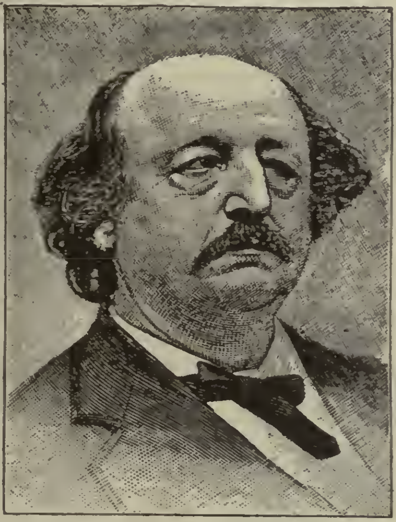
Born in Newburyport, Massachusetts, November 2, 1820; editor at Athens, Georgia, 1838-40; attache at the Brussels Legation, 1841-44; editor at Boston, 1848-64; Washington correspondent, 1854-74; major, Eighth Volunteers, 1861; died at Washington, D. C., May 30, 1877

I loved to be called "Honey" then. I loved the good old souls who used the term, and I shall always cherish their memories. It is such dead voices of the past that bring tears to our eyes at times. The roses, the place, the sunshine, and joyous life, all form a frame about the faces of the dear ones who have passed on to higher joys, and have left us still trying to console ourselves with earth's blossoms and warmth.

We had picnics in those days, too. Our landlady secured an old army ambulance from the Commissary Department, and with basketsful of everything from champagne and fine chicken ("Southern style") to currant jelly, we set off one bright summer's morning for a day at "Cabin John's Bridge." There had been a heavy rain the day before, and the road, though fair to look upon, proved a delusion and a snare, having been washed from underneath by the deluge to a mere surface crust on top. About half way to our destination the mules that were dragging us along became embedded in the soft clay and our wagon toppled over most gracefully—or gracelessly, and we suddenly found that the lurch had left us all in one tangle of bodies—animate and inanimate. Our landlady was of a tragical turn of mind, and her favorite speeh, "Oh, for the touch of a vanished hand," was ever on her lips. I used to suggest that the touch of a *varnished* hand might prove more useful in some parts of her house, perhaps, but on this occasion she forgot the vanished hand and instead we heard from the depths of the ambulance, "I am dying, dying, I am bleeding from every pore!" We begged the men in the party to hasten and drag us out quickly because we remembered that she, poor soul, was at the bottom of the heap, nearest the heels of the struggling mules. While we hushed our laughter in real concern at the continued groaning from the semi-darkness within, they at last pulled her out from a melange of champagne, cream, lemonade and cold coffee, and she sat in the mud, covered with streaks of the currant jelly which she had mistaken for her life's blood. It was so irresistibly funny that she herself rose to the occasion, dismissed her Charlotte Cushman role, and joined us in a hearty laugh.

Those were happy days—one round of good times. Not the least of these rounds of pleasure were our afternoon calls in public carriages, with a driver in brass buttons and other accessories of the private equipage, in vogue at that time; the amusing entrances into homes of the "*nouveau riche*" and lately installed wives of members struggling to be "in the swim" without knowing just how; and the grandiloquent style of those who knew and feared not. The receptions at Governor Claflin's and Senator Hoar's homes were to us especially welcome, as they brought together so many people from Massachusetts.

At the favorite theatre—in those days, The National— one met everybody of note, and the custom of exchanging seats between acts was both a novelty and a pleasure. I recall my pride of heart when General Banks came and sat beside me, and at another time Judge MacArthur, while my dear one paid his respects to their lady companions.



BENJAMIN FRANKLIN BUTLER
Born at Deerfield, New Hampshire, November 5, 1818; Colonel to Major-General of Volunteers, 1861-64; member of Congress, 1866-76; Governor of Massachusetts, 1882; died at Washington, D. C., January 11, 1893

The pretty white bonnets which the elderly ladies wore on those occasions gave such an air of grace to their animated faces that one forgot age.

At one matinee I saw a body of Ute Indians entertained. Their abnormally broad faces and piercing looks made my heart beat so rapidly that I felt really ill. For had I not heard that an Indian Chief had lately fallen in love with a beautiful society lady with dark eyes, and had instructed his interpreter to purchase her for his squaw? When told that he could not do this, be became very angry and threatening. I was alone, I had dark eyes —and when one of the Indians glanced my way I grew faint with fright.

The Indian visitors were presented with high beaver hats and a trunk by the President, and I was told that the appearance of the red men wearing their new headgear with regular Indian costumes, provoked much amusement. But I was glad when I heard that they—with hats and trunk—had all left the city.

JOHN ALEXANDER LOGAN
Born in Murphysboro, Illinois, February, 9, 1826; Lieutenant to Quartermaster First Illinois Volunteers, Mexican War, 1846-47; member of Congress, 1859-61; private to Commander, Army of the Tennessee, 1861-65; member of Congress, 1867-71; died at Washington, D. C., December 26, 1886.

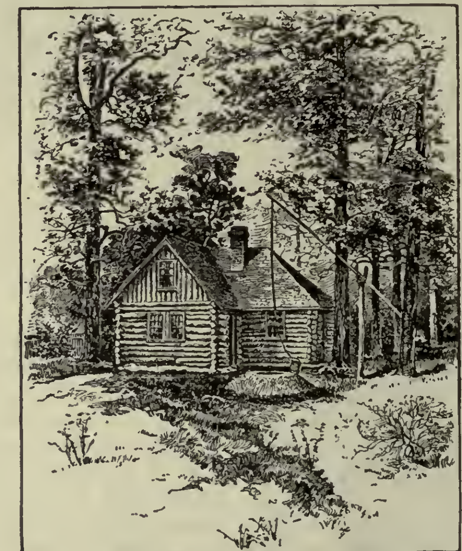
Among the prominent issues of the day was the Logan-Low controversy, in which, I believe, Low reflected upon Logan's loyalty to the North. Matters became so serious that a duel was spoken of—the dispute was the topic of the hour. The arraignment of Belknap in the police court was another incident which I vividly recall. It was written up in a most picturesque fashion by one of the Washington correspondents, whose descriptive style was said to be not unlike that of Charles Dickens. All sorts of "wire pulling" existed then as now, and corruption, fraud, graft and such terms were often on the lips of the public.

Small huts—refugee huts, they were called—tucked down among the houses of the rich, were held at fabulous prices by the colored owners, who knew that sooner or later the white residents would purchase the unsightly dwellings, if only to be rid of their undesirable tenants. The huts generally boasted of half a dozen round-headed, bright-eyed colored babies, and it was amusing to hear the mothers calling them away from "poor" white children, saying "Come hyar, come hyar, yo' keep away from that white trash, I tell yo'."

General Ben Butler was at that time living in his big stone mansion on Capitol Hill. He and so many others who now are in the Great Beyond frequented the good old Willard Hotel, then the common rendezvous of the great men whose hands turned from the strife of the Civil War to join anew the bonds of this great commonwealth. We often attended dances at the Willard, and my wedding gown was worn with pride on those happy occasions. The hotels were almost entirely the homes of men in public life, and thus family secrets were freely aired, and private life was often subjected to public criticism.

Those days are indeed past and gone. Most of those then in their youth have passed away—a few only still remain a part of the great panorama of Washington life. Human nature is much the same, but we who were a part of Washington society thirty-five years ago, feel that things were quite as well ordered in 1876 as they are today in 1911.

Brides may go there, as many do, but perhaps having eyes they may see not, because times have changed even in the newspaper offices, and opportunities may not exist as they did in my day. But I know that a trip to Washington must ever be a happy memory to the new little wife.



COTTAGE OF JOAQUIN MILLER
Washington, D. C., 1878

THE CHARM of ALABAMA

IN the roll call of states, Alabama will always have first place. Within the last decade she has also attained more than an alphabetical distinction in the roll call for opportunity and development. The tourist traversing the state may have a panoramic view that arrests attention, but the traveler who goes among the people in the various counties, far from the trunk line highways, finds a charm irresistible. In touring Alabama the impression impelled upon the writer is expressed in the one word "charm." The climate was charming, the people charming, the landscape was charming, and everything suggested the allurements incorporated in that winsome word "charm."

* * *

The welcome master key is found at the state house, historic as the first capital of the Confederacy. From a conspicuous point a large electric key, one hundred feet in length, stands out in bold illumination day and night, telling a story which is indeed a "key" to the distinctive energy and spirit not only of Montgomery, but also of the state of Alabama. The Legislature was in session, and the various members, together with Governor Emmet O'Neal, and other state officers, were hard at work on current legislation. On the second floor of the State House the Commissioner of Agriculture was busy among rows of seed corn and other agricultural products, at once indicating the basic agricultural interest affecting the development of Alabama. In these offices were found farmers telling of what they had accomplished upon Alabama soil. This individual interest and enthusiasm, and the facts brought out in the office of the Commissioner of Immigration was appropriate exercise for a tour of the state contemplated by a magazine editor.

Invitations to visit various sections bespoke a genial cordial spirit of Alabamian hospitality which in the South is a powerful influence in attracting homeseekers and investors of the right sort. Great cotton plantations and forests are being transformed into prosperous small farms, upon which are located many Northern farmers, who could never be induced to leave Alabama with all its allurements of climate and productiveness.

* * *

"Way Down in Old Mobile" is the song that rings in your ears as soon as you find yourself in Mobile, where the charm of the Gulf breezes enhances the beauty of summer and winter climate. Its history the last century has been connected with warlike events, and the fortifications remind the visitor of the latest battles of the Civil War. All strangers notice and rejoice in the fact that good water seems to be general in Alabama, and around Mobile cluster a number of prominent summer and winter resorts with healthy conditions and a climate not to be surpassed, while with the vision of the completion of the Panama Canal one recognizes that Mobile is located at a strategical commercial point. The river front tells the story at a glance.

"Mobile, export or import, Mobile's the port" was heard everywhere until everyone was trying to sing it as a song. The sail on the river enabled one to view the river front and to contemplate the extensive improvements already under way. Just above the city is a large anchorage basin for waiting vessels, and the shore line seemed as busy as the docks of New York, for on the day we were there something like forty or fifty vessels from all parts of the world were loading and discharging cargoes. The export trade of Mobile includes nearly every foreign country in an alphabetical list from Argentine to Uruguay. Even the latter South American republic took five million feet of lumber in 1908 and 1909. The development of exports to South American countries has been a marked feature in the commerce of Mobile. The new concrete wharves being built, the dry docks and the busy scene along the water front present a panoramic picture that is impressive, and one need not be a prophet to foresee that a substantial foundation has been laid for a vast commerce in the future.

AUGUSTA EVANS WILSON HOME IN THE LIVE OAKS, NEAR MOBILE

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One of Mobile's landmarks is Bienville Square, the gift of Citizen Bienville, an historic character, who gave the park, providing that it should be open to the negroes as well as to the whites—a provision always honored by his fellow-citizens whose kindly attitude toward the blacks is still indicated by the negro melody—"W-a-y down Mobile."

The old-time impression that because Mobile is on the river front, it is low, marshy, swampy and unhealthy is exploded, because the health records tell a different story. The city is the distributing wholesale point for a large section, and has one of the largest wholesale dry goods stores in the South. Four trunk lines of railroads operate from Mobile, while sixteen direct steamship lines sail from the port, to say nothing of the transient steamships that come from all parts of the world.

Not only has Mobile a splendid harbor, but it is the terminus of the largest river system of any state in the country. With over three thousand miles of navigable rivers emptying their waters into the Gulf at Mobile, and the great river traffic with steamship lines running direct to New York, Europe, South Africa, Central America, South America, the Canal Zone, West Indies and Mexico, the cosmopolitan aspect of Mobile can be readily appreciated. The total exports at the wharves are estimated at thirty million dollars annually.

By Mobile flow the waters of the picturesque Tombigbee, recalling that favorite old song of the South. The great iron and steel and coal fields at Birmingham will be in direct river communication with Mobile, which is a factor of vital consequence, considering the development of great industrial iron centers like Pittsburg. Not only railroad construction, but a large river transportation combine to promote expansion of Mobile.

There are over one hundred and fifty miles of streets in Mobile and magnificent streets they are, lined with towering old live oaks. Here was the home of the authoress, the late Augusta Evans Wilson, whose stirring novels have portrayed antebellum scenes which are permeated with the atmosphere of "old Mobile," and as one looks down that avenue of splendid live oaks, and sees beyond their magnificent vista the gleaming white of the porticos and stately columns of the Southern home so well known to the readers of her books, it seems hard to realize that all this may be supplanted by modern residences in a few months; and yet this seems inevitable when one studies the census reports and finds that the population of Mobile has nearly doubled since 1900.

GEORGE W. MARCH IN THE CENTER OF HIS 300 BUSHELS TO THE ACRE SWEET POTATO FIELD
He has farmed in the middle of the county for over a third of a century

* * *

One of the important factors in the industrial development of Mobile is the

North Mobile Development Company. Colonel Thompson has thrown into this enterprise all the energy and experience of years spent in the industrial development of Birmingham and other large towns of the South.

In North Mobile is located the handsome concrete building of the Corinth Chair Company, which is the only concrete constructed and motor driven chair plant in the United States, and this new chair factory is only the beginning of many other important industries of this character.

For several years a large number of Northern people have been building summer homes and developing farms in Alabama attracted first by an equable climate, and later falling under the subtle charm of life in this winterless zone. With a number of gentlemen, who have made a great success of farm development, an automobile trip was made out to the country where the recently cutover forest lands are well adapted for a great variety of profitable crops. The land is rolling and easily cleared, and traction gang plows are seen at work breaking up the sod of a twelve acre farm in a day, so that in a very few days a farmer has his shack ready, the seed for his first crop in the ground, and is comfortably contemplating the day when he shall literally "sit under his own vine and fig tree," or, what is better, a pecan grove that will yield a substantial revenue for a minimum amount of cultivation. No wonder that farmers from the North are fascinated by the prospects of land values, development and profitable farming in the "Coast country," often referred to as the "piney woods country."

TERMINAL STATION OF THE SOUTHERN RAILWAY AND MOBILE & OHIO RAILWAY
At Mobile, Alabama

Sociologists have agreed that climate makes the people, and eventually determines the fortunes of the land in which they live. While in Alabama there is a long and hot summer, the nights are cool, and there is a delightful season of balmy weather in winter, spanning those frigid months—the mere mention of which makes one shiver—with a cool snap now and then to remind one of the change of seasons.

Across the Bay from Mobile lies Baldwin County, and one who knows Mobile knows of Baldwin County. It is said to have made greater agricultural development than any Gulf Coast county.

* * *

BAY SHORE DRIVE, MOBILE, ALABAMA

Of course about everyone you meet keeps on telling you about the charming climate, soil, air, sunshine, trees and water, and when you realize that there are an hour and ten minutes more sunshine in Alabama during the first week of January than in the Northern states, and seventy minutes less sunshine in broiling July, you can see why sunstroke is unknown in any part of the Gulf Coast country, and why climate is the text handed out to tourists.

The activity and swish of the paddles of the river boats suggests the antebellum days when the location of towns and cities along the river bank was necessary to the development of the state. Farming in Alabama appeals to new settlers with especial force because of the close proximity to good markets, transportation facilities, together with the possibility of obtaining two or three crops a year from the same land, and what is expended in fertilizer is more than made up in the extra crop.

Mr. Milton Whitney, who is in charge of the soil survey work of the agricultural department at Washington, told me that the soil survey in Alabama has progressed more rapidly than that of any other state.

While driving about the country, soil and agricultural experts, sent here and there by the government and state to give advice and suggestions to the farmers opening up new acreage, were found everywhere. The sandy loam so largely met with in Alabama varies in color from a reddish to a grayish tone and is from four to six inches deep, underlaid by clay. G. B. Maynadier, of the United States Soil Survey, has announced that soils of the character found in and around Mobile and the Gulf Coast country are finely adapted to the production of small fruits,

THE RURAL DELIVERY MAIL TREE
In suburbs of Mobile, Alabama

as well as of cabbage, lettuce, onions, and other truck crops, and for cotton, corn and other staples. The climatic and drainage conditions make these lands easy of development, and if properly utilized for general farming or for the production of the special crops to which they are adapted, their cultivation proves highly profitable. Then the host remarks again—don't forget the climate.

Farm after farm was visited in this district, in company with Mr. B. F. Cowen and Mr. George A. Maloney, one of the late Dr. S. A. Knapp's boys from the Agricultural Department, neither of whom seemed to grow weary of relating the new possibilities of each district visited, where the farm development was in progress. One section, a mile square, of beautiful farming land has been devoted to a demonstration of the best methods of soil preparation, seeding, cultivation, fertilization, and all else that pertains to general farming. To see a forest of stumps melt away into ploughed farm land in a few days indicated the new order of pioneering.

The Mobile Farm Land Company operates a traction plow, modern disc plows and harrows to follow the stump pullers. The latest and best equipment is used, and the farmer loses little time in bringing his land to a practical state of cultivation.

On this demonstration farm, early in January, the crops of velvet bean, cow pea and like forage and fertilizing crops had been planted according to scientific and modern methods of farming.

As a means of educating the farmers of Southern Alabama and assisting new

LOADING COTTON FOR JAPAN AT MOBILE, ALABAMA

NEGRO GIRLS AT WORK IN A STRAWBERRY FIELD ALONG THE QUEEN & CRESCENT ROUTE

settlers from other parts of the country, the Agricultural Department has learned by experience "that demonstration farms," working in conjunction with the state government, produce definite results and have been the means of educating the farming community generally. The big Mobile County demonstration farm has attracted wide attention and inspired a new and intelligent interest in farm development.

One forty-acre tract on this big farm has been set aside to make tests of all kinds of seeds, trees, fertilizers and general methods of cultivation. Some of the experimental trees and shrubs from China and Japan have been planted on this farm, and arrangements have been made to test in Mobile factories the products of such trees as the Chinese "Rood oil nut," valuable as a producer of fine varnish oils, the soy bean, and other crops, which have an established industrial value.

Among the many popular resorts of Alabama is the town of Fairhope, which has a reputation that extends far beyond the limits of the state. Founded by the Fairhope Single Tax Corporation of Chicago to put into practical use the theories of the "Single Tax or Georgian Philosophy," every business plant in the place and most of its population are located on the four thousand acres of land owned in common by the members of the corporation, each of whom has paid a fee of one hundred dollars for the privilege.

There includes the right to lease lands, for the period of ninety-nine years, which leases are transferable, and under which rents are paid annually on a basis of annual appraisements, which in 1911 charged as low as fifty-two cents per acre, two miles out of town, and as high as seventy-five dollars for the best lots in the centre of the business section.

Almost every acre of soil in Alabama

LOVERS ON THE FAMOUS FISH RIVER
Near Mobile

has been thoroughly inspected, and as a result the farmer knows what he must do. There are favorable conditions for practically every horticultural product somewhere within the borders of the state. The counties of Mobile and Baldwin are especially adapted for sub-tropical gardening, the growing of pecans and Satsuma oranges. Peaches and plums are important fruits of the South, and growers using scientific methods have enabled them to realize as high as $1.50 per bushel for peaches, and secure average net returns of from $200 to $300 to the acre.

All over Alabama there are fine pear orchards, although many varieties are susceptible to blight; but some varieties have proven immune where proper attention is paid to their culture. As high as a hundred trees are grown to the acre of the sand pear, and mature trees will produce from fifteen to twenty-five bushels of fruit, at an average price of one dollar.

When we stopped for lunch someone brought forth Alabama apples. Apples are not grown to any extent commercially, although there are some very fine orchards in the northern portion of the state, as the climate and soil are the same as that of Tennessee and West Virginia, where apple culture flourishes. In Cullman County one grower realized six hundred dollars net from an acre of eight-year-old trees. The earlier varieties are better adapted to the soils and climate of Alabama and can be marketed twenty to thirty days earlier than those grown in the northern states.

The strawberry sections of Catleberry, Brewton, Cuba, Bay Minette, Cullman and Thorsby have fine large fields of the berry of which quaint old David Fuller said "Doubtless God could have made a better berry, but doubtless God never did." The growers seldom cultivate more than from two to five

TAN NASHI (JAPANESE) PERSIMMON TREE, TWO AND ONE-HALF YEARS OLD

Fruit seedless. W. H. Wades place, near Loxley, Ala. One persimmon from this tree measured eleven and one half inches in circumference, and was served at lunch to an invited party of five people—each person had two slices and there were three slices remaining acres each, and an organization of the growers has placed the industry on a firm financial basis receiving an average price of $1.80 per crate, with an average yield of about one hundred crates to the acre. This yield from land recently purchased at from four to six dollars per acre, with comparatively cheap labor, makes berry farming in Alabama an attractive and profitable vocation.

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While grapes have not been grown to any general extent, one farmer at Flomation realized six hundred dollars from one acre, the fruit selling at twenty-five cents a basket or ten cents per pound. This is the Scuppernong variety from which the famous Southern wine is made. Recent discoveries in the method of artificial ripening have given a tremendous impetus to the cultivation of Japanese persimmons. In nearly every section of the state persimmons can be grown, and this explains why the average farmer believes that he can easily knock the "high persimmons" because he has both the pole and the *real* persimmons on his land. The trees are very prolific, and much attention is being paid to the cultivation of this fruit.

SAIL BOATS WAY DOWN ON MOBILE BAY

When one views the large fig orchards in Alabama, it brings to mind reminiscences of fair Italy. One thinks of old Omar Khayyam, who insisted that he wanted to loaf and take his ease under a fig tree. A tree in full bearing will produce from three to six bushels of fruit, selling at from eighty cents to one dollar per bushel. The fig tree, as is proven in Oriental climes, will stand more abuse and neglect than any other kind of fruit, but on the other hand will respond to care and culture just as quickly as any other. Nearly one hundred to three hundred and fifty trees may be easily grown to the acre.

President Thach, of the Alabama Polytechnic Institute, with Prof. P. F. Williams, horticulturist, have made a record in their experiment station that have given Alabama products prominence, for they have given careful consideration to the primary and practical questions that pertain to agriculture, horticulture, stock-raising and its varied industries.

* * *

THE Census Bureau assigns to the South the lowest death rate in the Union, and longevity tables show a greater number of octo and nono genarians than in the North. This is said to be due to the aroma of the pines, antiseptic in their action, to the excellent drainage and the pure water and the even temperature.

But one should not forget that with all her charms, Alabama is not the Garden of Eden. There are mosquitoes and malaria in Alabama the same as elsewhere, but the success of the conquest of these annoyances in the canal zone has started a general movement to neutralize these disadvantages. It takes as much activity to develop Alabama farms as elsewhere, but all things considered, the development for the effort expended certainly shows marvelous results.

What a contrast there is between the pioneer seeking his home in the West in early days, blazing his own trail and speculating on the condition of soil where he finally decided to clear the land and build his log cabin home. Then there were no advantages of the Soil Survey's observations—the settler depended upon his powers of observation and usually by years of experiment discovered what crops could be raised and what could earn the food he must have for his family. Today it is possible for the young man going out to seek a home in a new location to get full facts and details of the possibilities there, the information as to just what crops will grow, and which can be made to yield the best returns, and *how*, before he even makes a preliminary trip.

THE BEAUTIFUL AND UNIQUE CAFE, "THE VINEYARD"
Atop the fireproof Cawthon Hotel in Mobile

The splendid work of the Immigration Board of Alabama, under the direction of Commissioner Lee Cowart, promises to be of great assistance to the prospective settlers of Alabama. Mr. Cowart has at his hand detailed information on every county, locality, town and city of his state, and as he says, his "business is to answer questions." And answer them he does, and dispenses information and figures, giving a hint or word of advice now and then. He knows that there is an excellent opportunity for millions of farmers to develop Alabama land on which profitable crops will flourish. The whole situation is being studied scientifically, and much attention devoted to showing the Northern farmer who sold his high-priced land to settle on cheaper lands in the South where an abundant opportunity for diversified farming can be improved.

What is adapted to the British and Scotch farmer, to the Italian, German and Scandinavian and Slav — this has been studied, and Mr. Lee Cowart is the man who has the facts. Under the authority of the State Legislature, he with the co-operation of the other members of the Immigration Board—the Governor and Commissioner of Agriculture of Alabama—is making an aggressive campaign of looking out for homeseekers and developing the right kind of immigration.

* * *

IN an early message to the legislature, Governor O'Neal urged oyster culture in Alabama, which contains one of the original oyster beds developed in the country. Great shell heaps along the shore indicate that the Indian, in former years, must have subsisted to a large extent upon the shell-fish. It seems curious that this food, used as a means of subsistence to the Indian, should now be regarded only as a delicacy by the white man.

At present there is no indication of a diminution of the oyster on the Alabama coast, for Alabama owns two hundred and fifty thousand acres of oyster bottoms, which a well-equipped oyster commission will soon bring to proper development. The oyster lands are being rented to men who will see that the extensive shell-fish resources of the state are conserved.

In his message, the Governor called attention to the fact that if properly developed the oyster beds of Alabama should produce enough oysters to supply twelve million people, and he stated that the rentals for these lands should yield the state many thousands of dollars.

VIEW IN THE ORANGE ORCHARD OF J. M. KRONER IN THE MIDDLE OF MOBILE COUNTY
The three-year-old orchard which took the prize at the county fair; Alabama clover between the trees

The GULF COAST COUNTRY

AT Citronelle—beautiful Citronelle—a New England colony still holds in reverence the culture of Boston, and the wandering editor traveling that way was delighted to find people still insisting on having baked beans o' Saturday nights. Citronelle had won distinction as a health resort long before the tourist went Southward. The picturesque little town stands on the summit of the pine-clad hills in the southern part of the state, and has associated with its history traditions of a tribe of Red Men roaming through the gulf country and wandering until they had reached the summit crowned with long leaf yellow pine trees, beautiful flowers and crystal springs. It is said that here the Indians had their sanatorium, and hither brought the braves who were ill and past the assistance of the medicine man. The word Citronelle means "I heal," rather than a reference to citrus products, and is a tribute to the memory of the wise men among the aborigines.

The town is located on the Mobile & Ohio railroad, and one can breakfast in St. Louis today and at Citronelle tomorrow. The climate is free from heavy moisture, and the plateau on which it is located furnishes excellent drainage, as the soil is very porous and the water from heavy rainfalls passes away quickly.

Good people, a good climate—it seems as if all good things may be found at Citronelle. Everybody seems to be having a good time, and the goodly life led by Citronelle citizens makes this little city some thirty miles from Mobile attractive in many ways. The picturesque little town is surrounded by some of the most beautiful farms, highly developed by Northern farmers, who have the old-time neighborly spirit in welcoming newcomers to make new homes on the large areas of cut-over pine lands which still remain.

Every year in the latter part of March an excellent Chautauqua program is provided. These celebrations have now been held for six years. The church, fraternal and organization spirit in Citronelle is very strong, and the public schools are part of the Mobile County system, which is the pride of the state.

The visitor is not long in Citronelle before he hears the refrain of "Citronelle," the product of a local poet:

Long ago, the red-face maiden
  Roamed these hills, and named them, too,
"Citronella," perfume laden,—
  "Healing" found her where it grew.
"Alabama," hear her saying,
  "Here we rest"—we rest from straying.
Fate, alas, forbids her staying
  In these hills she loves so well.

Far-off lands have fairer daughters,
  And they hear the "Westward Ho!"
Now they cross her "sunrise waters,"
  Dusky Maid "must go," "must go."
Now, for us, her springs are flowing,
  Fragrant "Citronella," growing,
Flowers blooming, breezes blowing,
  In the hills of Citronelle.

* * *

ONE of the most pleasant memories of a long journey through Alabama recalls a brief stay at Vinegar Bend as the guest of Mr. N. E. Turner, whose great lumber mills turn out daily over 300,000 feet of high grade, hard pine lumber for export trade, and whose other interests practically create the town, which his private railroad, the Alabama and Mississippi Railroad, connects with large forests in Mississippi. His business interests are immense, but his heart and hospitality have no limit. Of myriads who pass it and all who enter it few can ever forget this princely snow-white mansion with its great verandas and spacious halls. Surrounded by stately pines, magnolias loaded with fragrant blossoms, evergreen, massive live oaks interlacing their branches, effecting perfect arches through which the flowers and foliage are seen in profusion.

To meet a Southern host amid such surroundings and enjoy his simple, hearty and yet refined hospitality, and the courtesy of his accomplished family, was a privilege which was especially grateful in the midst of a strenuous and often fatiguing state-sight-seeing tour.

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HISTORIC ground was covered in a trip over Washington County, one of the oldest, and yet the least developed agriculturally, in the state. It was organized June 4, 1800, by a proclamation of the Governor of Alabama. From the original area of this county as first laid out have been taken twenty-nine counties in Alabama and sixteen in Mississippi. In this county, where is located the historic St. Stephens, was inaugurated the first governor of Alabama, and in this county also, near McIntosh Bluff, Aaron Burr was arrested when charged with plans to create a new republic in the Southwest.

More than nine thousand acres of land were subject to entry here two years ago, but at Fruitdale and Yellowpine there has been remarkable activity in the development of the cut-over pine lands. Hundreds of Northern farmers have bought and are rapidly clearing and improving their farms. It does not take long for the Northern farmer to recognize the value of a growing season sufficiently long to mature as many as three crops on the same land. The Washington-Choctaw Land Company has placed on the market a large area of this raw land.

* * *

HANDSOME folders are issued by the railroads, showing how to grow the famous Satsuma orange. These oranges

LOADING SUPPLIES AT COMMISSARY
For transportation to the turpentine camp near Citronelle, Alabama

A TYPICAL FIELD OF WATERMELONS
On one of the cut-over pine districts of Southern Alabama

have been especially successful in Alabama, and the history of the trifoliate orange reads like a romance. This orange comes from China and Japan and was introduced in 1869 by the Agricultural Department in Washington as nothing more than a mere curiosity. It was later used as a hedge plant, and grown as far north as Washington, D. C., when it was thought that this orange could stand temperature as low as zero, but little or no effort is now made to grow them commercially outside the gulf coast country, where the thermometer seldom registers below twelve degrees above. There are very few varieties of citrus fruits that do not grow well on trifoliate stock provided the soil is adapted for it. Every farm that was visited en route through South Alabama boasted at least a few Satsuma orange trees, and not a few are growing grapefruit in the extreme southern counties.

Large numbers of commercial orchards are planted and set cut this year. A vision of this country, with the air redolent with the perfume of orange blossoms, shows the possibilities of a realized dream.

SCUPPERNONG GRAPE ARBOR IN THE GULF COAST COUNTRY

Dr. Scott, a prominent gardener and orange expert, of Baldwin County, made the statement that he would realize from $1,600 to $2,000 from his young orange grove this year.

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Grand Bay and Irvington, over fifty feet above sea level, are located in the district where turpentine and lumber formerly represented the leading industries. With the passing of the tall trees of the forests, the country has seen a wonderful development in small farming. Situated but a few miles from the Gulf, there were found Indiana and Ohio farmers building fences about the little plots of cleared ground. Many of them

MODERN CANE SYRUP MILL
Of George W. March, in the centre of Mobile county, machinery run by gasoline engine

CABBAGE READY FOR MARKET IN MARCH,
Near Irvington, Alabama

IRISH POTATOES, APRIL,
Which yielded 350 bushels to the acre

CASSAVA
Grown for the root which makes a fine stock food, near Irvington, Alabama

GRAPEFRUIT CLUSTER
From Bancroft farm, Fairhope, Baldwin County, Alabama

A CLUSTER OF SATSUMA ORANGES
From the orange grove of A. B. Gaston, in the center of Mobile County, Alabama, from tree six years old

VELVET BEANS
Growing on poles forty feet high at Irvington, Alabama
This is what Jack of the Beanstalk secured for his seed

had come there broken in health, but had found new life and resuscitation in raising vegetables during the months in which their old homes were snow-bound.

The piney woods have but recently been cleared away at Pennsylvania, and the spirit of the name immortalized by William Penn seems to have influenced every aggressive settler. The town was laid out by the Grand Bay Land Company and received its name because of the many Pennsylvanians who came to settle here, and the community has, like Topsy, just "growed." The sturdy Quaker spirit prevails, and all feel the pioneer's pride in developing a new home in the South.

Near Fairhope on the East Bay Shore, is Daphne, the winter home of Mr. Theodore P. Shonts, one of the most beautiful residences in the South, picturesquely situated among the magnolias.

The birth of the town of Dyas came about with the stroke of the axe, the buzz of the saw and the roar of the planer where a large saw mill represented the center of activity. When the trees were all cut and the lumber sent to nearby ports for export purposes, the spot was about to be abandoned when it was realized that here was a good location for a thriving town. The International Realty Association acquired and placed these rich lands on the market, which are being developed by the land-hungry pilgrims from the North.

GRAPEFRUIT ON THE RIVIERA

New settlers were enthusiastic over the great fields of velvet beans, which seemed to spring up like Jack's fabled stalk. The gaunt wood stumps of cutover lands were artistically decorated by the creeping vines of the velvet beans, that suggested a landscape garden adorned with English ivy.

There is something softly alluring in the name Bay Minette, located in the heart of Baldwin County. Development work is well systematized in Bay Minette under the direction of the Bay Minette Land

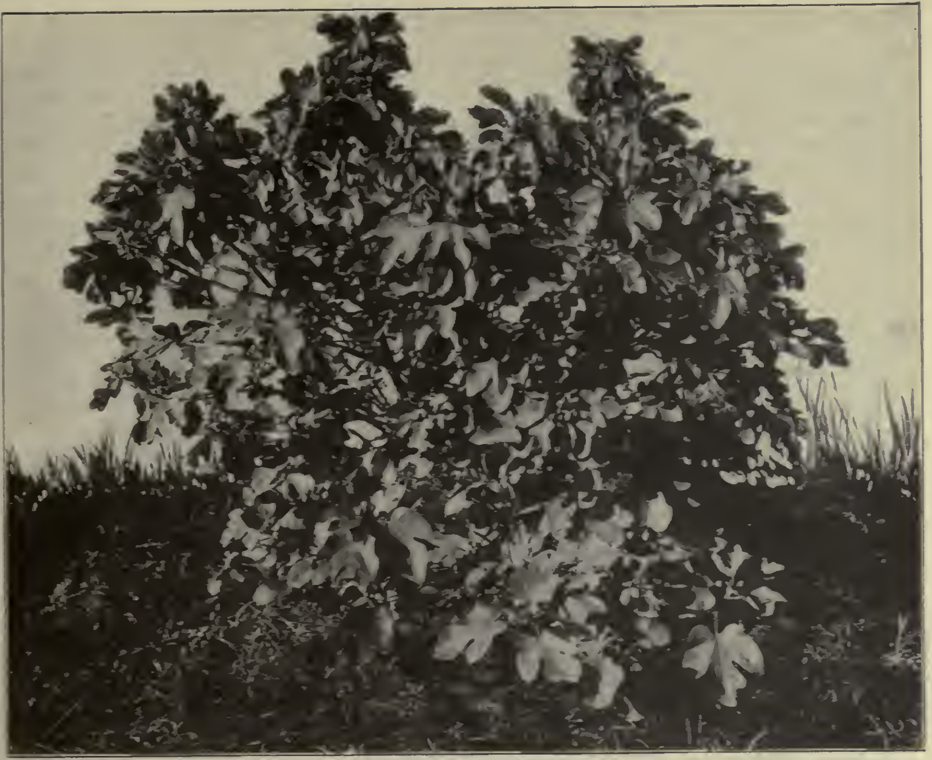
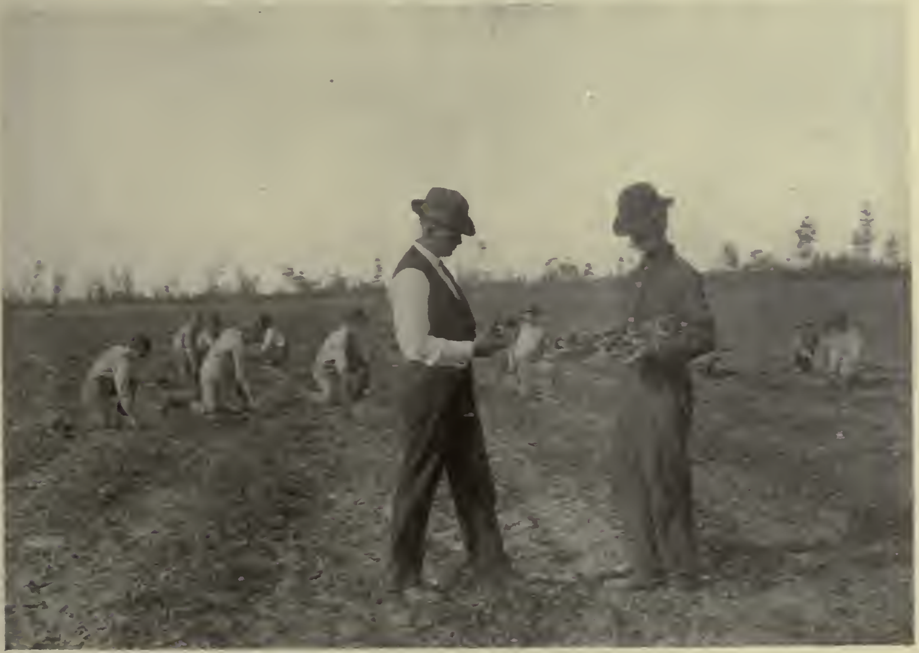


FIG TREE FOUR YEARS OLD
Near Dyas, Alabama, having more than a bushel of figs on it when this picture was taken



PICKING STRAWBERRIES FEBRUARY 15, 1911,
In the sixty acre strawberry farm of the Bay Minette Land Company, Bay Minette, Alabama

Company, whose president, Mr. Hampton D. Ewing, is one of the most enthusiastic believers in the possibilities of the Gulf Coast country. After a visit to the lands of the Bay Minette Company, one can appreciate the enthusiasm of the settlers. The country is high and dry, being altogether some three hundred feet above the level of the sea.

CORN, JUNE 1, 1911
Near Pennsylvania, Alabama

Baldwin County is almost entirely surrounded by water, which has much to do with preserving an even temperature at all seasons of the year. Three crops every year—so the farmers on the spot insist they produce—as do all good agriculturists in the fertile Gulf Coast country.

The one great purpose of the company seems to be to advance the land development along profitable lines and to assist every farmer to make his land more profitable. A battalion of powerful stump pullers have been at work clearing, which will put under cultivation more than four thousand acres of cut-over land. The attractive feature of the Bay Minette Land Company has been the facilities offered by the company for the clearing of land and for the building of real homes without the hardships encountered by ordinary pioneers.

A trip to the tobacco country was made and here we had cigars rolled to our own taste, a luxury not to be had every day. The visit to the great shaded fields where the preparation of the beds was under way, preliminary to the planting of this profitable plant, was greatly enjoyed and will not soon be forgotten.

OATS, JUNE 11, 1911
Near Calvert, Alabama

For a great many years tobacco-growing has been carried on in various sections

FIELD OF COW PEAS, GRAND BAY, ALA.

of Alabama in a desultory manner, but it has remained for some alert and enterprising Northern men to awaken an intensified interest in this valuable staple by the selection of a section in Baldwin County which is most favorable in every way for the growth and perfection of what is known as the Sumatra and Havana cigar wrapper.

The discovery that growing tobacco under shade gives the leaf a more delicate texture, which is so much sought for in selecting high grade cigar wrappers, puts the matter of quality of his crop almost within the absolute power of every grower, his revenue depending entirely upon his own enterprise in developing the greater part of his crop under shade. When it is considered that the grower in this favored region gets from thirty to eighty cents per pound for his tobacco and that in other sections it is sold for from seven to ten cents—then the difference in quality which can be produced under the most favorable climatic and soil conditions is forcibly illustrated. The duty on this high grade Sumatra and Havana cigar wrapper tobacco is $1.85 per pound on that from Sumatra and $1.48 on that from Cuba—the latter being lower on account of the differential duties established by the United States government in favor of Cuba.

There are approximately 687,000,000 pounds of tobacco grown annually in the United States which still enjoys the lead in the magnitude of production and probably will always retain the first place as a tobacco-growing country. There are twenty million cigars consumed daily in the United States alone, and the importance of the establishment in this country of plantations that can produce high grade Havana and Sumatra cigar wrappers, can only be realized, when the immense total of the consumption of cigars is kept in mind. Looking at the matter from a practical standpoint, it seems singular that this country has depended so long upon the small districts in Sumatra and Cuba adapted to the production of this high grade tobacco leaf for its choicest brands of cigars; but it has seemed in years past absolutely impossible to produce anything to compare with it.

CUBAN TOBACCO GROWING UNDER SHADE AT SUMMERDALE, ALABAMA

The decision to develop the territory was not arrived at until the most exhaustive theoretical tests had been made, followed by a practical demonstration of the actual growth and development of the tobacco leaf. There will be a million pounds of this extraordinary tobacco produced this year; and the market is already awaiting the crop. The company have erected a large warehouse and curing plant at Robertsdale and here were three hundred thousand pounds of fine wrappers in the process of sweating.

THREE-YEAR-OLD PECAN TREE
Loxley, Alabama, which produced two pounds

Under shade the quality of the leaf is so much improved that it brings fifty per cent more in price. Not only that, but under cover the production is increased from one hundred to two hundred per cent.

The successful growth of the fine, cigar-wrapper tobaccos in the United States means that millions of dollars that are now being sent to foreign countries for tobacco will be kept at home; that when this industry has been fully developed in Baldwin County, Alabama, it will take approximately 50,000 to 75,000 laborers to harvest the crop and thousands of employes during the entire year to prepare the leaf for the market. It means the construction of tobacco-curing houses to take care of the tobacco on the farms and the construction of hundreds of curing plants and factories to take care of the leaf while preparing it for the market.

The crops the past three years, since operations were begun, have proven highly satisfactory and profitable to the growers.

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SOME six hundred families of thrifty Germans make up the colony of Elberta, on beautiful Perdido Bay. If there is anything that Germans love, it is the cultivation of the soil, and their thrift and care are always refreshing. Elberta children have cheeks that remind one of the Elberta peach, and all the family helps in making the model home one of loving labor, cleanliness and prosperity. Rapid strides in stock-raising are also being made by this settlement.

Loxley, another Baldwin County town, has sprung into being within the last few years, and has attracted a large number of farmseekers, who have made remarkable development in modern agriculture.

* * *

BREWTON is said to be the richest city per capita in the world after Brookline, Massachusetts, and its wealth was

LUMBER MILL IN THE YELLOW PINE BELT

made from Brewton resources, without outside assistance or capital. Brewton was formerly known as a sawmill town, but the lumber camps have disappeared and homes have been built that are the pride of Escambia County, of which Brewton is the county seat. The soil of Escambia county is especially suitable for growing Sumatra tobacco.

Strawberries and peaches are also grown, and in going through this district was found an orchard of two hundred acres from which, it was claimed, twenty-eight carloads of strawberries, grown between the young trees, had been shipped North.

PICKING TOMATOES IN THE WIRE GRASS COUNTRY
Scene near Andalusia

At the state fair in Montgomery, a sixty pound sample of tobacco was exhibited which was pronounced by a government expert as fine as was ever grown in the country. Sugar cane also is being successfully raised here.

Altogether the growth of Escambia county in the last ten years has shown an increase of seventy-seven per cent, and has made a record of shipping more than a hundred thousand dollars' worth of cattle in one year, demonstrating that stock-raising has engaged the serious consideration of the farmers.

The Downing Industrial School for Girls at Brewton owns one hundred and twenty acres of land, and is increasing its enrolment year by year as the curriculum adds to its list of special studies which are particularly adapted to the needs of the young people of the new South.

IN the Yellow Pine district was found the typical lumber town of Lockhart. There is a fascination in the process of converting great forests into the "finished" product so indispensable to builders the world over. Few specifications for a building are now passed without including yellow pine. From the process of felling this pine in the forest and taking it down into the log pond where ten million feet are stored, to hearing the busy scream of the saws in the mill and visiting the comfortable quarters provided for the employes of the various mills, the visitor finds in Lockhart all the conditions of a model and interesting pine lumber town.

Here it is that the famous rift flooring is made, admitting no piece in which the angle of the grain exceeds forty-five degrees from vertical. To have flooring that will not sliver or shell from wear—that is the requirement of "Heart Rift" flooring, which is virtually made of the heart of the wood. As rapidly as the pine is cut off from the lands the settlers move right in, even while the camp fires of the loggers are still smouldering. This development after the primeval product of the forests has been taken, with no long lapse of time intervening, is a phase of interesting evolution from forest to crops in the field. For it proves how unnecessary it is for the refuse left by the lumbermen to remain for years as fuel for forest fires, when there are so many people eager to utilize this land if transportation and market facilities are afforded.

VIEW OF THE WHOLESALE SECTION OF ANDALUSIA

* * *

ONE of the few remains of Spanish occupation in Alabama is Andalusia, whose euphonious old Spanish name indicates one of the most lively little towns that believe in the modern way of building towns. Andalusia is another instance of development following in the wake of lumber-cutting, and the energetic Andalusians will not be satisfied until their town is a model, resultant of the work of the woodman who spared not the tree.

Andalusia is the terminus of the Central of Georgia and on the Louisville & Nashville Railroads, which the past few years have brought in a large influx of Northern farmers, who always look first to the railroad facilities in choosing a Southern home.

The woodman is here, rapidly transformed from the sturdy typical habitant of the Northern lumber camp wearing mackinaws and spike boots, to the farmer who seeks to build a home in the forest.

Many lumbermen have given up work in the woods, and are now cultivating trees with the same assiduous energy with which they formerly cut them down.

Andalusia is also gaining distinction as a business distributing point, and her citizens are already telling of the day when she will take a prominent place in population as well as in alphabetical order in the list of Alabama cities.

* * *

There are many delightful cities in the Gulf Coast region, and much of the country is delightful. A pleasant home and a remunerative business is assured to the man who is willing to work for it—and it is necessary to work wherever you are located.

THE MAGIC of ALABAMA MINE DEVELOPMENT

THE development of the mineral resources of Northern Alabama is one of the marvels revealed in the records of the mine production of the country. There are many Alabama citizens who can remember hearing in a vague way of the wonderful ore deposits in these hills, but little progress was made until outside capital was attracted and interested itself in the great fields of coal, iron and ore deposits.

Today, while riding about Birmingham, with its tall office buildings and busy thoroughfares, it seems impossible to realize that the town was only laid out in 1871 by James R. Powell, who has been called the "Duke of Birmingham." William P. Barker, the city engineer of Montgomery, was employed to lay out the young city, and he made his plans with an eye to great future development. The first lot sold in the new settlement was taken by the mayor of Wetumpka which is today worth more than $200,000.

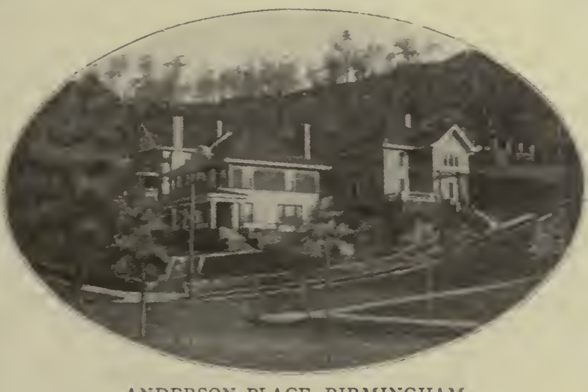
The development of the city has been phenomenal—gas works, telephone exchanges, street cars, theatres, newspapers, banks, in fact all the evidences of an up-to-date city.

Coke and iron were first manufactured in Birmingham in 1874, and a little later a new shuttle oven was built to test the properties of the coal deposits of the surrounding country. The results gave this industry in Birmingham the needed impetus.

From the outset the one spirit that has characterized Birmingham is a word of three letters—Birmingham is a city of *now*. You feel the spirit of *now* bumping into you on every street corner, as you find your way about through the rush of business that is evident on Birmingham thoroughfares.

Birmingham is a metallic city in every sense of the word. It virtually fixes the prices of pig iron in the markets of the world. The steel rails made at Ensley Mill, near the city, have become famous. It is estimated that approximately two billion tons of iron ore are contained in the iron ore beds of the district, to say nothing of the sixty-eight billion tons of coal.

The low-priced fuel and the abundance of raw material have been pre-eminent factors in the development of Birmingham, which bids fair to more than rival the English city—its namesake.



ANDERSON PLACE, BIRMINGHAM.
Overlooking the city

It has been said that everything from artificial limbs to automobiles and massive machinery is manufactured in Birmingham. Cotton mills and cotton traders are also found here, and in the beautiful valleys there are farms which indicate that agricultural development is not overlooked. The cement business especially promises to represent a future development whose record of growth and immense returns will place it among the leading industries of the republic.

Birmingham "has all the ear-marks" of a coming great city. Healthfully located, more than six hundred feet above sea level, the home and manufacturing development of Birmingham reads like a tale of magic. When a great concern like the United States Steel Corporation invests six and a half million dollars in the development of its Alabama properties, it shows that the state's advantages are conclusive to the metal world. There are more than fifty thousand wage earners in the city who have envelopes in a weekly payroll of one million dollars and over. Any locality that has a good healthy pay roll of these proportions cannot help but forge to the front.

THE history of the phenomenal development of Alabama could never be written without giving Anniston a prominent place. For the inception of Anniston was the expression of two personalities who desired to have modern facilities guaranteed to their townsfolk—Mr. Samuel Noble and Mr. Albert Taylor were the two men who conceived the ideas that founded Anniston.

Located on the Blue Ridge chain of mountains, surrounded by rugged peaks and fertile valleys, the city certainly has both alluring climate and scenery. The planting of trees and the surveying of streets were undertaken zealously on a scale that should make Anniston a model city. St. Michael's and other beautiful churches are a part of the city plan, and have secured from visitors the name of "Anniston the Brooklyn of the South." The Noble High School and Noble Institute for Girls, the Presbyterian College and the excellent public schools give Anniston educational distinction.

More soil pipe is manufactured here than in any other city in the country. Six large cotton mills consume all of the cotton raised in the district. Anniston mills

NOCCOLULA FALLS, LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN, GADSDEN, ALABAMA turn out the linen thread of which thousands of miles of fishing lines are made.

Manufactures are diversified in Anniston, and although but thirty years have passed since the first house was built, Anniston takes her place today among the thriving cities of the South. Uniformity and care in the building of the city, and the rich and picturesque surrounding farming district bespeak an important agricultural as well as industrial development. Anniston is situated in the very heart of the brown hematite district where graphite and other minerals are also found.

* * *

THERE is a charm in the alliterative term "Growing Gadsden." The visitor has not been fifteen minutes in the city before he feels the impulse of the town that has grown, is growing and will grow. In Gadsden the live, wide-awake business men appreciate the value of manufacturing plants. The Southern Iron and Steel Company, recently located at Gadsden, employs some two thousand men. When their plants are completed they will employ more than five thousand workers. Great beds of rich ore surround the town and are operated by the Consolidated Iron and Coal Company. Almost within the city limits lie coal fields which show the highest percentage of carbon of any in Alabama. Just outside the town at Alabama City are two great cotton mills of sixty thousand spindles.

Gadsden is a city of manufacturing iron, and five railroad lines offer transportation. The Coosa River is open to navigation for a distance of two hundred miles, and the United States Government is now at work opening up the river to Mobile. This it is believed will be completed by the time the Panama Canal is finished. The opening of the river will not only furnish Gadsden cheap water transportation to the markets of the world, but will furnish near the city three hundred thousand electrical horse power for industrial and domestic purposes worth as much as the untold millions of tons of coal in Alabama.

Situated at the southern terminus of the historic Lookout Mountain at an elevation of nearly six hundred feet above

STEEL PLANT OF THE SOUTHERN IRON AND STEEL COMPANY AT GADSDEN, ALABAMA sea level, the town has that rare climate which is delightful either winter or summer. The broad, undulating valley of the Coosa River, together with the rolling plateaus of Sand and Lookout Mountains, furnish Gadsden an interesting and picturesque location—truly a "city of opportunity."

More than twenty different types of soil of the five hundred and seventy attributed to Alabama are credited to Gadsden district. Etowah County, of which Gadsden is the county seat, is capable of growing on its land almost all varieties of crops. Although cotton is the staple crop of the county, the farmers are now largely devoting their attention to diversified agriculture and stock-raising, while the timber resources have been the source of substantial revenue.

The new waterworks system of Gadsden is just being completed. A never-to-be-forgotten journey was taken with Mr. LeFevre to Noccolula Falls, on Lookout Mountain, where the water dashes over a high precipice into a great canyon below.

Gadsden is best known in the personnel of her citizenship, who insist that they have a growing town, and can produce facts and figures to prove it.

ON the shores of the Tennessee River which loops gracefully through the northern part of Alabama from the eastern to the western boundary is a valley that has long been famous in the South. It is regarded as one of the richest and most productive portions, enclosed in mountains and high hills on either side, and with an average width of thirty to fifty miles. The elevation above the sea is thirty-five hundred feet.

There are minerals of various kinds, and the original forests of oak and hickory have been removed. The plantations of the Tennessee Valley have long been famous.

PEANUTS IN THE SHOCK ON THE FARM OF F. A. BIXBY, NEAR ROWLAND, ALABAMA

At Huntsville, located in this beautiful valley, is the famous "Big Spring," from which the city derives its water supply. Discovered by John Hunt in 1805, it has poured out of the rocks over twenty-five million gallons every day since. In 1819 Huntsville enjoyed the distinction of being the capital of Alabama, and it was here that the convention met to form the first state constitution.

* * *

Among the progressive towns in the Tennessee Valley is Florence, the home of

Governor O'Neal, with cotton mills and other new industries awaiting the development of a new hundred thousand horse power development.

* * *

Many of the Alabama counties have been named for revolutionary heroes or men famous in other wars. Lawrence County, for instance, takes its name from Commander James Lawrence of the American frigate "Chesapeake" who was killed in the war of 1812. Covington County was named for General Leonard W. Covington, also a hero of this war. There are Clay County, Jackson and Jefferson, Monroe County, Lee County and many others preserving the soft and limpid-sounding Indian names.

Cleburne County was named for the Confederate General, Patrick R. Cleburne, and in this district gold has been mined near Dine Creek. Some years ago quartz was discovered which was found to contain a large per cent of free gold.

In Clay County there has also been prospecting for gold. Silver has also been found. Copper mines have been developed for some years. Sulphur veins near Pyrrton are nine feet in thickness, with an average of forty per cent sulphur. Graphite, tin ore, yellow and red ochre of fine color and free from impurities, are developed near Talladega.

In fact, in every section of the state there seems to be some one thing that excites in the traveler a great desire for further exploration.

STRIPPING SUGAR CANE IN ALABAMA

Four hundred million tons of iron ore are mined in Alabama every year, and while this is not as rich as the ores of Lake Superior, the amount is much greater, and the fuel and fluxing supplies make up the difference of the percentage of metallic iron. The iron and steel industry, with a natural product of nearly forty millions, is the leading industry of the state. It is centered in and around the northern part of the state.

PECAN ORCHARD OF E. G. RICKARBY, MOBILE
Trees about seventeen years old and bearing more than one hundred pounds of nuts each per year

FIELD OF UPLAND RICE, ON FARM OF FRANK HUGHES, NEAR ROBERTSDALE, ALA.

The WIRE GRASS REGION

THE "Wiregrass Country"—though in the Gulf coast country—it is called because of the peculiar grass that grows throughout this section, an excellent wild hay for stock. Dothan has the distinction of being the metropolis of the wiregrass country. There it is in the southeast corner of the state, with a population of over eight thousand, and rapidly increasing. In direct rail connection with all the markets of the North, it is not to be wondered at that this bustling city with its stately residences, beautiful streets and avenues and well-kept lawns, has come to be a town of prominence since its foundation only twenty years ago.

The lands about Dothan were supposed to be of little value before the war, and a quarter of a section was often exchanged for a yoke of oxen or some such purchase. Wild cattle of many kinds roamed through this section a few years ago which is now being rapidly developed into farms.

Now Dothan, in the center of this territory, is the pride of the county, possessing a United States Court House and Post Office building, three handsome, modern schoolhouses, banks, hotels, paved streets, a municipally-owned electric light and water plant, and passenger trains arriving almost hourly; besides cotton seed oil mills, ice and lumber manufacturing plants, iron foundries and machine shops —with all these, why should not the people of Dothan feel that their dream of making their town the metropolis of the wiregrass region has been realized?

Model farms surround Dothan. The townsfolk point with pride to a statement of the United States Soil Survey that in their section the greatest variety of crops can be successfully grown. New dairy farms are being developed, and the health and vigor of the good townsfolk, who never fail to explain to the traveler that the Houston County death rate is about the lowest in the United States, 8.24 per thousand, evidence the advantages of

MILLET FIELD, TWO MILES FROM DOTHAN, ALABAMA
On the line of the Central of Georgia railway. Note the level land and the dense growth

DIGGING POTATOES IN SOUTHERN ALABAMA

situation, climate and natural advantages. The Dothan citizen drinks your health in artesian well water, of splendid quality.

Fast and furious come the figures which they array before the visitor. They tell the story of a farmer in Houston County who made $147.50 net profit on an acre of potatoes, and the same season planted the same land again in cotton and produced a bale to the acre for his trouble.

Then they talk about the Houston County strawberries, an acre of which are counted as valuable as four hundred dollars in the bank, affording a great opportunity for the new settler while unimproved land is on the market as low as ten dollars per acre.

Dothan is not far from the beautiful St. Andrews Bay, Florida, which is a double land-locked harbor with exceptionally fine anchorage. This harbor is said to be one of the finest government harbors on the coast. Schooners laden with fish of all kinds rendezvous here and indicate another valuable source of food supply and profitable business. Six hundred thousand dollars has been appropriated by the government for the improvement of this harbor, which testifies to its importance commercially and strategic position on the Gulf of Mexico.

One is made to feel at home in Dothan, even before the ink is dry on the hotel register, which is the card of welcome. The folks at Dothan are glad to see the visitor, and still more pleased to see the prospective settler. They want the right kind of people, and don't hesitate to say so. Every individual in the town, from bootblack to banker, believes in the town and is willing to sit right down and tell why.

STUMP-PULLING WITH A TEAM OF MULES

THERE is something distinctive in the names of Alabama cities. One of the first towns that I visited was Opelika, where the movement was inaugurated to secure local aid and co-operation from business men and bankers toward holding the cotton crop and conducting scientific marketing as well as crop rotation.

The making of cotton in Alabama constitutes one of the leading enterprises. And it is called "making," mind—not "growing"—an acre will *make* so much cotton and fifteen acres to the mule. That is the way they express it down in Alabama.

COTTON FIELD IN JULY

Note the gentleman standing in the center of the field, near Dothan, Alabama, on the line of the Central of Georgia Railway. Yield over a bale to an acre

The South today has a natural monopoly of cotton production. Four out of every five acres devoted to cotton-growing in the world, today, are found in the Southern states, and the competition from India, Egypt and Africa does not seem to affect the demand for American cotton. The demand for cotton is steadily growing, while the size of the cotton crop is only curtailed by lack of labor and reduced acreage occasioned by the boll weevil.

The prices have averaged higher than for many previous decades, and the thirteen million bale crop of cotton from the South has long been accounted one of the most important necessities to clothe the world. Thirty-five million acres of cotton are under cultivation in the South this year. The cost of raising cotton has necessarily increased together with its selling price, and this has led to a general diversification of crops. Eminent authorities have insisted that the production could be doubled by proper methods in seed selection. Nearly seventy per cent of the value of the cotton crop is in the seed, which in the earlier days was thrown away as waste. The use of cotton oil and cotton seed meal is increasing each year, so that the seed has had much to do with the increased value of the product.

When one looks upon the rural landscape of Alabama and realizes that sixty-five million dollars every year is produced in the snowy balls that fleck her fields, one understands why the farmer clings affectionately to the crop that brings him quick cash returns and does not perish from crop to crop. It has been found that bales standing out in open weather for twenty and thirty years are still in good condition for use in the factory. No wonder that cotton is called the "cash crop" that brings sure results to every producer.

With the advance of the Mexican cotton boll weevil through Dixie at the rate of seventy-five miles a year the farmers have through its ravages been compelled to turn to other agricultural channels and have invested in other lines which are now in process of development. While only two counties in Alabama have thus far been affected the danger of the weevil has had no small influence in awakening the attention of farmers to other staple agricultural crops.

EXHIBITION OF PRODUCTS OF THE GULF COAST REGION

The BLACK BELT of ALABAMA

FAMOUS indeed is the Black Belt of Alabama, but it was not so called because of the many negroes who live there, but on account of the rich black loam so long famous among farmers. The Alfalfa Belt seems to follow the lines of the canebrake district, reaching from Mississippi to the eastward of Montgomery.

* * *

One subject is always a popular topic of conversation in Alabama—river navigation—for it deeply tinges the traditions of the old days when water transportation was the most important factor in getting cotton to market at a profitable figure.

Montgomery is located on the greatest river in Alabama, which is navigable to Mobile Bay by boats and barges. Its wharves and warehouses are owned by the city. The great power plant at Tallassee Falls on the Coosa river, furnishes the city with an abundance of electrical power, and lights up the great sign, in the construction of which twenty-five and a half tons of steel were used, Here appears the motto, "Montgomery, your opportunity."

It was a newspaper man named McKinley who gave the city this slogan, and since that day "everything in sight" has been seized and added to the opportunities of Montgomery looked after by Secretary Bruce Kennedy and the Business Men's League.

A movable landing fifty feet square has been constructed at the river front, adjusted by electric hoist to any river stage.

In Montgomery one finds a live and

GAY-TEAGUE HOTEL, MONTGOMERY

One of the newest, modern, fire-proof hostelries in the South; built by Montgomery business men and opened in September, 1910 wide-awake Business Men's League ready to show you the sights of the most thriving city of the South, with splendid modern buildings and banking facilities aggregating nearly ten million dollars. The strangers are made welcome in Montgomery, and the handsome auditorium has a very large seating capacity.

HOGS FATTENING ON ALFALFA

The Electric Power Company is inviting new industries to come to Montgomery, offering the cheapest electrical rates in the South. There are manufacturers of cotton seed products and fertilizers, office fixtures, foodstuffs, all kinds of agricultural products—for Montgomery is a city of diversified pursuits. Located in one of the rich agricultural districts of the South, there are already more than four hundred miles of improved highways radiating from the capital city, with still more roads building.

We found around Montgomery many of the most prosperous farmers in the state. A striking example of what a progressive Northern farmer, by employing modern methods, can do in Alabama, is presented by the experience of Mr. Wesley N. Jones, who moved from Moran, Kansas, to Montgomery County a few years ago. Mr. Jones had read that alfalfa could be grown successfully in Alabama and that there was much undeveloped land to be had at reasonable prices in that state. He knew the character of soil necessary to produce alfalfa—knew, as all Kansas farmers living in that limited alfalfa belt know, the value of soil that will produce this most valuable of all forage or hay crops. Jones was ready to be shown. He effected communication with Mr. Frank D. Kohn, a prominent banker of Montgomery, which resulted in a trip down to make an investigation. After seeing a few small carelessly seeded fields producing abundant crops, he realized at once the possibilities before him. It did not take him long to decide. Purchasing a somewhat rundown farm in the vicinity of Montgomery, he at once began the improvement and stocking of this farm, and has in a few short years brought it up to a high state of cultivation. This alfalfa field today yields two to three tons to the acre in from five to six cuttings each year, which finds a ready market at twenty dollars to twenty-five dollars a ton. Alfalfa is not the only crop that Mr. Jones is growing. Oats, corn and other crops are rotated with excellent returns. This farm, with its pens well filled with Berkshire hogs, its pastures with cattle—a show place of Montgomery.

* * *

LONG before one visits Alabama, the information is at hand concerning Selma, whose winsome and attractive name reconciled one to early rising to take the first morning train from Montgomery to visit the historic and noted metropolis of Dallas County, lying on

SOUTHDOWN SHEEP IN MONTGOMERY COUNTY

the boundary of the Black Belt. Dallas County was named in honor of the same man after whom Dallas, Texas, was called.

Selma's sons have long been noted in the country's history—among them John T. Morgan and Edward G. Pettis, who for many years held foremost rank among the nation's legislators.

Here are beautiful wide streets shaded by giant oaks, and stately and humbler homes in which the stranger feels that a genial, loving, self-respecting home spirit is pre-eminent. The river circles about a high embankment—for the city is located just at the big bend—and at the foot of this embankment steamers, loaded with cotton, lie at the levee or go swiftly down the Alabama River to the Gulf. The darkey roustabouts, as the boats unload, or are laden and depart, are still a picturesque reminder of ante-bellum days.

Any Selma citizen can tell you at once why his town is the logical distributing point for the growing trade of the Gulf States. Originally known as "Moore's Landing," it was settled in 1815, and while in its infancy—in 1825—was visited by General Lafayette on his last visit to America. Among the last strongholds of the Confederacy to fall, Selma held out until April 12, 1865, and since that period Selma has enjoyed a steady and admirable growth.

The Selma of today is accounted one of the most attractive residential cities of its class in the South, and its location is particularly advantageous in providing cheap inland transportation. A greater development will follow the opening of the Panama Canal, when the iron and steel products of Northeastern Alabama shall eventually pass on to Selma and add a great manufacturing interest to the other resources. The city occupies a strategic position whose advantages are manifest to every homeseeker or capitalist, who contemplate settling in the South.

ALABAMA RIVER AT SELMA SCENE DURING COTTON SEASON

In the beautiful cemetery I reverently raised my hat at the grave of John T. Morgan, who was virtually the father of the Panama Canal idea. Nearby was buried his colleague, Edward G. Pettis, and in the same cemetery rest the ashes of Henry King, former Vice-President of the United States, a citizen of Selma.

With electric cars, a post office admirably managed by genial Major Scott, and her hotels, parks and beautiful homes, what more could be desired?

A drive out of Selma into the surrounding country, through the large industrial center which has developed within the last few years, revealed many teams at work making preparation for good roads. Here and there we passed the old plantations whose extent gave the impression of ante-bellum times, but are now being developed and made to cultivate fruit and many agricultural products.

The revenue from the cotton crop alone brings to Selma nearly eight million dollars annually: over seventy thousand bales a year are shipped from Selma by rail and water.

WHITE BURLEY TOBACCO GROWN NEAR SELMA, ALABAMA

The view on the river, as seen from the riverside clubrooms, revealed one of the most picturesque panoramas in the state. Climate and health seem to mean more in Selma than in most busy cities, and the methods of living are most interesting to the stranger. They live very largely in the open, and pulmonary and throat troubles are almost unknown.

When the average Alabamian can produce without a moment's notice a table of statistics showing that the average death rate of the United States is 15.09, and that those of Alabama show 14.20—you don't wonder at the emphasis so continually laid upon climate and health.

Selma is especially favored with railroad facilities, with trains running in all directions. A line direct to the coal and iron fields has already been surveyed.

Much more could be written and told of the beauties and possibilities of Selma. It's a good town in which to have your home and it's a good town in which to have your business. On a trip South don't fail to visit Selma as well as the rest of Alabama.

* * *

BARN OF ALFALFA HAY, LIMESTONE COUNTY

AN evening at Uniontown was pleasantly spent at the hotel, listening to the stories told by the Colonel. During the evening many young farmers wandered in, and upon finding a stranger became keenly enthusiastic in telling what they had accomplished since establishing their new homes in Alabama.

Not far from the city, while making an automobile tour with Judge Taloe, we visited the State Experiment Station of the Agricultural Department, at which some noteworthy experiments have been conducted. Here the wonderful possibilities of alfalfa were first demonstrated and exploited by Professor Spillman of the Agricultural Department.

The beautiful old plantations on either side of the road stretching out as far as the eye could reach, furnished an inspiring scene of the South of today. Many interesting stories of recent developments were told by Mr. Davidson, the son of an old planter who has made a tremendous success in raising diversified crops and developing live stock.

CUTTING CORN
On the farm of William Munford, Uniontown, Alabama

At Oakwood we visited a beautiful little farmstead, typical of the cozy homeliness of the dwellings of the new South, where Colonel Munford has made a remarkable showing of what can be done by intensive farming.

The beautiful country home, with its great verandas and wide-open hospitable portals, nestling amid live oaks and wide fields, certainly marks Oakwood as the realization of the model farm of which agriculturists dream. Here Colonel and Mrs. Munford entertain their friends with that kindly, old-fashioned hospitality that has always characterized the families of the old Southern aristocracy. Many of the families now living in Alabama have come here from Virginia, and it was deeply interesting to listen to the stories told of the pioneer settlers of the Cane Brake district.

* * *

EVERYONE knows of Demopolis, the biggest little metropolis in the South. The visitor is soon at home and courteously wearing a green alfalfa necktie to celebrate his presence in this city. Having previously met the indefatigable mayor of Demopolis on the train, one readily realized that the "go forward" spirit of Alabama would never swing backward when Mayor Jesse Bethea Hearin was around, for he is "the mayor" in the broadest sense and no mistake.

Demopolis has a history and a people peculiarly its own, that make all strangers their own in a short time. You know instinctively in Demopolis that it's a good town and you want to stay. Here the waters of the Black Warrior mingle with those of the Tombigbee River, famous in song and story, and the purpose of having a city right here dates back nearly a century.

ALFALFA FED CATTLE
On the farm of J. Y. Cantwell, Uniontown, Alabama

The people of Demopolis, true to its name, "the city of the people," realize their advantages today, and they inspire every visitor with such content and enthusiasm that he goes away singing the praises of Demopolis. Its industrial advantages are visible and both home and factory can secure good coal more cheaply than in any interior county in the state. Competition between the railroads and the river steamers operated all the year round keep the cost of transportation at a reasonable figure.

A generous spirit of co-operation, enterprise and loyalty actuates the people of Demopolis, which has come into striking prominence as the chief center of the rich alfalfa district of the South. One prominent authority has declared that any land on which alfalfa can be grown is worth one hundred dollars per acre, and the stories of sowing alfalfa and producing a crop in ninety days would make even the alfalfa kings of ancient Persia, where alfalfa was first grown, sit up and take notice.

A ride to Compton's farm demonstrated what could be accomplished by hard work and alfalfa fields. A young man came to Demopolis five years ago and worked for sixteen dollars a month, and now operates and owns with his associates a plantation valued at sixty thousand dollars. "It was just a matter of getting together, consolidating and managing a number of so-called worn-out farms according to modern business methods," said Mr. Compton decisively.

On the farms throughout the canebrake district we saw alfalfa—in town we ate alfalfa, talked alfalfa, dreamed of alfalfa. Public and individual interest seems to center in alfalfa in and around Demopolis.

Demopolis is the home of Congressman George W. Taylor, who has done so much in securing appropriations for his constituency, and who seems to enjoy the close personal friendship and confidence of every man, woman and child in his town and district.

While there are many mills and industries located at Demopolis, the one thing that has attracted the attention of the capitalist is the making of Portland cement. The city is located upon a great bed of limestone admirably suited to this purpose. Transportation facilities afforded by the river and railroads have rapidly increased the use of cement by farmers, and the small cities developing would seem to indicate that this is a coming industry for Demopolis. It is only a question of time when a large Portland cement plant will be located at Demopolis, for they have a way of doing things in Demopolis that would make many a larger city look well to its laurels.

THE FOUNTAIN AT PUBLIC PARK AT DEMOPOLIS, ALABAMA

* * *

WHEN you want to hear a hair-raising story of fruit-raising, listen to the strawberry tales as you travel through Alabama. Thirty-five carloads of strawberries passed through Birmingham in one day from Cuba, Alabama, located on the Queen & Crescent railroad. They were on their way to Cincinnati and points east. The consumers of strawberries in the North are beginning to realize that there are strawberries, and then some other strawberries, down in Alabama,

STEAMER IN THE LOCK ON THE TOMBIGBEE AT DEMOPOLIS, ALABAMA

that have a flavor all their own. Mr. H. W. Holman of Cuba is the owner of many and various productive strawberry patches. In Alabama there are strawberry planters as well as cotton planters, and Mr Holman has the distinction of owning one strawberry farm from which, in one season, forty-five carloads of strawberries were picked.

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THE recent development of Alabama has witnessed the building of the Tombigbee Valley Railroad. A young railroad man, Mr. John T. Cochrane, decided some years ago that a railroad which could run north and south and open up a large undeveloped area of country in Western Alabama, was greatly needed and should be built. Mr. Cochrane took full charge and president, superintendent and general manager of the railroad were all concentrated in the young man who determined to build an Alabama railroad.

The line now makes connections into Mobile over the Southern, but begins at Calvert on the Tombigbee River, and traverses the center of historic old Washington County, passing through its county seat, Tuscarora. The railroad passes through Choctaw County, direct from north to south and at York crosses the Southern, and goes through Sumter County up to Reform, where it joins the Mobile & Ohio in Pickens County. This road opens up a vast territory in Western

"GAINSWOOD," GENERAL POLK'S HEADQUARTERS IN 1863 AT DEMOPOLIS, ALABAMA

Alabama, and will eventually traverse every county in the western part of the state and tap the coal fields of the north.

A large part of the territory opened up is timber country, which, as the land is being cleared away, will be rapidly transformed into farms. It has added millions of dollars to the value of lands which heretofore have been remote from railroads, and impossible to cultivate with various crops at the same profit as lands more favorably situated.

HOTEL MAXUBEE, GEIGER, ALABAMA

* * *

The historic town of St. Stephens, the first capital of Alabama, was long ago deserted, but is now to be revived under the magic touch of railroad connection. Many other new towns are also springing up all along the line of the Tombigbee.

The road on the southern branches reaches within fifty miles of Pensacola. which, with an extension, would furnish two large port gulf terminals, and with the terminal of Birmingham at the north. It is evident that Mr. John T. Cochrane foresaw the growing traffic possibilities, unsurpassed by any other road, that may be developed in this portion of Alabama. In the development of Alabama the Tombigee Valley and the Tennessee & Northern Railroads seem destined to play no inconspicuous part.

* * *

ONE of the new towns on this road that has sprung up like magic in the black belt is Geiger, in Sumter County. For sixty years past the firm of Pinson & Geiger have been farming and merchandising at this point in Alabama. From a small farm the property has developed until they now have one of the largest and best improved plantations in the state of

AN ALABAMA CORNFIELD
Showing Pinson Heights in the background

FIRST CUTTING OF ALFALFA FOR THE SEASON OF 1911—MARCH 6
Along the line of the Southern Railroad, Alabama

Alabama. The broad acres and general lay of the land make an attractive small farm proposition, and the fifteen thousand acres, known as the Princess Anne farm, were selected as the site of the new town of Geiger, for here excellent water power has been procured.

The town was founded on an idea expressed by Abraham Lincoln—that the most useful of all arts was the art of deriving comfortable subsistence from the smallest area of soil. "No community whose every member possessess the art" —so wrote Lincoln—"can ever be the victim of oppression in any of its forms. Such a community will be alike independent of crowned kings, money kings, and land kings."

The founding of a new town necessarily brings in new ideas, and Geiger has thrown wide open her doors to make a town and farming district such as would fulfil the ideals of Lincoln himself. The lands have been under cultivation for some years in a successful plantation and they require no clearing or preparation for an immediate and successful income. Located on the Tombigbee Railroad, known in this section as the Alabama, Tennessee & Northern, the short line between the coal fields of Birmingham District and the Gulf, with railroad facilities for marketing produce, cannot be excelled.

THE DIXIE FARMER OF YESTERDAY

The soil survey report of the Department of Agriculture comments favorably on all black prairie lands of Western Alabama, and this district, containing a large percentage of soluble lime, is especially suitable for alfalfa. The geological formation of the famous chalk lands of Southern England and Western France, the greatest districts in the world for intensive farming, is very like that in and around Geiger, where the decomposition of chalk explains the secret of the great production of alfalfa.

From eighty to a hundred bushels of corn per acre have been produced as shown on the records of the Boys' Corn Club of Sumter County, while one farmer harvested one hundred and fifty-three bushels to the acre.

THE DIXIE FARMER OF TODAY

Cattle and hogs furnish no small part of the revenue of the farms in this locality, for there are now more than one hundred and fifty thousand head of cattle in Sumter County, including the famous herds of the state agricultural farm at Auburn. With plenty of sunshine and rain the farmer can surely count upon good results after his land is properly prepared and planted. The poultry business has proven very successful here, owing to the favorable climatic conditions. All along the roadsides there were large apiaries where the busy bees were gathering honey from the rich fields of clover and alfalfa and the remarkable growth of wild flowers.

* * *

WHEN the students of Tuscaloosa University were addressed by Senator John T. Morgan some years ago, he made the statement: "Young gentlemen, you are standing upon a spot above all others more favored by nature than any place on the globe."

Tuscaloosa is the home of the State University, one of the notable educational institutions of the South. From Tuscaloosa came Col. Siebert, the engineer of the Panama Canal.

The mild winters and great diversity of lands in this county, changing from the rough hills of the North to the low level and rich lands of the South, which are capable of producing almost any kind of crop, has resulted in many Northern farmers permanently settling in this county.

A large amount of timber is also to be found in and about Tuscaloosa, and the mineral resources of coal, iron ore, limestone and clay have been investigated and favorably commented upon by Dr. Eugene Smith, the state geologist. In the red clays and limestone formations are found deposits of the valuable brown ore; the red ore in the Western Red Mountain is also an important factor in the mineral resources of the state.

PEANUTS GROWN FROM ONLY TWO NUTS

Tuscaloosa is situated at the head of navigation on the Warrior River, which will soon be opened to the Gulf for barge transportation—the government is already constructing several locks above and below the city which will make possible river transportation to Mobile all the year round.

* * *

THE Marion Institute is called an American Eton. Here is assembled a large student body of lusty American youth. The educational foundation at Marion has had continuous existence since 1842, when the Alabama Baptist State Convention established Howard College. In 1888 the lands and building were conveyed to Colonel J. T. Murfee, who established the Marion Military Institute. Later the military features of the school were dropped and the name was changed to the Marion Institute. Among its directors is numbered William Howard Taft, President of the United States, whose acceptance of the honor was accompanied by a letter emphasizing his cordial sympathy with the plan, and his belief in the benefits that Marion would certainly bring to the South and to Southern education.

The Marion plan is to follow as far as possible the example of Rugby and Eton in carrying on a great preparatory institution which will fit young American boys for the great universities and professional schools.

In the state there are eight normal schools maintained for the training of teachers, together with the Industrial School near Birmingham, the State Polytechnic Institute at Auburn and the State University at Tuscaloosa.

In Macon County is located the Tuskegee Institute, one of the most famous negro educational institutions of the world. It stands as a monument to the energy and genius of Booker T. Washington, and the ideal farm and industrial school system of Macon County has attracted the attention of the entire world.

More than four thousand school districts are now supported by a direct state tax, with a school of at least five months in every district. The training of teachers both white and black is provided in the state normal schools. The legislatures of recent years have been especially liberal in educational appropriations. During the past year a new rural schoolhouse was built for every day in the year, so that Alabama can claim good public school privileges, which are always of supreme importance to the home-seeker.

Photo by P.F. Williams AGRICULTURAL BUILDING OF THE ALABAMA POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTE AND EXPERIMENT STATION, AUBURN, ALABAMA

* * *

MANY of the negroes are deserting their farms and plantations for manufacturing and mineral districts, and their places are being taken by white farmers who cultivate smaller areas.

It was a Montgomery County farmer who told of the income secured from ten acres of cow peas planted in February. The first of May he gathered the peas and later cut the vines for hay. His net profits were $31.42 an acre on ten acres. Vetches or soy beans are successfully grown throughout Alabama and the sweet potatoes seem to fairly pop out of the ground in the growing season.

The work accomplished by the late Dr. Knapp, who came from the imperial corn state of Iowa, has had much to do with teaching Alabama farmers the value of their natural resources. Some idea of the scope of Dr. Knapp's work can be had from the fact that Alabama increased her corn crop twenty-two million bushels last year, with prospects for a still greater increase this year.

One of the most impressive features of Alabama progress shows hearty and enthusiastic co-operation of the railroads. They publish many booklets as to how to gain most from the soil, and interesting and instructive information is contained in these publications. The roads are also employing expert farmers to go among the people and give them the advantage of their experiences. This plan was first carried out by the Southern Railway Company.

A CLEAN DAIRY HERD
Along the line of the Queen and Crescent railway in Alabama

ONE OF THE BATHING BEACHES ON BEAUTIFUL PERDIDO BAY
In the Elberta District, East Baldwin County, Alabama

A Historic Glimpse of ALABAMA

ALABAMA history harks back to the tradition of the hunted remnants of an eastern tribe of Indians, who after a battle and defeat fled westward.

They had followed the sun by day and night after night they pressed on westward, guided by the stars, until at last the rear guard saw behind them no trace of a pursuing foe. At the close of one day more of exhausting march the chief led the party into a beautiful valley, traversed by wide rivers, bordered by forests primeval, and promising on every hand security, food and rest.

Halting under a lofty tree their leader struck his tomahawk into a giant oak, dropped his burdens and weapons and cried to his straggling followers as they came staggering along the trail, "Alabama! Here we rest." Taking up the cry his weary followers passed the grateful order from front to rear "Alabama! Alabama!" And so the new land was christened by the Red Men in search of peace—and a home beautiful with the charm of nature's wooing.

* * *

It was a fair land when Ponce de Leon's "Admiral's Map" of 1513 located the Rio de la Palma where the lordly Mobile empties through the great Bay into the Gulf of Mexico; some years later Governor Garay of Jamaica sent Pineda with his Caragels to explore the coast, and to baptize Mobile Bay and River *Espiritu Santo*, in honor of the Holy Ghost.

Leading his mailclad horsemen and over-burdened musqueteers westward, De Soto came to Alabama in his vain search for gold and mythical cities—found the land fair, but held by a warlike people, who would not endure Spanish arrogance. It is said that there are still preserved among the Creek Indians, who were removed from Alabama to the Indian territory, traditions of the cruelties perpetrated by De Soto in his expedition through Alabama to the Mississippi.

Velasco, the viceroy of Mexico, sent Bazares, who founded a settlement at Mobile in 1559, which was so neglected by Madrid and the vice-regal court, that LaSalle claimed the territory for the French Government, as a part of Louisiana seventy years afterwards.

Seventeen years later the Sieur de Bienville, commanding in Louisiana, removed his feeble garrison at Biloxi to Mobile, and in 1711 built Fort Saint Louis, at first a palisaded garrison rebuilt of brick, in accordance with the systems of defence introduced by Vaubam.

Fort Toulouse was built in those early days at the junction of the Coosa and Tallapoosa Rivers, but it proved a sickly location, and had few or no men of sufficient capital and enterprise to placate or over-awe the hostile Chickasaws, and to take their share of the peltry trade of the northern and central districts from the Scotch-Irish fur traders and hunters, who swarmed out of Georgia and built a line of palisaded and massive wooden trading-forts into the west, to a point north of Mobile.

France ceded all Alabama north of 30° 40′ to England, and the other part south of that line to Spain, then in the possession of Florida.

HON. WILLIAM RICHARDSON
Congressman from the Eighth Alabama district

In 1798 Congress organized all the lands lying between the Chattahoochee and the Mississippi north of 31° north latitude as the territory of Mississippi; in 1804 extended its boundaries north to Tennessee, and in April, 1813, added Florida.

The bloodthirsty Creeks, Cherokees, Chickasaws and their allies had previously been incited to attack and exterminate the American settlements. Fort Mims on the Alabama River was captured, and its garrison tortured and massacred in 1813.

Then it was that Old Hickory, Andrew Jackson, rose from a sick bed to organize the volunteers of West Tennessee, and in October, was joined by Colonel Coffee's horsemen at Huntsville, and they marched to Fort Deposit, on Thompson's Creek.

Jackson was negotiating a peace with the Hillibee Creeks, when General Cocke ordered an attack on them in which the town was destroyed, sixty warriors were killed and many prisoners taken. This treachery incensed the Indians to relentless fury, and his troops, half starving and continually harassed, determined to return home at the expiration of their year's service.

In March Jackson defeated the intrenched Indians at Tohopeka or Horseshoe Bend on the Tallapoosa River, wherein nearly nine hundred Indian braves died to the last man, refusing to ask or to give quarter, and fighting until the flames drove them from their rude defences to fight and die in the open. Only one chief, Weathersford, the ally of Tecumseh, escaped by leaping his horse over the bluffs into the Alabama, and later made his appearance in Jackson's camp, with the gift of a newly-slain deer, and a plea for mercy and protection to the remnant of his people.

HON. RICHMOND P. HOBSON
Congressman from the Sixth Alabama district

A treaty was negotiated at Fort Jackson and late in August General Jackson visited

Mobile, then a village of 150 houses and took command of Fort Bowyer on Mobile Point, previously held by Major Lawrence.

During the war of 1812, Colonel Nichols, with about two hundred British Marines and Indians with a howitzer, invaded the fort on the land side, and Captain Percy with four ships began a bombardment on the fifteenth, which resulted in the defeat of the British with the loss of the frigate Hermes. The garrison had four men killed and ten wounded.

Jackson then left Mobile, captured Pensacola and returned to Mobile in November, 1814, when he left for New Orleans, then threatened with capture. General Coffee in command of four thousand men left Mobile to join Jackson, about the end of November, and took part in the battle of New Orleans, June 4, 1815, in which General Pakenham was killed and his army defeated with awful slaughter.

HON. GEORGE W. TAYLOR
Congressman from the First Alabama district

The territory of Alabama was organized March 3, 1817, with its capital at St. Stephens, after the territory of Mississippi had been set off.

Alabama was admitted into the Union December 14, 1819. The State Capital was removed from St. Stephens to Cahaba in 1820—removed to Tuscaloosa in 1828, and to Montgomery in 1847.

Always warlike and devoted to Southern interests the "hunters" of Alabama took great interest in the revolution in Texas, in which "Davy" Crockett and "Sam" Houston who had been prominent figures in the campaigns of Jackson against the Alabama tribesmen, were again notable participants, Crockett, for his heroic deeds and death in the defense of the Alamo, and Houston, as the victor over Santa Anna at San Jacinto, and the first president of the Lone Star Republic.

HON. STANLEY HUBERT DENT, JR.
Congressman from the Second Alabama district

Alabama riflemen took an active part in the Mexican War, and in 1860 were strenuous advocates of the right of secession, passing the ordinance in January, 1860, at Montgomery, where the Government of the Confederate States of America was originally organized, February 4,

LEE COWART
State Immigration Commissioner of Alabama

1861. A navy yard and arsenal were established at Selma, where was built the powerful iron-clad "Tennessee," which, under Commodore Franklin Buchanan made a gallant defense against Farragut's fleet when it passed the forts at Mobile. Forts Morgan, Powell and Gaines fell in a short time, but the history of that great national struggle tells us that the cities of Selma, Tuscaloosa, Montgomery and Mobile were among the very last to fall of all of the strongholds of the Confederacy, the city of Mobile standing firm and holding out until April 12, 1865, the final surrender being made at the village of Citronelle, about twenty miles north of Mobile, where the live oak tree is still shown under which the terms of surrender were settled.

On November 16, 1876, fifty-nine years after her initial admission into the Union, Alabama again became a state of the republic. The story of her recent achievements and development in the victories of peace, reflect something of the same sturdy spirit that has characterized the early history and tradition of the state of Alabama.

AN OLD ALABAMA HOMESTEAD

The Nobility of the Trades

THE MERCHANT—TO THE BEGINNING OF THE MIDDLE AGES

By Charles Winslow Hall

FROM a very remote antiquity to A. D. 476, a span of at least thirty centuries, and of how much longer, one can only dimly conjecture, the period of "ancient commerce" is reckoned. During the earlier centuries of this period, the land transportation of goods and passengers and of barter without the use of money, were the principal features of trade. It is interesting to know that one of the caravan routes to Assyria and India lay near the little city of Nazareth, where in his boyhood our Saviour undoubtedly saw and conversed with men of many nations and varied religious and philosophical beliefs.

Indeed, some years ago a French traveler in Thibet reported that, having broken a leg, he was hospitably nursed and cared for in a lamasery or Thibetan convent, and allowed access to its library, in which he found an ancient volume, which stated that before our Saviour began His mission, He joined a caravan, and visited Persia and India, debating with the Magi and the priests of Buddha the tenets of their beliefs, and seeking to turn them to the worship of Jehovah. It is by no means improbable that a portion of His thirty years of obscurity was spent in such wanderings along the great highways of the world's commerce.

A striking figure in Grecian mythology is Minos, King of the Cretan lands, whose wife Pasiphae brought forth the monstrous Minotaur—half athlete, half animal, with the head and horns of a bull. Because of their treacherous murder of one of his sons, Minos forced the Athenians to send to Crete every seventh year, or perhaps indeed every year, as sacrifices, seven noble youths and as many beautiful maidens, who were left in the great labyrinth to be eventually hunted down and slain by the Minotaur. Theseus, through the love and aid of Ariadne, the daughter of the Cretan king, was furnished with a sword and a clue of silk, by means of which he sought out and slew the Minotaur and ransomed himself and his associates.

Recent excavations in Crete have laid bare the remains of a great structure, which might well be called a labyrinth, and wall decorations representing scenes in which unarmed youths and delicate women are seeking to avoid a savage bull by their agility and address alone. The prominence given to figures and heads of the animal tend to show that taurine idols were the chief feature of ancient Cretan worship, to which sacrifices were made, by means of savage bulls, to which youths and maidens, who evidently were trained to be agile and enduring, were exposed in a great arena, where after amusing a merciless audience with their graceful and long-continued escapes, they were at last worn out and slain by the sacred bulls. Thus strangely has an ancient myth been to some extent verified and explained by modern investigations.

ETRUSCAN MARINERS' COMPASS
With head of Nerf, protectress of mariners (B. C. 475), in the Florence Museum

Minos, whether the name of an individual or, like the Egyptian Pharaoh, a synonym for "King" or "Monarch," reigned over an island about equi-distant between Europe, Asia and Africa, flanked by the Libyan promontory and connected by a chain of islands, which like the stepping-stones in a shallow ford lay between it and the Peloponnesus and Anatolia. There he established a navy and did his best to keep down piracy; ruled over the Cyclades, and is said to have numbered in his island domain one hundred cities.

In this connection it is well to remember that slavery and piracy were both recognized institutions in the early centuries of water transportation. Constantly exposing himself to treacherous attacks by both land and sea, and living in an age when wars between the Mediterranean nations raged incessantly, the experienced merchant-mariner was a sea-fighter, as well as a sea-trader, and often accounted strong men and handsome women as his best bargains and most valuable commodities. What their color or station in life might be was scarcely considered, for at a time when victory in war was always succeeded by the massacre or the slavery of the vanquished, there was no discrimination between white and black, noble and serf, except that one might perhaps be ransomed or sold to greater profit.

As to piracy, it was not until the seventeenth century of our era, that the distinction between piracy and war was even approximately established among the nations; and in the Orient, it is said to exist among the Chinese and Malays today.

Ancient Crete had a written language. Many inscriptions remain which no living man can interpret, and remains of a splendid architecture, mural decoration, huge and handsome products of the potter's wheel, and other treasure-trove excite a curiosity as to her extinct dynasties that cannot be satisfied. So also Cyprus, which was undoubtedly one of the first countries visited by the Tyrian galleys, has a past not connected with her Grecian history, which will never be even approximately recorded.

Greece, whose remote history belongs to the period of ancient commerce, continued to be prominent into and throughout that of the middle ages, which includes about one thousand years between B. C. 476 and A. D. 1492. In the ancient period her chief commercial states were Attica, Elis, Argos, Messenia and Corinth, Attica being the strongest and peninsular Corinth the most luxurious and enterprising. Athens, the capital of Attica, although five miles from her harbors, had three; the Piraeus, the most important one, was surrounded by a fortress sixty feet high

ANCIENT GRECIAN, ETRUSCAN AND ROMAN LAMPS and so wide that two chariots could pass abreast, and connected by a double wall of like width with the capital five miles away. Besides the Piraeus, there existed the smaller ports of Munychia and Phalerum, which three ports still exist and are called in modern Greek, Dhrako, Staiotiki and Phanari. Three were none too many, if it is true, as stated, that Athens fitted out three hundred galleys for the Peloponnesian war, manned by two hundred men each. So strong and so densely populated were these three fortified basins that they formed the strongest fortress in all Greece. The Piraeus contained the great docks and arsenals, and a long portico of masonry, like an oriental arcade or bazaar, sheltered the merchants and corn exchange, the most important institution of Athens; for Attica was a sterile country and did not produce grain enough for its own population by nearly 1,500,000 bushels. The trade in bread-stuffs was under the control of the government, which sold it to the people at a moderate advance, or even distributed it gratis in times of scarcity, for no man was allowed to die of hunger in Athens. No grain could be exported except in years of great plenty, when the surplus was shared with the other Grecian states.

AN ARTIFICIAL HAVEN
From a mosaic at Herculaneum

The corn ships came from Egypt, Palestine, Sicily, Thrace, Macedonia and even the half-savage countries of the Crimea, the Ukraine and eastern Black Sea. With these cereals came also white slaves from the Caucasus, skins, ebony, ivory, spices, negro slaves, and gold from Africa and textiles from Egypt, Tyre and Palestine; Scythian furs, horses and gold from the fierce barbarians north of the Sea of Azov; silver, copper, tin and iron from various localities.

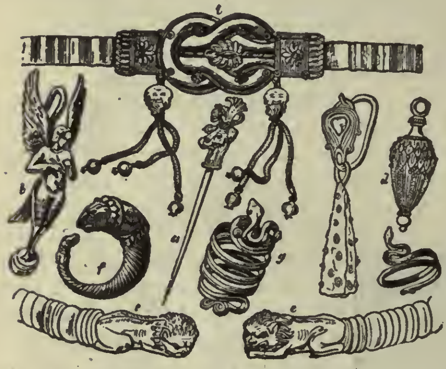
ADJACENT TOMBS AND HOUSES, CYRENE, AFRICA, B.C. 500

There remained two other great resources to the Athenian of ancient days; one, the mercenary legions and fleets hired to foreign potentates or other cities, and the tributes from conquered peoples—an ignoble resource, and one which in the end left Athens without allies to meet the trained veterans of Philip of Macedonia, and to become a vassal as she had made others.

The second resource was her exquisite skill in the fine arts and manufactures, which made her painters and sculptors immortal and gave the arms, armor, furniture, musical instruments and other specialties turned out by the Greek artisans a pre-eminence throughout the world.

Corinth, said to have been defended by a wall forty miles in circumference, had two harbors, one to the east and one to the west of the isthmus, now divided by a canal. Here met a very large proportion of the commerce of the eastern and western countries of the then civilized world. Corinth was soon famous for her wealth and luxury, albeit somewhat despised for her ultra-commercial and sordid philosophy and policies. An immense concourse of people were attracted to other cities of Greece by the great games, the famous oracles and almost equally famous Asclepions or sanitariums which for centuries had no rivals throughout the world. A by no means unimportant revenue was received from the lovers of learning and art who visited and sojourned at Athens, where most of all "wisdom for wisdom's sake" was sought in that age of war and many lusts. To have studied at Athens was for many centuries a passport to consideration and favor among peoples whose nobles were chiefly men of the sword.

Colonization was the chief national distinctive feature of Grecian policy, for no preceding nation of antiquity planted colonies and established cities east and west, as did the little but enterprising Grecian states. Aeolian, Doric and Ionian colonies in Asia Minor founded such cities as Smyrna, Miletus, Ephesus and Phocaea, which in their prime sent their great caravans over the famous royal caravan road between Sardis and Susa, and competed successfully with the Phoenician traders, who reached the Indian markets by two other routes. Smyrna still remains, albeit shorn of the architectural glories which once made her the civic diadem of Asia. Ephesus, whose ruins still inspire the wonder and regrets of the traveler, was celebrated for her wealth and architectural splendor. Miletus, scarcely inferior to Tyre in resources and luxury, colonized the Euxine, making it a minor Mediterranean, carried Grecian commerce to every part of the Black Sea, induced Egypt to receive Grecian trading ships, and built up Naucratis on the Nile.



GRECIAN GOLDSMITH'S WORK

(*b*) Pendant siren with double pipe; (*f*) earring with garnets; (*i*) buckle or bell clasp; (*e e*) ends of solid gold necklace

A temple to Apollo at Miletus was larger than the Parthenon at Athens, and famous throughout the Grecian world. Among the great philosophers of antiquity, Thales and Anaximander, and among the historians, Cadmus and Hekataeus are names familiar to all students of antiquity.

Africa was farther exploited by the founding of Cyrene. Westward, in Magna Grecia, Tarentum, later the capital of Pyrrhus, "The Red King"; Sybaris, where Caesar's veterans delighted to spend their winter *idlesse* in soft delights, and Crotona, birthplace of the noted Milo, the strongest athlete of historical antiquity, were all Grecian colonies. Syracuse and Agrigentum in Sicily remained independent long after the mother states had been reduced to vassalage, and the people of Marseilles in France still claim with pride their Phocaean origin and Massilian name. All called themselves Hellenes, for, despite constant jealousies and cruel wars, the Grecian name was a source of just pride to all who could claim it.

But the prominence of Greece as at first constituted was not of long duration after the successful defeats of the invading hordes of Xerxes, in the fifth century before Christ, which, beginning with the revolt of the Grecian colonies in Asia Minor, ended in the freedom of the Asian cities, and an end to Persian invasion. Jealousies between these little states of Greece led to the first Peloponnesian war in B. C. 431, the beginning of frequent intestine struggles which culminated in the conquest of Greece and its incorporation into the Greco-Macedonian kingdom, which under Alexander ruled over all Asia from the Mediterranean to India. At his death, B. C. 301, this empire was divided into four parts, and from that time Greece sank rapidly in power and importance. It became a Roman province after the destruction of Corinth, B. C. 146.

In the days of their greatest prosperity, the Greeks probably excelled all other nations in the variety and excellence of their manufactures. Corinth was especially a manufacturing city, excelling in the production of arms, armor, cutlery, tools, etc. Athens had a large shipbuilding industry, her jewellers and silversmiths had no superiors, and she excelled in woolen textiles, fine furniture, rich dyes and art pottery. Her citizens were often manufacturers on the largest scale known in those days of handiwork; and often her ship-owners and merchants had their branch houses and even factories at other cities and alien ports far away on the shores of the Mediterranean and the Black Sea.

Their sons were often the great scientists of their age, for Thales of Miletus, one of the "seven wise men of antiquity," was an oil merchant; Socrates was a stonemason, who like Hugh Miller left the quarry and bench to become the teacher of nobles; Aristotle compounded drugs while trying to solve his "problems," apparently proposed by other tradesmen, artists, musicians, architects and engineers. Plato and Solon had callings as well as studies and political activities. So, too, all were soldiers, and few men in Athens failed to take their places in the phalanx or galley, when Athens called on her sons to battle. Only one worm gnawed at the heart of Athens, Corinth, Phocis and other capitals of Greece—the ownership of slaves, which in time brought industry into disrepute with free men, built up a supercilious aristocracy, increased profligacy and vice, and brought into power autocrats who could not sympathize with the humble needs and interests of the people.

Athens was the first state to issue gold and silver money, and so maintained their purity and value that they circulated all over Greece. Trade licenses were issued and laws against usury enforced. Debtors if fraudulent were put to death, and bankrupts were sold into slavery, until they were ransomed by paying their debts, a fate narrowly escaped by Plato himself. Corinth appointed consuls at mercantile ports, not from among partisans who had helped elect the incoming executive, but from among the merchants, conversant with the people, laws and business of the city to which they were appointed. Had Alexander the Great lived to realize his full ambition, he would have reduced Italy, Spain and Carthage to submission, and made Greece the centre of this vast dominion, with Babylon as the metropolis of Asia and Alexandria the centre of African and Arabian trade. He succeeded so far that Greek became the common language of the world, and commercial intercourse a prominent consideration between the nations.

ROME: "THE SHE WOLF'S LITTER," THE RAPE OF THE SABINE WOMEN

While the Roman empire itself ended with the capture of the imperial city by the Goths in 476 A. D., 1,229 years after its reputed founding by Romulus and Remus in 753 B. C., yet Rome as the heart of Italy has never ceased to be a prominent factor in the history of the nations, and will be treated of in connection with those peoples whose activities were extended into the Middle Ages. As an empire, ancient Rome was first of all a purely agricultural tribal district, which with much strenuous fighting its rulers managed first to defend and finally to extend, until the Roman Senate ruled all Italy. The Sabines, the Etruscans, the people of Corioli, the Volscians, one after another, melted away before the Roman legions and became merged in the citizenship of Rome. Most remarkable of all these conquered neighbors were the Etruscans, or, as they called themselves, Rasanae, of Etruria, the modern Tuscany. Their origin is unknown, their language ages ago was merged in the Latin tongue, and the few inscriptions spared by time are undecipherable. Their history, like that of Carthage, must be gleaned from the accounts of Roman writers whose ancestors were barbarians when Etruria was a great and civilized nation. Originally holding eastern Italy from the Alps to the Gulf of Taranto, their fertile lands made them rich in corn, flax, wine and oil, while their excellent harbors, abundance of ship-timber and command of the Mediterranean, greatly encouraged navigation and trade. For some centuries they resented the attempts of Grecian and Syracusan galleys to invade what they considered their exclusive property, the "Tyrrhene Sea," as they called the Mediterranean, and in 476 B. C. they met the Grecian colonists of Sicily in naval conflict, and were with difficulty defeated: but for over two hundred years kept up their feud with Sicily until as tributaries and allies of Rome under Marcellus, they saw the capture and sack of Syracuse, B.C. 212. They were probably of Phœnician descent and possessed the mariner's compass at an early date.

INTERIOR OF AN ITALIAN MANSION RECONSTRUCTED FROM THE HOUSE OF PANSA AT HERCULANEUM

Their chief ports were Pisa, Populonium, Caere, Hadria and Spina, and besides their shipments of cereals, cattle, hides, flax, and other farm products, they exported some of the finest manufactures of antiquity. Their gold and silver smiths had no superiors, and their designs and finish have been largely copied by modern jewellers. Their exquisite bronzes were exported to Athens as wonders of the founder's art as early as the age of Pericles, and their pottery was in equal estimation and still bears witness to the skill and artistic taste of workmen whose frail yet durable creations have outlasted the very language and letters of their people. Skilled in architecture, sculpture and painting, they first taught the Romans the use of the arch, and many Roman nobles sent their boys to Etruria to be educated.

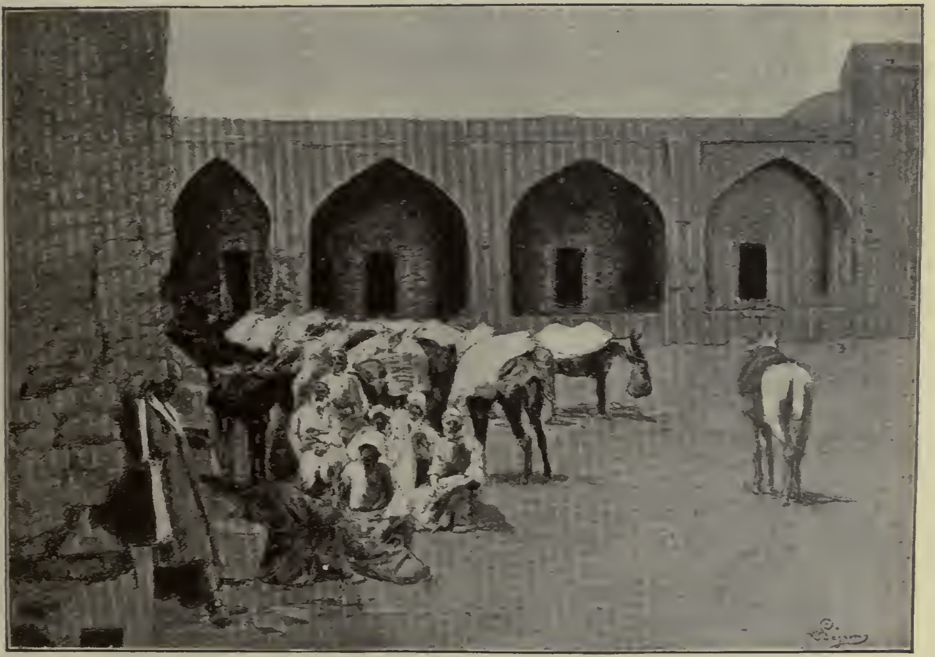
One of the immediate causes of the feud between Etruria and Rome was the asylum and aid given to the Tarquins after their expulsion from Rome. The reader of Macaulay's inimitable "Horatius at the Bridge" will remember its opening distich:

"Lars Porsenna of Clusium by the Nine
Gods he swore
That the great house of Tarquin should
suffer wrong no more;"

and how, thereafter, at Lake Regillus the Romans under Aulus the Dictator defeated the Etrurians with fearful slaughter. After their submersion as a people, they placed their skill at the service of their conquerors and settled down to the acquisition of wealth and its enjoyment. Whether they still worshipped the "Shrouded Gods," never seen of men, or the "Subject Gods," of lower rank, without let or hindrance, does not appear, but they gave themselves up to luxurious living, deep drinking and costly apparel and table equipage, insomuch that even the Roman satirists called them "fat gluttons," and Virgil charged them with even lower vices. It was the old story; they no longer felt the inspiration of patriotism and national prestige, and life had nothing more for an Etrurian than to make money and enjoy it. So they were blotted out as a people "and no man hath their works in remembrance," save as one of the many races absorbed by Rome.

Rome for the first four centuries of its existence held agriculture in honor, and her greatest citizens did not disdain to hold the plow with their own hands. They were not originally a maritime people, and it is recorded that the first fleet with which the Carthaginian invaders were met, 260 B. C., was built upon the lines of a Carthaginian trireme found wrecked at the mouth of the Tiber.

At first a simple but indomitable and conquering people, with a strong aristocracy, who yielded but slowly to the demands of the middle and lower classes for a reasonable share in the governing power, they soon became an almost purely military nation. In the early history of the city a merchant's guild was instituted, but was never held in honor as in other lands. The dealers in corn and dried fruits were naturally prominent; smiths and carpenters formed a kind of organization and were indispensable to war and naval preparations, and tanners and shoemakers throve and became almost influential from like necessities. Weaving and dyeing in that age were a part of the household economy of every self-supporting householder, and in due time became features of Roman business. But the real business of Rome became war; and plunder gathered from the hives of devastated or tributary cities was poured into the imperial city, and with it hordes of slaves who had once been free and skilful artisans. Soon the Roman citizen, inferior in taste and skill, and disdaining



TYPICAL ASIATIC CARAVANSERAI

For centuries these have been the terminal and way stations of the overland trade in Asiatic cities and at central points of transportation to work among slaves, became either a soldier of the legions, or one of the numerous clientage of some patrician, and in later and more evil days, perhaps, a gladiator in the arena.

Other Italian cities had their manufactures and legitimate commerce, but Rome was simply a great depot into which was poured the treasures of the world. It exported no products of its own, but its system of great military roads and immense tributary territories made it to a great extent the central depot through which the industries of other lands must perforce distribute their commodities.

A ROMAN TRIUMPH
The celebration of victories which plundered nations to enrich Rome

The cereals and dried fruits of Sicily, Sardinia and Egypt; amber, rare furs and stalwart slaves from the Baltic, tin from Great Britain, silver, copper, wines and raisins from Spain, ivory, ebony, slaves, dates and plumes from the African coast, with a wealth of plundered household and municipal treasures such as no man may today realize, made Rome a great clearing-house, into which the major part of the most precious things in the world sooner or later found their way, to be perchance exchanged for the commodities of some other country on the further confines of her vast domain.

Finally the luxury and extravagance of the rich and powerful became so excessive that its records have never since been paralleled. Caesar, when first appointed to the post of vice-consul in Spain, is said to have been arrested for debts aggregating about $7,300,000, and to have been detained until Crassus, his father-in-law, became responsible for his liabilities. It does not appear what his legitimate salary and perquisites amounted to, but after a brief tenure of office, and services for which he was duly honored on his return, he was able to repay all his debts, and to spend as much more in "practical politics" through purchasing the support of the Roman people in his farther advancement. Mark Antony, his friend and imitator, during the few years in which he misgoverned Asia Minor, is said to have appropriated taxes and tribute amounting to about $195,000,000, and to have covered up the "graft" by making the people pay the same amount twice a year instead of once.

Notwithstanding such losses, the revenue poured into the treasury was prodigious; and the private fortunes of some citizens exceeded the wealth of many modern principalities.

Judging from the remains of Pompeii and Herculaneum, the exterior of Roman houses was plain; but the interiors astonish us with their decorations. In one house, a mosaic containing nearly fifteen hundred thousand pieces depicts in life size and lively colors the battle of Issus, between Alexander and Darius, representing twenty-six warriors with their armor and equipages, and the dwellings, baths, temples and public buildings at Rome greatly exceeded in size and luxury the villas of the smaller cities. It was a saying of Crassus, who was worth over $7,000,000 in real estate alone, that "no one was rich who could not support an army." Scaurus, the stepson of Sylla, built an amphitheatre accommodating eighty thousand spectators, supported by 360 magnificent pillars of marble, glass and gilded stone, and beautified with three thousand statues, and even by such extravagances could not exhaust the enormous fortune left by his father. The sums lavished upon the furniture and decorations of Roman houses beggar all modern ideas of extravagance. A single table, according to Pliny, was valued at a price exceeding the spoils of a city; baths covered immense areas; ponds for fish and eels, aviaries for birds, parks for game, gardens and orchards, were

MEDITERRANEAN SINGLE-BANKED GALLEY, ROMAN DESIGN: GENERAL TYPE OF LIGHT ARMED WAR AND TRADING CRAFT, B. C. 100

established on the grandest scale. Within doors, there were often rooms for every division of the day, and every season of the year. Immense sums were expended on the pleasures of the table; "If a man will feed daintily," says a Latin writer, "he must indulge in Samian peacocks, Phrygian fowls, Melian cranes, Etolian kids, Chalcedonian porpoises, Tarentine oysters, Chian mussels, Egyptian dates, Spanish acorns, eels from Tarshish, pikes from Pessinus, sea-fish from Rhodes"—luxuries made especially costly by the difficulties of transportation. Thousands of peacocks and nightingales were killed for their brains alone. Lucullus, a more refined epicure, dedicated his saloons to certain gods, and when giving a dinner to Pompey and Caesar, ordered an extemporaneous supper in the "Room of Apollo," explaining when his guests were astonished at its magnificence, that he always spent £1,500 sterling upon every banquet in that apartment. It is recorded of Apicius, that when he had expended all but eighty thousand pounds, he committed suicide to escape beggary.

THE ROMAN'S WAR-REVENUE
The plunder of the Jewish temple from the arch of Titus

And yet, in spite of all these abuses the Romans stimulated industry in every country that came under their sway. They enrolled conquered peoples as Roman citizens; made roads and bridges; built cities and aqueducts, constructed immense harbors and beacons, and brought waste land into cultivation. They encouraged the arts and sciences, extended civilization to many savage countries, and in obtaining the domination of the world, ended incessant petty warfare between rival states and established unrestricted trade between all their provinces. They stamped out piracy in the Mediterranean, and their great imperial roads extended into every province from Britain to the Euphrates, many of which are still in use, although neglected by their modern proprietors. A system of posts by which couriers in the public service could change horses, was established on most of these roads.

Our own monetary and banking systems have come down from the Romans, and "*£.*, *s.*, *d*," are simply the initials of "*librae*," "*solidi*" and "*denarii*," the Latin designations of metallic money, whether by weight or coinage. They established at Rome government, private and loan banks, but a prejudice against exacting interest for money made the private bankers unpopular.

Constantine in A. D. 330, rebuilt Byzantium and, as Constantinople, made it the seat of government, but the removal of the capital only divided the Roman world into the Eastern and Western Empires. Constantinople became the centre of a power, Roman in name, but Grecian in character. From this time, the power of Rome rapidly decayed, until at length southern and western Europe were overrun by tribes of barbarians, who, like those of Alaric, the "Scourge of God," finally destroyed the Roman Empire.

With the fall of Rome ended the period of ancient history and the story of its commerce.

One more country of the ancient world deserves some consideration. Ethiopia, that part of the Nile valley above the first cataract, including Nubia and Abyssinia, was formerly a country of considerable population, and not without claims to civilization. The rulers of its ancient capital, Meroe, founded at the junction of the Blue and White Niles, controlled a fertile district, rich in wood and minerals, and containing deposits of gold.

Scattered in profusion are still found the remains of pyramids, sepulchres, obelisks and temples, although the sandstone of which they are composed has left few of the ornaments and hieroglyphs in a condition to be deciphered. From these ruins, many have concluded that Meroe was the cradle of civilization and the birthplace of the arts and sciences. Others hold that the emigration of the warrior caste of Egypt, in the reign of Psammetichus, resulted in the founding of Meroe. But it is certain that Ethiopia was a powerful and civilized kingdom in very remote ages, and was never more than a nominal conquest of any Egyptian dynasty.

Its capital, however, was always open to trade from all parts of the world. A great caravan route, furnished with numerous wells, crossed the Libyan sands into the centre of Africa, and founded a halting-place in the city of Ammonium, in the centre of the same desert. Here was a temple dedicated to Ammon, which like the Hall of Camels at Palmyra, was in part a caravansary for traders. In an expedition against this city, a great army sent by Cambyses perished in the desert.

The eastern trade reached as far as India, and caravan communication was maintained with Carthage and other parts of northern Africa.

Here, then, existed one of the chief commercial marts of a period which marked its highest prosperity, about seven or eight centuries before Christ.

Five different nations have been enumerated as controlling Ethiopia; namely, Meroese, the Troglodytes, or cave-dwellers, the Macrobii, the Nubians and the Egyptian warrior-caste.

The first named were the most civilized, embracing husbandmen, merchants, philosophers, priests and prophets, and worshipped Jupiter-Ammon, of the oasis city of the desert.

In the reign of Augustus, B. C. 22, the Romans defeated Candace, the queen of Ethiopia, but could not hold possession of the country; and history is silent respecting the decline and extinction of the Ethiopian kingdom, which at one time defied all attempts at subjugation by the most famous conquerors of the world.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

(May 25, 1903)

By EDNA DEAN PROCTOR

MONADNOCK calls the winds from peak to sea—
  The clarion north wind and the full-choired west—
And bids the streams their cliff-born melody
  Blend with the airy chants above his rest;
And wakes the pines to hymn his hundred years
  In the weird symphonies he loved so well;
And listens—if perchance from starry spheres
  Some echo of a kindred song should swell.

Poet whose lofty quest no creed could bar;
  To whom the secret springs of life were known;
One with the wild rose and the evening star;
  The mountain and the mart alike thy throne;—
For thee, from Nature's myriad voices now
  And the deep heart of man, ascends a pæan:
Pan was not closer to the earth than thou,
  Nor Plato nearer to the empyrean!

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THE BARRACKS

THE STUDIO HOME OF HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY

By

The Editor

ON the banks of the Muskingum River in Ohio, stands The Barracks, the birthplace and studio home of Howard Chandler Christy. The long-promised visit was really to be made at last, and in Colonel McCoy's automobile we whisked out of Zanesville, and along Riverside Drive, which, like the country roads leading from this live Ohio city, is paved with bricks for three miles in all directions.

Down the river bridge we passed, and few scenes have ever been more impressive than that of the beautiful, winding Muskingum River, with its commanding bluffs, its network of bridges and its picturesque canals. At Duncan Falls the bluffs rise almost perpendicularly from the river, and The Barracks stands supreme on the very crest of the bluff, in a sweeping bend of the river. The cannon mounted at strategic points about The Barracks lend verisimilitude to the title, and the surroundings even suggest the famous barracks of Uncle Sam at West Point, on the historic Hudson.

Located upon a hill so steep that few automobiles have ever dared to ascend, the visitor without an artistic appreciation of the site is prone to wonder, between puffs, how an old-time New Yorker could ever be content in such a practically inaccessible spot. But when at last the top had been reached, and we had looked upon the picturesque old farmhouse in which Mr. Christy was born—and where still reside his father and mother—the fascinating beauty of the spot made an irresistible appeal.

The artist had just emerged from his studio, where a great canvas had just been completed—a scene from Scott's famous "Lady of the Lake." Comfortably at ease in linen trousers and negligee shirt, sleeves rolled up above his elbows, Mr. Christy surveyed the canvas with the critical intensity which characterizes the artist who exacts of himself the most faithful service. What a rare privilege it was to have a glimpse into this studio! Representative work was scattered about in artistic confusion. On one of the easels reposed Mr. Christy's famous "Pocahontas," recently completed, and on another the beautiful "Evangeline" of last year.

A true connoisseur, Mr. Christy studies detail carefully and conscientiously; he scoffs at "tricks of the brush." Although he saw service at San Juan Hill during the Spanish-American War, and the original scenes were vividly impressed upon his mind, he revisited Santiago to obtain the exact setting for sketches to be made. In company with a party of tourists, he made the visit to the famous battleground, and listened to the story of the battle as dramatically related by the guide. Mr. Christy, however, took exception to some of the statements made; it disturbed his sense of exactness to hear exaggerated or imaginative accounts given as facts.

"Office hours" at The Barracks are kept regularly and religiously. From nine in the morning until five in the afternoon, the artist is closeted in his studio. Most of his evenings are spent reading manuscripts of stories which he is illustrating. Our visit was made during "watermelon

SIDE ENTRANCE TO THE BARRACKS
(Summer view)

BACK ENTRANCE TO THE BARRACKS
(Winter view)

VIEW FROM THE PERGOLA OF THE BARRACKS

DINING ROOM OF THE BARRACKS

time," and every now and then work was diverted for a taste of luscious melon or a trip for buttermilk to the old springs house, near which bloomed the cherry tree whose protecting boughs often hid the youthful Howard Chandler when the folks were ready for church Sunday mornings.

Not one-half the pride was displayed in showing us about the model studio as when we were led forth by our host to inspect the new tennis court of which he was the proud designer—and on which he spent many a laborious day. Our praise of the structure was so sincere and unstinted that he admitted that some assistance had been given him by a few old schoolmates down town—certain painters, architects and carpenters. Everybody in the village knows "Howard," and on Sundays a host of neighbors come up to visit him. He takes a genuine joy in these friendly calls, and insists that Duncan Falls is "just the right kind of a place." He will not have it called a "quiet country town," either; and true enough, the good village folk contrive to have some excitement now and then, as when they serenaded their artist-neighbor with a brass band. The drums and bugles, breaking the serene quietude of Duncan Falls, must have reminded Mr. Christy of the old days on Broadway.

He told us with enthusiasm of the celebration in the village on the Fourth of July; a notable event in the history of The Barracks. There were fireworks, and then more fireworks—and the cannon from the hill fired a real salute, vindicating the claim of The Barracks to its martial and warlike appelation, and helping along the noise.

He delights being among the "home folks," does Mr. Christy, and he insists that he has no less than four hundred and fifty-nine cousins, who are the "best people on earth." His mother, New Hampshire born and bred, bears a close resemblance to ex-Senator Chandler, and favors to a very great extent the general type of the old Chandler family of New England.

A genial host is Christy—he has the wholesome freedom and abandon of the real farm boy. Still in his thirties, with keen blue eyes set widely apart, he is yet a "boy," though his flaxen hair is growing somewhat thin over the temples. He smokes enormous black cigars, and declares that he has a prodigious appetite for buttermilk and watermelon.

Howard Chandler Christy is one of the few American artists who has achieved national success without studying abroad. He feels, however, that he has plenty to accomplish if he can interpret American life and ideals. A close student and observer of wide experience in New York and other American cities, Mr. Christy is without doubt one of the most popular artists in the country. His calendars have long been famous, and his book illustrations always reflect American vitality and "snap." The "Christy girl" will never lose her popularity, but the artist's work is now of a more diversified and sustained character. His purpose is to paint at some time a canvas that will truly interpret the American spirit of the Twentieth Century.

BILLIARD ROOM OF THE BARRACKS

WE'LL HAVE AN ANTHEM TODAY

RELIGIOUS services in thousands of churches throughout the smaller cities of the country, have been made more attractive when it was settled that "we'll have an anthem today." The work of Dr. L. O. Emerson, the veteran composer of sacred music, is liberally represented in the popular anthem books. 'His name is known to nearly all who have ever been connected with church choirs, choral societies, or even the country singing school. Few conductors have done more effective work in creating a love of music among the people, or in elevating the standard of church music, than this lovable little man who is spending the sunset of his life near Boston.

Upon his ninetieth birthday, the veteran composer sang in a clear voice an old time song, "Afloat," composed by Henry Russell, a popular English singer in the early forties. He was joined in the beautiful duet, "Flow Gently, Deva" by Miss Helen Carter Wright, a noted soprano, who sang at a number of Dr. Emerson's musical festivals.

While a lad, Dr. Emerson sang soprano, but in later years he developed a baritone voice of great volume and power, which was heard for almost half a century in nearly every musical convention held in different parts of the country, and still has the clarion ring. One of the most popular and most able conductors of musical conventions, his professional lectures have furnished inspiration for many a young musician. His tact, talent, courtesy and chivalrous politeness are charming but, alas, rare relics of the earlier days when "manners" were not punctuated by staccato telephonic conversation, and by the rather brusque and abbreviated courtesies that show the influence of the rush of business in a workaday world where the phonograph carries the voices of *prima donnas* and opera tenors to the remotest sections.

Dr. Emerson was born in Maine in 1820, the youngest of five children, and inherited a strong love for music. He often tells of the time that his father played the 'cello, his mother sang, and the children played on the flute and violin, in the homestead orchestra down on the old farm, which was located in the district where Madame Nordica was born.

DR. LUTHER ORLANDO EMERSON

The veteran composer is one of the few living members of the brilliant galaxy of composers and teachers of the time of W. B. Bradbury, Lowell Mason, H. R. Palmer, Geo. F. Root and other pioneers great in mind and heart, whose work will ever remain a distinctive influence in American musical history.

Although he contemplated the study of medicine, Dr. Emerson's love of music mastered all else, and after having secured a position in a choir at

Salem, Massachusetts, he began to compose hymns. One of his first hymn-tunes, the old familiar "Sessions," which is still sung, was named for the pastor of the church where he began his musical career as organist.

His connection with the Oliver Ditson Company, one of the largest music publishing houses in the country, dates back to 1856, and has continued to the present time. Collection after collection has been produced with remarkable success, until now more than sixty different collections of sacred music are credited to Dr. Emerson. He is the author of the music of that splendid war lyric, "We are Coming, Father Abraham," and many other old songs that are still favorites.

In late years his pupils and those who have sung under his guidance at the various musical conventions throughout the country come to his home in Hyde Park, outside of Boston, to pay their respects to the "grand old man" of American church music, who still goes to town and cares for his business, even as in years past. He walks along with almost the same quick stride that marked his gait years ago, when great concerts were directed by the magic of his baton.

A happy reunion was held when Professor R. B. George, of Muscatine, Iowa, came from Octagon Place, Iowa, to pay tribute to his former teacher. Mr. George has succeeded Dr. Emerson as being one of the most popular musical conductors in the country and under the trees on that beautiful day in June, the two chatted and sang together just as in the old days.

The Doctor wears the same side whiskers that he did fifty years ago. He talks rapidly, with the same ease and enthusiasm, and although forced to use an ear trumpet, I should very much dislike to run the risk of a discord within standard hearing distance. Like Beethoven, he has grown deaf to sound, but still has music in his soul, and insists that he enjoys a song almost as much as when his keen ear and exquisite appreciation enabled him to wield the baton of the director and to conduct an orchestra.

His tuneful anthems are today sung by myriads of church choirs. The energy and versatility of his youth are still characteristic of the musician of ninety-one years, for the music-love remains the dominant passion of his life. His long musical career dates back to the tuning fork—the *Do*, *Ra*, *Mi*, *Fa*, *Sol*, *La*, *Se*, *Do*. He was identified with the change from minor-key psalmody and Puritan somnolence to tuneful and pleasant church music. Where is there a member of a church choir—and who has not sung in the choir "out home"?—that can fail to recall, with grateful remembrance, the familiar name of L. O. Emerson at the top right-hand corner of the "anthem today"? The composition of those anthems reflects the beautiful character of the man whose life bridges a span of three generations of eventful years in the development of American church music.

Long ago he made possible the welcome announcement, "We'll have an anthem today," and prelude, interlude and postlude catch the themes inspired by the music master of ninety years, whose life well blends with his melodious refrains.

PROFESSOR R. B. GEORGE AT HOME—HIS WIFE, PORTABLE DESK, TYPEWRITER, VALISE, CORNET, THERMOMETER AND BIBLE

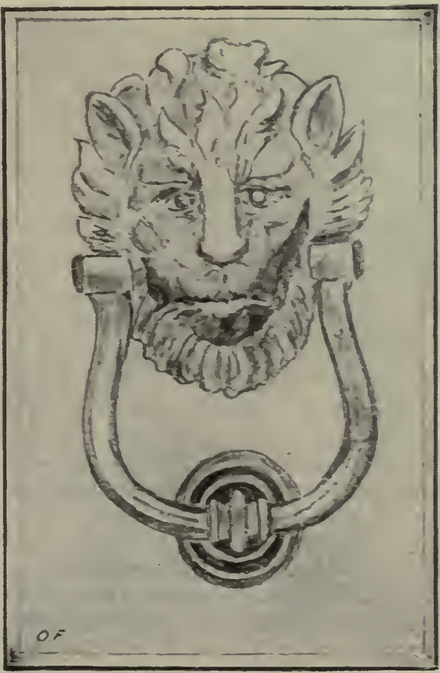
NO. 10 DOWNING STREET

THE STORY OF LONDON'S MOST FAMOUS HOUSE WHEREIN SCHEMES INVOLVING MILLIONS ARE DISCUSSED AND PEACE OR WAR DECIDED UPON

By OSCAR FRICHET

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR

A DOOR-KNOCKER is to a man's house what a sign is to a shop or a tavern, and often it is something more. I realized this when I stood on the doorstep of No. 10 Downing Street, Westminster, and gazed at the dull old door of the official residence of Old England's Prime Minister. What a knocker! What an interesting specimen of chiselled metal work! It is probably intended to represent a lion's head, and yet Lord Beaconsfield once described to a friend this particular knocker as having a marked resemblance to the features of his political opponent, Mr. Gladstone, the great legislator who died in harness fighting for Home Rule for Ireland. There is no knocker in existence, I may truthfully state, that has been handled by so many distinguished people as this one, for many Prime Ministers have resided in the dingy, little, red brick mansion so conveniently situated for the Houses of Parliament, and many great men have been their visitors.



THE KNOCKER ON THE DOOR OF THE PRIME MINISTER'S OFFICIAL RESIDENCE, No. 10 DOWNING STREET

The house itself never fails to call forth expressions of amazement from the country cousin and the critic from Uncle Sam's domains, and certainly there is some ground for surprise. Downing Street is one hundred yards long and ten yards wide, and No. 10 is mean and shabby, but, unimpressive as it is, it literally smells of mystery. It is the very hub of the British government, and here the mighty Palmerston, the versatile Beaconsfield, the magniloquent Pitt, the lofty-souled Gladstone, and many another premier have presided over Cabinet meetings fraught with the destiny of the empire.

I want my American readers to know that Downing Street—the most famous thoroughfare in London town—owes its existence to a man born under the Stars and Stripes. That man was George Downing—Sir George Downing the British monarch had to make him in the long run—and he was educated at the public schools of Massachusetts, which afterwards became the present Harvard University. George was a constructive genius, and he bought some boards and nails and glass and putty and put up his own rooms in what is now your

Harvard. In his self-made college home he studied—studied to such purpose that when he took the ship to England in quest of a career, he found one awaiting him—one cut out to fit him. He became a diplomat, and Charles II. packed him off to The Hague as ambassador, and incidentally, being a hard-up monarch, took occasion to sell him the little lane along which Henry VIII had been wont to stroll from Whitehall Palace to see cock-fights. In its confines George built the first brick houses of importance ever erected in London, and his children and grandchildren owned the street until, in 1734, Baron Bothmar, then Danish ambassador to England, bought No. 10. For years the street was similar, so far as its inhabitants went, to Grosvenor Square, the residential quarter of the aristocracy; but it was not until George II took possession of No. 10, and made it the official residence of Sir Richard Walpole, Lord of the Treasury, that it assumed real importance.

No. 10 DOWNING STREET, WHITEHALL
The home of the English Prime Minister

The great Pitt dwelt in the house for twenty years, and he never slept elsewhere when he could avoid it. This famous minister was ill in bed with the gout when the British admiralty thought of sending Admiral Hawke to sea to keep watch over the enemy's fleet in the old days of trouble between Britain and France. The month was November; the weather stormy and dangerous for vessels, and some of the Cabinet ministers were not agreed as to sending the battleships out. Pitt, however, was firm in his decision—Admiral Hawke must sail, he said. The Duke of Newcastle thought otherwise and he trotted off to Pitt's official residence to argue the question with him. He had scarcely entered the bedroom when he cried out, shivering with cold: "Pitt, man! What is the—meaning of this? No fire?"

"No; there is no fire, and there is not going to be one," replied Pitt quietly. "When I have the gout I cannot bear a fire."

"And I cannot bear the cold, Pitt," said the Duke, seating himself in a chair by the invalid's bedside. Pitt began to talk about the fleet, while his visitor's teeth clattered like castanets. The Duke had one little weakness; he thought that he was cold when he really wasn't.

"Hold back the Fleet for a minute, Pitt," he suddenly exclaimed, "I can't endure the cold."

Without warning he dived into the bed fully dressed, and then, with a sigh of relief, continued the discussion.

"Admiral Hawke must not put to sea," he said. "If he does, he and his men will perish."

"With the cold?" laughed Pitt. "Well, I am positively determined that the Fleet shall sail."

"And I am determined that it shall not," went on the Duke with some warmth.

Then the discussion waxed fierce, and the two ministers fought a verbal battle that would have done credit to a couple of Billingsgate porters. Finally Pitt kicked the Duke out of the bed—the loser of the battle.

The Fleet did put to sea, and Pitt's judgment proved to be correct. The French Fleet was crippled owing to Admiral Hawke's presence, and Britain gained a singular advantage.

Two of Britain's greatest fighters were, of course, Lord Nelson, the hero of Trafalgar, and the Duke of Wellington, nicknamed "Old Nosey." The two warriors met but once in their lives, and that meeting occurred in the little hall of No. 10 Downing Street. Beside the quaint old fireplace there they entered into a general conversation, and Nelson was so impressed with the Duke that he asked a servant who was the man with the striking nose.

"Major-General Sir Arthur Wellesley, my lord," replied the servant, astounded at the sailor's ignorance.

"Ah!" said Nelson. *"I thought he was no common man."*

Until 1780 the Ministers of England dated all their official communications "The Cockpit, Whitehall," as Downing Street had come to be called early in the sixteenth century, but in 1793 "The Cockpit" got shelved in the limbo of things forgotten and "Downing Street" took its place. Comparing No. 10 with the palatial Government offices which rear their heads in Whitehall and the neighborhood, many Commissioners of Works have plotted its destruction. A less famous house would have been razed to the ground long ago, in fact the whole street would have become extinct but for its history, for George Downing built his houses on a swamp, and the ground under the buildings is sown thickly with age-blackened wooden piles.

There were frequent proposals of demolition and substitution when Beaconsfield ruled the roost, but he quashed them all. It was his eloquent protestations that prevented the house wherein the fate of Napoleon was decided being handed over to the house-breakers.

"Dizzy," as Disraeli (Lord Beaconsfield) was commonly known, loved his official residence with such a selfish love that he detested the very idea of allowing anybody to dine beneath its roof save his wife and his dearly beloved friend, Montagu Corry. Gladstone, on the other hand, was fond of company when he was at Downing Street, and his privileged guests never forgot the little breakfasts he gave there.

No. 10 has a tiny garden which abuts upon the Horse Guard Parade, and the little plot of flower-clad land has been very dear to many of England's premiers. Gladstone loved to spend his spare moments in it and "to let himself out" by a little door in its wall. There is an old seat in this garden which would be practically priceless to the relic-hunter, for Lord Beaconsfield sat upon it the evening before he left London for Berlin to upset the San Stefano Treaty.

MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL
Home Secretary

Although Cabinet councils may be held anywhere, their proper *locale* is No. 10 Downing Street, which contains a room within a room. The Cabinet-room, situated on the ground floor, is a finely-proportioned apartment divided by columns in the Corinthian style, and the walls are completely lined with bookcases filled with works of reference and innumerable volumes of Parliamentary reports, familiarly known as Blue Books. As befits a meeting place of such a secret character, the doors are double, and communicate with carefully guarded anterooms. There are five double windows, three of which look out into the garden at the rear of the house.

GLADSTONE, THE "GRAND OLD MAN" OF POLITICS

This room has a very businesslike appearance, not unlike that of a foreign court of justice. The seats are arranged in what one might call a series of pews, grouped round a central table covered with green baize. Desks upon folding rests are provided, and the seats are comfortably upholstered. The chamber is by no means the kind of a place for a "lounge." In the days of Greville, the ministers were renowned for their knack of "taking it easy." At that period the Cabinet meetings were held in a long, narrow, old-fashioned room upstairs, where ministers sat at very close quarters, so close indeed that one right honorable member became unpopular with his colleagues owing to the fact that he had fallen into the bad habit of kicking the shins of those around him at intervals of a minute or so.

In Mr. Gladstone's later days the meetings of the Cabinet were often held in a smaller and more convenient apartment, because the Grand Old Man of Politics had turned the Cabinet room into an office for his secretaries. Lord Beaconsfield had much affection for the room on the ground floor, however, and he had moved into it, for his own personal use, the chair in which the great Pitt used to sit.

The office of the Prime Minister at No. 10 is a somewhat sombre room, and is fitted with desks similar to those to be found in the manager's room of a bank. When Mr. Balfour was Premier he had a grand piano placed in this department. It stood close to the door, with keyboard invitingly open, so that the First Lord of the Treasury could at any moment soothe his harassed brain with the songs of Mendelssohn or the melodious movements of Beethoven.

The House of Commons is merely a machine for turning out laws, and these laws come direct from Downing Street, where they are framed by the Cabinet, which has been described as a small Committee of the Privy Council, and which consists of the Prime Minister and usually half a dozen to a dozen of his colleagues. The Liberal ministry of the present government consists of Mr. H. H. Asquith, First Lord of Treasury and Prime Minister; Lord Loreburn, Lord Chancellor; Viscount Morley of Blackburn, Lord President of the Council; Earl of Crewe, Lord Privy Seal and Secretary for India; Mr. Winston Churchill, Home Secretary; Sir Edward Grey, Foreign Secretary; Lord Haldane, Secretary for War; Mr. L. V. Harcourt, Colonial Secretary; Mr. D. Lloyd George, Chancellor of the Exchequer; Mr. R. McKenna, First Lord of the Admiralty; Lord Pentland, Secretary for Ireland; Mr. Sydney Buxton, President of the Board of Trade; Mr. John Burns, President of the Local Government Board; Earl Carrington, President of the Board of Agriculture; Mr. W. Runciman, President of the Board of Education; Mr. Herbert Samuel, Postmaster-General; Mr. J. A. Pease, Chancellor of the Duchy; Mr. Augustine Birrell, K. C., Chief Secretary for Ireland; and Earl Beauchamp, First Commissioner of Works.

The Cabinet Council is unknown to the law, and the term "Cabinet Council" has never been recognized by Act of Parliament. Every minister is made a member of the Privy Council, and a noble earl once declared that "Privy Councillors were thought to know everything, but knew nothing; the Cabinet Council thought that nobody knew anything but themselves."

The Cabinet is an institution of comparatively modern growth. In older days the sovereigns of England were advised by the body called the Privy Council. This body has little to do nowadays, and it has nothing to do with advising the sovereign, although out of it is constituted a court of appeal on certain subjects. It is the Cabinet Council which really governs the nation and the members will not allow the sovereign to be present at any of their meetings. The ministers assemble in response to a summons addressed to his Majesty's "confidential servants," by direction of the Prime Minister, and one and all are pledged to the strictest reserve.

The Cabinet initiates and shapes all the measures which the government intends to propose to Parliament, and also directs the foreign and colonial policy. As time goes on the Cabinet is more and more assuming complete control over the public affairs of the nation, and in this direction it is interesting to repeat the words of Lord Hugh Cecil in the House of Commons a year or two ago: "There is a deep-seated feeling that the House is an institution which has ceased to have much authority or much repute, and that when a better institution, the Cabinet, encroaches upon the rights of a worse one, it is a matter of small concern to the country."

The Cabinet is supposed to stand together as one man when it comes to a decision on any subject, but now and again there are strong arguments at Downing Street as to what that decision shall be. More than one minister who has opposed a certain proposal while it was under debate at the Cabinet meeting has had to stand up to defend it when it has come on for discussion in the House of Commons. The reason for this is that each member of the Cabinet is loyally bound to stand by a decision whether he agrees with it or not.

THE LORD CHANCELLOR

The utmost secrecy is maintained as to the important decisions of the Cabinet, and a minister will find himself in very hot water if he breathes a word of what has happened at a meeting at Downing Street. In 1851 Lord Palmerston was dismissed from the Foreign Office because he had

MR. H. H. ASQUITH
Prime Minister

expressed to the French ambassador in London his unqualified approbation of the *coup d'etat* of Louis Napoleon against the Assembly, when the Cabinet had resolved on observing a strict neutrality.

No minister, secretary, or other official is allowed to take notes of the business transacted at a Cabinet meeting, and it is considered a breach of confidence to keep a private record of what is discussed. This rule has been broken more than once, however. During the Bulgarian atrocity debates, Lord Derby had the permission of the late Queen Victoria to lift the veil and to disclose the deliberations of the Cabinet, and it seemed clear that he had taken notes. Lord Salisbury came into conflict with his account of the proceedings, and the incident led to a rather disagreeable discussion.

It is interesting to know that each member of the Cabinet is supplied with a key which fits the lock of a certain despatch-box, retained by the Prime Minister. At any particular crisis, when important papers reach Downing Street, the Premier, after perusing them, places them in the despatch-box and hands the box to a special messenger who takes it round to each member of the Cabinet in succession. Each member opens it with his key, and relocks it after he has read the documents it contains. In this way the papers are prevented from falling into the hands of strangers or members of Parliament who are not in the Cabinet.

Now and again it is found necessary to print copies of a "secret" which comes up for discussion at a meeting of the Cabinet. The document is cut up into many small pieces and distributed among a goodly number of compositors in the government printing works, each of whom sets up his little piece, and the little piece may represent only a dozen lines of type. When all the fragments are in type, a highly-trusted official collects both the copy and the type and puts the latter together. The printing of the document is then done in secret under the eyes of this official, and the men who work the printing machine are forbidden to handle any of the paper after it is printed upon.

ONE OF ENGLAND'S GREATEST PREMIERS

Secrets born behind the forbidding portals of No. 10 Downing Street have occasionally become public property before their time, notwithstanding the manifold precautions that have been taken to safeguard them. Important government news, supposed to be known only to Cabinet ministers, is now and again offered to the editors of London and provincial newspapers. It has been said that M. de Blowitz, the Paris correspondent of the *Times*, was offered the text of almost every secret treaty concluded between different Powers, as well as scores that never were.

Table chatter has led to more than one secret being divulged to the world. When Lord Mayo, the Viceroy of India, was assassinated and speculation was rife as to his successor, Mr. Delane, the famed editor of the *Times*, was sitting at dinner with Sir William Bull. During the course of the evening Sir William turned to Delane and said, "Lord Northbrook was asking me the other day whether the climate of India would suit him." The *Times* editor made a suitable reply, and soon afterwards rushed off to his office. Next morning the paper he so ably managed announced that Lord Northbrook, the Under-Secretary for War, had been appointed Viceroy of India. It was perfectly true, but Mr. Delane had merely guessed the truth.

LORD BEACONSFIELD
Better known as Disraeli

When Sir Robert Peel announced at a Cabinet meeting that he intended to repeal the Corn Laws, he never for a moment expected that his intention would become known all over England shortly afterwards. According to one story, "the cat was let out of the bag" over a dinner table. Mr. Sidney Herbert, a member of the Cabinet, was said to have dined at a restaurant with a society lady named Mrs. Norton. In some manner or other Mr. Herbert let the secret reach the ears of his friend, and that lady at the conclusion of the meal took a cab to Printing House Square, the home of the *Times*, and repeated the news

HONORABLE JOHN BURNS
President of the local Government Board

to the editor and received in exchange a cheque for £500. But among those "in the know," it is declared that Lord Aberdeen, the Foreign Secretary, took the news himself to the *Times* office within a few hours of the Cabinet decision.

Lord Beaconsfield once let out a secret about the franchise, which his government at a meeting of the Cabinet had discussed, without being aware of it at the time. The night of the meeting "Dizzy" dined privately with Lord Derby, and during the wine the pair of them discussed the matter, paying no heed to the butler who was attending to their wants. But that butler had his ears wide open, and he learned what the government had in store. An hour or so later, when he came off duty, he paid a visit to Fleet Street—the street of all things literary—and sold the information for a good round sum.

BUDGET MAKER MR. D. LLOYD GEORGE
Chancellor of the Exchequer

Great was the astonishment among our Cabinet ministers when a newspaper came out with a copy of a private letter written by the late Lord Salisbury to the Russian government on a matter of great importance to Great Britain. For a long time it was a mystery how the paper managed to get hold of such a "plum," but eventually it came to light that a clerk in the Foreign Office, who had access to Lord Salisbury's private room, had made a fair copy of the communication and sold it to the editor for a big sum. It is needless to add that the government, on learning the truth, had no further use for the services of that particular employee.

Queen Victoria once gave an important secret away without the slightest intention of doing so. During the Crimean crisis a lady known to her Majesty wrote and said that she was desirous of obtaining an appointment for her boy in the navy, but was afraid that affairs would not permit him to be given a post just then. The Queen called upon the writer of the letter and told her that she need not worry about the appointment for her son, for "the Fleet is going to the Baltic, and your boy shall go with it." The mother, delighted with the good news, repeated it to another lady, who immediately passed it on to a London morning paper.

Lord Beaconsfield once stated in the House of Commons that "it would be easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for prying eyes to penetrate the arcana in which State secrets are hidden." But that arcana has been penetrated many times, and will be penetrated again so long as curiosity and editors and cheque-books exist in this old world of ours. Like murder, State secrets "will out."

The Real Forest of Arden

By JESSE BETHEA HEARIN

IN the spring of 1817, when the eyes of all the world were still fixed upon France, a colony of Frenchmen sought to find a new home life and liberty in America. They had landed first at Philadelphia, but the gayeties of the New World were too much in evidence there, and having been forced to leave France by an ordinance of Louis XVIII on account of their attachment for Napoleon, then in exile at St. Helena, they desired to find a home in a new country where they could plant the "olive and the vine," found a new Paris and carve out a civilization and history of their own making.

The commissioners, with many French emigrants, the best families of France, set sail from Philadelphia in schooner "McDonough," landing at Mobile, near the Gulf of Mexico, and from Mobile proceeded in barges up the Mobile River and Tombigbee to the "White Cliffs," where the waters of the Tombigbee and the Black Warrior join. Here they pitched their tents, built huts and called their new city Demopolis, "the city of the people."

It was a colony of the best blood of France that came to live in the forests of Alabama. Hands unaccustomed to any labor felled the forest trees and built new homes; young men who had adorned the royal courts now labored with axe and saw to erect humble homes where a new France would rise; beautiful mothers and daughters assumed the peasant's life and planted the olive tree, or trained the vine; for this was to be the "French Vine and Olive Colony."

The fashion and elegance of France, in manner only, was transplanted to the forests of the canebrake of Alabama. Demopolis was to be the Paris of this new land—the "city of the people" was to be the center of the colony.

Count Lefebvre Desnottes, who had been a cavalry officer under Bonaparte, with the rank of Lieutenant-General, and who had accompanied Napoleon in his march to Russia and ridden with him in his disastrous winter retreat from Moscow, and had served in Spain in many bloody engagements, was the leader of this colony of aristocratic Frenchmen, and was the inspiration of the new home in the Alabamian forest land.

He was vivacious and active, handsome in person and of graceful carriage. He had married a cousin of Napoleon, the sister of the famous banker, La Fitte. He had been forced to leave his beautiful wife in France when he came to America, and waited to win a new name, a new liberty, a new command of importance in the colony of Alabama before bringing his delicate wife to join him.

His youngest son, Pierre Corneille, accompanied him. Pierre was just at that age that knows nothing so certain as promise, nothing so interesting as romance, nothing so attractive as adventure. He was barely twenty-two, six feet tall, and with a soldier's bearing. His eyes were so dark a brown as to look almost black, and his clear olive complexion was as beautiful as a woman's.

Pierre had joined his father and fellow-exiles with a full determination to give his life to the necessities and hardships of the new life. His heart was full of the love of true liberty, his mind was filled with the wonderful possibilities of this new land, and he looked forward to the day when the "City of the People" would be another Paris—a Paris where only gentlemen and freemen lived. His life had been too full of war and politics to dwell long on affairs of the heart, yet he was conscious of a capacity for a great love, in a heart that would some day wake to its fulness of passion.

With General Desnottes came many nobles he had not known before they began to carve out together a city in the wilderness of Alabama. Among these was General Juan Rico, a native of Valencia, in Spain, who had been proscribed in that country upon the return of Ferdinand VII, because he was a Republican and a supporter of the Constitution of 1812. An influential member of the Cortes and a distinguished officer of the Spanish army, he had resisted to the last the invasion of the army of Napoleon.

One day the elegant Desnottes and his son Pierre Corneille were invited to a dinner at which matters of interest to the colony were to be considered. At the hospitable board General Desnottes and his son met General Rico and his beautiful daughter, Isabella. During the dinner the conversation turned upon the campaigns in Spain, when allusion was made to the siege of Sargossa, where one of them had commanded the troops of France and the other the troops of Spain. They had met before, amid the din of arms, arraying their troops against each other and pouring out rivers of blood, at the head of the best-trained troops of Europe. Each had been expelled from his native country, and each had seen the utter destruction of his ambitious hopes; nevertheless, good nature prevailed in the cabin and all sorrows were soon drowned in wine and the merry peals of laughter.

It was early springtime, the birds of the forest filled the woods with their song and clatter, and the young soldier and the Spanish girl soon tired of the story of battle and blood. It was early evening, and Pierre suggested that Isabella go with him for a row on the river.

He carried his mandolin and she her violin, and soon they were drifting along the placid waters of the Tombigbee, just around the long bend above which the Warrior pours her waters into the greater stream. Pierre told her of the dreams of his youth under the sunny skies of France; of the many-colored flowers of the French fields; of his flight from his own country; she listened attentively to all he had to tell and then picked up her violin and sang sweet songs of her Spanish home.

They drifted on and on, with only a word now and then, and as he rested on his oars he softly hummed a song he had caught from some native in the new forest home:

"On Tombigbee's waters, so bright, I was born,
In a hut made of gum-trees and tall yellow corn;
It was there that I met Isabella so true,
And rowed her around in a gum-tree canoe."

They spent the evening in song and laughter, and only occasionally recalled the sweet sadness of the memory of their old homes.

The next night Pierre went again to talk of the old homes, but soon he found a deeper interest in the new forest home than he had ever known in France. He sang to his mandolin sweet old love songs; then, leaning on his elbow, he looked at the pretty Spanish girl and said, "Isabella, I am so very lonely; life is dull and empty, but the world is so great and beautiful that with you we would never hear the roll of the cannon's thunder; only the sweet song of the birds would fill our ears and the sweet song of love would fill our hearts. Isabella, love is the real victor, and freedom the only true life. After all, it is not time that makes one heart know another; true love comes but once; that love that is the begininng of a new, a better, higher, truer life, born of that one great love.

"Last night I knew that all a heart can ever know was mine, and tonight I know that you are the queen of this great forest land, and I would be king, were my queen good enough to make me so. Won't you enthrone me in this new land where all is so free, so wonderful, so beautiful?

"Our fathers spent their lives in France and Spain amid the clash of arms; they poured out the blood of their brothers; they listened only to the herald's cry of a new victory won. Here we can begin a new life that will know only the victory of sweet liberty; the fortification of true hearts for the hard battles of life, the accomplishment of things that mean most for humanity, the certainty of love."

"I have always known that deep down in my heart there was a great love that would some day break forth and claim the love of another heart. Last night I saw the rainbow of love in the western sky. Every changing color was some new affection that would link our lives more closely; each brilliant hue reflected in my heart the happiness I wished I could offer you. When I left you I knew I had found the one love that gives its best to the dearest woman in the world. I knew that you were the one woman that could help me to grasp the best and highest, the truest and noblest, and I wondered if it could be possible that your heart was keeping time to all my heart knew.

"Dear heart, you and I can build our lives where the sunshine will always be ours. In this new land we can find an ideal world—a bright, happy world where every man will strive to help his fellow-man, where every woman will forget everything that does not lead to a higher, surer happiness; a world where children will gladden every evening with songs of love; where every creature will be drunk with peaceful happiness.

"We can make this our 'Forest of Arden' if we will. It is just with you. We can always find 'tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in everything,' and when disappointments come, and come they must, true hearts will cheer and make us know that 'sweet are the uses of adversity.'

"Isabella, sweetheart, give me the love my heart calls for; dwell with me always in this ideal forest; let us pitch our tent on the foundation of confidence, stretch it well over the petty faults of one another, snuff out the deadly fire of ambition that has brought such sorrow to our fathers, and we can burn brightly the fire of affection on the altar of love always. We will erect a new altar to a new liberty, and love will preserve the best there is in us. We will give to one another honest, true hearts, of real, trusting love, and life will be a sweet song of all that is worth striving for. We will build our home on the high, white cliffs just beyond Tombigbee's clear waters, just where the southern breeze will waft to us the sweet perfume of the jessamine valley below; our yard will be the forest about us—a domain where we two will live in a world all our own, and all that is not beautiful we will shut out from our lives, and love will be the password that gains admittance to our little world. We will spend our spare moments in profit and pleasure and on every side will be seen the beautiful results of love's labor. On the one side we will have a mountain bank of red, red roses, with here and there a peak of snowy white and golden yellow; on the other side soft, green meadows, covered here and there with gay and many-colored flowers. Our lawn will be a carpet of nature's richest green, dotted with the sweet, blue violet—the flower that springs from patience' soil. Overhead our sky will be the purest, clearest blue, and not a cloud will drift over our world of love and sunshine. The forest trees will spread their limbs to make places of cool shade, where we will sit and con lessons of love that are written in the lexicon of our very hearts. We will be sweethearts always and commit to memory every sweet song that echoes words of love and promise.

"When evening comes—at rest time—we will sit in a hammock made of plaited daisies, gathered from the nearby meadows, and the hammock will be gently swung across the valley of lilies by the south wind, which comes laden with the fragrance of springtime."

Pierre stopped to catch the sound of a call from the distance, and, as he leaned against the great oak and looked toward the hut he now called home, Isabella slipped her hand in his. She did not answer the questions he begged her to give, but her hands tightened in his grasp; she looked up into his dark eyes and smiled, and he bent and kissed her.

And while all was quiet with the stillness of twilight, just as the golden sunbeams were sinking beyond the river, the song of the mocking bird burst forth from the green boughs above them. It was the sweetest song the great forest had ever heard. First, it was soft and low, a sweet lullaby of love and contentment, and then it swelled into a song of grand, high notes that seemed to fill the world with the melody of gladness. It was a love song, and its melodies were the echoes of the early days of youth, of the old home when promise was all of love these two young hearts had known.

The forest songster must have had a message for other lovers, for he had no sooner finished his song than he flew away. As his last high note died away, Pierre stood up and, holding the hand of Isabella, lifted her to the ground. He kissed her again, and as he did she whispered, "I never knew the world was so beautiful until now; I never dreamed there was such happiness in love."

They strolled up the hill, hand in hand, and ever now and then they stopped to pluck a forget-me-not. Perhaps they chose this little flower from among so many others that they might be reminded that there were other worlds than the one they had just discovered, other joys than the joy that made their lives so sweet, other hearts than the heart each had just won.

General Desnottes and General Juan Rico were standing in the doorway, still talking of the campaigns in Spain, when they heard two voices singing. Down the forest path they saw Pierre and Isabella slowly strolling home, hand in hand, with heads close to one another, and over the cleared lands was heard the song:

"On Tombigbee's waters, so bright, I was
 born,
In a hut made of gum-tree and tall yellow
 corn;
It was there that I met Isabella so true
And rowed her around in a gum-tree canoe."

The French general looked at the old Spanish warrior and their hands went out to one another. Each voice faltered, their eyes filled with tears, and General Juan Rico turned to the old French soldier and said, "I see, General, that Spain again surrenders to the gallant French soldier."

UNSAID; UNDONE

By W. MURDOCH LIND

I

THE words that I have left unsaid,
Fearing to bring upon the head
Of someone, although well deserved,
Man's punishment; if I have swerved
And said, perchance, another thing
Instead, to mitigate the sting—
May such words absolution bring
To me.

II

The deeds which I have left undone
From rise to height and set of sun,
Because some trouble they might breed
For those in direr, sorer need;
Rearing, instead, a better thing
To help, not hinder—soothe, not sting—
May such deeds absolution bring
To me.

Envoy.

I've no regrets for deeds not done,
For words unspoken, songs unsung
That may have caused two lives to part,
An opened wound, an aching heart.
I only mourn the careless thought—
In language couched, by action wrought—
That to mankind fresh grief has brought
Through me.

THE ALABAMA GIRL

by

Katharine Hopkins Chapman

AS A feminine given name Alabama was much in vogue with those sturdy pioneers who emigrated to this fertile section before it was entirely freed from the Indians, or eased with the rudimentary conveniences of civilization. On many family trees, transplanted to "new ground" and blazed "Here We Rest," the first feminine bud to blossom forth was christened Alabama Blank; and if Blank were translated it would probably be found to stand high in the nomenclature of the state.

But Miss Alabama of the present day is a composite girl, standing for many minds when taken individually; merging into a charming type when viewed collectively. She stands amid the enthralling traditions of the past and the thrilling possibilities of the future. The result is a piquant admixture of inconsistencies, and vain indeed would be the man who would attempt to predict her next move or mood.

Years ago she was taught in giving the state of her nativity to add that of her parents or grandparents, as "Miss Alabama Carter—the Carters of Virginia, you know." But that is entirely obsolete now, for Alabama has envolved an individuality of her own and so has Miss Alabama. The daughter is proud of her mother-state from the blue hills in the north where those twin-potentates, iron and coal, hold joint sway, to the wave-washed shores of Mobile Bay—that beautiful, magnolia-bordered bay, where the Bon Secour oyster abounds and the Spanish mackerel disports itself, where foreign vessels unload tropical fruits and load with native coal, lumber and cotton. She has a reasonable faith that this grand Commonwealth, with its fertile soil, mild climate and inexhaustible mineral wealth, will before long rank among the foremost States of the Union. Even if the boll weevil should decimate King Cotton's annual output, haven't deep plowing and scientific cultivation already doubled the yield of corn?

When the early Alabama sweet-girl-graduate of a local seminary was congratulated on her essay she would naively admit: "I'm glad you like. My brother who is at the University of Virginia wrote it." But now Alabama's sons and daughters attend her own university or the Polytechnic Institutes, according to their bent; and the girls not only write their own essays but keep the boys wake o' nights to maintain precedence in mathematics and Greek. The only honor the boys feel sure Miss Alabama cannot take is the Rhodes Scholarship! They do say Cecil Rhodes was a woman hater, you know.

This girl recalls some lean days in her childhood—between the sleeping of the Old South and the awakening of the New—which impresses upon her the fact that while she may be the direct descendant of Luxury, she certainly is not its legatee. She probably saw her mother's stealthy evasion of the unwritten, antiquated Southern sentiment: "No lady shall work for sordid gold." So now, though she often openly ekes out the family's slender income, she works with an air that implies she does it for self-improvement or for methodical training. She accepts the money thus earned with charming indifference, but once it is in her pocket—she dotes on tailor-made clothes for business—she is a new girl, so to speak. She jingles the silver joyously and giving the past a defiant little flip she decides, that notwithstanding its alluring traditions it is an old fogey and a bad bill payer.

Time has provided her with incidents and anecdotes galore for her genealogical book, but ofttimes she herself must start her bank book. As a rule Miss Alabama's parents can give her a home and do so cheerfully; but frequently she must contrive for herself those extras which make girlhood gay: dainty lingeries, immaculate tub-dresses, rose-laden, tulle-twisted witcheries called hats, gauzy fans, painted parasols, silken hose, etc.; also she must manage the means for opportunities to display all these at social functions or vacations at seashore or mountain-side, or a visit to Mobile during Mardi Gras festivities.

She inherits a love of brocade, velvet and galloon; or batiste, organdy and lace, according to the season; she dotes on dainty tea-jackets and trailing evening gowns. When fortune favors she can select these in Paris with exquisite taste and wear them with the unconscious ease of a duchess. Generally, however, Miss Alabama takes some lawn, a little lace and a sash of Aunt Virginia's and produces a frock that gives the professional modiste pointers on style, grace and the eternal fitness of things.

The lace is usually caught with a brooch of turquoise and pearls, and the sash clasped with a dull buckle of old gold, that would lend distinction to the simplest dress; such genuine heirlooms make the imitation antiques of visiting heiresses seem like sounding brass and tinkling cymbals. Miss Alabama's evening toilettes are dignified by an old necklace of seed pearl medallions or a string of auntie's amethysts. The discrepancy between the simple gown and the handsome jewels is softened by the darling dimples in her fresh bare shoulders.

Yes, we are discussing girls, so out with the inevitable question! Is she pretty?

Well, usually she is; sometimes she isn't. But when she isn't you rarely realize it. Why? Because she is so charming and vivacious withal. Once upon a time—and a very recent time at that—two cousins made their bow to Alabama society together. One was an indisputable, breath-taking beauty, though somewhat selfish and languid. The other was not ugly, oh! dear no! but she seemed so by contrast; she was, fortunately, both considerate and animated. Her old Black Mammy, resenting some comparison of the girls, said: "My chile may not be as purty but she's got mo' animosity 'bout her." Even that, alas, was not true if taken literally!

Most of the Misses Alabama, up to date, have had a double maternal heritage—mother and mammy—but will Miss Alabama of the future be thus blessed? Not unless the spring of eternal youth, which Ponce de Leon sought on this Gulf Coast, be located in time to dip this decreasing tribe of ebony auxiliaries. One of Alabama's gifted daughters, once thus doubly rich, then doubly orphaned, said:

Among the ranks of shining saints
  Disguised in heavenly splendor,
Two Mother-faces wait for me,
  Familiar still, and tender.

One face shines whiter than the dawn,
  And steadfast as a star;
None but my mother's face could shine
  So bright—and be so far!

The other dark one leans from Heaven,
  Brooding still to calm me;
Black as if ebon Rest had found
  Its image in my Mammy!

In stature the Alabama girl bids fair to outgrow her brother—or her sweetheart, which is much worse! She may stand in the dark with weights on her head to prevent this reversal of nature's order; but give up her beloved athletics because of it? Never.

She rides with the ease and grace of heredity. During the War her mother could show any dragoon her horses' heels, and in pioneer days her grandmother often rode twenty miles to church and thought it no hardship—but those "dinners-on-the-grounds" were worthy of pilgrims. Recent statistics give Alabama the lowest death rate of all the states. The editor of a leading daily attributes this to good housewives and cooks of the state. So Miss Alabama knows some recipes besides those for fudge and mayonnaise! She also rides with the sense and surety of the cross saddle, to the amazement and horror of her older relatives and her black mammy.

Miss Alabama up to date plays tennis and basketball with the comfort of temporary dress reform, and golf with the sustaining assurance of an arched instep and a neat ankle. Nor will she ask her Northern sister any odds on the wheel or automobile when her state has completed the good roads already building.

However, the air of Alabama needs no improvement for the exercise of airships, as was proven when the Wright brothers established their training quarters near Montgomery. When these mechanical birds become commoner Miss Alabama will have the nerve and skill to manipulate her own; but will she have the cash? Indeed she will, if she has to economize on aigrettes and willow-plumes.

It must be admitted, however, that Miss Alabama, in common with all Southern girls, has an innate love of ease which sometimes receives a harsher name from those who live in a more bracing climate. This so-called laziness enables her to loll about with a drowsy contentment as contagious as yawning, but when pleasure or duty calls she is up and doing. Swaying to and fro in a hammock under the crepe-myrtle trees she dreams of the past when her grandfather dictated the policy of his party and her grandmother set the fashions; or she puckers drowsy brows over the puzzling present which shows bewildering possibilities; or she peeps through thick lashes into the future when her father shall have developed the coal, iron, phosphate or cement, that lies in the land long scorned as not good enough for cotton fields; or she peeps coyly for the lover who may be even now coming South with the capital to develop these hidden treasures.

Miss Alabama knows the reproach has been removed from spinsterhood and asserts she looks forward to the possibility of being an old maid with equanimity; but she wishes it distinctly understood she makes this assertion with "all rights reserved" to change her mind if the time, the place and the man combine to charm her. For when the man of her choice arrives she says "yes," even if he be poor, for she is conscious of being "a help-meet for man." But whether guided by her head or her heart in taking her chance in the lottery of life, she has the womanly grace of caring for him who belongs to her—or to whom she belongs, as the case may turn out. If she marries an old man for his wealth, she generally sticks to her bargain, rarely seeking companionship with men of her own age. If she joins a poor young sweetheart in his struggles for fame and fortune, as a rule she bravely bears her share of the burden.

Intellectually Miss Alabama is inconsistent, tending toward a broad general culture rather than specializing in one branch until it commands commercial recognition. She is a constant reader of newspapers and magazines and keeps in touch with public events and opinions the world over. In her grandfather's library, which he selected while making the European tour, deemed necessary for every educated man in his day, she absorbed enough Gibbon, Guizot and Macaulay to give her an intelligent interest in, and a firm mental footing among, the changing empires of today. She probably took up those ponderous tomes as a last resort on some rainy day, but rocked thus early on those rolling, swelling periods, she acquired a lasting poise that enables her to steer a middle course between the wishy-washy novelettes and the strong, not to say rank, problem-plays to the present.

Sometimes a bracing breeze and a severe tailor suit combine to make Miss Alabama feel really independent, almost mannish. She immerses herself in business, nods curtly to quondam lovers and plans a systematic course of reading in—er—something, anything—ah, yes, of course!

She'll familiarize herself with the minutest details of the past, present and future of the Panama Canal, that short cut to the world's wealth by which the South is going to regain in a few years, and in permanent form the prosperity that passed with slavery.

She may go so far, once in a while, as to imagine herself a New Woman with capital initials, but few will agree with her for several reasons:

She doesn't care or dare to smoke a cigarette; she would probably lose her self-respect *et al.*

She never takes advantage of leap year; it isn't necessary.

She has never known a girl who was plaintiff in a breach-of-promise suit, and never wishes to.

She believes, in a far-off, detached way, in the theory of woman's suffrage; but when told there is an actual, active, growing Suffragette Club in the most conservative city in Alabama, she asks in horror "Do you think it will spread?"

She retains, in spite of her masculine shirtwaist and mannish boots—so incongruous on her small arched feet—a demure, delicate, essentially feminine charm, which gains her a seat in every car, no matter how crowded.

In elevators, in fact everywhere, it's hats off to Miss Alabama!

LOVE'S LAST LIGHT

By FANNIE E. FOSTER

LIKE ghost-enkindled watchfires here I burn
On this cold hearth, the words you recreant spurn;
From cushioned rosewood, held with sacred key,
I draw them forth this anniversary,
This day commemorative of our troth,
But wrecked by wrong of man and woman wroth.
Each page unsullied as when penned to me,
But none now roseate with Love's mystery.
Revoked by voice each line found here today—
How sad when hearts from sworn allegiance stray!—
Spiral! oblique! See how the bright flames turn!
To rend the words for which I once did yearn.
Transmuted to gray stone, thus seems each page,
With brown words carved by fire's avenging rage.
If trembling hand so much doth dread this deed
How must my heart in aging sorrow bleed?
But better far no trace of this should be
Lest I be first to cross Death's dismal sea.
Your broken pledge I now can hide for aye,
Since fire will sweep these records all away.
Romantic thought, I long did homage pay,
To earth—entomb these fervent vows some day,
But now no prying eye, by chance, can know
Why buds faint seen did ne'er to Love blooms grow.

THE ROOT OF ALL EVIL

by Robert King Atwell

THERE was always for me an indescribable charm about the dormitories of Gordon College. To be sure, they were to the casual onlooker but a line of grim looking, four-story buildings of brick, on either side of a gray stone chapel. Yet to me, who have always been something of a dreamer, there was an air of romance about them. Had not the students of great universities of the olden days, and the studious monks who had preserved learning throughout the dark ages—had not they all lived together under one roof as we lived in the dormitories at Gordon, under the alleged guardianship of our proctors? At times, as I gazed out of my study windows at the gray chapel, I could imagine—but I was always something of a dreamer. These ramblings are out of place here.

Yet even in these peaceful college halls one may sound the deeps of life. One need not journey to strange lands for adventure. He may perchance meet them on the campus. Poe, in one of his tales, "The Pit and the Pendulum," describes the agony of long-continued suspense. A prisoner of the Inquisition lies on his back, bound, in the middle of his lofty cell. High up there hangs a sharp steel blade in shape like a half moon. As he watches he sees that the blade swings to and fro, on a cord that imperceptibly lengthens. Inch by inch, hour by hour, the cord lengthens. The sweep of the pendulum increases. Nearer and nearer to the prisoner's breast swings the glittering blade. With straining eyes the anguished victim awaits his fate. He cannot escape. Helpless, he abides the coming of his doom. That story of Poe once seemed wonderfully suggestive to me—enjoyable reading. Now I can never read it without a shudder. (What that poor wretch must have suffered!) The torture of "the pit and the pendulum" I have seen inflicted myself, and the victim was my own room-mate.

My room-mate my senior year was a sophomore, Brackett Gray. He was about twenty-one, some three years younger than I. A black-haired, gray-eyed, rather handsome fellow he was, chiefly remarkable for his square, powerful shoulders. During the months I had roomed with him I had become sincerely attached to him. There was something wonderfully attractive about Gray. If any fellow ever had that quality known as personal magnetism, it was he.

Though I knew Gray's personal affairs intimately, it came rather as a surprise to me when I discovered that he was in love with Virginia Dorr. It was soon evident to me that the girl returned his love. I was genuinely grieved at this turn of affairs. Gray had never been a hard student, though he was naturally a brilliant fellow. Again, though I knew it was desperately serious, the youth of the pair made the whole thing seem absurd to me. For the girl was not yet eighteen and had not as yet graduated from the town high school! I often laughed over what I classed as "puppy-love," but it was no laughing matter over the way it affected Gray. Usually now I occupied my study alone, a solitary "grind"—Gray had no time for study.

Besides, he was spending more money for theater tickets, livery bills and such items than I knew he could afford. I realized that Gray must spend a great deal to keep up appearances in paying attention to a girl in Virginia Dorr's position. Her Uncle, Colonel Crailey, her mother's widowed brother, with whom she and her mother lived, was one of the wealthiest men in town. The girl, I believe, was some sort of an heiress in her own right.

Yet, though I had regretted Gray's infatuation, I could not but admit to myself that the girl was very attractive. I always thought of her as an "open-air" sort of a girl—the kind whom we see in pictures as golfing or horseback riding. Tall and graceful she was, her pink cheeks and blue eyes glowing under a soft mass of brown hair. I met her at the few college functions I attended during the year. Gray always made it a point that I should have a chance to talk with her. On such occasions I could not be as severe in my judgment of Gray as I could in my solitary study.

So the days drifted by. Late in the evening, as I steadily "ground" away at my work, my room-mate would come in with a look of radiant happiness on his face and tell me about "Virginia." I always listened patiently. I used to try to delude myself for my interest in his affairs by believing that I was "studying" Gray—that he was of psychological interest. But that was a mere subterfuge. It was genuine sympathy that caused my interest in his love affairs. I knew it, and used to get angry with myself for being as romantic a fool as the moonstruck shepherds in Virgil's Eclogues.

The great event of the college year, socially, was the "Junior Prom." This was to take place the third week of the second semester. Since the first of the semester Gray seemed very much worried. I supposed it was over his finances.

One night, shortly before eleven, as I sat "plugging" at my desk, Gray came in as usual. I knew who it was without looking up. I heard him go to the clothes closet to hang up his overcoat and hat. Then he walked to the window behind me. There was silence for a while. Finally I paused in my writing and swung around. Gray was sitting in the window-seat, his body drawn up tense, his hands clasped over his knees—staring out into the night.

"What's the trouble, Old Man?" I asked.

"Oh, nothing," answered Gray, without turning around.

"But there is something," I said, "and I think it is money." A silence followed.

"I might lend you a few dollars," I said finally.

Gray swung himself down from his window seat and began to pace up and down the floor.

"Hang it, Grat," he said, "I can't borrow from you. I can't tell when I should be able to pay it back. Besides, I need more than you think. I have got to get a new dress suit for the 'Prom.' My old one is getting decidedly seedy. Then I must blow myself for roses, and—" he stopped in his walk and turned toward me, his face drawn and worried. "Where is it all to come from? I have spent all my allowance for the next two months. That's all I have is that allowance. I have got to win the Carleton Prize—I have got to, Grat, I have got to."

"Well, to tell you frankly," said I, "I think you will. I think you surpass any other member of your class in that line of work."

"You won it year before last," said Gray with a smile, "you ought to know something about it."

"Suppose you get to work on your essay now, then," I suggested, "you have not done much on it of late." Gray went to his desk and for an hour we worked in silence.

The next night when Gray came in he seemed silent and worried. He went to bed without doing any work on his essay. I sat until nearly morning, as I had an "exam" coming that day. As a result, I was drowsy the next evening when I started my accustomed "grind" at my desk. Try as I would, I could not think. I needed sleep. Going into the bedroom, I lay down on top of my bed, intending to doze for an hour. Instead, I fell into a sound sleep. I woke up to hear someone stirring in the study. I sat up. Through the half-open door I saw Gray standing by his desk. In his hand was a roll of bills. It was a thick roll, too. Even if they were bills of small denomination, it must have been quite an amount. I suppose I made some creaking noise as I sat up, for Gray looked toward the dark bedroom with a start. Beside his desk stood a small iron-bound chest. It was a relic of Gray's grandfather, who had been an army paymaster. Gray hastily unlocked this with a key on his key-ring, thrust in the money and locked the chest. Then he turned toward the bedroom with a look of fright. The bedroom, as I knew, was too dark for him to see me through the half-open door. Startled at his behavior, I instinctively sought to divert his suspicion that I had seen the money. Yawning loudly, I swung my feet down, noisily, onto the floor. Then I "stretched" myself with another yawn, and came out into the study, rubbing my eyes.

"Hallo," I said, "I guess I must have been asleep. Just come in?"

"Yes," said Gray, "I must have awakened you."

I wondered with vague uneasiness why Gray was lying to me. He was not the fellow to lie about trifles.

"I am going down to Kenneshaw's room," said Gray. "There is a little game to 'pitch' on."

"You never used to have anything to do with that crowd downstairs," I said. "Why don't you work on your essay?"

"Oh, I have got that pretty well under way, Grat. I don't feel like writing tonight. Say, Grat," said he, half to himself, "it is beginning to snow, just beginning as I came in. Well, don't work too hard, you old grind," he added, as he closed the door.

It was fully three hours later when Gray returned. "That is the last time I ever waste time like that," he growled as he came in. I heard him go to the window behind me and raise the curtain.

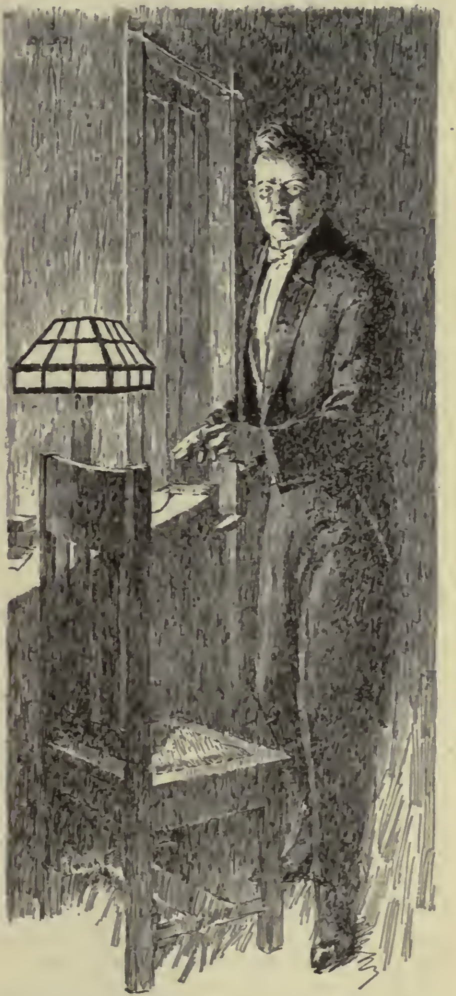
"Hurrah," he shouted, "it is still snowing!"

"Why, what of it?" I asked in surprise. Gray was silent a moment. "I wanted to go sleighing this week," he said coldly.

That night I tossed uneasily on my bed. I felt that my room-mate was concerned in something unlawful—something criminal. Where had he got that money? Why was he so glad it was snowing? Why, if not that it would conceal his tracks. Why had he gone downstairs to Kenneshaw's room? He did not often associate with that crowd—the "fastest" in college. It must have been to be able to prove an alibi, I thought, with sickening conviction. There was no doubt of it—I was associated with a criminal! I grew cold at the thought. Yet why should he want to prove an alibi *after* he had obtained the money. Gray had always appeared to be a splendid fellow. Perhaps I was wronging him, wronging him bitterly. I tried to put the whole matter out of my mind and sleep. Gray was not lying in peace, either. He was breathing heavily, as a man who has bad dreams. He tossed and groaned. Sometimes broken words escaped him. It was long before I fell asleep.

Next morning when I awoke, Gray had gone out. He boarded at his Fraternity House, while I lived at a dining club, just across from the campus. I dressed hurriedly, as it was nearly chapel time. At the breakfast table, "Bicky" Johnson, a very "fresh" freshman, who sat opposite to me, asked, "Heard the news?"

I merely shook my head, thinking the



"I suppose I made some creaking noise as I sat up, for Gray looked toward the dark bedroom with a start"

question was but the prelude to one of "Bicky's" usual brand of jokes, though in my worry the question startled me.

"Colonel Crailey's house was robbed last night," said Johnson, so seriously that I could not but believe him. I felt like a man who hears his death warrant read to him. I am naturally of a nervous temperament, and my worries had wrought me up to a state of high tension.

"Is that so?" I mumbled.

"Yes, broken into and about three hundred dollars taken. The burglar smashed a pane of glass in the dining-room window and then unlocked the window. It's funny that they did not hear all that racket. There goes the first bell! Come along."

All the morning the great topic of conversation was the robbery. I tried to avoid the fellows as much as possible, but in the recitation and lecture rooms it was impossible to keep one's ears closed to the all-absorbing topic. Everyone had some theory to propound. And I knew that it was my room-mate who did it, and that the plunder was hidden in our study! I pictured to myself the finding of the money hidden in that chest. I saw myself being tried as an accessory. Horrors! I thought of being sentenced to prison. What could I do? Should I denounce Gray to the authorities? No; I could not do that. It was impossible for me to betray him. I could not be a Judas. But I had to do *something*. Well, then, I would tell Gray himself of what I had seen and accuse him of the crime.

I did not see Gray all the morning. I did not want any lunch. I went to our room and sat down on the lounge to wait for Gray. After what seemed an age, he came. As he entered the room I noticed his face was drawn and haggard. I wondered vaguely why someone had not suspected him, he looked so wretched. This was no time for speculation. As he went to the closet to hang up his clothes I stepped to the hall door and locked it. Then I turned to face Gray, who was coming out of the closet. For a moment we looked into each other's eyes. Then I turned and pointed at the chest. "I saw you put that money in there last night, Gray," I said in a low tone. For an instant I thought he would spring on me. Then he staggered to my Morris chair and fell heavily into it. He buried his face in his hands and groaned—low, long-drawn-out groans that seemed to rend his chest. Then he sobbed, hard, choking sobs that shook him all over. The tears ran through his fingers. All the while I stood staring at him. As I watched, my anger melted away. I felt nothing but profound sympathy for Gray. I went up to him and laid my hand on his shoulder.

"Oh, brace up, old man," I said. "Tell me about it. Perhaps it can be fixed. Get a grip on yourself. Your nerves are all gone."

Gray took his hands down from his face and spoke rapidly without looking at me: "You think I am a thief, Grat, you think I am a thief. God, it's awful! Why shouldn't you think I am a thief? Everyone would if they knew I had that money. But I didn't steal it, Grat, I didn't steal it." He looked me full in the eyes. "I didn't steal it, Grat, I didn't steal it! You don't believe me, Grat. What are you going to do about it? Tell the police, Grat?" I could not look at him. There was silence for awhile. It seemed as if I had been standing there for hours. I crossed to the lounge and sat down. I could not look at Gray. I could not think. At length Gray spoke sharply, "Grat!" I looked at him. "Grat, swear that you will not tell what I am going to tell you as long as I live. It must not be known about me for—but what am I saying? I am in a mess. Swear, Grat! trust me, in God's name! I am not a thief, Grat. Swear, Grat. I can't bear to have you think me a thief." His voice was wildly pleading. He went to his desk and got his black, leather-bound Bible. "Place your hand on it and swear, Grat! What harm will it do you to swear you won't tell what I am going to tell you? Swear that you won't tell it while I am in college, anyway. That isn't much to ask, Grat." Half unconsciously, I placed my hand on the book and swore.

Gray straightened up and walked to the end window. He shoved his hands in his trousers' pockets and stood looking out, his back turned toward me. Suddenly he swung around and began rapidly, half defiantly, yet with shame in his face:

"That was Virginia's money. She gave it to me. It came yesterday from money that is invested in her name. It was a quarterly dividend on her whole property. She knew how things were with me, financially. I don't know how she got it out of me. It's the last thing that I would ever tell, yet I told her. She suspected it, I guess, and then she led me on to tell her. I don't know why a girl like her should ever think of such a thing. Yet she thought I was 'broke' and got me to tell her. Then she said that she would lend me that two hundred and fifty-eight dollars. She said it was a loan—I could pay it back when I got out of college. I told her that I could not take it from her. She said that I ought not to feel like that. It was not fair. She said she had taken things from me—flowers and rides, and so on. Why couldn't I accept anything from her? Didn't I care enough about her to put my pride away? Hadn't she put her pride away in offering that money? If I didn't take it, wouldn't we have to give up all the good times we had been having? And she said that she didn't want to do that. It was her money. Why couldn't she do as she liked to with it? She had let me spend all my money on her. Why wouldn't I take that money from her? She had been planning for the last week, she said, to make me take that money when it came, and she began to cry. That settled it. I said I would take it. I can't give up taking her around to places. I had to take it. She told me that the money was in a drawer in her uncle's desk in the library. Her mother had a key to the desk. Her mother and her uncle were in the sitting room. Virginia went upstairs, the back way, and got the key from her mother's room. Then she brought in two drawers from her uncle's desk. One of them had the money in it, in an envelope. She made me take it. Then she turned the key in the lock of each drawer so that the bolt of the locks stuck out. She told me to step on the locks so as to break them in. She played loudly on the piano while I stepped on the locks and smashed them in, just as if each drawer had been broken open while it was in the desk. I tell you, I was afraid that Mrs. Dorr and Colonel Crailey would come in! They didn't, though. Virginia put both drawers back in the desk. She told me that about ten minutes after eleven after the house was quiet, she would creep down stairs and go out through the side door to the veranda. When the quarter past eleven car was going by she would break the glass in one of the library windows, near the lock. The car makes such a racket that no one would hear her. She did what she said all right. I haven't seen her since last evening, but that's the way what they call the 'burglary' is described. Everyone says that admission was gained to the house by the breaking of the library window from the veranda. That's the way Virginia did it, you know. She broke it with a book from the outside, so that the pieces of glass were on the inside. I told her be sure to have on her gloves so that she would not cut her hands. It began to snow last night about eleven. They think the house must have been broken into sometime before two in the morning, otherwise the tracks would show in the snow. I was with that gang down in Kenneshaw's rooms until two. I am safe, and that means that Virginia is safe. No one but Virginia and you know that I have got the money, Grat. And you won't tell, Grat?" I reached out my hand to him. "I will not tell," I said, and we shook hands.

"Aren't you afraid to leave the money in that chest?" I ventured.

"Oh, it's safe there." He opened the chest. It was half filled with papers and letters. Pushing these aside he exposed the bottom of the chest. From his bunch of keys he selected a long slender key with a triangular shaft with a head on one side, which he pressed into the corner of the chest and turned. The end of the floor of the chest lifted up slightly. Raising it, Gray exposed a shallow drawer in which lay the money. "No one will find it there," he chuckled. "Grandfather used to keep his most important papers there when he was in the army. He used to say that even if the box had been captured, the 'Rebs' would never have found that drawer. So I am not worrying about the money being found, even if from some reason they should search the place. They won't search the place. It is just because I am nervous that I think so. I am going to finish up my essay and stop worrying. The first use that I will make of this money is for the five dollars to go with my essay." He picked up a five-dollar bill from the bills spread out flat in the secret drawer, closed the drawer, pulled the papers over it and locked the chest.

I took out my handkerchief and mopped my forehead. I was sweating profusely. Such a relief it was to know the true state of affairs! I was not associated with a criminal as I had feared. The whole affair was none of my business. A great weight had rolled off from me. I went back to my desk while Gray went to work on his essay. He had it finished that day before he went to dinner, and took it with him to his fraternity house, to one of his fraternity men who did typewriting. After dinner Gray dressed to take Miss Dorr to the theater. When he returned that night he seemed as cheerful as ever.

Late the next afternoon Gray brought the essay typewritten. I read it over for the last time. It was a brilliant piece of work. There was no denying that Gray had talent.

"I believe the prize is yours," I said.

"I can certainly find a use for that one hundred dollars," said he.

To comply with the regulations of "The Carleton Fund," by which the competition was endowed, Gray made a written statement that the essay was his own work. Another requirement of the competition was five dollars to pay for the printing and binding of the essay, if successful, for the college library. To fulfill this requirement, Gray brought from his desk the five dollars that he had taken from the chest the day before. This he placed in a small envelope, together with his written statement. This envelope, with his essay, he placed in a larger envelope and sealed. He then hurried out. It lacked but a few minutes of the time for closing the registrar's office for the day, and it was in that office that the slot box was kept into which the essays were to be dropped any day that week.

I thought that I had seen the last of Gray's troubles. The next day, Friday, passed as usual. To such an absent-minded man as myself, engrossed in my studies, or lost in my dreams, the incident of Thursday already seemed ancient history when Saturday morning came. That afternoon I went down to a stationer's where I was employed every afternoon and evening. I was in the rear of the store hanging up my overcoat and hat when the proprietor came to me.

"I wouldn't tell this to the other clerks," he said, "for we don't want it to get around, but you must be on the lookout for a five dollar bill of Alden, South Carolina. It's a new bank, just started, and a few of the bills were brought up this way by that bank cashier when he came back from his vacation. Three of them were in the 'wad' stolen from Colonel Crailey's last Monday. It must have been someone who was well acquainted with the premises who committed that robbery. They will be nabbed yet," he added grimly.

I could not turn to look at him. As a pretext to keep my back turned toward him I began fumbling in the pockets of the overcoat I had just hung up.

"Got one of those bills in your overcoat?" chuckled the proprietor.

"No," I answered thickly, "I was looking for the case for my glasses. Here they are in the side pocket of my coat."

With a deadly sickness in my heart I turned and faced the proprietor. Yet I was quite calm. I looked him in the eye and answered, "I will keep a close watch for that sort of five-dollar bill." I walked out into the store to begin work.

It seemed as if that afternoon would never pass. I wanted desperately to go to Gray and ask him if one of those five-dollar bills had been the bill he had enclosed with his essay. Yet I feared to excite the proprietor's suspicion if I pleaded sickness and "asked off" for the afternoon. I wondered if my behavior when he warned me about the bill had excited his suspicion. I watched him narrowly during the afternoon to see if he were looking at me, but he was taking no special notice of me. It was difficult for me to wait on my customers. My mind would go back to Gray, to the discovery that I feared threatened him, to the money that I knew was in our study—when would that afternoon end? Finally, after wretched hours of waiting, it was my hour for dinner.

I hastened to my room. I did not expect to find Gray there, but there he was at his desk, writing.

"Well, Grat," he asked cheerfully, "how goes it?"

"Gray," I said hoarsely.

He swung around in his chair. We stared at each other. His face grew pale. Then in a voice that seemed to come from a long way off, he asked "What is it?"

"Those five-dollar bills, Gray. Three of them were from a new bank in Alden, South Carolina. They can recognize them. They told me down at the store to watch for them. They are on the lookout for—" I stopped. I could not say "thief." "Did you send one of those bills with your essay?"

Almost before I had finished speaking Gray was opening the chest and flinging the papers on the floor. He opened the secret drawer and gathered up the money. I bent over him as he feverishly went through the bills. There were but two five-dollar bills and they were issued by the Bank of Alden, South Carolina. There were three ones, and the rest all tens and twenties. A second time he went over the bills, turning each one over and looking at the back. There were but two "fives"!

With a groan Gray slammed down the cover of the chest and fell across it, his head in his arms. "Oh, my God, Grat," he sobbed, "oh, my God!" It was awful to watch him. "I have got to go to prison. If they do let me off, I am disgraced. I can't let Virginia tell. She'll tell anyway, though. Then her reputation is ruined—ruined! I have ruined her, Grat! I have ruined her!" He sobbed aloud.

"Oh, buck up, Gray," I snapped, "buck up! Get a grip on yourself." True, Gray had cause enough to feel as he did—either he went to prison or the reputation of the girl was ruined. Yet I could not bear to see him act so. When peril threatens me in the final extremity, for all my nervousness I grow cold—grow as desperately brave as a cornered rat. So it made me angry to see Gray lose his self-possession so completely.

"Those essays will not be opened for a while yet. There may be some way to get that essay back."

"How?" asked Gray, getting upon his feet.

"Suppose Miss Dorr goes to her uncle and tells him she gave the money to you, and he went to 'Prex'—"

"I can't do it, Grat, I can't do it. Besides, what good would it do? He would have to tell 'Prex' the whole story, or 'Prex' would think that I am a thief. And you know 'Prex.' He'd hang his own son if he thought he deserved it. Suppose he did tell 'Prex.' That slot box was locked in the safe when the time was up Friday night. 'Prex' has the key to the box, but I don't believe he has got the key to the safe, or combination, or whatever it is. The treasurer has that. 'Prex' can't get the box before the treasurer brings it out at the meeting of the faculty committee, a week from next Wednesday. That means that the treasurer will have to be told, and 'Prex' would have to be told—no I'll be damned if I will! I will swing for it first!" Gray was getting his nerve back. He, too, was gaining the courage of the rat in the corner.

"I'd burn the office building down tonight if I thought the safe would go with it." The look on his face showed he meant it. I was startled.

"Talk sense," I said. "There is not much in that brick office building to burn. And the safe is built into the wall."

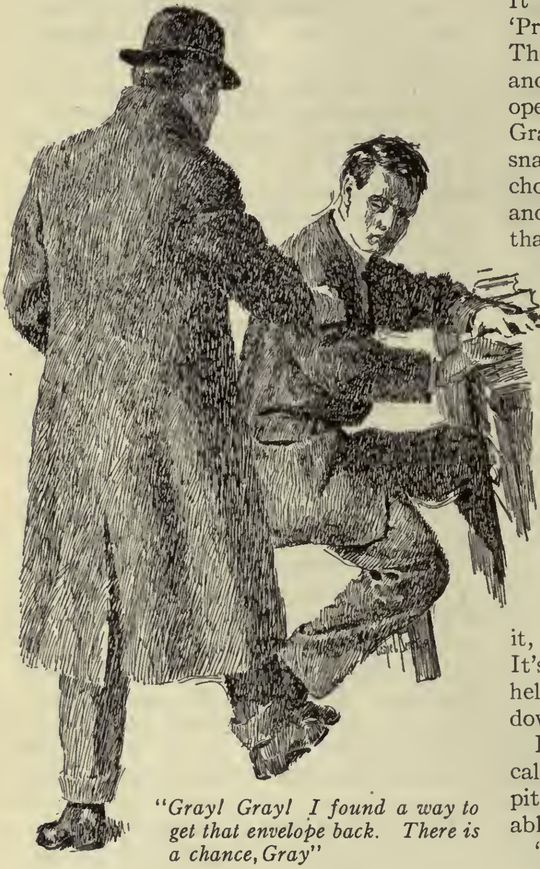
"I know," he muttered. "There is a concrete base built up in the basement. Fire would not hurt the safe at all. It's no use."

Gray sat down in his chair and clutched the arms. "Think, man," he said, "think. How can I get that five-dollar bill out of the safe?"

"If Miss Dorr went to 'Prex'—" I suggested.

"What?" snarled Gray. "Do you think 'Prex' would be mixed up in such a mess, or the treasurer? After the police are working on the 'burglary,' as they call it, and the papers are full of it? And I won't let her—I won't! I would never have a minute's peace if I ruined that girl's life. But when I am arrested she will tell anyway. Then her life is ruined and mine, too," he sobbed again. "Think, Grat, think! What will I do? What will I do? Help me, Grat, help Virginia!"

I sat thinking. What way was there to get that letter out of that safe. It seemed hopeless. In despair I went back to the bookstore—without my dinner. When I returned that evening Gray was still sitting at his desk, his face was pale and haggard. He looked around dully.



"Gray! Gray! I found a way to get that envelope back. There is a chance, Gray"

"I have been thinking, Grat. I can see the whole business. I have gone over it time and time again. This is the way the committee will meet a week from Wednesday. They will begin about half past one. 'Prex' will be sitting at the head of the long table. Old 'Kaggy' Gallard will be at the bottom. The six other 'Profs' will be sitting, three on each side of the table. Then the treasurer will bring in the slot box. 'Prex' will unlock the box and take out one of the envelopes. He'll open it and then open the little envelope inside, put the five dollar bill on the table, and read the signed statement: 'Gordon College, March 9. I hereby certify that this essay is my own work. Respectfully, Duncan Scott MacGregor.' (It's sure to be MacGregor's that will be on top of the pile. He always hands his work in at the last minute. I have got the whole thing studied out. I have been over it hundreds of times tonight. Then 'Prex' will read the essay. Then he will take out another large envelope and read it. Then another. Probably the fourth or fifth will be mine. It will be mine, Grat, it will be mine! 'Prex' will open the brown paper envelope. Then he will take out the sheets of paper and the small envelope. He will start to open the envelope (I can see him now, Grat, opening the envelope. I want to snatch it from him!) He'll open it." Gray choked, then he went on: "He'll open it and take out the five-dollar bill. He'll see that it is one of the five-dollar bills they are on the watch for. Leave it to 'Prex.' He has his suspicions of me. He'll look at that bill. Then he'll say 'Well, well, gentlemen, what have we here?' and he will hold up that bill." Gray started out of his chair and began to walk back and forth in the room. "I can't face it, Grat; I can't face it. But I can't run away from here. It will kill my people, the notoriety of it. The papers down home have been full of the story. When they publish it that I was the one who did it—God, I can't stand it, Grat! Waiting, waiting, for my doom. It's killing me! If anyone ever was in hell, I am." He fell on the couch, face downward, and sobbed.

I sat a long while staring at him mechanically. I pitied him with all my heart; I pitied him. His exposure seemed inevitable.

"You will have to go away before the committee meets, Gray," I said.

Gray made no answer.

I shook him by the shoulder. "You will have to go away before that committee meets, Gray," I repeated.

"Go?" answered Gray, wildly sitting up and glaring at me. "Go where? I cannot get away from my disgrace. I carry it with me. And I will carry my conscience with me." He relapsed into silence. We sat there a long while.

Finally I got Gray to bed. I slept as a man sleeps when he is worn out. When I awoke I had for the moment forgotten the whole wretched business. But I looked over to Gray's bed and a single glance at him was sufficient to bring it all back. He was lying on his back, staring up at the ceiling.

"Sleep well, Gray?" I asked, with a poor attempt at cheerfulness.

"I have not slept at all,'' he answered slowly. "The whole night it has been crushing me like a ton weight. I could not fall asleep. I wanted to fall asleep and have peace from it for a few hours. I wish that I could die. But what good would it do even if I die? The disgrace would come on those I left behind. It would do no good even if I did die."

I shivered at his tone. He had been considering suicide. His ghastly face was frightful to look at.

"Come over to breakfast with me today, old man," I said.

"I don't want any breakfast," Gray answered in the same dull, even tone.

"I know you did not go to dinner last night," I persisted. "Come on with me."

Gray did at length accompany me to breakfast. He seemed like a man walking in his sleep. I was with him all day. We stayed in the study. I could not focus my mind on my books. Gray sat at his desk, his head between his hands.

"Does Miss Dorr know?" I asked him that afternoon, looking up from my book.

"No, she must never know. Grat, can't you think of some way to get that envelope out of the safe? I thought of wrecking the place with dynamite, of setting fire to the office building. No way would do any good. I am sane enough to know that. But I am going insane. I can't stand it any longer. I'm in hell! I'm in hell!" He suddenly plunged forward onto the couch and lay face downward, sobbing.

His nerves were gone completely. His whole frame shook with the violence of his sobs. After a while he fell silent, and his deep regular breathing showed that he was asleep at last. A half hour later, when I judged that he was so soundly asleep that I would not wake him, I turned him over on his side and covered him with a blanket. When I came back from dinner he was still asleep. When I went to bed that night he still slept on. Next morning when I awoke, he was sitting at his desk in the old attitude. He seemed in a stupor. All he would say to me was "I'm going insane." I began to believe he was. I could not persuade him to go for any breakfast. Finally I went to my boarding place. It was with difficulty that I could swallow a mouthful. The shadow of Gray's misery hung over me. "What frightful agony he suffers," I thought, "to wait, and wait, and wait."

On my way back to the dormitory, I stepped into the library and sought the newspaper room. There were no Monday newspapers on file yet, but I began fumbling over Saturday's issue of the local newspapers to see if there were any new accounts of the "burglary." As I read the headlines of a paper printed in a city some dozen miles away, my eye caught this notice at the head of a column: "Four new cases of diphtheria. Feared that the disease will continue spreading." It seemed as if an idea was struggling for entrance to my mind. I read the head lines again. Then like a flood of light it burst upon me! A way to save Gray. I almost ran out of the building. When I got out on the campus I did run—headlong. Here was something to do! Anything was better than that waiting, waiting, the waiting that was threatening to destroy Gray's reason. I plunged up the flights of stairs in the dormitory. I could hardly unlock the door, so great was my excitement. I dashed into the room, slamming the door behind me.

Gray was sitting where I had left him. Pale-faced and motionless, he seemed unconscious of my presence. I shook him violently by the shoulder.

"Gray!" I shouted. "Gray!"

He stared at me dully, as a sick child might who was fretful at being disturbed.

"Gray!" I shouted in his ear, "Gray! I found a way to get that envelope back. There is a chance, Gray. There is a good chance."

Gray seemed pondering, seemed to puzzle over what I said. Then into his dull eyes the light flashed. His face lost its corpse-like look, his mouth set. Gray had "come back."

"A chance," he shouted, "a chance! How? What? Tell me, Grat."

"Diphtheria!" I stammered in my excitement. "It's spread as far as Blairmont now. It's feared that it will reach here. Fake diphtheria! I'll get 'Doc' Calkins. He will quarantine you—then that envelope will have to be burned."

Gray shrieked with joy. Then he pounded me on the back.

"Grat, old man," he choked, "Grat, I can never repay you."

"Well," I said, embarrassed by his gratitude, "well, let's get busy. How can you fake the symptoms?"

"That's easy," answered Gray, "I had diphtheria three years ago; I had it bad. I can fake them enough to fool 'Doc' for a day or two. Leave it to me."

Now that my first enthusiasm had cooled I was doubtful of the success of the scheme.

"Well," I said, "I suppose it will do no harm to try, anyway. How can it? I will go to the medical building now. The doctor can't come until the end of the hour—he is lecturing to the freshmen; but it will make it seem more serious to have me break in on his lecture. I will be right back," I added and started on my errand.

In a little over a quarter of an hour I was back again at the door of our room. The door was locked. I unlocked it and entered. A blast of cold air struck me. I stopped in astonishment. Every window in the room was wide open. In the middle of the room, where he got the full draft from the windows, sat Gray. His clothes were dripping wet. Small drops of ice glistened on them. His face was pale and grimly determined.

"In God's name, Gray," I gasped, "what are you doing?"

He looked at me with a faint smile.

"'Doc' Calkins will say I have got diphtheria now, all right," he answered, while his teeth chattered and a tremor went though his frame. "After you were gone, I got under the shower bath, and then opened the windows. They will have to send that letter back *now*."

Without waste of time, I turned on the steam and got Gray out of his soaking clothes and into bed. Here I piled some extra blankets onto him and went out into the sitting room to await Doctor Calkins. I was frightened, and in a way conscience stricken over what Gray had done. It was through my well-meant suggestion that he had committed his rash act, though I would have never countenanced so foolish a deed. That he would have some serious illness from such exposure was very much to be feared. It was a relief to hear a knock and to open the door for the tall sturdy, college doctor. His strong, honest face made me ashamed of the trick we had planned upon him.

"How is Mr. Gray?" he asked cheerily.

"Worse, I think, Doctor," I answered honestly, "very much worse," and brought him into the bedroom. Gray lay breathing hoarsely. The doctor turned back the blankets and looked at him. Gray stared back at him weakly. He tried to speak, but he could hardly whisper. I leaned over to him.

"I know, Gray," I said, "I'll tell the doctor."

Gray became quiet. The doctor asked me for hot water for his clinical thermometer. When I returned with the hot water the doctor was holding Gray's wrist and looking at his watch. His face was very serious. I returned to the sitting room and waited feverishly as he went through the rest of his examination. Finally the doctor came out of the bedroom.

"Will you sit down, doctor?" I asked.

"Thank you," said he, accepting the proffered chair. He looked at me gravely. I waited for him to speak. "Your roommate is very sick," he began finally. In corroboration of his words, Gray's stertorous breathing could be heard, while his cot shook under his shivering. "He has something on his mind. What does he mean by the 'envelope' he mentions so constantly?"

I looked the doctor full in the eye and lied. I told him that Gray had been feeling ill for several days, that recently he had passed in his essay for the Carleton Prize, and since his illness had grown worse, he feared that he was going to have another attack of diphtheria as he did three years before, and that he had been worried all the morning that the contagion would be spread by the essay. I urged the doctor that he get the essay back for Gray, as it would ease his mind so much.

"Certainly," said Doctor Calkins, "I

will get it back at once. I am not sure as to Gray's case. It has not developed enough. Meanwhile, as a matter of precaution, I must quarantine you.

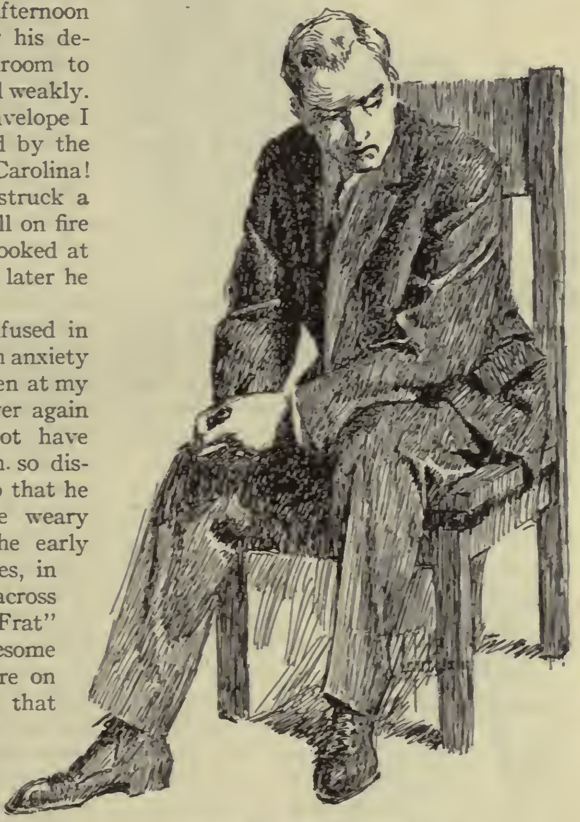
"That envelope?" I asked.

"I'll try to bring it this afternoon," he replied. "Gray's conscientious scruples do him credit." He shook hands with me and departed.

When the doctor returned that afternoon he brought the envelope! After his departure I brought it in the bedroom to Gray. He recognized it and smiled weakly. I opened it. From the smaller envelope I took out a five-dollar note issued by the National Bank of Alden, South Carolina! I held it up to Gray. Then I struck a match. He nodded. I set the bill on fire and it burned to a crisp. Gray looked at me with a smile. A few minutes later he was asleep.

The next few days are all confused in my memory. I was distracted with anxiety for Gray. I was conscience-stricken at my part in the matter. Over and over again I told myself that I should not have broached such a plan to a youth so distracted by worry and loss of sleep that he was hardly responsible. So the weary hours would drag away, and the early winter night come on. Sometimes, in my loneliness, I would stare out across the campus at the lights in the "Frat" houses and dormitories. The lonesome monotony of my confinement wore on my nerves. Always there was that troubled breathing of Gray's. It was not loud, but after listening to it hour after hour, it seemed deafening. Decidedly, the confinement was wearing on my nerves. I could not fix my mind on my books for any length of time. Catullus lost his charm for me; Poe, always my favorite, filled me with loathing; I had real horrors enough ready to hand without turning to books for them. Always that hoarse breathing! I would go in and stare at Gray. Sometimes that steady "rasp! rasp!" of that harsh breathing would make me long to break down the door and escape. Those three days seemed three months. I used to look forward eagerly to the doctor's coming as a welcome variety. The prisoners of the Bastile—I know in a measure how to pity them! The third day the doctor moved me to rooms on the floor below, while our floor was given up to trained nurses.

In these new quarters I stayed nearly three weeks. During the second week Gray died. I heard the tramp of people going up and down stairs all that day. The floor above me jarred as they moved things about. Horses trampled in the snow outside. Next day it was the same. In the afternoon several men came downstairs together, walking slowly and keeping in step. . . . It was nearly a fortnight later when the doctor thought it safe to let me out. I found that everything in our room had been burnt. No one else would ever open the drawer in the bottom of that chest.



"Then a door slammed outside"

SCOTTY

by Cooper Leach

THE heat waves rose and shimmered along the deserted road leading from Danao; not a thing in sight away down to where it climbed the rocky hill and crossed the point. Far away on the grassy sides of the mountains, thin columns of smoke—probably signal fires to Leyte or across the Island—rose straight toward the heavens, spread out in huge canopy-like shapes and gradually lost itself in the atmosphere.

The Sentry sat in front of the old Spanish quarters, his back against the shady side of a mango tree, teasing a monkey that would nod sleepily until bitten by a flea or prodded by the Sentry's bayonet. Finally, the monkey caught the rifle and pulled unusually hard, bringing it to the ground.

Stooping to pick it up, the Sentry glanced down the road and saw a pony and rider just topping the hill. Stepping to the middle of the road and shading his eyes with his hand he tried to make out the figure. It might be the advance of the detachment sent out that morning, but they had gone afoot. But still—as the rider drew nearer he recognized Scotty of the first squad, head on his breast, hat gone, a great blood stain on his right arm and side, while his long legs hung listlessly, nearly dragging the ground.

The Sentry stepped to the door and called the Corporal. That person, expecting to be general some day, lay in a hammock studying tactics. He arose lazily and stepped on the monkey's tail. The animal shrieked a protest, awakening the rest of the guard. Impatiently the Sentry called again:

"Hey, Corporal, it's Scotty, all cut up and he's half dead!"

The whole guard rushed to the middle of the road and twenty heads appeared from the balcony windows as Scotty, his khaki uniform torn and bloody, face and hands grimy, gunless, hatless and shoeless, came up with bowed head and would have ridden past if the pony had not shied at the crowd, causing the rider to lose his balance and fall, to be caught by a dozen hands.

They carried him to the Corporal's bunk, bathed his face, hands and feet while one ran for the surgeon. He finally gasped out: 'Compostella—Wiser killed—others!" and fainted.

Red Blazes did not wait for orders but grabbed his bugle, blowing call "to arms" as he ran from the door. Again and again the call sounded. Natives appeared at the windows of every shack, dogs howled by the score. Where all had been quiet was uproar—clanking of bayonets as the men fastened their belts, rattle of cups and canteens and bang of gun butts on the wooden floor.

"Fall in, men!" shouted the Sergeant.

The Lieutenant, expecting an attack at once, ran from his quarters, buckling on a six shooter as he ran. Briefly the Sergeant explained to him Scotty's return and what he had said. The Lieutenant, anxiously bending over the exhausted man for a word of enlightenment, could get nothing from him. Scotty was already delirious and muttered the name of his "mestiza" over and over. Not daring to waste more time, the Lieutenant raised a baffled face and stepped in front of his company.

"Sergeant Wiser and his men have been attacked and need help. Who will go to their assistance? Volunteers, step forward?"

Every man stepped forward.

"We can't all go. Take twenty-five men, Sergeant, and hurry."

Instantly the command rang out: "First three squads! Right! Face! Forward! March!"

They quickly disappeared over the hills through a cloud of dust midst the growls and good wishes of the rest, who stood in front of the quarters and watched them out of sight.

By the weekly boat the day before, the Lieutenant, who was in command, had received a dispatch to have twenty-five men march to Compostella, come in from the rear of the town and working with a detachment from the south, corner a bunch of insurrectos under Gonzales and kill or capture the whole force. So that morning at five o'clock he had sent Sergeant Wiser and twenty-five men. They were to make a detour through the hills, come up in the rear and do as the despatch ordered. Such were the instructions as they stood in light marching orders before starting.

None was more fit than Scotty as the Sergeant gave the command, and they started off single file, disappearing in the jungle back of the town. Hikes had been few in the last six months and hardly a shot had been fired in the Danao district. Sergeant Wiser claimed he could take a stuffed club and a bunch of fire crackers and chase the insurrectos off the island single handed. Everyone thought the fighting was over, and all looked forward to the time when they would be on a big white transport, bound for the States.

So it was a happy crowd that came out of the jungle and climbed the first hill, laughing and joking as they followed the ridge which lay parallel with the coast. At the right rose the wooded mountain ranges, to the left, as far as the beach, the swampy jungle land. Then a stretch of blue sea to the Island Leyte, where one could see the white churches of the towns along the shore.

Compostella, their goal, lay fifteen miles away and they could just make out the galvanized roof of the Inglesia over the trees. As they approached the town, came the hard walking and they followed the ravines and gulleys to keep out of sight. No one grumbled, though the tangled shrubbery, loose lava rocks and heat of the sun were trying, for they wanted to make Compostella by noon. As the noon hour church bell rang they deployed as skirmishers and advanced. But instead of insurrectos were native women weaving

"As the rider drew nearer he recognized Scotty"

under trees near their houses or smoking lazily at the windows. The men lounged about or trained their favorite cocks for the Sunday fight. Everyone seemed surprised to see the soldiers appearing by ones and twos through their midst.

The Padre grinned his approval of the "manovure," as he called it, and thought it fine for the troops to pay him a visit in his poor pueblo. It was not often they came of late, and would the Sergeant dine with him?

A chicken dinner was the tempting repast offered the soldiers, and the Sergeant dined with the Padre and the soldiers ate from earthenware pots, joked with the men and women, smoked their cigarettes after the meal. As neither the other detachment nor any of the insurrectos had appeared they started back along the coast road for Danao.

They marched two men in advance and three in the rear, leaving twenty in the main column. A mile from the town it was necessary to cross a creek two hundred yards wide. Here the Spaniards had built an arch for a high bridge but had not filled it in on either side. To the right lay the beach hidden by a low sand hill; to the left a rise covered with rank vegetation. Approaching the creek on each side of the road were four, long-abandoned houses and a rusty narrow gauge railroad covered with weeds and grass and terminating at a dilapidated iron building and pier on the beach.

On the further side of the road ran a steep incline, which led away through the palm groves, brush and jungle to Danao. Two little towns, Bogo and Gatmon, lay between the soldiers and Danao. Laughing and talking, the men in advance were just going up the further side, the main column were even with the arch and the three men in the rear were passing the old pier. Some were carrying their rifles slung over their backs, some of them over their shoulders, butts to the rear, holding them by the barrels, and not a gun loaded.

Without warning two old muzzle-loading cannon were fired from the brush on the left. Every man fell from the shock. White was shot through the back. Each man got up and returned the fire as best he could and ran for the beach. One khaki suit ducked under the arch. The two men in advance joined the main body. The three in the rear tried to get to the beach, but were cut off by bolo men who had been hidden in the old houses, and had to retreat backward toward Compostella.

Instead of following up their advantage at the first fire the insurrectos waited until the men had got to the beach before attacking again, then started forward in a body. The man under the arch brought down five of them before he was cut down by a bolo. Scotty, with several others, laid along the rise and fired as fast as possible. It got too hot for the attackers and they ran pellmell for the brush, leaving twenty-five men on the ground. Scotty saw Sergeant Wiser stand up to watch their movements and receive a Remington slug in his stomach. He fell backward amongst his men, almost knocking Scotty down. Then the enemy who had Mausers climbed the palm trees on either side overlooking the beach. Then came a heavy firing, every man shooting at each tree in sight, but two of their number were wounded before they succeeded in bringing down three of the enemy. Some riflemen tried to crawl out on the old pier, but lost two, who fell into the water for the sharks. The detachment had lost five men and two wounded in the first hour, while the insurrectos were creeping closer and closer, some having reached the arch. From behind there a white flag on a piece of bamboo came out.

Scotty yelled: "All right. Step out!"

The friendly padre stepped cautiously out with the flag held over his head. McQuire stood up and asked what he wanted.

"If you surrender," he said in perfect English, "you can go, but we will keep your guns."

McQuire was brief. "Go to h——!" he said and dropped down again.

The padre stepped behind the arch and came out again with a gun in his hands. Scotty fired and hit him fair between the eyes. He stood a second, tried to raise the gun and fell dead. A dozen rushed out to drag him in and left half their number beside him.

Muttered Purdy, lying low with his sure aim: "I have twenty-eight rounds left."

This set the others to counting. Some had but twenty-three or four. Mount bit off his words like so many shots, "I have but five shots left out of a hundred. Something must be done!"

"We must send for help," suggested McQuire. After much discussion Scotty, Mount and the Frenchman, Terrio, were chosen, leaving fifteen men to fight it out. They crept down toward the old pier and got in position to partly rake the insurrectos behind the arch and opened fire, driving them to the brush again. The three volunteers started up the beach on the run. The natives in the brush, seeing them run, stood up to fire and lost half a dozen, but they shot Terrio in the back and he fell into the water. His comrades ran on to the brush and disappeared.

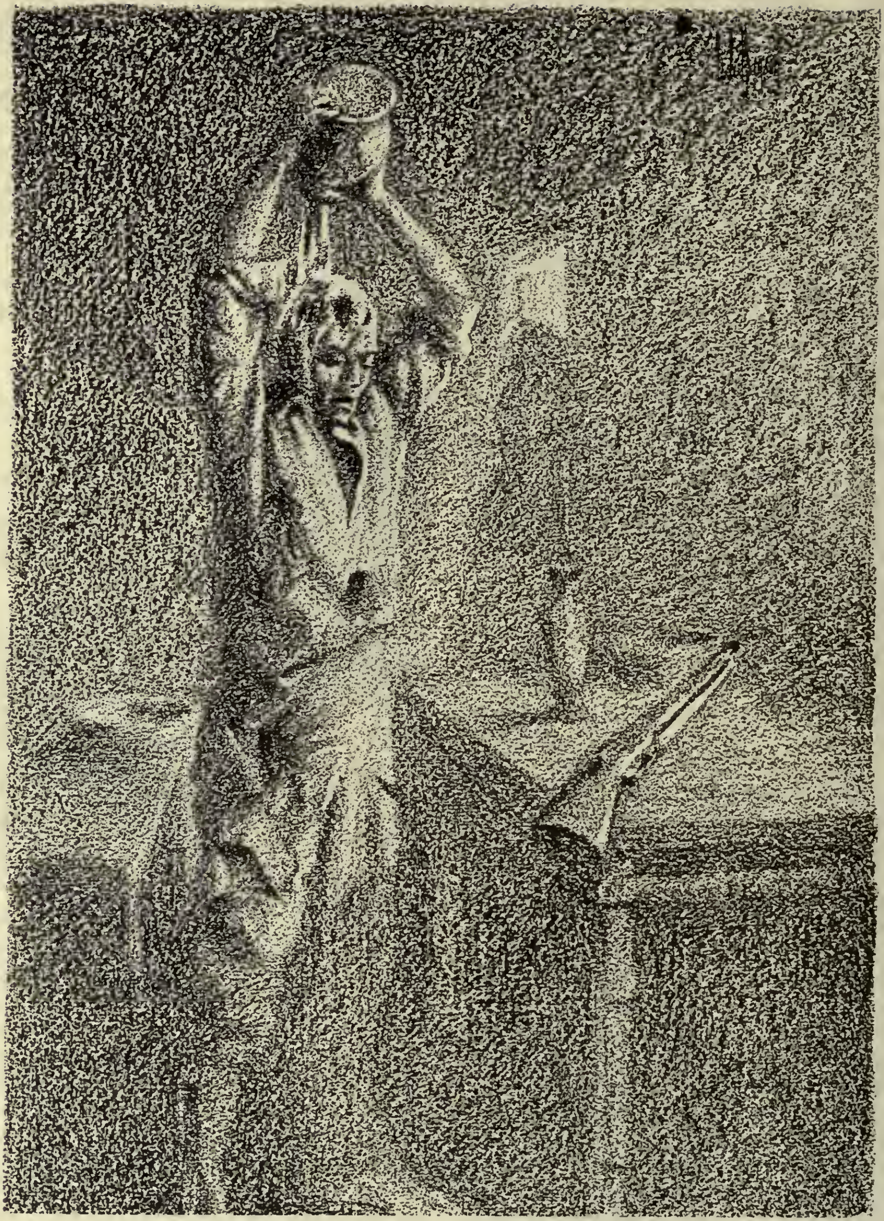
Scotty ran into five bolo men sneaking to the beach, bayoneted one and shot two. The other two ran into Mount who shot one of them and was cut down by the other.

Left alone, Scotty kept on running for nearly a mile through the brush, tearing his clothes, hands and face until he could run no more. After resting a few moments he cut across the road. There was nothing in sight. He hurried north as fast as possible till he came to Catmon about four miles from Compostella. Here he stopped at a creek that ran through the town, took off his shoes and washed his feet to better stand the long, hot run to Danao. As he got up he saw, not a hundred yards away, four bolo men, coming down the road toward him at a trot. Leaving his shoe he grabbed his rifle and fired, but missed. Turning, he ran as fast as he could in his bare feet, over the rocky road. The bolo men ran for the brush. Scotty ran on and on, cutting his feet, stumbling, falling. Once his gun struck him on his leg, the sight tearing a ragged hole in his calf. He finally staggered into Bogo, out of breath, his tongue hanging out, his eyes bloodshot. He went to a nipa shack and looked in. A native jumped out of the back door and ran, while a woman screamed and covered her head. Scotty grabbed a water jar and bathed his face, lapping water from his hands at the same time. Then emptying the whole jar over himself he threw it back into the house.

Feeling like a new man he started on the last five miles. At the edge of the village there was a pony tied to the corner post of a house. He reached to untie the rope when a man fired from behind, struck him and he fell. The ball passed through his right shoulder. The native, thinking he had killed him, stepped out to look. Scotty raised and fired from a sitting position, killing him instantly. The gun then dropped from his hand. He got up painfully and nearly fainted, but managed to untie the pony and mount, starting down the road as a crowd of natives came in at the other end of the village. The pony was rather old, but Scotty managed to keep him running three miles, which was the last he could remember till he fell from the pony's back at Danao.

"The Sergeant dined with the Padre"

When the insurrectos got word of the relief detachment they vamoosed, leaving fifty-two men on the field. Our boys did not lose a man after they sent for help, but they were down to four or five rounds



"Emptying the whole jar over himself he threw it back into the house"

apiece when the relief came. The three rear men got away, hiking twenty-five miles to Cebu.

A month later, Scotty, with his arm in a sling, was put under arrest by a corporal and taken before a summary court-martial, the Lieutenant. The charge read: "The 62nd art. of war. Drunk and disorderly"—this the day before the fight. At Scotty's pleading guilty the Lieutenant said:

"Scotty, you are fined two dollars—and allow me to present you with this Certificate of Merit for bravery from General Otis at Manila."

MATRIMONIAL DEDUCTIONS OF A BACHELOR GOVERNOR

By Albert Waller Gilchrist
GOVERNOR OF FLORIDA

AUTHOR'S NOTE.—From the statements by a three-times married woman: "Marriage is with a woman a matter of much planning and careful deliberation; with man it is largely a matter of digestion, moonlight and propinquity." The similarity of advice and results are narrated in the beautiful Book of Ruth. There would be but few old bachelors if they were all properly Naomi-ized.

THERE was an article in one of the magazines for October, 1903, which suggested this communication. In fact, it was written then, but never published. The article was entitled "An Epistolary Anachronism." In this story an experienced married woman, who had been three times married, was instructing an inexperienced maiden of twenty-seven summers in the ways of securing that which is often a valuable or an invaluable accessory in the life of a woman, to wit: a husband. I quote some of the passages. They are from the three-times married woman's standpoint. I dwell upon this three times married, because it indicates that the application of her ideas had met with success.

"Marriage is a matter of sense, not sentiment."

"No woman of your stamp ever got a desirable husband without making some effort."

"I am not suggesting that you throw yourself vulgarly at some man's head. Put yourself in his way, delicately keep yourself in his mind."

"Marriage is with woman a matter of much planning and careful deliberation; with man, it is largely a matter of digestion, moonlight and propinquity."

These are given as the sentiments and the results of the experience of a successful, many-times-married woman. They, of course, were not intended to apply to any young girl, or to those cases in which marriages were made in heaven. In the little story mentioned in that magazine, the advice was followed and the results were satisfactory.

I would invite attention to the similarity of advice and results as narrated in the beautiful book of Ruth, written 1,322 years before the birth of Christ. It will be remembered that Naomi was a widow, living in a strange land, the land of the Moabites. She was a Jewess, from the land of Judah. Her two sons had married Moabitish women. Both sons had died. Their widows were Orpah and Ruth. Orpah decided not to return with her mother-in-law to Judah. When approached on the subject, the lovely and gentle Ruth said, "Entreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee; for whither thou goest, I will go, and where thou lodgest I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God, my God."

"So Naomi returned, and Ruth, the Moabitess, her daughter-in-law, with her, which returned out of the country of Moab; and they came to Bethlehem in the beginning of barley harvest."

"And Naomi had a kinsman of her husband's, a mighty man of wealth, of the family of Elimelech, and his name was Boaz." Boaz was a mighty man of wealth, was a kinsman, and therefore had the right to marry the widow of a kinsman, so as "to raise up the name of the dead upon his inheritance."

"And Ruth, the Moabitess, said unto Naomi, Let me now go to the field and glean ears of corn after him in whose sight I shall find grace. And she said unto her, Go, my daughter."

So Ruth gleaned in the fields of Boaz. Boaz saw her and was pleased. He invited her to eat with his handmaidens. He commanded his young men "to let her glean even among the sheaves and reproach her not." "And let fall also some of the handfuls of purpose for her, and leave them that she may glean them, and reproach her not."

And Ruth carried the gleanings to her mother-in-law and told her that the name of the man in whose fields she had gleaned was Boaz. And Naomi told her again that the man "is near kin unto us, one of our next kinsmen." That is, Boaz had a right to marry her. Naomi adivsed her to continue gleaning with his maidens. "So she kept fast by the maidens of Boaz to glean unto the end of barley harvest and of wheat harvest."

"Then Naomi, her mother-in-law, said unto her, My daughter, shall I not seek rest for thee, that it may be well with thee? And now is not Boaz of our kindred, with whose maidens thou wast? Behold he winnoweth barley tonight in the threshing floor. Wash thyself, therefore, and anoint thee, and put thy raiment upon thee, and get thee down to the floor; but make not thyself known unto the man, until he shall have done eating and drinking."

"And she said unto her, All that thou sayest unto me, I will do."

The fact of this "matter of digestion, moonlight and propinquity" was that Boaz was overcome, telling Ruth, "Fear not, I will do all to thee that thou requirest."

After relating the incidents of the meeting with Boaz, Naomi said to Ruth, "Sit still, my daughter, until thou know how the matter will fall; for the man will not be in rest until he have finished the thing this day."

This beautiful little book teaches a number of lessons. I have never seen this incident brought out. It shows that Naomi, the widow, knew man perfectly. It might also show the truthfulness of Dickens' suggestion to "beware of widows."

It must be remembered that Ruth was also a widow. Ruth was gentle, loving and obedient. She showed more thoughtful consideration for her mother-in-law than many daughters do for their mothers. Naomi appreciated it. She sought "rest" for Ruth, that it might be well for her, and for herself, in marrying off Ruth to a "mighty man of wealth." Having singled out the man, Naomi told Ruth, substantially, using the language of the story, to "put herself in his way, to delicately keep herself in his mind." When Ruth was to make her final impression on Boaz, she was instructed to "anoint herself," to put on her "raiment"; in other words, to look her most winsome look. The time selected was when Boaz "had eaten and drunk and his heart was merry."

I notice that the same rule of action is followed in this year of our Lord, over three thousand years later. One will notice where some "mighty man of wealth" or some "mighty man" of social position is discovered, the Naomis then arrange yacht parties, house parties, where the rule of "propinquity, digestion and moonlight" may operate. Of course, in a great majority of marriages, there is no necessity for such tactics, especially in the spring time, when a young man's "fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love."

It is safe to say that there would be but few old bachelors if they were all properly Naomi-ized.

THE ACTIVITIES OF JUDGE DAY

By HORACE SMITH

IT may well be questioned whether there is another man in the United States who has rendered the public so many important services as William A. Day, who was elected President of the Equitable Life Assurance Society on April 20, to succeed the late Paul Morton. Other men have talked a great deal more about what they have done, or tried to do, for the "Judge," as he is known to his friends, is exceedingly modest and has always been disposed to give his superiors in rank the credit for his work, but in point of results actually accomplished it is doubtful if the history of recent vital years can produce a record that equals his.

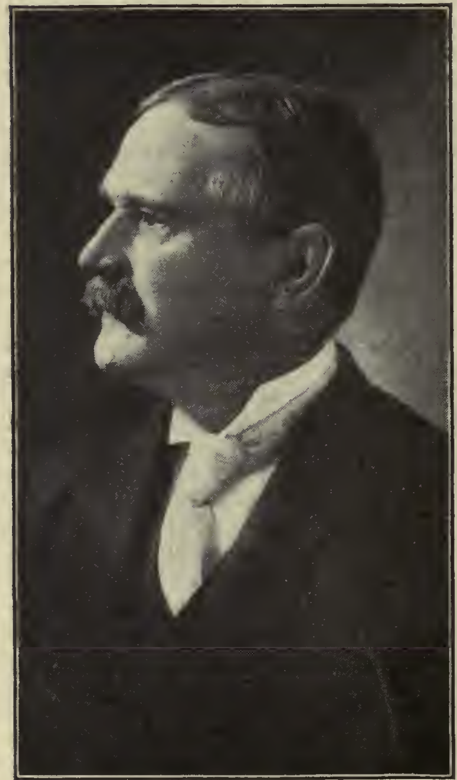
Though he is, and always has been a Democrat, he was the official "trust buster" of the Roosevelt administration, in which capacity he went far toward curbing the growing powers of the railroads and other large corporations. He initiated and conducted the government's first suit against the beef trust and secured a permanent injunction restraining the big Chicago packers from combining to fix prices. The criminal prosecutions that followed, based on the evidence which he had developed, fell through under the ruling of Judge Humphreys that the packers had been given an "immunity bath," which decision drew down on the court the wrath of Mr. Roosevelt. Judge Day, however, had nothing to do with the criminal cases, as his work ended with securing the injunction.

He secured an injunction against fourteen Western trunk lines restraining them from combining in the matter of rates and from departing from their published freight tariffs; in other words, specifically prohibiting them from paying secret rebates on shipments of grain and dressed meat products, in which classes the greatest abuses existed. This decision practically put an end to rate discriminations and made the Interstate Commerce Law, which up to that time had been a dead letter, an effective instrument. In this proceeding Judge Day turned on the railroads, for the first time, the power of injunction, which they had used some years before against Eugene V. Debs.

Perhaps his greatest triumph was in the dissolution of the memorable Northern Securities merger, which he compelled. He initiated the proceedings, took practically all of the testimony and framed the bill of complaint. When the case reached the United States Supreme Court the arguments for the government were made by Attorney-General Knox and Judge Day, and every point which the Judge had raised was sustained.

He was sent to Paris by President Roosevelt in March, 1904, and completed the negotiations for the purchase of the Panama Canal. He investigated the title and brought back with him all of the records, surveys and deeds of the French companies. He directed from Paris by cable the manner in which the property should be transferred and the purchase price was paid on his order. Immediately on his return from Paris he was sent to Alaska to investigate all of the federal officials, against most of whom wholesale charges of corruption had been made. He travelled all through the territory for several months and thoroughly inquired into every allegation of misconduct. On his report many officials were dismissed, and the others were cleared.

Judge Day has been a reformer all of his life and, until he entered the government service, was in politics up to his ears. He is an old-time tariff reform and sound money Democrat and while he has not always agreed with all of the platforms of his party he has never deserted it. He was a delegate to the national conventions of 1876, 1880 and 1884. In the latter he was secretary of the Illinois delegation and had a large part in the nomination of Grover Cleveland. In this fight he was closely associated with Daniel Manning, afterward Secretary of the Treasury, and Daniel Magone, of Ogdensburg, New York, who was Collector of the Port of New York in the first Cleveland administration.



WILLIAM A. DAY

The judge was born on June 11, 1850, at Wilmington, Delaware, where he attended the public schools and a classical academy. After a year at the Harvard Law School he went to Champaign, Illinois, and began the practice of law. Three years later he was elected City Attorney. He enforced the law so vigorously and impartially that he was reelected, though the city was nominally Republican by a large majority. He declined a renomination and soon afterward was sent to the legislature, where he served two terms, in both of which he was a member of the Judiciary Committee. The people of Chicago raised a moral question by urging the passage of a high license law. As they could not remedy the conditions of which they complained through a local election, Judge Day championed their cause and the law they wanted was passed but only after a hot fight which split both political parties. As a result of this fight the Judge was elected Mayor of Champaign. Before his term expired Mr. Cleveland appointed him an Auditor for the Treasury Department, in charge of Army and Indian affairs, where he made a brilliant record. He was asked to take the position of Secretary to the President when Mr. Cleveland entered on his second term but declined it, as by that time he was engaged in work in which he was deeply interested and did not wish to give up.

At the end of his four year term in the Treasury he became special counsel for the recently created Interstate Commerce Commission. He and William R. Morrison, also an Illinoisan, the Chairman of the Commission, were close friends and they had been studying the new law for two years. It was while serving in this position that he secured the sweeping injunction against the Western trunk lines. Soon after Philander C. Knox was appointed Attorney-General he was attracted by the work of Judge Day and engaged him to investigate and prosecute trusts that were alleged to be violating the law. He twice declined appointment as Assistant Attorney-General. Finally, in 1903, Mr. Knox had a law passed creating the position of Assistant to the Attorney-General, which carried fifty per cent more salary than the Assistant Attorney-General received. Though this position was established especially for him, Judge Day at first declined it, and it was only after he had made it plain to both Mr. Knox and the President that he had no thought of changing his political faith that he was prevailed on to accept it. When Mr. Knox resigned on July 1, 1904, to enter the Senate, Judge Day also resigned, but Mr. Moody, the new Attorney-General, was so insistent that he remain that he agreed to stay a while longer. A year later he was appointed Comptroller of the

Equitable Life by Paul Morton, soon after he was elected President of the Society. Eight months afterward he was elected vice-president.

There is no man who could so well carry out the policies which Mr. Morton inaugurated, in the interests of the policyholders, for he and Judge Day had been close friends for years. They were first drawn together in the fight against railroad rebates, of which system Mr. Morton was one of the earliest opponents, and the most persistent one. After he had tried in vain for years to induce the railroads to abandon rate discriminations of all kinds he finally put Judge Day, who was then the law officer of the Interstate Commerce Commission, in possession of the evidence on which he secured the broad injunction against the Western roads. Mr. Morton was viciously misrepresented for his part in that affair, but throughout the long fight he was actuated only by a desire to improve transportation conditions, in the interests alike of the public, the shippers and the railroads themselves, and no one knew that better than Judge Day. While he was in the Cabinet his suggestions resulted in the passage of the Hepburn Rate Bill, and Judge Day had a large part in the framing of that bill, as he also had with the Elkins bill years before. It seems a happy circumstance that the mantle of Paul Morton has fallen on his closest and most trusted adviser in Equitable affairs.

BLUE ROSES

By EDWARD WILBUR MASON

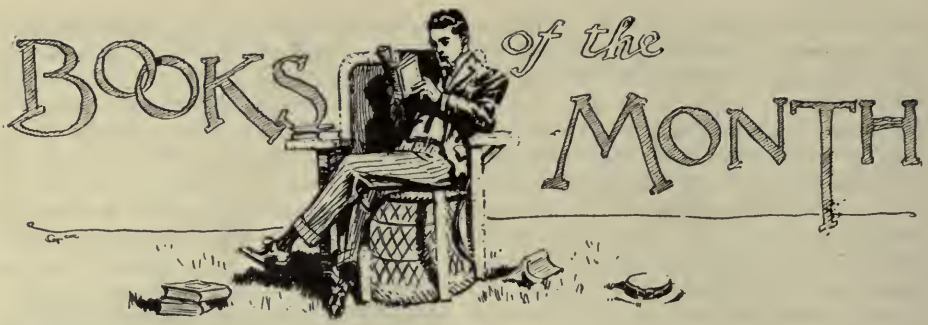
HOW they elude us,
The dreams!
In azurine day
They fade quite away;
Or lure and delude us
With glittering gleams
Beyond our reach.

How they depart,
The visions!
Out of skies of dawn,
Down the evening wan,
Lo, they trail the heart
To the far elysians
Beyond our sight.

How they abscond,
The fancies!
Butterflies all a-wing
They vanish fluttering
In the great beyond
With the summer pansies
Beyond our touch.

They bloom aloof,
The glories:
Not in streets of stone
Are they silver blown,
But above the roof
Say the songs and stories,
There the ideals grow.

BOOKS of the MONTH



OF a distinct class is "The Broad Highway," *Mr. Jeffery Farnol's late romance. That it is superior to the usual grade of "best sellers" results largely from the delightful manner in which the story is told. The literary merit of Mr. Farnol's work needs no comment; his every sentence is stamped with an individuality that has gone far toward making this romance "the novel of a decade." But the value of "The Broad Highway" lies not alone in the manner of its telling. The delineation of character rings true; each is intensely real and human.

> "This life is a broad highway along which we must all of us pass whether we will or no; as it is a thoroughfare very hard and cruel in the going, and beset by many hardships, so, also, must its aspect, sooner or later, change for the better."

Thus philosophizes the hero, Peter Vibart, who himself relates for us his adventures on the broad highway.

The reader is charmed by the originality, by the quaint philosophy, by the unfailing humor of this ever lovable hero; and accepts the heroine, Charmian, with no less grace. The events take place in England in the nineteenth century; the volume will make for itself a place both in English and in American twentieth-century literature for discriminating readers.

Photo by Hoppe

JEFFERY FARNOL

Whose first book, "The Broad Highway," has been praised both by English and American critics

* * *

It is safe to count upon romance of the most wholesome kind from Kate Douglas Wiggin. An American girl in England is the heroine of "Robinetta,"* who is as sweet and lovable a young lady as one could wish to find.

There is humor a plenty—Robinetta's English relatives, and their horror of American "freedom" and disregard of propriety, keep the reader smiling.

A pretty little love plot runs through the romance, which, though neither a problem story nor a conventionalized society novel, is more nearly like the experiences that an average winsome American girl might have. The author has given us a sweet successor to "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm."

* * *

Many reviewers have of late commented upon the dearth of before-the-war stories. "The Prodigal Judge,"† by Mr. Vaughan Kester, moves with rapidity of events in the South during Jackson's time.

There is continuous action as the scene shifts from "Scratch Hill," North Carolina, to the mountains of Tennessee; and in picturing the vivid scenes described, the author sets the imagination to work. The reader has become actively interested in the fates of small Hannibal Wayne Hazard, Mr. Bob Yancy, Miss Betty Malroy, young Carrington and his quite contemptible rival, Captain Murrell, before Judge Slocum Price is introduced. Even then the Judge is rather inconspicuous in the story, though he figures prominently in the development of the plot, and to dispose of many complicated situations rises gloriously in the final chapters.

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*The Broad Highway. By Jeffery Farnol. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. Price $1.35 net.

* Robinetta. By Kate Douglas Wiggin. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin Co. Price $1.10 net.

†The Prodigal Judge. By Vaughan Kester. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. Price $1.25 net.

Not without fault, but nevertheless lovable, this delightfully original old character may well justify the author's giving his skillfully written volume a title in honor of him, "The Prodigal Judge."

* * *

Seldom do we meet, save in fiction, a character such as Margy, the sweet little Southern heroine of "The Strength of the Weak,"* a story of today whose scene is largely laid in Virginia.

VAUGHAN KESTER
Author of "The Prodigal Judge," and brother of Paul Kester, the playwright

It is not Margy's fault that Douglas Lloyd—who comes South to find his fiancee, Julia Farwell, deep in a plan for promoting higher education among negroes—should be refreshed by the simple innocence and guileless beauty of Margy Preston, the little Southern neighbor at Belle Haven. Lloyd has tired of a "clever" woman, and has fallen violently in love with a childish, simple one; but the jilted fiancee plans a revenge upon Margy which is executed nearly to the letter.

Miss Thacker has so planned her novel that the reader's interest is sustained to the conclusion; many times the unexpected happens in an unexpected manner.

* * *

"Fortunata,"* is by no means an ordinary book. Because of its last half dozen chapters, the reader not only forgives Fortunata for a shallowness, an egotism, and a selfish insincerity that, during the thirty preceding chapters, have often tried his patience, but he can actually see wherein Miss Patterson has intentionally worked him up to a fine scorn in order that she may the more effectively overcome all prejudices, and win his affection and sympathy for this uncommon Italian heroine. Unusual skill was called for in the concluding pages, and these the author handles with notable success. The scene is largely Italian, and the time is of our day.

"BETTY," THE HEROINE OF "THE PRODIGAL JUDGE"

A new novelist, Miss Patterson's manner of writing reminds one, often, of French translated into English. Occasionally her style resembles that of Arnold Bennett in its terseness. The opening of the final chapter illustrates this:

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* THE STRENGTH OF THE WEAK. By May Dixon Thacker. New York: Broadway Publishing Co. Price $1.50 net.

* FORTUNATA. By Marjorie Patterson. New York: Harper & Brothers. Price $1.30 net.

> "The doctor had made a final examination of Fortunata's ears. Afterward he had helped her on with her jacket in silence. She looked at him out of the corner of her eyes. He was wiping his eye-glasses, and his face was averted.
>
> " 'Well?' she asked, and it seemed that her heart must break through her breast.
>
> "He turned, and she saw the pity in his eyes. She knew that he was searching for gentle words, trying to deaden the blow.
>
> " 'I understand,' she said. 'You needn't tell me'. She turned so pale that the doctor feared she might faint."

MISS FLORIDA SUMERWELL
Author of "Four in Family"

* * *

An amusing little story, "Four in Family,"* tells "how we look from where the dog sits." Bosco gives some chapters from his life experience in the "Family"—the Randolphs—whom he very aptly designates as the "Shiny Man," the "White Woman," the "Pup," and the "Black Woman."

Much is added to the drollery of the recital by quotations from the "Black Woman," who, admits the "Shiny Man," controls the destinies of this very modern family. Mr. George Kerr's splendid illustrations and other decorative work have done a great deal to make this little volume attractive.

* * *

"What did it all mean?" Thus ends Mr. Forman's novel "The Unknown Lady,"* which must please many besides lovers of problem stories. Two young American artists go to France to make their names and fortunes. One of them tells for us, in a simple, colloquial way, the life story of the other, Henry Trent, who left to the world five great masterpieces of portraits of a beautiful woman—"The Unknown Lady"—better, as the French have it, *"L'Introuvable"*—the unfindable one.

Trent's work was the result of a fancy which created, to his mind, the woman who was to be his mate by predestination. The discovery of the original *"Introuvable"* is but a thrilling anti-climax, though many might wish that the story closed thus happily at this point.

SCENE AT THE CLIMAX OF "TWO ON THE TRAIL"

The mystery, however, is pursued still further—quite, in fact, to the dramatic end. The story is well-balanced, and delightfully told in an ingenious way.

* * *

The Canadian Northwest has furnished Mr. Footner the field for his down-to-the-minute novel, "Two on the Trail."* Garth Pevensey, a young American newspaper man, sets out on a journey to the northward. Before leaving for the trail, he is entrusted with the care of a young lady previously a stranger, whose destination is Spirit River Crossing.

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* FOUR IN FAMILY. By Florida Sumerwell. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. Price $1.00 net.

* THE UNKNOWN LADY. By Justus Miles Forman. New York: Harper & Brothers. Price $1.50 net.

Not until the young couple have become thorougly in love with each other does Pevensey learn the reason for his companion's journey—the man whom she had married six years before was last heard from at this point, and at his mother's request she is going in search of him.

The hazardous journey and the conditions at the Crossing keep the reader in suspense. They are told with good descriptive power.

Local color plays an important part in the action of "The Honor of the Big Snows,"* whose author is well known to most readers through his earlier volume, "The Danger Trail." The later book is written in much the same style. Mr. Curwood carries his reader along gently, smoothly, gracefully. He makes them know and love Melisse and Jan; he makes them see and admire the barren lands of the Big Snows. Although there is an underlying sadness through much of the story, the humor of that imperturbable Frenchman, Mr. Jean de Gravois, affords the reader many a hearty laugh, and the conclusion brings about a happiness for which he had scarcely hoped.

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* TWO ON THE TRAIL. By Hulbert Footner. Garden City, N. Y.: Doubleday, Page & Co. Price $1.20 net.

* THE HONOR OF THE BIG SNOWS. By James Oliver Curwood. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. Price $1.25 net.

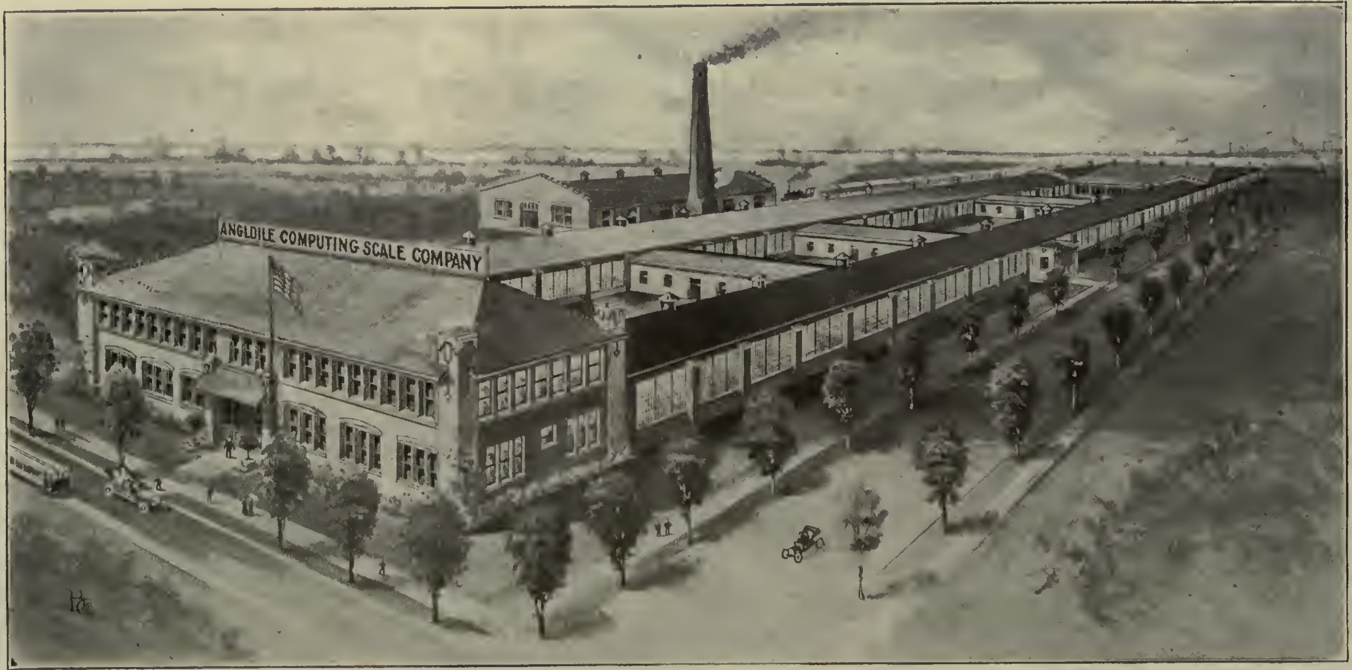
THE PERFECT WAY

By EDWARD WILBUR MASON

MEET sorrow with bright face, and wear a smile
When trouble comes; and lo, upon your brow
The thorns shall into roses grow ere while—
The thorns, O friend, the thorns so bitter now
Will cease to be a trial
If you but wear upon your face a smile!

Drink deep of truth and let the fountain play
Within your soul; there is so much delight
To answer you with joy in bough and spray,
So much of beauty in the day and night—
Ne'er can your heart turn gray
If in your breast you give the spirit play!

Shut thou the door on fear and let hope in!
Out of the radiance of the earth and skies
Garments of glory and of grandeur spin
White as the lilied hosts of paradise—
You shut out death and sin
And ope the door to life when hope comes in!



THE NEW PLANT OF THE ANGLDILE COMPUTING SCALE COMPANY AT ELKHART, INDIANA, NOW BEING ERECTED
IT WILL BE AN IDEAL BUILDING OF ABSOLUTELY FIRE-PROOF CONCRETE CONSTRUCTION

TRUE WEIGHTS
ANCIENT AND MODERN

by Flynn Wayne

THE true balance of things—that is what counts for success. Just weights have been a necessity among men for many centuries; so many that one of the most strenuous dissensions that has ever turned the unsparing steel pens of antiquarians against each other has been the dispute as to whether Assyria or Egypt is entitled to the honor of first adopting a system of weights, and a balance by which commodities could be weighed against them. Chaldean clay cylinders of a remote antiquity support the contention of Assyriologists; the tombs of Egyptian princes depict the long armed balance, the tall support and central bearings, the twin scales exactly balancing, and the experienced weigher keeping his record of the valuable commodities as he gathers their tale by weight.

Homer sang, as Pope renders the deathless lines of the Iliad:

> "Jove lifts the golden scales that show
> The fates of mortal men and things below:"

and Daniel in coldly prescient sentences declared to the fated Belshazzar amid his frightened revelers: "Thou art weighed in the balances and art found wanting."

The balance with two scales, as we still see it in the apothecary's, was apparently the earliest form of scale, and was later succeeded by the "balances" which the old junk man still carries to the damnification of his too credulous victims. The spring balance is not a very modern invention, but the platform scale in all its modifications has not yet attained its first centennial.

Even religion has denounced the use of false weights and balances, and art has typified civil justice as carrying the scales in which legal rights and evidence are to be weighed and adjusted. In the wonderful development of recent years, the needs of modern trade have demanded scales and balances of many kinds; some of great capacity, others of magical sensitiveness.

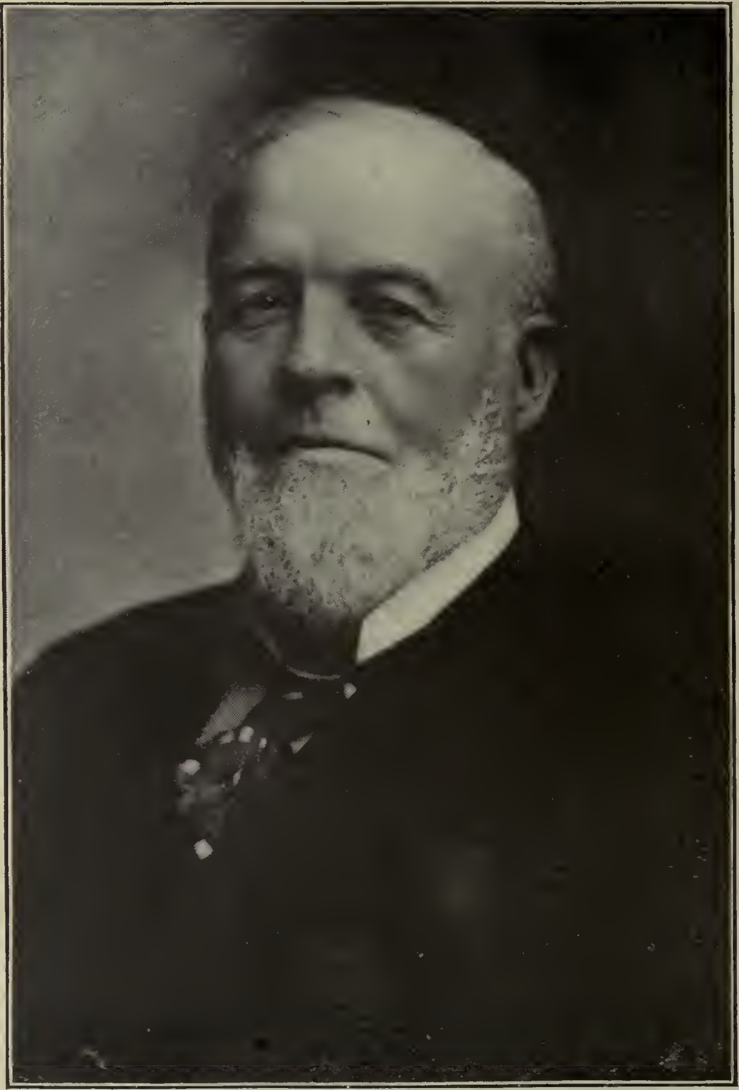
Some years ago I knew a young man in a hardware store. Of an inventive turn of mind, he early conceived the idea of making something new in the way of a scale. After weighing our ten-penny nails and picking out a screw or a lock and chatting a moment with a customer, he would go back to his desk and nestle close to the germ of an idea that has since revolutionized the retailer's scale and its manufacture.

In subsequent years, while ranching in Nebraska, and engaged in various other occupations, the idea of the scale—his scale—seemed always to be with him. Some time after it was his singular good fortune to fall in with a man who was interested in scales, and especially in his ideas, and as recently as 1904 the two were studying and experimenting. There was much to be done. Not only did they have to plan for the introduction of their invention into the market, but it was necessary to develop ingenious machinery adapted to the making of the computing scale.

The "Angldile" was the name given to the new scale—appropriate, indeed, since its dial is set at forty-five degrees; the right angle from an optical standpoint, for reading with ease and absolute accuracy the figures on a computing chart.

The conical chart, with its peculiar advantages, is the patented property of the Angldile Computing Scale Company, and with the advent of this new device, a new era in computing scale construction was ushered in.

Prior to the invention of the Angldile chart, barrel shaped charts were used, whose area was naturally limited to the circumference of the barrel or cylinder over which the chart was spread. The



JUDGE J. W. COCHRAN
President of the Angldile Computing Scale Company, of Elkhart, Indiana

eye followed the price indications as the barrel revolved on its horizontal axis.

While this system gave ample space for price lines at low prices per pound, it will be seen at a glance that when the higher prices per pound were employed, many more lines were required, and as the area of the barrel was limited, it soon became a mechanical impossibility to crowd more lines into the space allowed.

In order to make this important feature quite clear, take a concrete illustration. An article weighing one pound will turn the barrel a certain distance. If that article is sold at four cents per pound, the lines would be well separated. But if the article were to be sold at forty cents per pound, the chart would be obliged to have—in the same amount of space on the barrel—ten times the number of price lines.

The Angldile's cone-shaped chart removes all trouble at once. Instead of reading price lines horizontally, they are read upon lines running around the chart, with the smaller prices at the smaller part of the cone.

Now mark precisely all that is gained: At four cents per pound, little room is required. At the other end of the chart, at forty-five cents per pound, the full circumference of the cone, at its largest part, is available.

This gives so much more space to be subdivided into price divisions, that the Angldile cone shows, in large, clear type, a figure for every penny's value; a result that cannot be obtained by any barrel or fan-shaped chart as yet devised.

What the adding machine has been to the business house, not only in facilitating the work but in ensuring absolute accuracy, this computing scale is to the merchant of today. No sooner is the commodity placed on the platform of the Angldile than the figures may be read at a glance, no matter what the weight or the price.

Exploiting and marketing a high-class specialty, even although it may be a time and labor saving necessity, is "far from being a summer pastime," Mr. Cochran says. As in everything else, there are dark days when folks cannot be made to see. The first Angldile was made by Mr. J. E. Cochran, at Dundee, Illinois, and later the factory was moved to West Pullman, where it was destroyed by fire. In those days the sky looked very dark.

With virtually nothing but an idea saved from the conflagration, headquarters were removed to Elkhart, Indiana, and operations began in earnest, which have resulted in the evolution of one of the leading computing scale factories in the country. Here the Angldile Computing Scale Company, of which Mr. Cochran is the general manager and chief inventor, will soon occupy a handsome new concrete factory which will embody notable improvements that will permit the manufacture of this line of scales at the lowest cost possible.

The Angldile received the diploma and gold medal of the Grand Prize awarded at the latest International Exposition held at Seattle. The award was made on merit, because there were no years of prestige behind the young candidate for exposition honors. The scale was used in the United States Government display, and has played an important part in the campaign to insure accurate weights for every customer.

As I walked through the great factory, I was shown the delicate machinery which manufactures the separate movements and parts, and observed the marvelous accuracy of the shop methods employed, and I no longer wondered that the owner of an Angldile always beams with satisfaction behind the counter in greeting a customer. If every man who needs an accurate scale could visit the factory at Elkhart, and study the many painstaking processes demanded in the making of a single Angldile scale, there would never be an objection to purchase because of price.

A collection of all kinds of computing scales, from the first to the last, is on exhibition at the factory, for the Angldile management believes in making a concrete and specific demonstration of the merits of its scale. Beans, sugar, and other commodities which must be actually weighed and priced in retail trade, were at hand to test the all around efficiency not only of the Angldile but of all other scales in weight and price.

To go through the factory with Mr.

Cochran was like taking a post-graduate course in this fascinating and important subject. He seemed to know everythihg about scales from the days of the Pharaohs to the latest entry at the Patent Office. In the experimental room it was plainly evident why the Angldile has reached such a high degree of perfection. There is no guesswork—everything is done on a scientific basis. Mr. Cochran seemed to be as familiar with the problem of computing scales in Germany as in his own country. After the scales were put together they were sent up to the finishing room, where they were decorated for final shipment. It was all interesting, but the crucial test of all came when the "sealers," as they call the keen-eyed experts, exacted of every scale the fulfilment of every required function until it passed out to the shipping room. "Here," said Mr. Cochran, "is where the real work is done. When the scale goes out from here, we know that the customer has the right scale."

The plant is located a short distance from the Conn Musical Instrument factory, which long ago made Elkhart a famous name among the brass bands of the country. In this city there seems to be a general purpose to attain a high standard of excellence in the branches of manufacturing represented, a conscientiousness and *esprit de corps* among the workmen resulting largely from the hereditary traditions of skilled artisans.

In the construction of the Angldile factory every possible arrangement has been studied for the comfort and convenience of the workers. The workrooms are as light as in an artist's studio and the machinery and methods employed, from transmitting the raw material into thousands of completed scales, would have been considered in olden times nothing short of sorcery. Each part is formed by its special machine, and in making the computing scale Mr. Cochran has certainly conducted a real campaign of education.

As a matter of business as well as principle, Mr. Cochran held the opinion that the average American merchant was honest in his desire to give to the last pennyweight of all that was required by the market price. A faulty scale is just as likely to weigh inaccurately one way as the other, and in the recent investigations conducted by Commissioner Driscoll of New York City there was a splendid compliment paid to the Angldile scale in its record for accuracy.

The perfect alignment of the scale on the counter is obtained through levels, and the merchant can always tell at a glance if his scale is true. Not long ago a purchaser of the Angldile wrote that his scale was "out of order." The matter was brought to Mr. Cochran's personal attention, and he sent one of his best experts on a special trip to investigate. It was found that the platters on two different scales had been changed after washing them, and a simple exchange of those accessories was all that was needed to put the scale in perfect order. Once "on the level," the Angldile does the business for the merchant strictly according to the tenets of "a square deal."

Mr. Cochran is still a young man and has associated with him as president of the company his father, Judge J. W. Cochran, a manufacturer and business man widely known throughout the country. "One of the best men on earth," say all who have known or been connected with the Judge during his long and active career. His faith in the Angldile and his son's energy have made possible all of the most marked triumphs in modern scale manufacturing.

A visit to the Angldile factory is an interesting chapter in modern business development. It shows what the sturdy pluck, energy and "stick-to-itiveness" of a young American may accomplish. The dreams of the young hardware merchant are being realized. It is a satisfaction for him in traveling over the length and breadth of the country, to see the cone of the Angldile scale come to mean a sure challenge and guaranty of trustworthy weights.

No equipment is more vital in the conduct of business than the scale that determines cost and sales. Even the traveler in foreign lands finds pence, shillings and pounds, marks and francs, roubles and sous all possible through the magical interpretation of the Angldile scale—as universal in its use and application as the figures that compute values.

MUSICAL RECORDS FOR THE MONTH

By— FREDERICK HULZMANN

MANY of the records for the month have been especially selected for the summer time. Sentimental songs will be in first demand —this the phonograph companies have anticipated—and a goodly array of this variety of music is set out on the lists for the summer season.

* * *

Tourists to Atlantic City aways carry away one impression that has to do neither with the great hotels or with the famous Boardwalk—the forcible music of Vessella's Italian Band. Signor Vessella is a true musician, and his success as a conductor has been phenomenal. Three twelve-inch records by Vessella's Band appear on the June Victor list, each of which will delight the music lover. The first, No. 31825, is the favorite "Vision of Salome Waltz," which the band renders with magnificent embellishments. The second, Gottschalk's "The Last Hope" is one of the few melodies written by that American composer which still is popular. The sad story of its composition and the reverence which Gottschalk always felt when he played it, are deftly indicated by the rendition of the band. Beethoven's "Moonlight Sonata," so appropriately called "a tone poem of entrancing merit," is recorded on No. 31828. We are disposed to agree with the Victor Company that this is one of their best band records.

A Collins and Harlan record that is designed to convulse the veranda devotee —"I'm Crazy 'Bout the Turkey Trot"— is funny enough to be an assured "hit." Perhaps no record will be more popular than the sextette from "Lucia." The record is twelve-inch, is sung by picked artists from the Victor's excellent vocal staff, and is offered at the special price of $1.25.

There is of late a growing appreciation among literary and musical circles of Russian art. The records by the Imperial Russian Balalaika Orchestra, which appeared on last month's list, created a deserved sensation. Two new numbers appear on the June list—"Serenade Falet" and "Toreador et Andalouse" from Rubinstein's "Bal Costume."

A delightful children's record is No. 16863, double disc. Mrs. Elizabeth Wheeler renders the nursery rhymes; Mr. Henry Allan Price tells the stories of "The Moo Cow Moo" and "His New Brother."

Two grand opera records are given by the Sicilian artist, G. Mario Sammarco— a Neapolitan song and a selection from Meyerbeer's "Africana." There are two new Tetrazzini records, two by Alma Gluck, a Gounod selection by Mme. Louise Homer and Königskinder's "Thou Innocent One," rendered by Goritz, besides many other excellent selections to appeal both to classical and to popular musical taste.

* * *

Mr. Billy Murray is well represented on the Edison list for June, and in each selection he is at his best—the same inimitable entertainer who typifies perhaps better than any other actor the irrepressible American youth. In Amberol record No. 692 he gives the "hit" of "The Slim Princess"—"That's Why I Never Married." Mr. Murray is unusually amusing. A song that is sure to be popular is "On San Francisco Bay," a sentimental ballad of the "soft summer night" variety, in which Mr. Murray is assisted by the chorus. Miss Ada Jones joins him in "Rainbow," which the Edison people say is as popular as when it first appeared. The Jones-Murray rendition is dressed with bells, xylo and orchestral solos.

The "Casey-Jones" railroad song has a way of making its appearance at intervals. It used to conclude banquets and most college affairs—and few phonographs owners can afford to continue without its soothing charm on special hilarious occasions. The complete song is on Amberol Record No. 450—the new record is Standard No. 10499, with three verses and choruses.

A first-rate "Virginia Reel" is contributed by the new Edison National Promenade Band. All the favorite jigs and reels are included; "The Irish Washerwoman," "Speed the Plow," "Garry Owen" and "Miss McCloud's Reel," follow in quick succession and bring the listener to his feet.

Francis X. Doyle has been very successful as a singer of Ireland's charms. His rendition of Olcott's "I Love the Name of Mary," on the May list won for him the appreciation of a large following. This month he is singing "For Killarney and You," a new Walsh-Teasdale melody. Mr. Lew Sinclair's "Uncle Fritz's Birthday," in the children's series, has a real cast of characters and a fascinating story for the young folks.

* * *

A comic specialty by Mr. Murry K. Hill is sure to be well received by Columbia owners. Vaudeville goers know Mr. Hill, his winning personality and his infectious laugh. "The Old Jokes" and "Some Talks and Songs" are representative selections from the portfolio of a representative entertainer. Another popular vaudeville artist is represented on the June list—Mr. Gene Greene, whose chief popularity lies in the rendition of "coon songs." Mr. Greene does good work in a difficult line. His introductory offerings on the Columbia June list are "King of the Bungaloos" and "Cancel That Wedding March."

The profusion of popular selections will surely delight a summer audience. Many of the songs are sentimental. Among the best are A998, with "Virginia Lou," the late Snyder ballad, and "That was Before I Met You," sung by Ada Jones and Walter Van Brunt; A996 with Olcott's "I Used to Believe in Fairies" from "Ragged Robin" and "The Cottage by the Sea," both sung by Frank Coombs; A1002 with "The Lass from the County Mayo" and Henry Mills' "You Can't Make Me Stop Loving You," both sung by Mr. Will Oakland.

Gialdini's whistling records have become immensely popular. His renditions of "The Kiss Waltz" and of Strauss's "Mein Herr Marquis" on the June list show excellent work.

The Savoy Girl Quartette is introduced with record A1001. The selections rendered are Ingraham's "Don't Wake Me Up, I Am Dreaming" and "Let Me Live and Stay in Dixie Land."

A novelty song is recorded in No. A1000—"I'm Looking for a Nice Young Fellow Who is Looking for a Nice Young Girl," sung by Ada Jones with quartette refrain and an orchestra accompaniment. Facing this selection is Wenrich's "Alamo Rag."

Many popular selections are included in the two and four-minute indestructible lists. No one should be without "My Hero" from "The Chocolate Soldier," or without "Silver Threads Among the Gold" and the "Jigs and Reels" medley, arranged by Mr. F. D. Wood.

LET'S TALK IT OVER

CONTEMPLATE the gigantic development of America, and the railroads instantly come to mind as a leading factor of progress. The development of the unsettled West made comparatively easy the introduction of new ideas and methods, but what shall we say of remaking a railroad in the East, where the first railroad was built, and where population had become dense and land and property has had a fixed value for centuries past?

In a booklet entitled "Remaking a Railway," Mr. Sylvester Baxter has recalled the fact that New England was an old and settled country when the new regime invaded its railway systems. Transportation habits had been fixed by long usage from the stage-coach days, and the surrounding country was later so crowded that transportation facilities were often impeded and always difficult to improve. A complicated problem confronted the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad when the question of remaking that railroad was presented.

The first change came under Charles B. Clark, when the consolidation of various railroads was consummated, but the chief burden of the enterprise fell later upon President Charles S. Mellen, when he returned fresh from his work on the Northern Pacific system in the West, to continue his work in the East. Born in Lowell, Massachusetts, he began his railway work in northern New Hampshire, on one of the present lines of the great consolidated system of which he is now president.

The story of his career is a fascinating tale of modern railway achievement. Following a term as President of the Northern Pacific, he came to New England with well-laid plans and purposes for remaking a great railway system in the East. Though he started on a gigantic scale, he found no easy task before him. The New Haven road had declared larger dividends for a longer period than any other railroad in America, and Mr. Mellen was many times met with the advice to "let well enough alone."

How the great problem was solved is told in a most interesting manner by Mr. Baxter, whose booklet certainly deserves a place in constructive literature, for it tells briefly, concisely and vividly the story of a man who has projected and produced results in an undertaking of Herculean proportions.

The construction of the transcontinental railroads of the West excites admiration in the picturesque novelty and rigor of frontier life, but the difficult and intricate history of rebuilding an Eastern road, initiating electrification from New York to Stamford and on to Boston—here was a tax on genius.

The New Haven has the honor of being the first railroad to substitute electric power for steam, and the success of the experiment certainly marks an important epoch in the remarkable era of railroad development. The improvement it represents is quite as important as that of moving from the old-time stage coach to steam power.

In spite of the demands made upon Mr. Mellen's time and energy, he delights in the retirement of his country home in Stockbridge, where during weeek-ends he forgets for the time his arduous responsibilities, wandering among his collection of birds brought from all parts of the world. His love of the artistic is reflected in the new stations that the railroads of which he is the head are now constructing. These buildings evidence a practical appreciation of art and beauty. Mr. Mellen has kept the great problems of efficiency and service uppermost in his mind in remaking the great New England system.

His late address before the Boston Chamber of Commerce, in which he pictured a new era for this historic port, had all the fire of initiative force and attracted widespread comment. He summed up the situation in this way:

"We want to be a part in all that spells 'success' for you, for that which does not mean success for you, means stagnation for us. Your adversity means our discomfiture.

"Try to forget that the New York, New Haven & Hartford is other than Boston spread all over New England. Annex it—make it your own. You have never known its strength, or tried to see how efficient an agent it can be. Test it, encourage it, trust it, and in the fulness of time adopt it and make it fully and really your own.

" . . . Leave history for the old—*make* history for the young, is the way of progress. The wheel has turned around, and another chance has come your way. The development of trans-ocean business has resulted in units of such size that the accommodations provided for them everywhere this side of the water have been rendered obsolete.

"The apathy of others is your opportunity. Your natural advantages to control this business are great, but they must be supplemented and that means money—lots of it. Will you take hold of this matter and see that there is no better harbor or facilities to attract these larger, newer steamships, and leave us to furnish cargo and distribution and share with you in the results?

"Do not think that the idea of doing New York business through Boston is a dream. It is far from it. You do your part and we will show you very quickly that it is a living reality.

"Today as never before, *we* can say promptly what we can do, north, south, east or west, in answer to any question. Put yourselves in an equivalent position, and be sure that things will move."

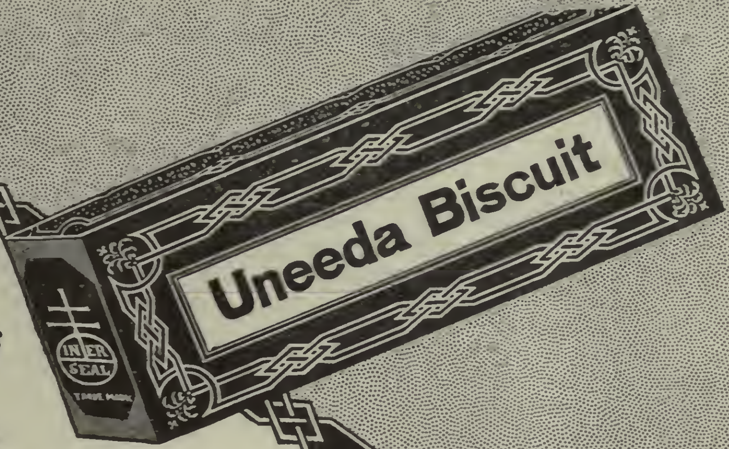
The sentiments embodied in this speech are regarded as a veritable chart for an era of aggressive development in New England, which has naturally followed in the wake of rebuilding its great railroad system, and which is now taking advantage of every circumstance leading to more expansive development. President Mellen's words have the ring of construction.

* * *

QUEEN of the Golden Gate, the metropolis of the Pacific Coast, which has been out of commission as hostess since 1906, has come back in noble fashion, and her first entertainment, under new and charming conditions, will be in late June, when she will entertain the International Sunday School Association, followed in July 8—12 by a hearty reception for the National Education Association.

No other American city is so inviting to tourists of high and low degree as is the new San Francisco. Since the weird experiences of the Forty-niners, this City of the Bay has had a romantic career.

This season begins in San Francisco the greatest series of conventions enjoyed by any city, to culminate in 1915 with the Panama Exposition, which promises to make the world wonder at what was wrought industrially and commercially, scientifically and artistically. Here one already sees the value of Frederick W. Taylor's scheme for scientific management in unifying and entertaining associations large and small. The Convention League of San Francisco is the embodiment of scientific management, since it can command the complete and enthusiastic support of all railway lines west of Chicago, can secure from every important hotel a signed contract not to advance prices or require "two in a room" when it would not be required were there no convention,



If Soda Crackers Grew on Trees

Nature would cover them with shells, like nuts, protecting from moisture, mildew, dirt and insects.

Just so are Uneeda Biscuit protected by the moisture-proof, dust-proof package. It keeps them oven-fresh and crisp, retaining all their flavor and goodness till used.

Think it over and you will always buy the protected kind

Uneeda Biscuit

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Never Sold in Bulk

In the moisture-proof package

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

and can enlist the support of every city and institution that will be attractive to visitors.

Everybody from San Rafael and Santa Rosa to Sacramento, from Stockton and to Fresno, will have a ready welcome for all visitors, and all southern California will be alert to capture guests upon whom to demonstrate the famous hospitality of Santa Barbara and San Bernardino, Los Angeles and Pasadena, Riverside and San Diego.

Nowhere else in America is there so much of the marvellous that is at once so diversified and of such universal interest as in California, and it has never been possible to get too much of it at so little cost, under such favorable conditions as in the summer of 1911.

The new San Francisco will welcome a new National Educational Association. Old things have passed away and all have become new. At Boston last July the Association had a new birth. The election of a woman for president and another for vice-president signified vastly more than was upon the surface. Without any reflection upon the individuals involved, it is a matter of common knowledge that for sixteen years a very compact body of men managed the Association, handling its finances, making its programs, enjoying its luxuries. The appearance of women in the official board of the Association for the first time in its fifty-five years was the forerunner of a woman president of the Colorado Association and also of the California Association in 1910, but it meant more than this, since hereafter everything will be in the open, and the women will vote independently and intelligently for men, women and measures. The new National Educational Association in the new San Francisco will be the leading event in the history of the largest association in America. Mrs. Ella Flagg Young, the first woman president, was probably the only person, man or woman, who could have solved the problem presented by the demand for a new order of things. Her scholarship is both intensive and extensive, her experience is unparalleled in diversified opportunities, and in uniformly glorious successes. She was an exceptionally vitalizing teacher, an invaluable leader as principal, pre-eminently wise and skilful as an assistant superintendent, a brilliant success in university leading, and as principal of the largest strictly professional normal school in the country, she won the reputation that made her superintendent of schools in the second largest city in the country. No other woman has faced the traditional prejudices against woman quite so successfully and quietly as has Mrs. Ella Flagg Young, and the meeting at San Francisco is to be a notable triumph in a remarkable career!

* * *

AN old Dakota pioneer was talking excitedly the other day—something after the following fashion:

"What's the matter with you Eastern men, anyway? Do you want the earth in sight before you are willing to put up a grub stake to get a share of it?

"Why, last year there was a good crop average; a big gain in mining returns; a heavy lumber cut; the biggest movement of goods ever known; bank clearings that ought to have satisfied Morgan himself and bank deposits until you couldn't rest. More than all, in states that had done the Rip Van Winkle act so long that no one believed that they'd ever wake up again until the general resurrection, some of the biggest, brainiest, far-reaching enterprises ever begun had already made good and were helping along a floodtide of improvement and good business.

"Sometimes when I meet my old friends, it seems to me that the iron of the old Puritan and Pilgrim blood had been kind of 'leached out,' as my old grandsire used to say when it was time for soap-making; any way out of the veins of those who haven't yet left home to build up other sections.

"Dakota! why, I've seen the time when four days of scorching winds like a blast from Tophet wilted the wheat over a territory three times as big as Massachusetts. When the first warm breeze came up from the southwest the great fields stood tall, compact, dark-green, full-headed and promising a 'bumper crop,' I tell you. Four days later, when it had cooled off so a man could sleep nights, there was nothing left, for at harvest time

Why do these great artists all make records only for the Victor?

Because they realize that the Victor is the only instrument that does full justice to their magnificent voices.

They want every part of every selection to be as sweet and natural when they sing in your home as when they sing on the grand-opera stage—and this can be accomplished only on the Victor.

Their voices on the Victor are the standard by which they wish to be judged.

Hearing is believing—go today to the nearest Victor dealer's and hear these famous artists sing their greatest arias. You'll be astonished at the wonderful results secured by the new Victor process of recording.

Always use Victor Records, played with Victor Needles—there is no other way to get the unequaled Victor tone.

Victor Talking Machine Co., Camden, N. J., U. S. A.

Berliner Gramophone Co., Montreal, Canadian Distributors

And be sure to hear the

Victor-Victrola

Victor

"HIS MASTER'S VOICE"

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

New Victor Records are on sale at all dealers on the 28th of each month

you couldn't have raked up a load of bedding off of forty acres.

"Did it phase those men? No, they went to plowing back the dust and blasted leaves on their homestead, clearing for the next season's sowing. Some had to import oats for their horses, and cut the tough slough grass for winter feed; the counties had to advance coal and food, seed-grain and sometimes clothing to the poorer sort and assess it as taxes the next season. And there were families where death and disease made every heart bleed that knew of their poverty. But for the most part, men, women and children made the best of what little they had, and enjoyed their few simple pleasures and sparse luxuries to the limit.

"And they won out. Of course they did. Man! I tell you you couldn't find so many sad-eyed, sombre, waiting-for-something-to-turn-up men in one of those counties as you can find today in some of your big office buildings."

And the old pioneer fairly chewed up the best half of a choice Perfecto, he was so worked up over "the way these tenderfeet get down in the mouth."

* * *

A JAPANESE wrote lately to the Tokio, Japan, *Times*, saying that he was not a military man, but simply wished to "apply horse sense to the situation" which would exist if Japan attempted to land an army of one hundred thousand men on the Pacific Coast.

He set forth very tersely and sensibly the statement that it "would require one hundred transports" for the army, forty more for coal and supplies, and a convoy of at least thirty battle ships, which in single column and only one thousand feet apart would make an armada thirty-four miles in length, and even if in double column covering seventeen miles of sea-way.

He estimates "that it would be a nautical feat to bring such an armada across the Pacific to California in less than sixty days, and that it would take a much longer time to assemble and prepare the transports, embank supplies and troops, and at the end of the voyage land the same and supply them for an effective campaign.

It is pointed out that England in the Boer war had no enemy to fear, and a much larger steam merchant-marine from which to secure transports and colliers, and yet it cost $1,000,000,000 to land 250,000 men and their supplies in South Africa, and to conquer not more than 75,000 fighting men, levied from about 500,000 people. Certainly 60,000 regulars, 100,000 state troops, and as many more qualified marksmen, who have returned from state troops to private life during the past ten years could be concentrated on the Pacific Coast within a fortnight, and to this 260,000 disciplined men could be added more than that number of volunteers, chosen from among the deadliest rifle shots in the world. The man who thinks that the West, South and North have no longer any considerable number of marksmen who can equal "the hunters of Kentucky" should get a few statistics from the manufacturers of modern rifles and their experts.

* * *

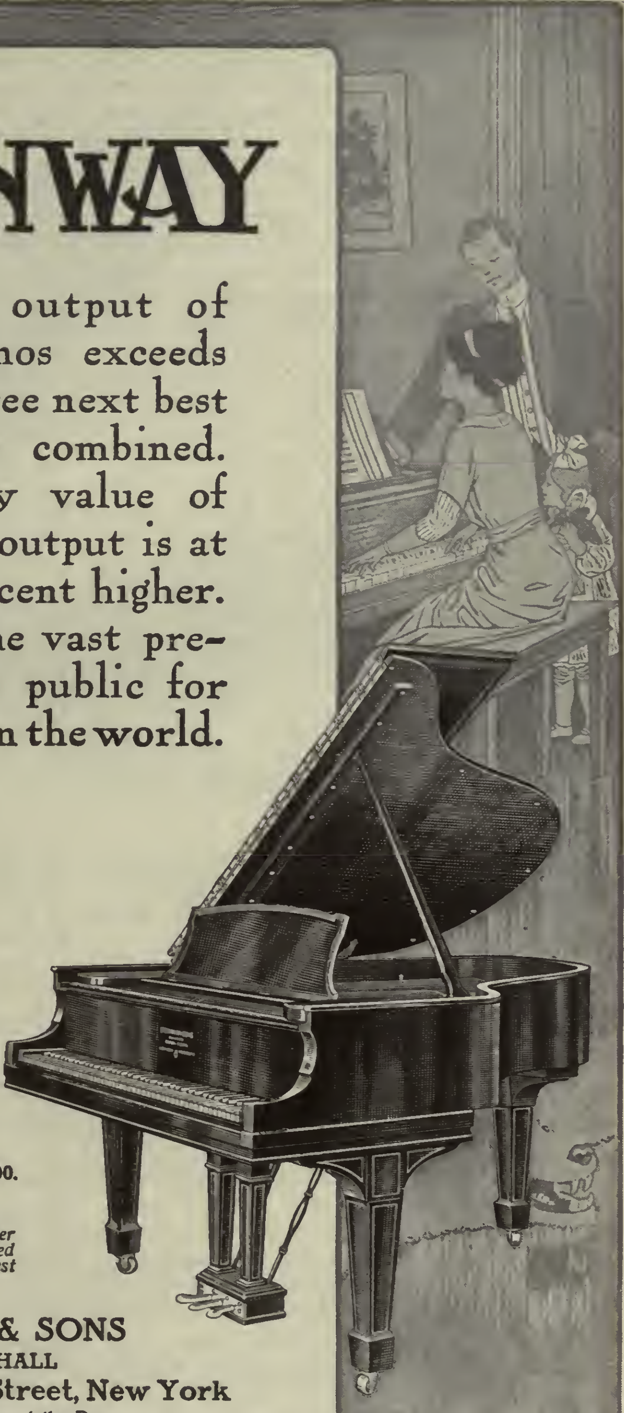
TO the Editor of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE:—In the belief that the heritage which Charles Dickens bequeathed to the English-speaking world is as dear to Americans as to Englishmen, may we crave a portion of your space in order to call attention to the project for celebrating the great novelist's centenary?

Charles Dickens wrote his books before the era of international copyright as it exists today. He himself strove unceasingly to bring about this boon for the benefit of his fellow-authors, and if he received the equivalent of a single penny per copy of his works published in America, the number of which is said to exceed 30,000,000 copies, he would have been richer by at least $500,000. Even in England 500,000 volumes of Dickens are published annually upon which no copyright is paid. Under these circumstances it has seemed to the committee that it would be a graceful tribute on the part of a public grateful for the entertainment those works have afforded and continue to afford to mankind, if the novelist's centenary could be marked by a offering on the part of his readers to be presented to his descendants, many of whom are in straitened circumstances.

It is proposed to collect this fund through the sale of a centenary bookplate known

STEINWAY

The annual output of Steinway pianos exceeds that of the three next best known makes combined. The monetary value of the Steinway output is at least fifty per cent higher. This proves the vast preference of the public for the best piano in the world.



The Steinway Miniature

A grand piano in small compass—5 feet 10 inches. Made to retain all the essentials of a true grand.

Price, in Ebonized Case, $800.
In Mahogany Case, $900.

The name of the Steinway dealer nearest you, together with illustrated literature, will be sent upon request and mention of this magazine.

STEINWAY & SONS
STEINWAY HALL
107 and 109 East 14th Street, New York
Subway Express Station at the Door

as the Dickens stamp, which is to be obtained at the price of two cents from all booksellers and stationers who are interested in this scheme. These stamps are to be affixed to every copy of Dickens.

"Everybody, it is hoped," said Lord Rosebery recently, "will feel it a duty to buy as many Dickens stamps at any rate as they possess volumes of Dickens, and to paste a stamp in each volume to show his debt is acquitted. The cause I am pleading is an old debt long overdue, which constitutes a stain on the English and American races and which I cannot doubt that in this centenary year they will be both willing and anxious to discharge."

If there are many owning copies of Dickens who cannot afford the stamp, small as the price is, surely there are hundreds of wealthy Americans to whom the name of Dickens is dear, who will assist them by the purchase of large numbers of these stamps and their distribution in order that all may possess what his majesty King George has called "an interesting and well-designed record of the great novelist."

Alverstone,
Charles L. W. Methuen,
Hall Caine,
A. Lang,
W. W. Jacobs,
H. Rider Haggard.

London, April 19.

* * *

THE Panama Canal having so nearly approached completion that Congress has appropriated $3,000,000 to begin the fortification of its terminal points, foreign nations are beginning to take more interest, and especially are beginning to inquire what effect the great canal will have in changing the course of trade and commerce as they exist today.

It is needless to say that the South American republics of the Atlantic coast are neither indifferent nor barely tolerant spectators of an enterprise which promises them little, and possibly calls into action potentially dangerous competition.

To those of the Pacific coast, it will not only ensure cheaper transportation and quicker market returns, but an increase of that enterprise and foreign investment which is now indifferent because of high freights, irregular service and a comparatively general lack of development.

Australasia will probably continue to take the Suez or Cape of Good Hope routes to Europe, but is likely to come into the American markets to compete with the big packing and dairy combinations, and for new business in other lines.

Our own merchants and manufacturers are also taking steps to prepare for this wider reach and new territory and conditions, but many are still doing nothing, while our foreign competitors are sending representatives who can talk Spanish and get close to the ideas and needs of the Spanish-American.

* * *

AN imperial conference of all Britain's self-governing colonies will meet at London on June 16, just previous to the coronation of the new King. Prime Ministers Wilfred Laurier of Canada, Andrew Fisher of Australia, Louis Botha of South Africa and Sir J. G. Ward of New Zealand, with one or more members of their several cabinets, will consider the great questions of defense, treaties, postal telegraph, copyrights, emigration and labor inter-relations.

It is understood that Botha will attempt to have all supervision of these great dependencies transferred from the secretaries at Downing Street to the immediate care of the premier's cabinet. New Zealand proposes the formation of an Imperial Council of State, with representatives from all parts of the empire, and a reorganization of the Colonial office. Australia is insistent on "complete co-operation in commercial relations." Canada, like Uncle Remus' "Tar Baby," says "nuffin," but will surely be heard from, speaking her mind plainly.

* * *

A CLOSER bond between Western Europe and Africa and the eastern shores of Brazil, Uruguay and Paraguay is projected with every prospect of realization in the near future.

The Ibero-Afro-American Railway is to be constructed along the west coast of Africa, from the Straits of Gibraltar to Gorce-Dakar (1,740 miles), or to Bathurst (1,865 miles), if that point should be better suited to an ocean terminal. From either

ABSOLUTELY ALONE AT THE TOP

of the world's bottled beers is the supreme position occupied by ***Old Reliable***

Budweiser

Its high reputation is due to its exclusive Saazer Hop flavor, its low percentage of alcohol and thorough ageing in the largest storage cellars in the world. Only the very best materials find their way into our plant.

Bottled only (*with corks or crown caps*) at the

Anheuser-Busch Brewery
St. Louis, Mo.

of these ports, Pernambuco is distant only three days' sail, over an unusually calm sea, never visited by fogs or ice. The journey from Europe to Brazil would be shortened to about five days' sail and steam.

The impetus to European and South American trade would be enormous, besides the opening up of northwestern Africa to civilization and trade. The Straits ferry would be only ten miles wide, and trains would probably be transported, to avoid trans-shipment.

England, Germany, France and Spain are especially interested in such a development of rapid transit, and it is proposed that the road be a strictly international matter and that the Swiss government be requested to take the initiative and call a conference to consider the project. The ultimate cost of the road to Bathurst is estimated at $75,000 per mile.

* * *

WHO are there among us, either young or old, who have not eagerly taken up their Sunday paper to read and enjoy the latest pranks of their favorites—Buster Brown and Tige? Not only has their fame reached from coast to coast, but to nearly every English-speaking country in the world.

Buster Brown has many admirers—many friends. Many of these are only acquaintances through the printed pages of the paper, but millions have seen and talked with the real live Buster Brown and his dog Tige who travel around the country telling the good qualities that are to be found in Buster Brown Blue Ribbon Shoes—for boys—for girls—as made by the Brown Shoe Company of St. Louis.

You may have been fortunate enough to see these quaint characters in real life, and appreciate the twinkle of Buster's eye and the pert twist of Tige's tail. Buster and Tige have been traveling around the country for some years and in that time they have visited many towns in all parts of the United States and Canada.

Buster, though but a child of ten years, has entertained at one time as many as nineteen thousand people and held them in awe at his cleverness. While holding advertising receptions at the Jamestown exposition, he was awarded a special diploma as the most talented child at the exhibition.

The experiences of Buster Brown and Tige would fill a book, but one is especially notable. May 21 of this year Buster and Tige held an advertising reception at Pitcairn, Pennsylvania, and upon arriving in the town they saw crowds of stern, hard-faced men gathered in the streets. A short distance away were the pickets of the strike-breakers, toward which the grim faces of the strikers were turned with menacing looks. A strike is a serious thing—no matter how small or how large, or what the cause—and this strike, as the world knows, was one of the most tragic that has been in this part of the country. A look, a word, a misstep would arouse the spark of anger that lay kindling in the breasts of these men and the flame would have burst forth, meaning outrage and death in its most horrible form. These men were of many nationalities—the hot, passionate Italian, the Greek and Spanish races mingling with the American workmen.

At three o'clock in the afternoon the

The Unworried, Unruffled Man

Wears Cool, Comfortable B. V. D.

HIS *mind* is at ease, because his *body* is at ease. He is *fret-proof* and *fag-proof*. While others *swelter*, he is *cool* and *comfortable*. He does *more* work and *better* work, because he is dressed in accord with *season* and *reason*. Are *you* a B. V. D. wearer?

Loose Fitting B. V. D. Coat Cut Undershirts, Knee Length Drawers and Union Suits are made of extra-light, soft-to-the-skin *woven fabrics* which are absorbent. They "feel good," wear long and wash admirably. The sizes are *accurate*, stitching *doesn't* rip, buttons *hold fast*.

B. V. D. Union Suits (Pat. 4/30/07) $1.00, $1.50, $2.00, $3.00 and $5.00 a suit.

This Red Woven Label

MADE FOR THE
B.V.D.
BEST RETAIL TRADE

(Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. and Foreign Countries.)

B. V. D. Coat Cut Undershirts and Knee Length Drawers, 50c, 75c, $1.00 and $1.50 a garment.

is sewed on *every* B. V. D. Undergarment. Take *no* undergarment *without* it.
"*Cool as a Sea Breeze*" is interesting reading these hot days.
Write for it. It's yours for a post card.

The B. V. D. Company,
65 Worth St., New York.
London Selling Agency,
66, Aldermanbury, E. C.

children, forgetting the troubles of their homes, in their eagerness to see their beloved heroes, Buster and Tige, gathered in front of the store. The performance began and before long men and women came from all directions and soon everybody was listening to Buster. Strikers and strike-breakers stood side by side—the pickets were left unguarded and the troubles of the hour and the momentous question of labor against capital was forgotten. The grim determined faces relaxed into smiles, and shouts of laughter arose from the hearts of the somber-faced men, enjoying, as much as their children, the pranks and jokes of Buster and Tige.

At the train. as Buster left, on looking around at the crowd who had gathered to say good-bye to their little hero, one saw, instead of the gloomy, sullen looks that greeted his arrival, that everybody was smiling and seemingly happy. Surely this is a great advertisement—to be able to hold a crowd of men, women and children with tragedy on all sides lurking in the atmosphere. Yet this is but one of the many incidents of this wonderful advertisement.

But the business men of today want to know what this means in dollars and cents. It means that "The Buster Brown" name as applied to Buster Brown Shoes, could be capitalized for a million dollars and the promoters more than justified in their enterprise. Advertising has made this name what it is today—advertising has made the Buster Brown Shoes the greatest child's shoe today sold in America.

Buster arrives at a town, visits the schools and announces his reception. These are held for the young people, but not only mothers and fathers, but often grandmothers and grandfathers are as eager as the young folks, many of them driving twenty and thirty miles from an out-of-town district to the reception.

* * *

THE United States has probably within its borders nearly eighteen millions of men liable to do military duty, and of these a very considerable proportion have encountered peril and hardship, if not military service in other lands. Not all of the vast number are of the "counter-jumper and dude class," so utterly scorned by military essayists, yet really often superior material for active and enduring light infantry.

There should be more done to increase the number and efficiency of our volunteers, for a large regular army will never become popular in the United States unless it assumes a more democratic policy than has ever yet characterized its leaders and traditions. It is a singular truth, that despite the fact that West Point commanders led the Confederate armies, with a West Point cadet in the presidency, only two regiments of regulars were raised during the whole Civil War. When the greatest sacrifices in every other line were freely made, the Southern freeman would not fight except as a volunteer and under his state flag.

This, too, was practically the result in the North, and while no one can fail to render the regulars the highest praise, they have no right to greater honor than is due to volunteer regiments from every state in the Union.

* * *

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND does not waste money on educational work. Country teachers in the lower grades receive only $130 per annum, and the highest salary paid at the Prince of Wales College, Charlottetown, aggregates only $963. Not only are the school taxes very light, but the cost of text-books has been cut down to little more than bare cost, as follows: Primer, four cents; first, second, third and fourth readers, six cents, nine cents, fourteen cents and sixteen cents, respectively.

Notwithstanding low salaries and close economies, the attendance during 1910 was nearly sixty-five per cent of the enrolment, and Prince Edward Island has sent out into the world many men and women who loved knowledge for its own sake and have made their mark in every line of official, professional, business and social life.

Backed
y 38 Years of
Experience

Holeproof Hose are the long-sought result after 38 years of hose-making experience—the original guaranteed hose perfected. Don't judge "Holeproof" by vastly inferior makes—made just to compete in the stores with "Holeproof." No other hosiery ever attempted to compete with "Holeproof" on the foot, for that's where the difference appears. You must wear genuine "Holeproof" to know this—so don't accept imitations with names like "Holeproof's" and the same guarantee.

FAMOUS
Holeproof Hosiery
FOR MEN WOMEN AND CHILDREN

All the Newest Summer Colors Now on Show

Our yarn costs an average of 70c per pound, though yarn can be had for 30c. We spend $55,000 a year merely for inspection. So every pair is right.

Six pairs of plain and mercerized cotton "Holeproof," guaranteed for six months, cost $1.50 up to $3.00, according to finish and weight. The weights are the very lightest—made for the warmest summer's wear.

They are made for men, women and children.

We don't know where else you can get hose like these.

Carl Freschl, Pres.

That signature and the "Holeproof" trade-mark appear on the toe of the genuine only. Look for them and you can't make a mistake.

The genuine "Holeproof" are sold in your town. We'll tell you the dealers' names on request, or ship direct where we have no dealer, charges prepaid, on receipt of remittance. Write for free book, "How to Make Your Feet Happy." (199)

HOLEPROOF HOSIERY CO.
898 Fourth Street, Milwaukee, Wis.

Holeproof Hosiery Co. of Canada, Ltd.,
London, Can., Distributors for Canada.

Tampico News Co., S. A., City of Mexico,
Agents for Mexican Republic.

Holeproof Hosiery
Reg. U. S.
Pat. Office, 1906
Carl Freschl Pres.

Are Your Hose Insured?

Whether going Abroad, or to the Mountains, Seashore or Country, one additional pleasure will be a Box of

Huyler's

Pure and Unequalled

CANDIES.

For Sale at our 55 Retail Stores and by Sales Agents throughout the Country.

WHEN IN DETROIT
STOP AT

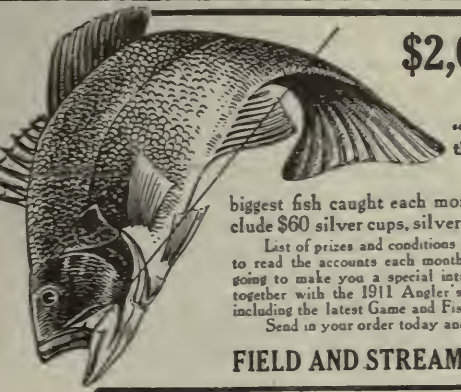
HOTEL TULLER

New and Absolutely Fireproof. Corner Adams Avenue and Park Street. In the center of the Theatre, Shopping and Business District.

RATE $1.50 PER DAY

Every Room Has Bath
European Plan

A. W. TULLER, Proprietor



$2,000.00 in Prizes For the Big Game Fish

FIELD AND STREAM

"America's Magazine for Sportsmen," is Offering 203 Prizes for the Biggest Fresh and Salt Water Game Fish Caught During 1911

This $2,000.00 will be divided into 203 monthly prizes for the biggest fish caught each month and grand prizes for the entire season in each class. Prizes include $60 silver cups, silver medals, high class rods and reels, guns and sportsman's equipment.

List of prizes and conditions of contest published each month in FIELD AND STREAM. As you will want to read the accounts each month of How, When, Where and with what tackle these big fish were caught, we are going to make you a special introductory offer of a three months' trial subscription to FIELD AND STREAM, together with the 1911 Angler's Guide, the best book on fishing published, telling how, when and where to fish, including the latest Game and Fish Laws for 1911 and a five-foot split bamboo bait casting rod. } **All for $1.00**

Send in your order today and learn all about this great contest.

FIELD AND STREAM PUBLISHING CO., 39 East 21st Street, New York City

THE HOME

ANN RANDOLPH is at our women readers' service on any subject that may come within the offices of the NATIONAL'S *Home Department. Replies to general questions will be printed unless otherwise requested; particular inquiries will be personally answered.*

IN LOOKING over my letters for the month I find that several correspondents have asked for a list of books for "summer reading," which, I suppose, means pretty light diet.

Many people rely on their book dealer to select for them some of the new fiction. But there are times when the bookdealer makes a mistake. Last summer a friend telephoned her favorite book salesman to send a half dozen "summer" books to her beach home.

The box arrived during a rainy week and was opened with pleasant anticipation. The titles were vaguely familiar and forbidding:

"Moll Flanders," Defoe.
"Pamela," Richardson.
"Tom Jones," Fielding.
"Tristram Shandy," Sterne.
"Roderick Random," Smollett.
"Vicar of Wakefield," Goldsmith.

Bulky notes and long biographies were appended to each volume. My friend sought her mother. "Dad had a hand in this," she whispered tragically as she pointed to the books. "He was in the hall the day I 'phoned the bookdealer. But he won't know; I'll not give him the satisfaction of relishing his little joke."

At home in the fall she dropped in at the bookstore on a downtown tour.

"Give me the six best sellers," she instructed, "no more Sterne and Smollett. But I knew that my father was at the bottom of the last lot."

The salesman didn't understand. She recited the titles. Suddenly he roared in unholy glee. "Why," he said, "that order was from a college boy who was studying up eighteenth century novels. His tutor left the list. Shipping department must have mixed the packages. But we never got a complaint from the student."

Yes, there are any number of new books

The Delicious Flavor of

Baker's Breakfast Cocoa

Appeals to the strong and vigorous as well as to those who seek health and strength.

IT IS A PERFECT FOOD DRINK

53 Highest Awards

Registered,
U. S. Pat. Off.

Walter Baker & Co. Ltd.

Established 1780. Dorchester, Mass.

A Skin of Beauty is a Joy Forever

DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL CREAM OR MAGICAL BEAUTIFIER

Purifies
s well as
Beautifies
he Skin.
No other
osmetic
will do it.

Removes Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth Patches, Rash and Skin diseases, and every blemish on beauty, and defies detection. It has stood the **test of 62 years; no other** has, and is so harmless we taste it to be sure it is properly made. Accept no counterfeit of similar name. The distinguished Dr. L. A. Sayre said to a lady of the *haut-ton* (a patient): "*As you ladies will use them, I recommend 'Gouraud's Cream' as the least harmful of all the Skin preparations.*"

For sale by all druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers.

GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL TOILET POWDER

For infants and adults. Exquisitely perfumed. Relieves Skin Irritations, cures Sunburn and renders an excellent complexion.

Price 25 cents, by mail.

GOURAUD'S POUDRE SUBTILE

Removes superfluous Hair. **Price $1.00, by mail.**

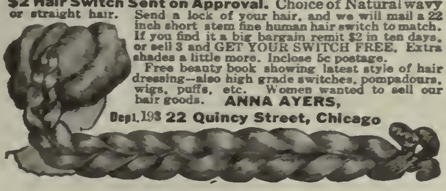
FERD. T. HOPKINS, Prop., 37 Great Jones St., New York Cit

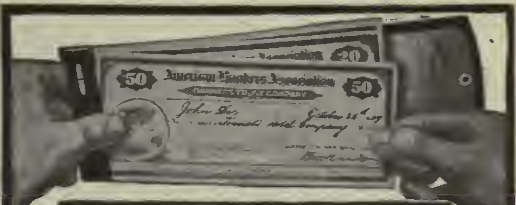
I TRUST YOU TEN DAYS. SEND NO MONEY.

$2 Hair Switch Sent on Approval. Choice of Natural wavy or straight hair. Send a lock of your hair, and we will mail a 22 inch short stem fine human hair switch to match. If you find it a big bargain remit $2 in ten days, or sell 3 and GET YOUR SWITCH FREE. Extra shades a little more. Inclose 5c postage.

Free beauty book showing latest style of hair dressing—also high grade switches, pompadours, wigs, puffs, etc. Women wanted to sell our hair goods. **ANNA AYERS,**

Dept. 193 **22 Quincy Street, Chicago**

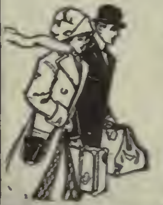




AMERICAN BANKERS ASSOCIATION TRAVELERS' CHEQUES

Safer and Handier than Money.

You know the risk and inconvenience of carrying much actual money. The ***safe and handy way*** is to have one of those neat wallets well filled with $100, $50, $20, and $10 ***"A.B.A." Cheques,*** obtained from leading bankers. To pay bills ***anywhere,*** simply tear out cheques, countersign them and tender as ***so much cash.***



They are taken at par in most countries and in the rest at New York or London Exchange rates.

Write to Bankers Trust Company, 7 Wall St., New York, for information as to where you can obtain these cheques in your vicinity and interesting booklet, **"The Self Identifying Cheque"**

BUY THEM FROM YOUR OWN BANKER
OR IF HE CANNOT SUPPLY THEM APPLY TO
BANKERS TRUST COMPANY. NEW YORK CITY.

For Your Vacation

Go To *Bermuda*

$20 Up Round Trip from New York

Tours Inc. Hotels, Shore Excursions, Lowest Rates.

Twin Screw **S. S. "Bermudian,"** 5,530 tons.

Bilge keels; electric fans; wireless telegraphy. Fastest, newest and only Steamer landing passengers at the dock in Bermuda. Temperature cooler than in the Middle Atlantic Coast Resorts. Tennis, Golf, Fishing, Bathing, Sailing and Cycling.

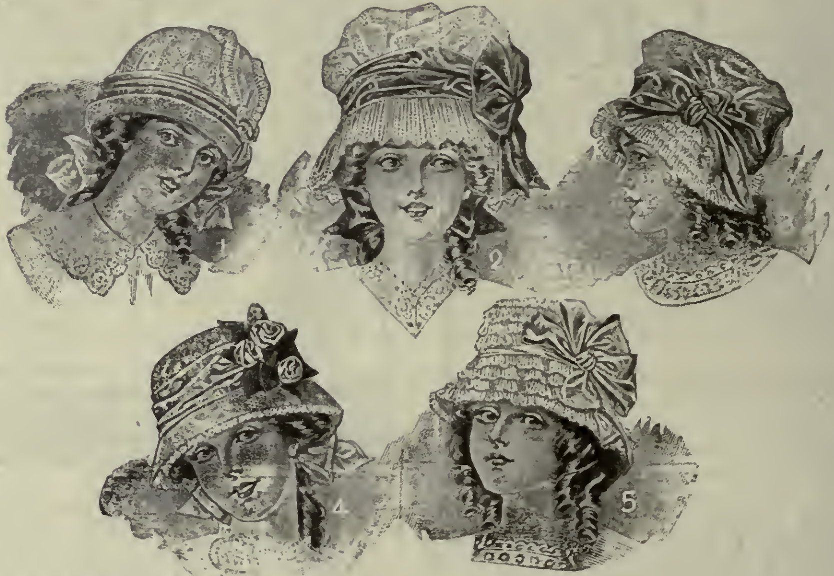
MIDSUMMER TRIPS

To *Quebec*

via Halifax, N. S., most delightful cruise of 1,500 miles. Magnificent scenery; Northumberland Strait, Gulf, and River St. Lawrence and **far-famed Saguenay River,** S. S. "Trinidad" from New York July 8th and 22nd, August 5th and 19th and Sept. 2nd, 10 A. M. Returning from Quebec July 14th and 28th, August 11th and 25th and Sept. 8th.

For illustrated pamphlets with full information apply to **A. E. OUTERBRIDGE & CO., Gen'l Agts., Quebec, S. S. Co., Ltd., 29 Broadway, New York; THOS. COOK & SON, 245 Broadway, 649 Madison Av., 563 and 264 Fifth Av., or any Ticket Agent, or QUEBEC S. S. CO., Ltd., Quebec.**

for summer reading. I have an acquaintance who says she never goes to the country without Thoreau's "Walden," nor to the seaside without a collection of James B. Connolly's incomparable sea tales. And those who are staying at home—why not be "rocking-chair tourists" and enjoy country, seashore or foreign lands in the "old side-arm rocker," according to George Willoughby's method?



Courtesy of the Gilchrist Co., Boston, Mass.

SOME IDEAS FOR SUMMER HATS

* * *

AN invitation to the seashore has been given to Mrs. C. G.'s small girl, and her mother wants to buy her an "all-around" hat. She rather favors a broad Panama, or one of the imitations. Doesn't Mrs. G. like the dainty little washable hats of lawn or linen? They look so neat and are so easily laundered that they are admirable for general wear. They are quite proper for "state occasions" at the beach, when a hat must be worn, and where a flapping Panama would hardly be the thing. Hats at the seaside are a rather neglected part of the average little girl's wardrobe; one for Sunday wear usually does nicely.

A few ideas of these hats are shown herewith. They are easily made, or may be bought reasonably from the mail order houses.

* * *

SELDOM has the Department of Agriculture issued an announcement that will be more appreciated by women than that which gives "true and tried" recipes for exterminating flies and mosquitos. The Department, I think, will furnish copies of the circular to anyone on request.

* * *

"MY little girl's skin is very tender," writes Mrs. T. E. M., "and the gooseflesh on her arms seems to have hardened and to have left them disfigured." I believe that this "gooseflesh" is a common skin trouble.

A Swedish *masseuse* pointed out to me once that these gooseflesh marks are pores of the skin in which the fine arm-hairs have become clogged. If Mrs. M. will take a needle to each little mark, she will find an arm hair beneath. (Warning is hereby given that this represents a rather painful process.)

If You Had a Farm and Home Given to You Would You Accept It?

It would depend, perhaps. If it were in the barren sands of the plains, or the worthless pine lands of the swamps, it would be a terrible price to pay to even live there with aught but death and taxes to face. Yet such places are being *promoted*. *Beware!* There are thousands of rich, fertile acres in the South, but the best you will find withheld from the schemes of the *promoters*. The old Southern planter is reluctant to see his broad estates cut up and commercialized. But there are some who have heeded the call of the soil and have accepted the will of modern progress. Let us send you the story of

GEIGER

"The Heart of the Black Belt"

situated in the valley of the Nile of Southland—the richest prairie lands of the world—where are found *the famous alfalfa lands of Alabama*, the great money crop, with its five or six cuttings a season; the best truck and fruit lands of a section that today supplies the first strawberries, cabbage, beans and English peas to northern homes.

We are dividing our lands and have adopted the open-door policy to homeseekers, offering real opportunities to 25,000 white families to come be our neighbors. We are not land agents or so-called promoters, but land owners. We are tired of the primitive days and with the coming of a new railroad, the modern town of Geiger has sprung into life with its handsome brick blocks, schools, church and industries —and opportunity is ripe for all comers.

We have a plan whereby at very cheap prices we can give you a farm, town residence or business lot and give financial protection to start you on the road to prosperity. For further particulars address

PINSON & GEIGER
Geiger, Sumpter County, Alabama

DON'T let our boys and girls forget the Alphabet verses which begin this month. We shall have two or three, as space permits, in each issue, until Old Man Ketchum has completed his collection of letters.

The scrap-book habit, I think mothers will agree, is a good one. Now let our boys and girls start with the Alphabet verses. They can be pasted neatly in a leaflet or blank book, and to each of our young folks who sends a complete scrap-book with the twenty-six letters, we will send one of the bound books. Gold pieces will be awarded for the neatest collections, and other prizes that will be announced later. Start your alphabet scrap-book this month.

There was a man named Ketchum once who thought he'd like to get
A lot of funny letters up to make an alphabet,
And when he took his big black bag and started out one day
To see what he could find for it, he saw a poor old "A"
Struggling along as best it could upon its bandy-legs;
He put it in his great big bag to save its weary pegs.
And that is how it happened that the "A" has come to be
The letter that you have to know to start the A B C.

Next as Old Ketchum peered around close by a giant tree,
He saw at rest beneath its shade a wonderful big "B"—
It was so very round and plump that it was simply play
To catch it up before it had a chance to run away.

Ann Randolph

LITTLE HELPS FOR HOME-MAKERS

FOR the Little Helps found suited for use in this department we award six months' subscription to the National Magazine. If you are already a subscriber, your subscription mnst be paid in full to date in order to take advantage of this offer. You can then either extend your own term or send the National to a friend. If your Little Help does not appear it is probably because the same idea has been offered by someone before you. Try again. We do not want cooking recipes unless for a new or uncommon dish. Enclose a stamped addressed envelope if you wish us to return or acknowledge unavailable offerings.

TO CLEAN A LAMP BURNER

Frank Monroe Beverly

When a burner is condemned because the lamp does not give a constant, bright light, it is because it has become clogged with sediment, which keeps the air from passing. This may be remedied by washing the burner with wood ashes and water.

To Cure Freckles

Wash the face with fresh buttermilk every morning, after which rinse with tepid water. Use soft towel to wipe the face.

To Cure Earache

Put live coals in a pan, sprinkle brown sugar over them, invert a funnel over the burning mass and put the tube into the ear. The smoke will give instant relief.

CRANBERRY PIE

By Mrs. E. P. Weston

A recipe which I have never seen in print and which is delicious:

One and one-quarter cups of cranberries cut in two, one cup of sugar, two large tablespoonfuls of cornstarch thickened till it makes one-half cup. Mix all together.

FOR THE DOLLY

By Dorothy Thomas

A good way to fasten the hair on a doll is as follows: Chew gum until it is soft, then use it as glue.

I am ten years old and hope the above will be something new for your "Home Department."

The "Mobile Plan" Insures Farm Success

We Sell Land and Show You How to Farm It

As a practical demonstration of what our soil will do and how to do it best, we farm one square mile of land under U. S. Government Expert's supervision.

Further, on our HOME FARM, we test seed and soil and fertilizer and methods of cultivation, following scientific methods and Government advice, with an experienced farm superintendent in charge.

And All For Your Benefit

Good roads to a home market in a World's Port of over seventy thousand people—direct railroads to northern centers of distribution, a few hours distant.

SOIL very productive—adapted to pecans and Satsuma oranges and other fruits, also to general farming, stock-raising and trucking.

Located three hundred feet above sea level on a beautiful table land, with fine natural drainage to Bay and Gulf, a few miles away, where may be enjoyed the pleasures of fishing and boating on salt water.

MOBILE FARM LAND COMPANY
Mobile, Alabama

Write for booklet on Pecans and Satsuma Oranges

TRANSFERRING LEAVES

By Elizabeth M. Robinson

Leaves can be perfectly and beautifully transferred to white or light paper, light wood, china or white cotton cloth. To do the work, thoroughly grease a white piece of paper on one side, then wipe off with a cloth. Remove a chimney from a lamp, turn wick high and smoke well the greased side of the paper. Take the leaf that is to be transferred and lay it face down on the smoked paper, cover with a piece of light paper and rub with tips of fingers, then lay leaf on the paper or article on which you wish to transfer it and proceed with the same process as with the smoked paper. By leaving stems on leaves, small vines and ferns, they can be arranged into bouquets and wreaths.

Suggestions

To make glass, crockery, or china less susceptible to changes of temperature, boil them in salt water.

A candle may be made to fit any candlestick if it be dipped into very hot water. This softens the wax, and it may then be easily pushed into a candle stick which otherwise would be too small, and it will be neatly and firmly held.

When rubbers have broken at the heel, but are otherwise good, their period of usefulness may be prolonged if the heels are cut off, leaving only a strap that goes over the back of the shoe, after the strap sandal style.

China Cement

An excellent cement for broken china and bric-a-brac is made by mixing half an ounce of gum arabic with a half teaspoonful of boiling milk and adding enough plaster of Paris to produce a creamy paste. To use successfully have the pieces that are to be mended warm and apply with a brush. Objects repaired with this cement have to be set aside for several days; after that they can be washed in either warm or cold water with safety.

UNPARED APPLES

By Mrs. R. B. Hall

When making mince-meat try grinding the apples unpeeled in food grinder, and see how the labor is lessened.

For Sauerkraut

When making sauerkraut pack the cabbage in a flour sack or bag large enough to tie tightly. Put into keg or jar, cover with plate and heavy weight. The scum will collect outside the bag, and the kraut will keep crisp and white.

Quince Honey

Six grated quinces; five pounds of sugar; five pints of water. Boil until of the consistency of honey.

FOR SCALDS OR BURNS

By Mrs. Nellie F. Wright

Make a paste of one part cold lard and two parts of bicarbonate of soda (common saleratus). Spread one eighth inch thick on old white linen or cotton cloth and apply, paste down, to any scald or burn; renew every twelve hours. This excludes the air and gives quick relief to burning and pain, causing the injured part to heal without a scar. It is also an excellent remedy to apply externally for inflammation in any part of the body; if applied in season, it will prevent the formation of an abscess.

Proof of Remedy Being Effectual

I know of a case where a child five years old fell back into a wash boiler of boiling water, scalding the whole length of his back and hips. The cold lard and soda paste was applied very soon; he was immediately relieved of all pain and burning, except when, every twelve hours, the application was renewed.

In three weeks his back was so well healed that he was playing around the house again.

FOR THE ICING

By Mrs. H. S. Beddard

If your icing "runs," put in a teaspoon of baking powder and keep beating; it will get thick and foam.

Improve Flavor of Green Beans

Put a pinch of soda in green beans while they are cooking, and before taking up add a tablespoonful of sugar; this improves the flavor.

Frying Fish

Try frying fish in flour instead of meal; you will find it very good.

GOOD SUGGESTIONS

By W. A. Underwood

1. Stop nose-bleeding with cotton packing on which alum is powdered.
2. Thick blotting paper will take the place of asbestos mats and keep hot dishes from marking a polished surface.
3. Lemon juice, mixed with chalk, will whiten piano keys.
4. A lump of baking soda, saturated with oil of lavender, will keep flies out of a room.
5. After paring onions, or handling fish, wash the hands in mustard water to remove the odor.
6. A piece of charcoal placed in your refrigerator will keep all articles sweet and fresh.
7. To wipe out scratches on varnished oak, use camphorated oil; works like a charm.
8. One half ounce oxalic acid, one half ounce Chinese blue and three quarts boiling water make the best "washing blue."

A Ten Dollar Bill

IS ENOUGH TO INSURE **Ease and Comfort**

Mechanics-Bankers-Clerks

Why do you continue grinding out money for others when a

TEN ACRE

Paper-Shell Pecan Orchard

(A CROP THAT NEVER FAILS)

will provide you an income that will make you independent for life?

Begin right now—do something for *yourself*—provide for the time when your earning capacity as an employe will be reduced to a minimum. You can make a start with a **Ten-Dollar Bill.** Our booklet, beautifully illustrated, tells the story and contains interesting facts regarding the Paper Shell Pecan Orchard Industry. The figures are startling, but true. Our orchard lies in Baldwin County (near Mobile) Alabama, and Escambia County (near Pensacola) Florida—are in the heart of the pecan-growing district. Location, climate and soil are ideally adapted to pecan culture.

A distinct advantage to the inexperienced agriculturist—to the city man—is the fact that no experience is necessary to raise Paper Shell Pecans. Neither is it necessary to lose time during the cultivation of your orchard, as the trees are hardy and practically take care of themselves after they are once planted. All kinds of vegetables can be grown between the rows while trees are young.

Pay as You Are Able

By our easy payment installment plan, these orchards can be bought and paid for during the time they are growing to maturity; the property, in the meantime, enhancing in value year by year. The first full crop should repay the purchase price of the orchard.

Poultry Most Profitable

If you are in a position to locate on your property immediately, you can raise poultry under the most favorable conditions and there is no reason why on this property poultry should not bring you $2,000 or more per year, which will be ample not only to live in peace and plenty while the paper shell pecan trees are developing up to the bearing period, but also to take care of your payments.

Transportation facilities are of the very best. The main line of the Louisville and Nashville R. R. passes through our lands, bringing the world's best markets, such as Mobile, Birmingham, Pensacola, St. Louis, Chicago, Cincinnati, Louisville, etc., within easy reach.

Write today for our special offer. Full particulars regarding size, location, climate, healthfulness, etc., will be given upon request.

We want to send you our fully illustrated book which tells all about the enormous profits in the Pecan Industry and the easy terms upon which we offer these lands to early purchasers.

Write for the free booklet NOW—TODAY. Address

INTERNATIONAL REALTY ASSOCIATION
431 Dearborn Street, CHICAGO, ILL.

ONE LITTLE BOY

By Mrs. F. J. R.

For two or three years my little boy, now past eight, was all run down; he would have a bad cough at the least change in the weather, and was so tired at the least exertion that he would cry from sheer exhaustion.

At night the perspiration stood all over him in great beads; I gave up all hopes of his ever being well. We moved into the country and he became greatly interested in the stock and almost lived with the cows, chickens, etc.

Finally he asked to let him milk, but we kept telling him he was too little and put him off, but he begged so hard that finally we let him try a young heifer; he milked her as dry as any one could, and from then on that heifer was his particular care.

Soon he added another, later another, and the more he worked about the stock the stronger he grew; the night sweats stopped, then the cough, and he is now the strongest child of his age I ever saw.

Our neighbors can scarcely believe a boy of his age can milk so many cows; when his father was compelled to be away one milking, he milked eight cows without a particle of help; he spends nearly his whole vacation time working around the barn and livestock.

He has a cow of his own from which he receives ten dollars a month in milk and is starting his own bank account which, he says, is to take him through a course in veterinary surgery when he grows up.

NEW WAY TO COOK PEAS

By Miss N. A. Denel.

Put your green peas, pods and all, into the kettle and cook them the usual length of time; when they are done, the pods will break and rise to the surface, while the peas may be found at the bottom of the kettle; they have a finer flavor cooked in this way.

Simple Remedy for Cabbage Worms

To destroy cabbage worms, experienced growers recommend a plan that is as effectual as it is harmless; make a mixture of one quart of flour and two tablespoonsful of soda; sift some into the plant in the morning when the dew is on; it will do the work.

Soap for Linen

New linen for working upon should be rubbed over with soap; this will render the fabric soft, so that drawing threads, or embroidering on it will be much facilitated.

A SUBSTITUTE FOR OIL IN SALAD

Miss M. B. Spelshouse

One who does not like the flavor of oil in potato salad might try making it with the grease from a few slices of bacon. A small part of the bacon cut in tiny pieces may also be added.

DEATH TO FLIES

By Mrs. S. T. Lisk

To a neatly whittled pine handle tack a piece of leather trimmed to an oblong shape, about two and one half inches wide by four inches long. Then you have an instrument that will spell "death" to every fly.

To Prevent Mould

To prevent mould on preserves or jellies, put a few drops of glycerine around the edge of the jar before putting on the cover.

For the Housewife

If the thickening for gravy is stirred with a fork, it will not be lumpy, but smooth as cream.

Milk to Put Out Fire

It has been proved that milk will effectually extinguish the flames from gasoline, or any form of petroleum, since it forms an emulsion with the oil, whereas water only spreads it.

FOR TENDER FEET

By Eva B. Wright

Some persons suffer with tender feet, due to excessive perspiration. The following bath is excellent:

Place one teaspoonful of powdered alum in an ordinary sized basin of warm water, and let the feet remain in the bath at least five minutes.

For the One Who Sews

A piece of dark-colored denim, two and a half yards square (or larger if desired), placed underneath the sewing machine will catch the bits of thread, small scraps, etc., from the sewing and thus save one the annoyance of trying to take them from carpet, rug or matting, with broom or carpet sweeper.

A BIG HELP

By Mrs. B. Reilly Shope

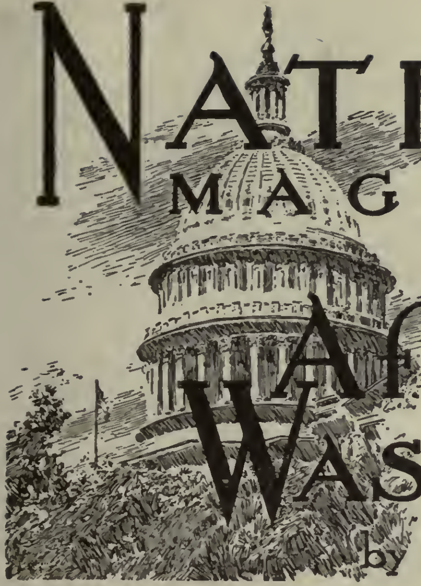
While bottling some fruit juice for winter use, I discovered a "Little Help" that to me seemed very good. After placing the corks in the bottles, dip a strip of muslin in melted paraffine and wrap over top and around the cork. This is especially good where the bottles have glass stoppers that fit evenly at the top; the paraffine cloth fits snugly and makes them perfectly air-tight.

HOME-MADE BLANKET

Being unable to purchase a ready-made blanket for baby's bed, I got three yards of heavy outing-flannel and feather-stitched a hem in each end; this is folded and baby lies between with the top ends pinned with safety-pins each side of his neck, thus keeping both his hands and feet from getting uncovered during the night.

NATIONAL MAGAZINE

AUGUST, 1911



Affairs at WASHINGTON

by Joe Mitchell Chapple

IN years past such a thing as remaining in Washington during the hot season was impossible, but now the summer months seem to represent the crisis when the oriflamme of militant legislation appears and leads to victory or defeat. One of Washington's oldest inhabitants insists that the Capital city is enjoying this season the liveliest social summer ever known in its history.

The long and arduous tariff session of the Sixty-first Congress has been surpassed in brilliancy by what will be known as the Reciprocity session. Many of the diplomatic and society folk remained to enjoy the beauties of Washington in the early summer time. As the dog-days approached there was a longing for a change of scene, but doggedly and determinedly the President and Congress have continued their work during the days of the early-rising and late-setting summer sun, and have enjoyed the balmy evenings in the city on the Potomac.

The fate of the reciprocity agreement has been a matter of speculation throughout the nation since the opening of the extra session. Even unresponsive audiences and half-filled houses had a hard time to oust reciprocity from the stage after a long and tiresome run.

WHAT coloring can excel in beauty the deep emerald green of the velvet grass which looks so refreshing in the shade of the trees in the capital city? As one sits on a park bench and looks upon the shining leaves above and then at the cool grass below, he realizes that no artist, not even Corot, with his magical brush, has been able to portray the exact colorings and infinite varieties of the blades of "common grass."

As I passed along by the hundreds of people who sat looking aimlessly about, I recalled a remark that John Ruskin made to me many years ago about individuality of thought. "Every man," he said, "owes it to himself to concentrate upon his own thoughts at least three minutes every day." He objected to men who spent their entire lives following the principles—"illusions" was the word he used—of other men.

No working man, no professional man, is too busy to devote at least fifteen minutes a day just thinking his own thoughts in his own way. More individual thought on civic questions would mean not only a generally broader perspective, but would result in fewer mistakes and in less discontent.

An example of the happiness resulting from individual thought was emphasized in a conversation with a German waiter in a New York department store, a jolly, affable little chap to whom it was a pleasure to offer the customary tip.

One day as we sat at table talking business and hurrying through our luncheon betimes, someone called attention to the content reflected from Adolph's smiling face, and asked him if he really felt as happy as he looked. The waiter said:

"Yes, I am happy—very happy. I have two sons in college. I have a fine wife, who works every day as I do, and often we go to see our boys.

"They are not ashamed of their father and mother; they are proud to tell of the help we have given them in getting an education, with every penny saved from the tips which our customers leave on the tablecloth among the crumbs."

SPEAKER CHAMP CLARK, WHO IS SAID TO BE LOSING $200 A DAY IN LECTURE FEES BECAUSE CONGRESS WON'T ADJOURN, AND "UNCLE JOE" CANNON, WHO DOESN'T CARE A RAP WHETHER IT ADJOURNS OR NOT

Unconsciously Adolph had been proving that happiness is often a condition of mind rather than of circumstances.

* * *

WHILE in a reminiscent mood, "Uncle Joe" Cannon, who still remains the most picturesque individuality in Congress, spoke in glowing terms of Oliver P. Morton of Indiana, whom he considered one of the greatest leaders of the Senate. "Taking all sides and aspects," said Uncle Joe, "in constructive statesmanship I would select Oliver P. Morton as the greatest Republican in the party. He was a great big character and every inch a statesman."

The only Congressman in the House today who knew Lincoln, Congressman Cannon said that he did not consider Lincoln a party leader. "He was so big, so broad, so heroic a mold of man that for purposes of comparison he was not in the running. The posthumous appreciation of Abraham Lincoln," he insisted, "has dwarfed even the high appreciation in which he was held while living."

"Uncle Joe" has witnessed the careers of many legislators who have achieved national fame, and his hosts of friends insist that if his present health continues, he will complete a round half century in the House of Representatives.

* * *

IT seems almost incongruous to find in the august State Department at Washington a member of the Cabinet whose sense of humor is never-failing. No matter what the occasion may be, Secretary Knox never fails to see the point, whether it be in a joke, a point of law or one of the perplexing problems of "affairs of state." He has two desks in his room, one of which he uses while attending to regular correspondence. Here letters and communications are disposed of with the system and regularity of business methods. In the corner of the room is a smaller, flat-top desk on which are placed the important matters of state that require his official signature. When seated here, the Secretary puts on his large, horn-rimmed spectacles, reminding one of Benjamin Franklin, and signs documents with due solemnity and great dignity.

One of the latest stories of Secretary Knox tells of his recent visit to a play, where he sat about half way back in the audience. In the front row sat a bald-headed man whose polished orb cast a reflection like an ivory ball in the brilliantly lighted theater. His companion was a tall lady with a wealth of hair, waved and puffed—a coiffure of gigantic proportions.

Someone slyly quoted the biblical aphorism "To him that hath shall be given and from him that hath not shall be taken away even that he hath," which the Secretary insisted was "a hair-splitting joke."

Presently someone just back of the conspicuous couple arose to go out. Although the rows were close together, yet he safely passed the bald-headed man, but alack and alas—the projecting psyche knot of the lady was struck amidship and turned awry, and all unconscious, in the glory of her manufactured hair, she sat with the cluster puffs pointing directly northeast.

The comedian on the stage thought his jokes fell not upon barren ground as he listened to ripples of laughter in the audience, and not until later, when the psyche knot, with a dexterous turn of the hand, was adjusted, did the levity subside.

* * *

SENATORIAL leadership for the future is crystalizing during the extra session. No gift of prophecy is required to predict the value of the strong qualities of leadership developed by Senator W. E. Borah of Idaho. His effective championship of the income tax and the bill for the election of United States senators by direct vote have stamped him as a progressive leader of constructive ideas. While classified as an "insurgent," Senator Borah has on several occasions broken away from "progressivism" that he felt was mere insurgency. An intrepid fighter and a strong speaker, the senator follows the Shakespearian advice:

"Those friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel."

and a friend once means a friend always. His Western vigor and initiative have not been diminished during his term as senator, in which office he has made an enviable record.

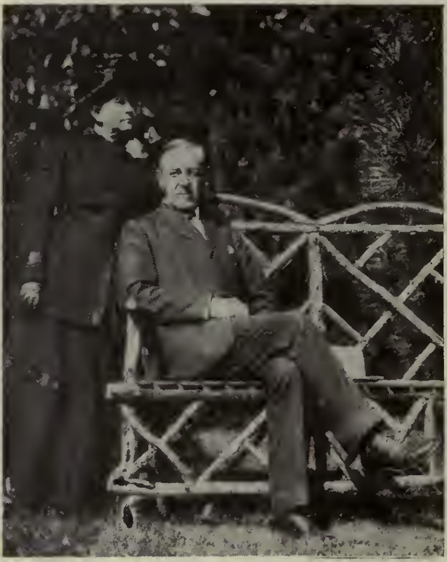
Recently Senator Borah was accosted in Washington as "Joe," and given a subscription to The National. Solemnly he took the name and address and signed a receipt for the money. In a few days a note bearing the august senatorial signature was received at The National office containing the new subscriber's name, with the advice, "If I am compelled to look like Joe Chapple, I intend to be paid for it."

* * *

APROPOS of the Supreme Court decision, which dealt with the words "reasonable," and "unreasonable," an excerpt from a speech made some seven years ago by President W. C. Brown of the New York Central indicates the vital significance of these words. He was speaking of the famous Rock Island railroad bridge case in which Abraham Lincoln brought about the reversal of a decision by the United States District Courts, April 3, 1860, deciding the bridge a nuisance and an obstruction, and decreeing its removal.

SECRETARY OF STATE P. C. KNOX

"Mr. Lincoln admitted," said Mr. Brown, "that the bridge was an obstruction, but claimed that it was not an *unreasonable obstruction*; that the river and the railroads were great highways for the people, and that the people who traveled by the latter were entitled to equal consideration with those who traveled by river. . . . The masterful argument of Mr. Lincoln forced into consideration of the great issue the question of the *reasonableness* of the obstruction, and whether by legislative amendment or by judicial interpretation, the question of reasonable restraint must be considered in its enforcement, or obstacles of commercial and industrial progress are likely to be interposed, the gravity of which no one can foresee and the lapse of years determine."



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GOVERNOR AND MRS. WOODROW WILSON

EVIDENCE of the interest taken by subscribers in any mention of their Congressmen is frequently shown in editorial correspondence. Many ask the Editor if he realizes the amount of good being done by their home Congressman, and one writer says, "Don't forget Hon. Thomas H. Paynter, our own Senator from Kentucky."

It does not require two visits to Kentucky to realize that Senator Paynter is one of the biggest men in the state, and in Greenup County, as one reader writes, "we all know him so well that we call him Tom." In Washington, Senator Paynter remembers these loyal home-folks first and foremost, and admirably fulfills the duties of a position so signally honored long ago by Henry Clay, the "mill boy of the slashes." Senator Paynter has the delightful faculty of making everybody in Washington his friend. He is "Tom" to all who know him, and the people of the Capital have a very warm spot in their hearts in appreciation of his activities on the District of Columbia committee, while his work has been of great benefit to those people who live there.

Senator Paynter maintains a fatherly interest in both Indian and Philippine affairs, but his affection goes out unreservedly to the folks in his "Old Kentucky Home."

* * *

WHEN Woodrow Wilson was travelling through Alabama he strayed out of the Pullman and took a seat in the day coach with the idea of finding out something about the political feeling down South—as regards future presidential nominees, perhaps. Scarcely had he seated himself when the train stopped, and a man just across the aisle became galvanized to sudden action.

Fixing Governor Wilson with a fevered eye, he demanded, "Is this not a sulga?"

The Governor blinked. In vain he searched the storehouse of his memory seeking for the significance of a "sulga."

"I beg your pardon," he ejaculated. "What did you ask?"

"Not a sulga? Not a sulga?" clamored the man with agitation. "Is this not a sulga?"

President Wilson shook his head. "Nobody ever called me that before," he confessed. "And I must own that I don't know what a sulga is. Perhaps—"

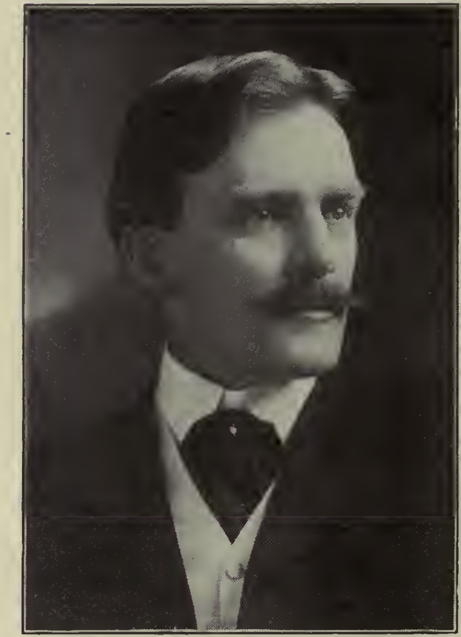
The glare in the other's eye grew positively painful, when another passenger interrupted. "Yes" he agreed, "This is not a sulga."

The questioner snatched up his suit case, rushed to the door, and sprang wildly off just as the train started. Governor Wilson thrust his head out of the window wonderingly, then drew it back and blushed. His eyes had fallen on the name of the station, painted in big black letters, "NOTASULGA."

WHEN the Department of Commerce and Labor was established in 1903 "to foster, promote, and develop the foreign and domestic commerce, the mining, manufacturing, shipping, and fishery industries, the labor interests, and the transportation facilities of the United States," there were transferred to the new Department the following long-established Bureaus: Bureau of Labor, Bureau of Fisheries, Bureau of the Census, Bureau of Statistics, Bureau of Navigation, Bureau of Light-houses, Bureau of Immigration and Naturalization, Coast and Geodetic Survey, Steamboat-Inspection Service, and Bureau of Standards. The Bureau of Corporations was established with the Department. It was also noted by Congress, and by others interested in the new Department, that none of the established Bureaus had quite the initiative functions with respect to commerce and manufacture that the purposes of the Department implied. To remedy this Congress established the Bureau of Manufactures for the purpose, as stated in the organic law, of "fostering, promoting, and developing the various manufacturing industries of the United States, and markets for the same at home and abroad, domestic and foreign, by gathering, compiling, publishing, and supplying all available and useful information concerning such industries and such markets, and by such other methods and means as may be prescribed by the Secretary or provided by law." A modest appropriation was made and the Bureau started in February, 1905, with Hon. J. Hampton Moore, now Congressman from Pennsylvania, as the first Chief of the Bureau. Congressman Moore, attracted to other duties, was succeeded within a few months by Major John M. Carson, one of the best known newspaper correspondents in the Capital. Major Carson having been sent abroad on commercial investigations by the Department, was succeeded in August of last year by the present Chief of the Bureau, Mr. A. H. Baldwin, who had served previously as Chief Clerk of the Department of Commerce and Labor, and of the Bureau of the Census.

A VIEW OF THE DAM OF THE SOUTHERN POWER COMPANY IN NORTH CAROLINA

The first definite duty assigned to the Bureau of Manufactures was the publication of the reports of United States consuls which had for many years previously been issued by the Department of State. These are known as the Daily Consular and Trade Reports, and are distributed to some fifteen thousand manufacturers, exporters and others. It is one of the most widely quoted dailies in the country. The officers of the Department of State and the Department of Commerce and Labor work in close co-operation in the field of foreign trade promotion. A recent example of this co-operation is the World Trade Directory, compiled by consuls, and edited and published by the Bureau of Manufactures. Soon a small corps of trade commissioners or investigators, known as commercial agents, was provided, and the Bureau began to publish the results of their investigations into trade conditions in foreign countries. Technical experts have been sent to many foreign countries, and have reported to the Bureau and to Congress on leading exports, including cotton textiles, machinery, flour, cotton seed products, and manufactures of leather. It is planned to extend these investigations, and Congress has granted for the coming fiscal year increased appropriations for the work. The officers of the Consular Service report continually and with success on general trade conditions. The Commercial Agents of the Bureau of Manufactures supplement the work of consuls in fields where the consul cannot be expected to have the expert knowledge and training required, or the time to undertake extended investigations. Gradually other activities were taken up by the Bureau until a beginning has been made in many lines of publicity and trade promotion, including the publication of bulletins on foreign tariffs, on consular and port regulations in foreign countries, on such subjects as packing for export, commercial courts in Europe, municipal markets, and trade condition with respect to special manufactures constituting important portions of our export trade. The appropriations for the Bureau have been increased each year, although the United States still appropriates less money for this work than certain foreign countries allow for the maintenance of a single consulate in a large city like New York.



A. H. BALDWIN
Chief of the Bureau of Manufactures of the Department of Commerce and Labor

* * *

Heretofore the American manufacturer has seemed comparatively indifferent to the federal activities which are supposed to be conducted in his behalf. With a domestic market for manufactures and other products amounting to from $15,000,000,000 to $20,000,000,000 a year, the export trade of the United States, amounting now to a little more than $2,000,000,000 a year, has not been so important a factor in our commerce. Moreover, more than one-half of our exports have heretofore consisted of raw materials and foodstuffs, for which a market was secured without any selling effort on our part. Of late, however, changing conditions, the development of the United States as a world power, the increase of our population, making greater demands on our production of foodstuffs and lessening our exports of these products, and the highly organized competition of trade rivals in the sale of manufactured goods have all contributed to develop a situation where the work of the Bureau of Manufactures and similar Bureaus becomes of great importance to American commerce. Our foreign trade in manufactured products is now becoming a vital factor in our national life, and a national equipment to permit us to meet our foreign rivals on equal terms in world markets becomes increasingly important.

Germany makes use of every national force to aid in the development of foreign trade, and special rates for exports over railroads and other transportation lines, commercial agents in every corner of the world, banks, steamship lines, systems of commercial education, all are combined and co-related to the service of Germany's foreign commerce. A similar task and similar systems await development by the United States.

The extremely good work that has already been accomplished by the Bureau of Manufactures is scarcely more than a foundation or beginning in this vast field. The scope of the work which is assigned to this Bureau is very broad and touches the national life on many sides. The new ideas concerning scientific management of industries and of units of labor, the development of the science of the distribution of products by railroads, cities and selling agencies, the prevention of waste in such distribution, the commercial planning of cities with relation to commerce, the co-relation of the development of commercial and industrial instruction in schools and colleges, the promoting of national and local commercial museums, all these fields of activity, research and publicity concern the Bureau of Manufactures, and those in charge of the Bureau await only the opportunity, with the growth of the equipment of the Office, to make it a force in fostering and promoting the true doctrine of commercial and manufacturing progress. The Bureau is even now one of the most interesting fields of service in the federal government, and the American manufacturer is bound to advise himself of its work and to be alert to secure its benefits and to support its development.

H. B. VARNER OF LEXINGTON, NORTH CAROLINA
Publisher of *Good Roads* and one of the aggressive leaders in the movement

If the United States as a nation ignores the important factors of government co-operation and instruction in commerce and manufacture, it will lose the prizes in world trade to Japan, to England, to Germany, and to other nations also that come into commercial competition with

Uncle Sam. Our trade rivals, it is certain, do not neglect to note the "handwriting on the wall," and they are fully and actively alive to the necessity for concerted national effort and preparedness for the world's commercial struggles.

* * *

THE hearty support of the peace movement by such prominent British statesmen as Lord Rosebery, Rt. Hon. A. J. Balfour, Premier Asquith and John Burns have indicated the drift of the great idea in England.

MARGUERITE, COUNTESS OF SUFFOLK
One of the American Peeresses who appeared in state robes at Westminster Abbey during the coronation of King George. The Countess was formerly Daisy Leiter

Sir Edward Grey's endorsement of President Taft's suggestion that all questions leading to unfriendly relations between England and the United States should be settled by arbitration, is regarded as a seven-league leap toward realizing the dream of universal peace and a reasonable disarmament. President Taft's plain words on the question have evoked a world-wide interest. Many regard the proposed agreement between the United States and Great Britain as the opening wedge of a world-wide international arbitration policy that will extend until great powers and nations in all parts of the world will adjust their burdensome armament tax and reverse the foreign policies associated with centuries of history.

Year by year in Europe arbitration propositions have come up for attention and then disappeared in somewhat the same manner as does the "good roads" movement in the states. The question receives a tacit approval as a "good thing" and an inactive, faint-hearted endorsement. No one believes sincerely enough in the necessity of this "good idea" to reach the enthusiastic, insistent point of making a real financial and public sacrifice for the propaganda.

The paper of Sir Edward Grey on the subject of "Peace and Arbitration" is regarded by many as one of the most important utterances made in the British Empire since the days of Edmund Burke. Its sentiments awakened a world interest in the subject, and the document is already historical. The reference made to President Taft is especially interesting as a European estimate of his work:

> "I should perhaps have thought that I was not spending the time of the House in asking them to look to arbitration as something which could really touch this great expenditure had it not been twice within the last twelve months, once in March and again in December, the President of the United States has sketched out a step in advance in arbitration more momentous than anything that any practical statesman in his position has ventured to say before, pregnant with very far-reaching consequences.
>
> "I should like to quote two statements by the President of the United States. Here is the first: 'Personally I do not see any reason why matters of national honor should not be referred to Courts of Arbitration as matters of private or national property are. I know that it is going further than most men are willing to go, but I do not see why questions of honor should not be submitted to tribunals composed of men of honor, who understand questions of national honor, to abide by their decisions as well as in other questions of difference arising between nations.' "

A similar strong endorsement comes from France. A motion was made in the French Chamber of Deputies to secure consideration at The Hague of the question of the advisability of simultaneous national disarmament. This indicates how

President Taft has brought the question to a focus sufficiently to indicate growth of an altruistic public sentiment groping its way to the light, and with it a popular desire to reduce the heavy taxes imposed by the burdens of militarism. In Switzerland the proposition was long ago ruled out, which shows how a small nation with comparatively little military strength can hold her own in the counsel of nations.

In the German Reichstag the movement for disarmament was promptly shelved. Pride in a perfected military organization dampens the ardor of the peace sentiment in the Fatherland. Kederling von Wachter, foreign minister, the strong hand in governmental affairs, is the hero of the hour. Germany remains a military nation in sentiment, despite the fact that a per capita tax of $2.50 for every man, woman and child is levied to maintain the splendid fighting machine of the Empire.

At the original Hague conference it was found that Russia's proposal to reduce its army would still leave that nation with a preponderance of military power, and this gave Germany an opportunity to defeat the project. Even in the United States, where innocent border movements seldom ruffle the tranquil peace of the nation, it is doubtful if a proposal for complete disarmament would meet with approval.

Military and naval power is today at its zenith, and also at the parting of the ways. Reciprocal agreements between the nations will soon show the utter fallacy of a mere display of power to enforce authority or to protect against foreign imposition. As was stated by Rt. Hon. Arthur J. Balfour, the sentiment upon great and vital questions seems to run in a cycle and eventually to encompass all nations, following out the peculiar psychic phenomena that throughout all history have been observed at epochal periods.

The prevalent sentiment toward peace defies concrete analysis. Peace has become the international vogue, as it were, and though no one can explain just why the thoughts of the people are converging in the same direction, yet the peace sentiment has become so firmly established that it soon must become overwhelming. A desire for reciprocal arbitration and trade, and the appreciation of what industrial and commercial development means as a moral as well as an economical question—such sentiments are now in the minds of all the peoples of the earth. Tolerance and plain common-sense promise to supplant the impulsive ardor that heretofore has led to conflict and bloody wars. Month by month the belief becomes more pronounced in the economic advantages of peace as a vital factor in the permanent and enduring welfare of all nations in the progress of affairs as they exist today. An exhaustive survey of the world peace proposition throws out in strong relief the work of President Taft, which enforces an appreciation aside from that impelled by ardent personal admirers.

MISS OLGA ROOSEVELT
Daughter of Robert Roosevelt, relative of ex-President Roosevelt. She is very beautiful and one of the social leaders of Washington

* * *

IN the afternoon on one of those sweltering hot days, the President ambled into the Cabinet Room, mopping perspiration from his brow with two handkerchiefs. About the table stood thirty newspaper men ready for the meeting of the "Newspaper Cabinet" at 5.30 P.M. on Tuesday. The Chief sat down languidly, indicating that he had had a hard day of it. He put down one handkerchief on the table and waved the other while talking to the newspaper men, some of whom were comfortable in the "seats of the mighty," the very chairs used by members of the Cabinet. The volley of questions began with the democratic simplicity of a corner grocery chat.

On the table were American Beauty roses, and the newspaper boys alternately sniffed them and fired their questions at the President betimes. Over the mantel hung a picture of Lincoln; on the divans at the side of the cabinet table the tallest newspaper men with their knees in the air, were trying to "look wise" and dignified, because there were correspondents from the London newspapers to be presented. These English journalists could scarcely comprehend the simplicity of republican intercourse between subject and ruler. Without form or formality, here was the President of a great nation talking over public policies with newspaper men, without the slightest pretense of official reserve or ceremony. The President's jovial smile rather broke the force of the emphatic gesture with which he struck the table when someone insisted on the necessity of a popular educative campaign on Canadian reciprocity.

MAE AMBROZOVICH
Niece of Louis Kossuth, the patriot of Hungary. She was imprisoned with her mother and uncle during the Hungarian revolution. She was recently introduced to President Taft, Speaker Clark and prominent officials

Clad in a gray suit and illustrating his meaning now and then by a homely story that had a Lincolnesque touch, the President made an admirable witness in his executive chair for the alert correspondents. To every question there he made a prompt answer and a definite statement; but in his every action there was a suggestion of judicial consideration, and the whole interview reminded one of a judge on the bench charging a jury or giving out a decision.

PRINCESS LOUISE VICTORIA OF GERMANY
Soon to be married

The meeting had a general social side. Penfield, the well-beloved doorkeeper, entered the room and turned on all the battery electric fans. Outside, the boughs of the trees were gently nodding as this "second Cabinet" continued to discuss reciprocity, the Supreme Court decision and the arbitration agreement which had been submitted by Ambassador Bryce to the State Department that day. There was a report of the Tariff Commission on the cost of making paper and pulp in Canada and the United States. There is always flowing to and from the White House a great mass of information and detail which seems to be necessary when economy tinges and largely affects every phase of legislation.

The newspaper men seem to cover the United States with a fine-tooth comb. They are everywhere all the time, and what glee was expressed in the President's face when he was able to keep from the journalists the appointment of Secretary-of-War Stimson, until it was all ready to be made. The President insisted that that this was the one time when he had turned the tables and "scooped the boys."

The President has seen some strenuous days of late. No less than four dinners and six luncheons in one day is rather hard on presidential endurance and digestion in hot weather, and speeches must come thick and fast. The President takes an occasional whirlwind trip to New York, where multitudinous engagements are fulfilled at lightning speed, and with official punctuality. As automobiles whirled the Chief Executive hither and thither to dinners, banquets and balls, uptown and downtown, he laughingly remarked that he looked forward to the day when "men of his avoirdupois" might be safely carried in an aeroplane.

However a portion of the day may be spent—in an automobile drive, on the golf course or at tennis—President Taft's daily calendar must certainly show as many engagements covered and duties performed as that of any other man of affairs. He meets the niece of Kossuth and the son of Count Tolstoi, or Chick Evans, the golf expert; keeps in touch with Methodism in its militant Christianity, attends the Jewish celebration in memory of Hynam Solomon, or a Catholic banquet. No matter what the occasion may be, he has proven himself broad enough to enter into the spirit of the occasion with a sincerity and an interest that show the broadness of the man.

EVOLUTION OF A FILIPPINO—FROM SAVAGE TO SERGEANT IN TWO YEARS
Left—Head Hunting savage; *Center*—After he had been in contact with Americans one year; *Right*—Sergeant of a company of fellow-tribesmen

* * *

HIS hobby was the collection of data concerning the wealth of the world, and Adam Smith and the philosophers, John Stuart Mills and the famous economists could not have been more devoted to the task. He was sitting in the

Bureau of Pensions waiting for still more figures, and as I sat down beside him he enthusiastically pointed to some figures giving the wealth of the United States from the first computation, made in 1791, which then approximated $750,000,000. The table which he showed me indicated an increase each year of about three and one-half per cent, compounded annually. When we consider that the average capital per capita of $183 in 1791 has jumped to $1,359 in March, 1911, the wonderful growth of a nation of ninety-two million souls can be easily realized.

MISS GEORGIA E. MAURY
One of Washington's most popular girls, who will marry W. S. Reyburn, son of Mayor Reyburn of Philadelphia

Again, he had figured that the money in circulation in the United States, if equally divided, according to some propagandists, would give about $34.50 to each person. The general stock of money in the United States at the present time is upward of $3,500,000,000. Of this $303,827,000 is held in the Treasury as the asset of the government, while $3,226,896,000 is counted as the amount of money now in circulation. Roughly, this would seem to indicate that there is $274,000,000 of capital not in circulation —our "hidden talents." Now the postal savings banks are to supplant the old arm-chairs and stockings where savings formerly were stored.

As I left my new friend he jingled a few silver pieces in his pocket and pored still further over his neatly arranged columns of figures while he waited for more data to figure out "per capita."

MRS. ALFRED CLIFFORD BARNEY
A society leader of Washington in stage costume. She has been especially prominent in dramatic circles

ALL Washington, including the President, was present to witness Victor Herbert's new opera, "Naughty Marietta," at the National Theater. From the opening chorus to the last curtain there was a charm that delighted all.

The opera has a real American flavor, although the time is 1780 and the place historic New Orleans in days of brigands and pirates. The stirring strains of "Tramp, tramp, tramp" following the opening chorus begin a program replete with tuneful selections. Tiny Mlle. Emma Trentini as "Naughty Marietta" won the hearts of the audience from her appearance in the first act. She received encore after encore, as also did "Captain Dick" and the other principals.

It was a real "Victor Herbert" night. The popular music appealed to all, yet it measured up to the expectations of the most critical musical connoisseur. There were some who objected that the "Irish Lady" as an impersonation hardly seemed to fit with Victor Herbert's music, but through the play the President applauded vigorously, and the audience echoed his appreciation in paying hearty tribute to the composer whose music has never failed to arouse the enthusiastic admiration of theater-goers and music lovers.

VICTOR L. BERGER OF WISCONSIN
First Socialist ever elected as a member of the House of Representatives

* * *

CALIFORNIA'S adopted son, Senator John Downey Works, was reared on a farm in the Hoosier state, and was there educated. He was born in Ohio County, Indiana, which gives him further distinction as an Ohio county man. His sixteenth birthday had scarcely passed when he enlisted in the Union Army as a private in 1863, and served until the end of the war. In 1868 his shingle was swaying in Indiana breezes, and like all ambitious young lawyers, he decided that the first step toward success lay on the road to the legislature. Accordingly he served one term in the Indiana House of Representatives. He made a careful study of legal practice in his state, and is the author of a legal treatise on "Indiana Practice and Training" and other books of a legal nature.

HON. JOHN DOWNEY WORKS
The junior United States Senator from California

In 1883 Mr. Works removed to California owing to ill health, and was on the point of giving up active work, but the people of the coast refused to let the brilliant Indianan retire to the "simple life," and elected him Judge of the Superior Court of San Diego County in 1885. In 1888 he was called upon to fill a vacancy in the Supreme Court, but he refused reelection. As the preferred candidate for United States Senator from California, he was elected as a progressive Republican to the Senate with a vote of ninety-two to twenty-six. For more than twenty-five years Senator Works has been a prominent member of the American Bar Association.

In the Senate Office Building Senator Works begins early and quits late, maintaining in all his work the dignity that marks a former judge. Smooth-faced, with iron-gray hair, blue eyes and an intense love for California, Senator Works does not belie his name, for he insists that a public servant must be known by his *works*, and the works of Senator Works, not to play upon words, are many and varied. He impresses Washington as a man of sterling sincerity and unswerving convictions.

CONGRESSMAN AND MRS. LONGWORTH
Taking a stroll in Washington

* * *

A SEARCH for potash has been instituted by the Department of Agriculture, and ten thousand dollars has been appropriated by Secretary Wilson to begin a campaign for testing out certain regions of the United States in which it is thought the potash salts may exist. It is popularly believed that the famous Stassfurt potash fields of Germany were formerly much the same as in our own arid regions, and much of the investigation, therefore, will be carried on in the vicinity of desert basins.

Although it is estimated that the Stassfurt mines could supply potash to the whole world for half a million years to come, yet the German government has put a limit on the quota that may be produced, thus making the price prohibitive in many cases. Because of the absolute necessity of potash in agricultural pursuits, the American farmer has been paying the price set by Germany, but it is believed that the government's search through regions of Utah, Nevada and Alabama may result in the discovery of potash fields that will at least be of sufficient magnitude to supply the home demand.

Furthermore, active investigations are in progress looking to the commercial extraction of potash from the large deposits of certain rocks occurring throughout the country and other materials which are now useless wastes from manufacturing enterprises. These investigations are in charge of the Bureau of Soils.

* * *

DISCUSSION on reciprocity was at its height when the fact was disclosed that Canada leads the world in the purchase of American automobiles, and that during even the brief space of nine months the sales in Canada had reached nearly four million dollars. But even with the export of the American automobile manufacturer increasing by leaps and bounds, France still maintains the lead, with exports of $34,000,000 against $13,000,000 for the United States. A decrease in imports indicates that the demand for foreign machines is not increasing in the United States.

Now that sober discussion concerning the farmers' free list grows apace, the point has been made that if Canada is now doubling her automobile purchase year by year, the Canadian farmers, with reciprocity provisions in full force, will eventually all own automobiles instead of the strong, heavy farm wagons that have so long been in vogue on both sides of the line.

A CONGRESSMAN of solemn visage was holding on to a strap in a street car. As he swayed back and forth he inadvertently stepped upon the corns of a stout lady. He mumbled apologies, which she accepted with a pleasant smile.

Another lurch of the car brought her upon the pet corn of the Congressman. He glowered savagely as she begged his pardon. Later on she rose to leave the car, nodding pleasantly again at the disturbed legislator, as she said, "Reciprocity, sir—reciprocity is the thing these days. Bad year for corn."

"Reciprocity!" growled the solon. "That's what we're coming to when the women put their foot in it."

FRANCIS MARION SMITH
President of Pacific Coast Borax Company

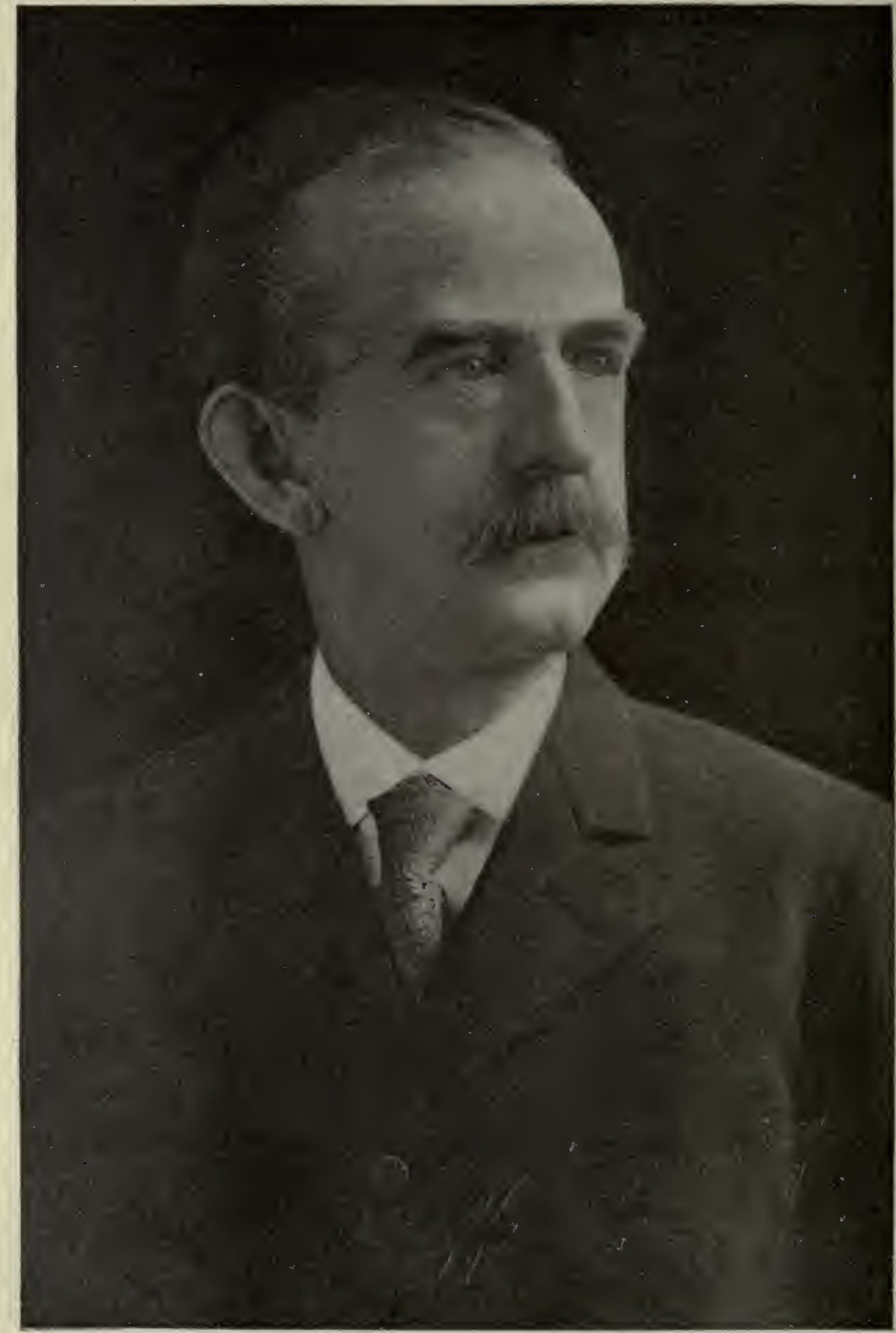
ONE of the well-known Senators who talks a great deal and gesticulates even more, was occupying valuable time in the Senate on a particularly warm day. As his arms flew back and forth a newspaper man whispered to his neighbor in the reporters' gallery that this was the nearest he had ever seen to perpetual motion.

The remark recalled the famous suit brought by Thomas A. Edison, the inventor, against Jay Gould, which has recently been dismissed by the United States circuit court of appeals. Until the disposal of this case it was claimed that Mr. Edison had an idea that he had, at least in law, discovered perpetual motion.

The suit dates back to 1876, when it was alleged that Mr. Edison and Joseph C. Reiff turned over to Jay Gould inventions relating to automatic, duplex and quadruplex telegraphy for certain shares of stock.

ALBERT WALLER GILCHRIST
Governor of Florida

The company refused to deliver the stock, and following the trial of the case in the Federal courts, the matter was still unsettled at the time the company went out of existence and Jay Gould was no more. During the thirty-five years that the case was on the docket, many eminent lawyers appeared on both sides. The case is now set aside by the Court of Appeals because of a technicality. This suit, which has outlived all the original attorneys and litigants save Mr. Edison, has been appealed to the United States Supreme Court. The progress of this case, lasting for more than a third of a century, would indicate an interminable legal process, suggestive of perpetual motion.



SENATOR W. MURRAY CRANE OF MASSACHUSETTS

SPEAKING of leadership, one cannot overlook Senator W. Murray Crane of Massachusetts, whose solid common sense and quiet tact have healed many a breach in party affairs. If there ever was a roll-call on which Senator Crane was not thoroughly informed, it has not been recorded. He sits quietly in the back row and casts his eye about the chamber and over the cloak room when the bells are rung to announce a rollcall.

The punctilious care with which he always guards the interest of the commonwealth and the long hours of arduous and concentrated effort that are given to his work have long ago placed Senator Crane among the busiest men at the Capitol.

Massachusetts is proud of her junior Senator, and few men have ever filled his position with greater honor or possessed so absolutely the confidence of the people.

* * *

NOTWITHSTANDING a very decided non-concurrence with the recent decisions in the trust cases by the Supreme Court, Justice Harlan still remains one of the most forcible members of the Court. During a recent trip to New York to visit his great-grandchildren, he addressed the legislature of the Empire state. The optimism of the "grand old man" of the Supreme bench, and his abiding and sure faith in the people ring with no uncertain sound and are expressed in these words:

"I am one of those," he said, "who believe that there is more than is commonly supposed in those words in our constitution in its preamble, when it speaks of this government being ordained 'by the people of the United States.' The people mean what is right, and the most certain thing in all the public affairs of this country is, that if you will give the people time to think and discuss the public questions set fully and fairly before them, their final judgment is better than the judgment of any political convention or any smaller body of men."

JUSTICE HARLAN

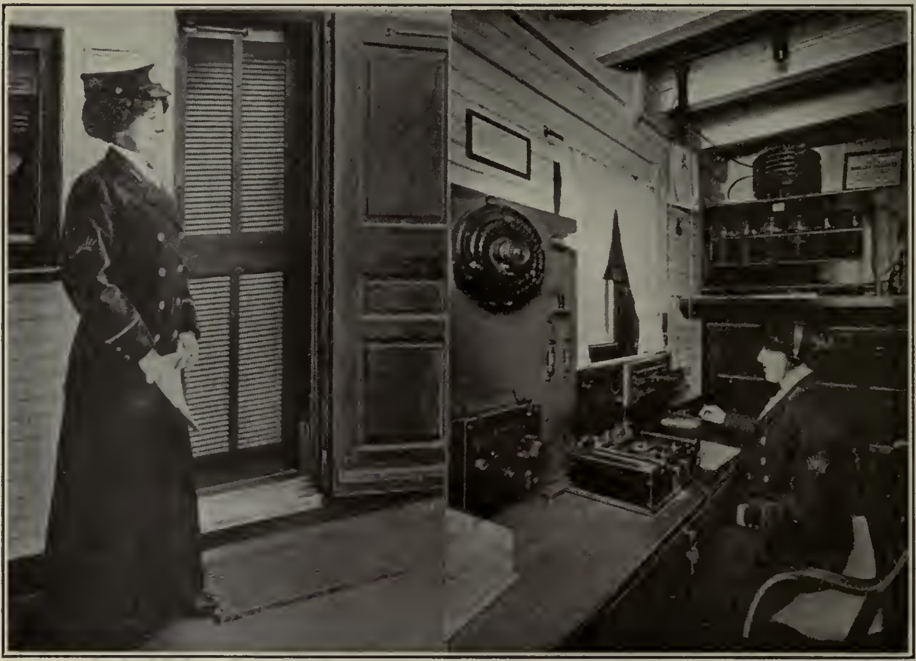
* * *

INVESTIGATIONS are the order of the day at Washington. Everything in sight is being investigated. The accumulation of testimony makes interesting summer reading matter, for it is gathered in without the restrictions of court-room evidence. Hearings, and overhearings on telephones, and what this one says to some one else—all things come to light. Fragments of conversation make a congressional hearing much more spicy than a dreary court record and words as biting and pregnant with personal feeling as are credited to the most approved village gossip can go without interruption in a hearing. The purpose of digging out campaign material through these investigations is stimulating a zest in disclosing things that the original judicial "probe" would not produce. The hot weather has an appropriate temperature for the grilling process—and a grill it has been. Family feuds, personal altercations, business duels and commercial intrigues are brought forth in the colloquial testimony that has all the dialogical snap of

GALUSHA ANDERSON
Whose satire on "Why I am not an LL.D." appears in this issue of the NATIONAL

what is known in booksellers' parlance as a "best seller."

In the Steel Trust investigation Judge Gary promulgated his startling ideas on business regulations which should effect needed changes without bickerings and misunderstandings. Dramatic interest attended the paper trust investigation, which involved the all-absorbing subject of reciprocity. In the investigation of the sugar trust the name of ex-President Roosevelt was brought in to recall recent history. The "hearings" have been heard "around the world," and Europe has never found the cable dispatches more interesting.



MISS GRAYNELLA PACKER, FIRST WOMAN WIRELESS OPERATOR ON AN OCEAN LINER
She began her duties as wireless operator on the Clyde Line steamer Mohawk; she is 22 years of age, and had been manager of the Postal Telegraph office at Sanford, Florida

There may have been dull days in the routine proceedings of Congress this summer, but the investigations will serve a salutary purpose, even if they do not always bring forth definite results. One Congressman has already entered a resolution to investigate baseball, insisting with all the fervor of a "fan" that the "strikes" in the baseball diamond are annoying to American citizens. What is said in a "hearing" is not preserved in public documents, but is printed only for the members of the committee. Otherwise the crypt of the Capitol could not hold the records of investigations which have played so prominent a part in the extra session.

* * *

HOW often one is impressed at Washington with the art of a legislator! Observations of the large number of new Congressmen show that there is such a thing as apprenticeship in Congress that is altogether different from the "training" among constituents at home. Often a Congressman goes to Washington with an unqualified endorsement from the home folks and yet finds himself wellnigh hopeless at the Capitol.

It takes both time and a peculiar temperament to create a leadership in Congress, and many a good, sincere and patriotic man who has effected many reforms in his home district finds that in Washington he is but a "round peg in a square hole."

The most invulnerable strength at home seems not to count at the Capitol; the Congressman, like all other workmen, must go through a course of training, never sure until it is complete whether or not he will attain success, and time of service always seems to count more than any other one thing.

* * *

ICE coolers in the corridors of the Office Building did effective service during the hot days in Washington for the thirsty ones, for it has been many years since intoxicating liquors were sold in the Capitol, and now naturally everything turns to ice water pure and simple. The spring water bills have attracted the attention of investigators, who feel that expensive spring water should be consumed sparingly. One Senator, hearing of the high water bill for the preceding month, shrugged his shoulders nonchalantly, and suggested that if expenses must be cut, it would be well for the government to buy a spring somewhere and pipe it to the Capitol. "Or let us take malaria from imbibing in the muddy waters of the Potomac," he continued, sarcastically. A discussion followed on the improved conditions of health in the capital city since the people drank the filtered Potomac aqua or spring water. "Well, let the spring water flow, then," replied the investigator, "but get busy and cool something—my temper is rising with the temperature."

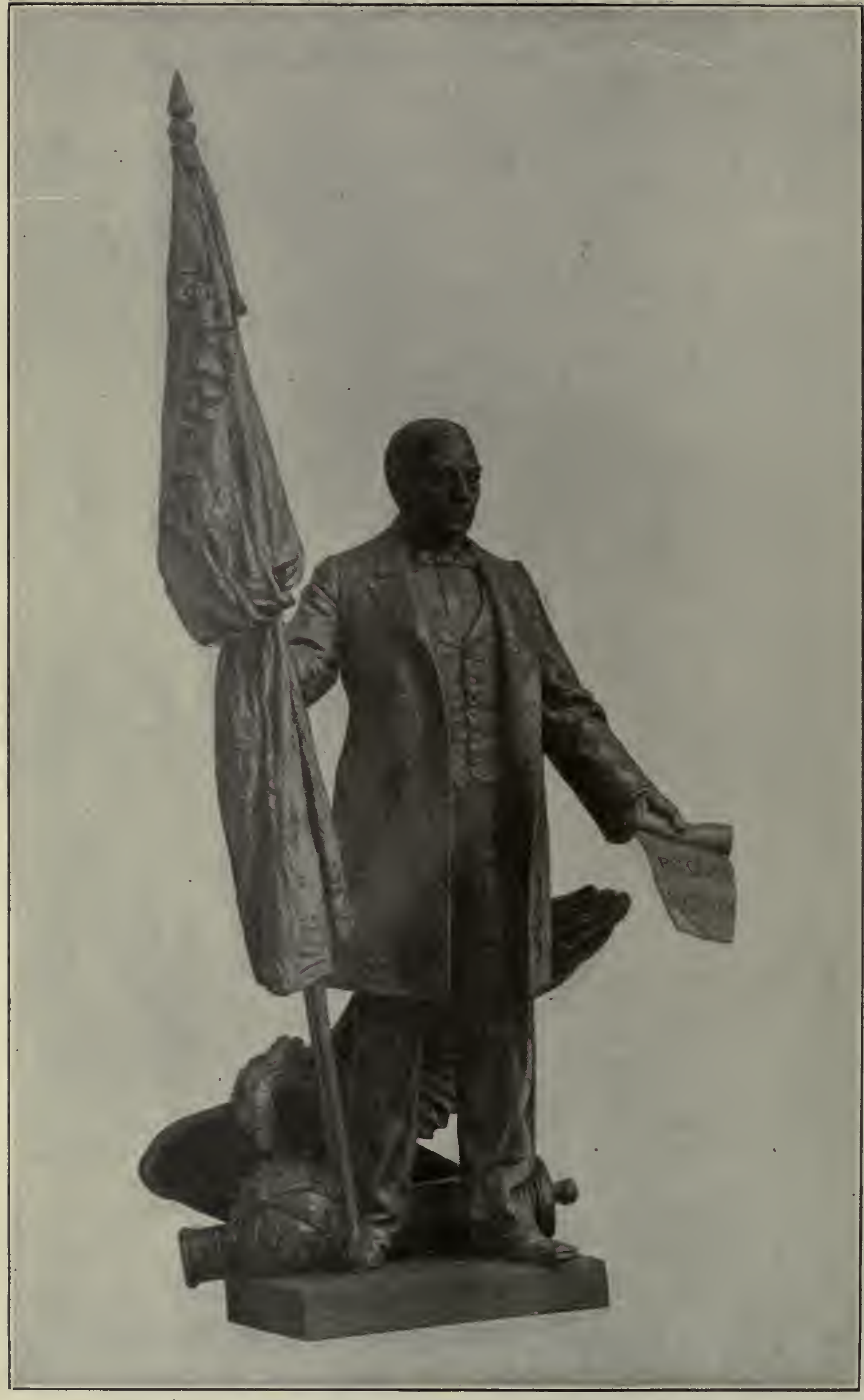
There are no soda fountains in the Capitol, which make the refreshing tanks of spring water all the more deeply appreciated by the throngs of visitors who have been in Washington during the summer months to watch proceedings at the extra session.

* * *

NOW and then a new story will pop out concerning Mark Twain during his last days at Washington, when he was actively lobbying for the copyright bill.

L. L. COFTANZOGLU
Charge D'Affaires of Greece. He is very active in stamping out the epidemic of meningitis in Greece. Twelve hundred dollars worth of serum has been sent to the island from the Rockefeller Institute.

A young newspaper man had requested an interview "to get some facts" about the bill, and the imperturbable Twain shook his hand with his usual grave countenance. Said he, "Now, we are trying to have a law passed—and we would like to enlist your services. Don't tell facts—they are strange—just embellish—it isn't necessary for you to read the law—merely to write—about it. Facts are not important; it's votes we want. Nothing so damages a bill—before Congress—as lack of votes—never mind facts. We want the bill passed;



STATUE OF BENITO JUAREZ ERECTED AT MONTEREY, MEXICO, BY GENERAL BERNARDO REYES newspapers are not published to tell all the truth—all the while. There must be variety.

"Now you really don't need to know—about the bill—all you need to know is that—we want the bill passed. Newspaper men are like some illustrators—who—never read—the stories they—illustrate. Don't bother about such incidental things—as pure facts—go ahead and write—the story. The story is—the thing."

The result of Samuel T. Clemens' work in Washington during the last years of his life is bringing more than a million dollars a year in extra royalties to the brother authors for whom he fought and won so valiant a contest.

LAURITS S. SWENSON
Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to Norway, former American Minister to Switzerland

* * *

RECOGNITION of individual voices by skilled experts is one of the marvels of modern telephony. There are branch operators who immediately and intuitively know who is on the other end of the wire, and without even a formal verification, by asking "Is this Mr. Blank calling?" pass along the word of introduction.

Sometimes, however, the plan works awry. A well-known young Congressman had been holding a great many conferences with a senior member on certain committee matters. Washington society was aware of the fact that the senior Congressman had a winsome daughter, and there was many a smile at the young legislator's assiduity in continuing "committee meetings" at the senior member's home.

MAX HEINRICH OF NEW YORK
The great authority on music and author of "The Science of Singing"

Regularly the young legislator called up the Congressman's house, and this particular time the "meeting" report had progressed to the stage of soft and gentle intonation. This ought to have been a clue to the cruel operator girl—but she didn't understand. So when he called up the house and began with a dulcet "Hello" that should have indicated "who" was wanted, the telephone girl put the father on the wire instead of the daughter.

Father was astonished to find that the past conferences had been of so little value, and to be addressed in endearing terms over the 'phone by a systematic and dignified young colleague—this was too much for the senior Congressman, and he said as he slapped on the trumpet, "I thought you got the numbers wrong on that last report. Try some other member with that soft talk. It won't go with me." Then the young Congressman realized his sad mistake, and now makes his "conference" calls without any pretentions of interest in committee work.

HON. JAMES M. COX
Congressman from the Third Ohio district

* * *

THE fight in the House on the Canadian reciprocity agreement, the passage of which has been so continually and ardently urged by the President, was led by Congressman Samuel W. McCall of Massachusetts. Jokes about reciprocity are going the rounds at the Capital, and the President himself attempted a reciprocal title one day when Congressman McCall was visiting him in the executive office.

"I see they're calling you 'Reciprocity Sam,' " remarked the President, with a bland smile as the Massachusetts Congressman took his leave.

"I disclaim the title," retorted McCall, with a sweeping bow, "since our President is destined to go down in history as 'Old Reciprocity.' "

Mr. McCall, who represents the Harvard University district, has always been intense in his independence, and has definite ideals of true democracy. He is an ardent admirer of the late Speaker Thomas B. Reed, whom he considers one of the brightest lights that ever illumined Congressional halls.

HON. JOSEPH E. RANSDELL
Congressman from the Fifth Louisiana district

* * *

AS early as 8.30 I found Secretary Charles Dewey Hilles at work in the midst of the Executive correspondence that would have staggered a mail-order house, but the desk was neatly arranged

Courtesy of the Pan American Union

THE DEDICATION EXERCISES IN THE HALL OF REPUBLICS OF THE PAN AMERICAN UNION BUILDING, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Those on the platform include: Senator Root, Cardinal Gibbons, Secretary Knox, President Taft, Ambassador de la Barra of Mexico, Mr. Carnegie, Bishop Harding, Director General Barrett and Mr. Albert Kelsey and adorned with a fresh bouquet of flowers from the White House conservatory. The genial smile of the Secretary reflected the sunny spirit of his chief. Even at this time there had accumulated a pile of letters almost a foot high that had all been signed by him and were ready for the mail. It looked as if the secretary had remained up all night, in order to have a good start on the day's work before the visitors began to pour in at the average rate of two hundred per day. Mr. Hilles always makes friends among those associated with him, and he is greatly esteemed, for a chat with the Secretary makes the visitor feel that he had seen the President in person, and the hour's conference is condensed to a few minutes by getting matters directly to the President with all the facts and evidence for decision.

HON. JOHN SHARP WILLIAMS
Mississippi's new United States Senator, who formerly represented the Eighth Congressional district

* * *

SACCHARIN, according to a decision issued by the Secretary of Agriculture, is not to be used in food products after July 1. The decision affects various classes of prepared foods, and soft drinks, sweet pickles, jellies, jams and in some instances beer. The Referee Board of Consulting Scientific Experts reports that the use of saccharin is likely to impair digestion, and that its addition as a substitute for sugar reduces food value.

Uncle Sam insists that his sweet tooth shall not be deceived, yet while the government is forbidding the use of saccharin in foods, the doctors are prescribing its use for such invalids as cannot use sugar.

The purpose of the government decision, however, is to preclude such a free use of saccharin in food as to become a deleterious agent.

* * *

FOR many years a certain desk in the Senate chamber has been coveted by John Sharp Williams of Mississippi, and his wish will be realized in taking the seat formerly occupied by Jefferson Davis in the Upper House.

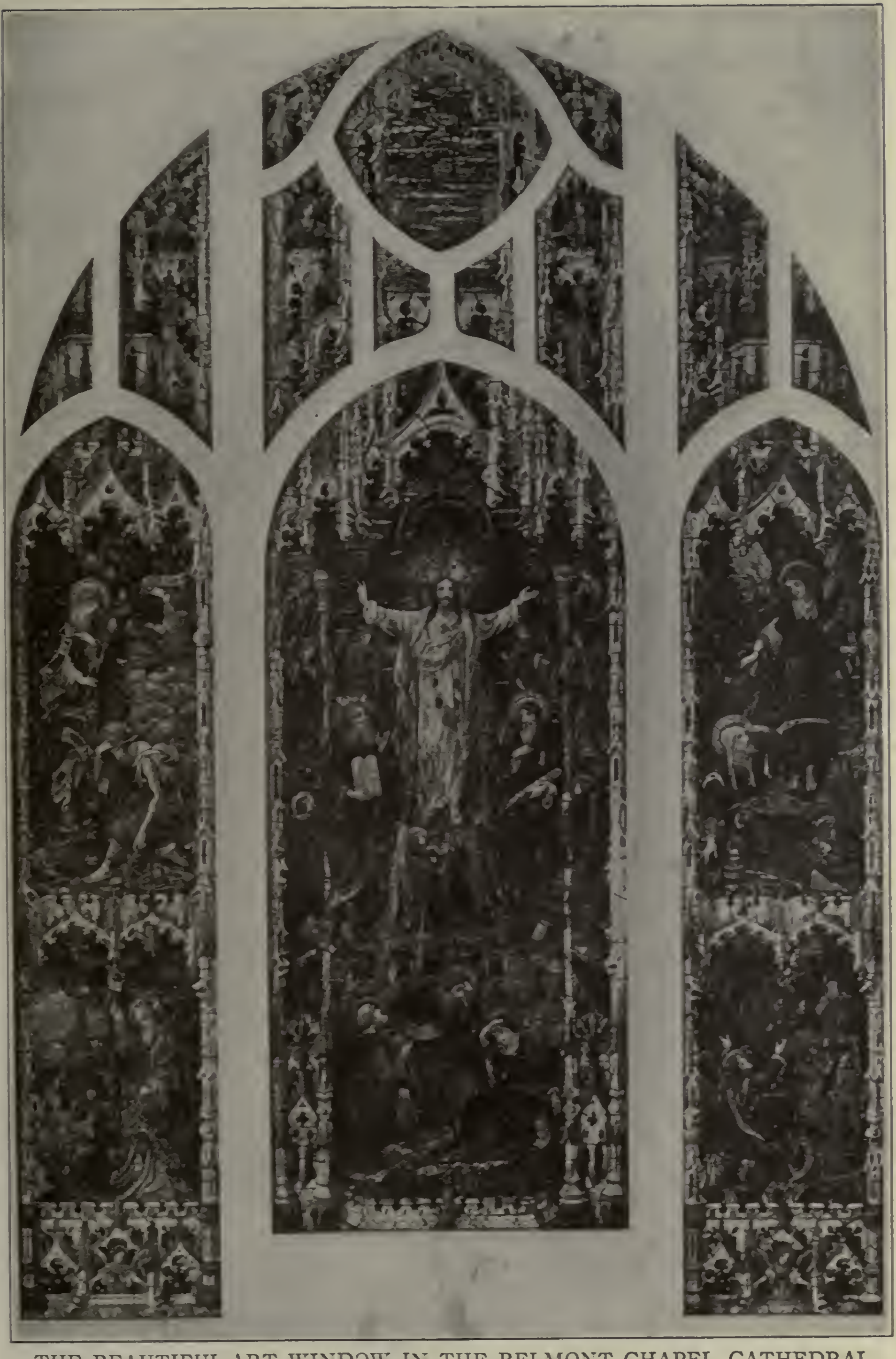
This desk of the one-time President of the Confederacy is perhaps of more historic interest than any other in the Senate. It is still disfigured with the bayonet marks made during the war by Union soldiers who attempted to destroy it. Some members, however, insist that many of its scars came from Senator Tillman's pitchfork.

Southern visitors, especially, always insist upon having this desk pointed out to them, and it seems fitting that it should be occupied by a Senator hailing from the commonwealth of Mississippi, Jefferson Davis' home state.

Senator Williams was most heartily welcomed back to active public life by many Senators who were formerly his colleagues in the House.

* * *

LARGE audiences and a lively interest always characterize Supreme Court sessions when it is expected that Chief Justice White is to deliver a decision. On such occasions, he speaks in a soft, musical voice, and seems to be endowed with the faculty of making dry subject matter interesting. But his gestures are what especially distinguish the speaking of the Chief



THE BEAUTIFUL ART WINDOW IN THE BELMONT CHAPEL, CATHEDRAL OF SAINT JOHN, NEW YORK CITY

Courtesy of Church Glass & Decorating Co.

A TYPICAL VIEW IN THE ISLE OF PINES

This island possesses the most salubrious climate, and fever, plague and other ills have passed it by. The average temperature for the year is 78 degrees. The air is balsamic with the resinous fragrance of piny woods.—*Photo by American Photo Company from an illustration in the book "Cuba" by Irene A. Wright; copyright,* 1910, *by The Macmillan Co.*

SAN JUAN HILL

San Juan Hill is within easy walking distance from the end of one of the street car lines. Enroute, is passed the "Peace Tree." The handsomest school building in Cuba stands on the road leading down from San Juan Hill.—*Photo by American Photo Company from an illustration in the book "Cuba," by Irene A. Wright; copyright,* 1910, *by The Macmillan Co.*

Justice. He gesticulates with the inimitable ease and grace of the impassioned French gentleman and moves his hands and arms continually, whether he stands or sits, although every movement seems to fit naturally with his words as if in emphasis, or word embellishment.

Associate Justice Hughes is also an eloquent and accomplished speaker, but oratory does not as a rule play a very important part in the Supreme Court, for the delivery of a decision is an occasion calling for the most matter-of-fact verbiage.

W. E. HARRINGTON
President of the Midland Pennsylvania Railroad

HE came into the cloak room looking like a veteran of many wars. There was a plaster above his eyes, one below his eyes, and a liberal instalment of plaster on his chin. He held up a warning finger to those who smiled as he explained, sadly and softly, "I shaved."

."It looks like it," remarked a brother Senator cynically.

"Hear me to the end," went on the battered hero, "it—it was a safety razor."

"You must have been trying to shave your eyebrows, then."

The warrior glowered. "Sir," he said, "I attempted to shave my face—with a safety razor. It was when I returned from a banquet and the impulse came in a moment. 'Twould save a session with the barber in the morning—"

Photo by Clinedinst

GUS KARGER
One of the prominent members of Washington's newspaper cabinet

"Ah," said an old-time Southern Senator sympathetically, "the old-fashioned razor would never butcher man's countenance thus.

"Yes, give us the old-fashioned razor, forsooth, because in the stropping of the razor there is a musical rhythm suggestive of sabres passing to and fro. And then, moreover, does not the stropping of the razor represent beneficial and necessary, exercise?" He continued to pay touching and eloquent tribute to the merits of the old-fashioned razor and put a kindly arm about the shoulder of the be-plastered victim of the safety's wiles as they passed on.

The GUEST OF HONOR

By William Hodge

"The Man From Home"

Copyright 1911, by Chapple Publishing Company, Limited

SYNOPSIS—John Weatherbee, author and poet, comes to New York with his four-year-old adopted son, Jack, and takes rooms at Wartle's boarding house. As finances dwindle, he keeps moving up until the "top floor back" is reached. Amid persistent dunning of Wartle, the landlord, and Mrs. Murray, the housekeeper, Weatherbee is kept in spirits by Warner, a blind newspaper man, who assures the young man that some day he will be famous. Weatherbee becomes rapturous in describing to Warner the girl who recited his prize verse at the exclusive "Ten Club." The same afternoon this young lady, Miss Rosamond Kent, calls personally to urge him to attend a luncheon. Weatherbee introduces himself as his own secretary. Rosamond recognizes a photograph of her sister Marguerite on Weatherbee's table, and later informs her mother. Rosamond's father, "Dick Kent," a Wall Street broker, objects to his daughter entertaining an unknown author, and when Weatherbee arrives, Kent practically dismisses him, but not until Rosamond has learned from Weatherbee, who admits his identity, that the original of the photograph she saw at his studio is dead. Meantime, Wartle and Mrs. Murray conclude to get married, but Weatherbee is forced to vacate his rooms or pay his rent. Just as he is leaving, Rosamond calls, learns that Jack is her sister's son and takes him home with her. After making arrangements to visit her sister's grave with Weatherbee later, a publisher then appears on the scene and buys one of Weatherbee's books, paying $500 on account. Weatherbee re-rents his room and sets out to find Warner. The advent of the check is duly celebrated. Little Jack in the Kent home wins every heart, even to that of the gruff Wall-Street magnate, who discovers that Jack is his grandson. Wartle and Mrs. Murray are married amid much pomp and display.

CHAPTER XXI

THISBY made his usual four o'clock Sunday call at the Kent Mansion and when the butler informed him that Miss Helen was resting, he handed the colored gentleman his hat and cane, lighted a cigarette, presented the burned end of the match to the bewildered servant and walked leisurely into the library.

It had taken Mrs. Kent and Rosamond some time to fully explain the importance of the present situation to Helen and convince her that it was not only wise, but absolutely necessary to let Mr. Kent and Jack have the entire house to themselves. It was not quite clear to her why they should occupy the entire establishment, but she was pleased to grant their request, so buried her undisturbed mind between the pages of an interesting book and refused to see anyone.

With the hat, cane and burned match in his hand, the butler stood in an amazed attitude mumbling over the orders he had received from Mrs. Kent and Rosamond.

"We can see no one. No matter who calls we are not at home."

"Those am the words an' they cer'nly meant 'em fo' they said 'em over an' over free times. I'll inform him jus' once mo' an' if he don' go I'll repo't the case to Mrs. Kent and she'll sure 'nough take that young gen'man by the ear an' make him go home!"

When he reached the library door and found Thisby sprawled out on the divan reading a magazine and puffing clouds of cigarette smoke up at the ceiling, his courage weakened and he was unable to find words to express his thoughts.

After he had gazed at the picture for some few seconds, the magazine was lowered just enough to permit Thisby to throw a bored glance over the top of its pages.

"Do you wish anything, Joe?" and he arranged the pillows underneath his head and continued reading.

"Mis'er Thisby, the ladies lef' pa'tic'ler o'da's that they can see no one today."

"Don't bother about me, dear old boy. I'll just sort of kill time here 'till they come down to dinner. Get me a glass of water, that's a dear old chap. Hurry now, I'm beastly thirsty. Run along now like a good fellow!"

The request was acknowledged by a polite bow, but the queer old feet shuffled their way to Mrs. Kent's door and when she saw the black figure standing before her with a straw hat in one hand and a cane in the other, she pronounced the guest's name before it was announced.

"Mass Kent, I tol' 'em an' tol' 'em that he couldn' see anyone, but he jus' walk right in an' lay 'e'self right down on the divan in the library."

"I'll see him, Joe." Her quiet dignified tone assured the servant that he had nothing to do but wait at the door and hand the gentleman his hat and cane.

Thisby jumped to his feet and extended his hand when Mrs. Kent entered the room and she received it in both of hers and patted it gently.

"Helen is resting, my dear, and she can't see you this afternoon."

"But, bless you, I am going to be a good sort and wait here until she comes down to dinner. I don't mind it a bit, don't you know."

"No, you run home and if Mr. Kent goes to his office tomorrow, you may come over then. You do this for me. Mr. Kent is entertaining a guest today and we want him to have the house to himself," and he was coaxed to the front door with Mrs. Kent's arm about his shoulders, assisting him each step of the way.

"Why doesn't the Governor take his guests to his club and entertain them? The idea of wanting a whole house to himself just to chatter about a lot of stocks and such truck and having other people get off the earth, so to speak. It's an awful bore—really it is, don't you know! My dear Mrs. Kent, you have my hat on wrong end to. Please allow me to put on my own hat—and please, Joe, you silly ass, don't stick that cane in my face. I've never been treated as rudely as this in all my life—it's anything but civil, and I shall tell mother about it at once!"

Joe chuckled to himself as he watched the small figure hasten down the steps. "He am cer'nly the mos' nervy puson that ever called at a house wifout a gun."

Though Rosamond spent most of the afternoon gazing out through the window of her room, her mind was far from the moving panorama on the street below. The hundreds of automobiles passing in either direction and the tooting of their horns claimed no part of her attention. Her elbow rested on the arm of the chair, her flushed cheek lay in her hand and the big, soft eyes stared at Weatherbee's tall figure as she left it standing in the center of the little room when she hurried down the stairs with Jack in her arms.

She had met him three times and she possessed a mental photograph of each meeting and they were before her constantly, they stood directly in front of anything she attempted to look at. A feeble smile lingered about her lips as she closed her eyes and listened to his description of himself when he posed as Mr. Weatherbee's secretary, but the smile darted away and left the lips trembling when she saw him standing in her father's presence and heard him measure each word and in a low dignified tone say, "I am Mr. Weatherbee." She viewed each photograph over and over and unconsciously, whispered through the lines of his poem. She formed an imaginary picture of his life in the little garret room with Jack. She saw him sewing the clumsy patches on the child's gingham dress while it dreamed its infant dreams on the tiny bed-couch. She saw him bending over the rough wooden table by a small lamp writing the poem that she was whispering to herself. She thought of the tomorrow and of their meeting; she pictured their visit to the lonely grave of her sister. The words of the poem left her lips and they trembled as her long, dark lashes were slowly lowered into the tears that filled her eyes. Her mind traveled swiftly from one scene to the other and while her heart was cheering the noble character of the man who had cared for the lost one and her baby, he was passing her window on the top of a Fifth Avenue bus.

The noisy vehicle hadn't rattled its way far up the crowded street before Kent's big French motor rolled up to the door. She grew frightened when she caught the first glimpse of her father gathering the little bundle in his arms as if it were glass, and she flew out of the room and was at the front door in time to open it and inquire if the child was ill.

"No, the little rascal is sleeping," Kent whispered and he tiptoed into the library and took particular pains to lay the little figure in a position to prevent the light from striking his eyes.

To hear her father lower his heavy voice to a whisper was such a surprise to Rosamond that she stood at the door somewhat dazed. She watched him touch the toes of his shoes to the floor and tried to remember if she had ever seen him walk as gently before. She had never heard him whisper before. The heavy voice was never pitched in a gentle key for anyone's ear, and the thick soles of his shoes had never touched ground ahead of the heels before.

Her surprise was many times multiplied when she peeked into the library and saw him unlacing the little worn shoes with the hope of making the child's dream more peaceful.

Her attempt to enter the room and become a third party was a failure, for as soon as her father saw her, he ordered her away by waving his hand quickly and making a face that no one would dare approach, so she obeyed the signal, departed quietly, hastened up the stairs that didn't squeak and gave her mother a detailed description of what she had seen.

While the child slumbered, Kent moved about the room noiselessly. He stepped into the drawing room to light his cigar to prevent the sound of the exploding match from waking the youngster. The scratching of a match had been carefully avoided in the child's presence, but his constant association with cigars made him forget that the odor of the smoke might prove objectionable to some people. Jack had grown up with a pipe, but he was not accustomed to strong, expensive cigars.

Kent closed the door gently, drew a large chair close to the divan, counted the curls, studied the delicacy of the little features and hurled clouds of smoke at the ceiling. After he had succeeded in completely filling the room, Jack acknowledged the fact by coughing boisterously and fanning the smoke from his face with his tiny hands. After he had sniffed and fanned for several seconds, Kent realized that the room was a solid cloud of smoke. The door and windows were quickly opened.

Jack raised himself to a sitting position, sniffed a few times and appeared to be greatly amused.

"That must be the kind of vegetable that dad says always smells while it is being cooked."

"Does your dad smoke cigars?"

"No, he can't afford to smoke cigars. He has to smoke a pipe."

"Do you like the odor of a pipe better than you do a cigar?"

"Yes, I like the odor of dad's pipe, but I don't like Mr. Wartle's pipe—it smells dreadfully. It is nearly as bad as your cigar."

The innocent frankness pleased Kent greatly and he smiled pleasantly as he thought of a thirty-five cent cigar being referred to as a vegetable.

"You think pretty well of your dad don't you?"

"Yes sir," was the prompt reply. " love dad better than all of the whoy world put together over and over and ovr and over."

"Well, don't you like me?"

"Yes, I like you a lot."

"Why do you like me? Because I gave you an automobile ride?"

"Maybe."

"Well, why do you like your dad? He hasn't any automobile."

"No, but he rides me on his back."

"Yes, but that isn't as nice as riding in an automobile, is it?"

"Yes, it is. I would rather ride on my dad's back than in your automobile."

"Would you rather live in the little room away upstairs with your dad than live here with me and ride in my automobile?"

"Yes, I'd rather live any place with dad than live any place without him."

"Wouldn't you like to live here and have Mrs. Kent for your mamma?"

"No."

"I could ride you on my back."

"Yes, but you wouldn't be dad."

Kent pushed his hands into the pockets of his trousers, walked to the window and stood chewing the end of his cigar, repeating to himself the words of the child's last speech: "Yes, but you wouldn't be dad!" The man with the iron will, who controlled millions of dollars and referred to as the man who held Wall Street under his thumb, the man who had never known defeat, stood with an aching heart begging for the love of an infant who sat before him in a little patched gingham dress, innocently defying all his wealth and power. He stared through the window and the glass seemed to magnify the picture he had dreamed of for so many years—one that he had ceased hoping for—one that his millions couldn't buy—a boy—just a baby boy. The sharp, keen eyes softened as they gazed blankly up at the blue sky, and they closed when imagination forced them to believe they saw the face of the baby's mother passing before them draped in a pale blue cloud. The cigar fell from the heavy lips unnoticed and the broad shoulders were drawn nearer the ears than they had ever been before.

Jack sat quietly through the long silence until he saw the burning cigar fall to the floor. "Here is your cigar," and he held it before Kent, but he made no attempt to take it and Jack tugged playfully at his big hand until he drew it from the trouser pocket and he placed it between the first and second finger, and Kent smiled faintly as he watched him trying to push the heavy hand up to his face, but the cigar didn't reach his lips; he tossed it into the ash receiver and took Jack on his knee and wound the curls about his finger.

"Why did you throw that big cigar away? There was a lot there to smoke yet."

"I don't want to smoke, I would rather visit with you."

"Why did you let your cigar fall on the floor?"

"I don't know—I guess I was dreaming."

"People can't dream when they're standing up wide awake."

"Yes they can, that is what they call 'day dreaming.'"

"What were you dreaming?"

"I was dreaming of something I have never had—I was dreaming—I was dreaming of a little boy like you." He pressed the curly head to his breast and meant to pat it gently, but Jack squinted each time the large hand touched him.

"Do you know what I would do if I had a bright little boy like you?"

"No."

"Well, I would send him away to school and after he graduated I would teach him to run my business and I would give him a half interest in it, and he and I would be partners—partners for life! Don't you think that would be fun?"

The reply was a long silence and he rambled on painting the picture he was mapping out in his own mind for the lad he was rocking to and fro on his knee. He had unconsciously softened his touch and when he peeked under his hand, the big blue eyes were closed and he was dreaming of another picture—his picture—the picture that was painted on the memory of childhood—his dad—the little garret room—the cat—the picture book—and the broken rocking horse.

Chapter XXII

Jack was tucked away on the divan and slept quietly, while Kent paced softly from the closed door to the window, stopping each time he passed the tiny figure to gaze down into the face that seemed to him like a living shadow of the one he saw veiled in the blue cloud. He repeated to himself each word the child had uttered regarding his dad. "Dad rides me on his back," he whispered, and he shook his head in admiration for the little man who had unconsciously displayed the sincerity of his great love for the only father he had ever known. "Yes, but you wouldn't be dad," he thoughtlessly muttered aloud while he sauntered to the window, but he stared at the floor, he didn't look up, he didn't look out of the window.

He sank in his office chair, leaned his elbows on the desk and rested his head on his hands. "He's full of red blood—he's a soldier—he's made of steel—he'd break before he'd bend." He tried to banish the note of jealousy he felt tingling through his mind, when he saw the one thing he wanted to possess clinging to another. He sketched his home in the garret, but it was a palace in comparison to the little room in which the child had spent its life.

He thought of the opportunities he could place before the child, of the opportunities he would place before him if he could persuade him to accept them. Jack's politeness, his perfect manners, his humor and wonderful wisdom told of his careful training and had forced Kent to respect Weatherbee, though in his heart he envied him. He begrudged him the love that was buried in the baby dozing on the divan. He wondered why that love hadn't been given to him, and after he had studied over the situation a short time he realized that he had cruelly pushed and kicked it away. "But I'll get it—I'll earn it," he growled and he swung the big chair around quickly and stared at the little figure and sighed—"You are my boy—my blood flows in your veins. You are my boy—my boy. Your father is dead—your mother is dead. I'll make you love me. I'll make you rich—I'll make you my son."

Richard Kent never started on a journey until he had carefully laid out his route, and when he started he had never been known to turn back until the end was reached. His keen eye saw at once that he was not facing a business proposition—it was different from anything he had ever come in contact with and it would have to be treated differently. The possession of the child would have to be gained with affection. He knew from his short acquaintance with Weatherbee that money would not figure. "It's a problem," he whispered, "but I'll work it out!"

Jack's nap was interrupted by Rosamond, who took possession of him long enough to sponge the little face and hands, arrange the curls and prepare him for dinner, during which few words were spoken. Rosamond broke the monotonous silence on two occasions by asking Jack if he had a nice nap, but he always answered the time-worn question with the same words.

"I don't know, I can never tell how I sleep after I go to sleep because I don't know anything until I wake up."

The reply brought a smile to Kent's face each time, though he didn't enter into the conversation. He excused himself long before the others had finished and paused at the door just long enough to request Rosamond to step into the library before she retired.

She found it quite necessary to do considerable coaxing before she succeeded to get Jack to don Helen's night dress.

"I know it is a girl's night-gown. I can tell by the ribbons and all this knitting around the neck."

She assured him the knitting was lace, but he informed her that knitting and lace were just the same, only lace was made of thread instead of yarn.

"They never put knitting or lace on a man's night-gown. This is just like the ones they have on the girl dolls in the store windows!"

"Well, you wear this tonight and I'll get you some nice pajamas tomorrow."

"With pockets in them?"

"Yes, with great large pockets in them."

The promise sent him to bed cheerfully, and while he was repeating the Lord's prayer, he stopped to decide on the color.

"May I have blue ones?"

"You may have any color you want."

"I like blue best—where did I leave off?"

"Perhaps you had better start from the beginning."

"No, it takes too long. I know where it was."

He omitted a few sentences, but the mistake was an unconscious one and was excused by Rosamond, who was quite busy concealing her laughter. The long ride in the auto had made him unusually sleepy and the "Amen" was spoken with a yawn and the curly head had scarcely struck the pillow before he was fast asleep. Rosamond, who was always eager to obey her father's request, went to the library at once.

He explained the object of the meeting immediately. He sat at his desk fumbling with a few pieces of paper and without facing her or raising his head, asked her how she happened to meet Weatherbee. The question proved an embarrassing one, but she had always answered any question he had ever asked her and she had never told him a falsehood, so, in as few words as possible, she related the entire story including her engagement with him on the following day.

He listened silently with his head bent over the desk clinching one hand in the other when he heard of Marguerite's death and how she had been buried by the man he had ordered from his house. The tears fell from his eyes onto his clinched hands and he made no attempt to stop them, for each tear that fell seemed to relieve the swelling in his breast. With his unsteady hand he wrote Weatherbee's address on the paper wet with his own tears. "That is all, my dear. Leave me now, I want to think. Good-night." She bade him good-night and left the heavy figure crouched over the desk sobbing like a child.

She left the room bewildered. Her mind seemed to swim. She was unable to understand her father's attitude. She had seen him cry for the first time in her life. Her sister's name had not been mentioned in his presence for years. He had ordered her photograph to be destroyed or taken away. The one which held a place on his desk he had torn to pieces and thrown into the waste basket and now the sound of her name brought the heavy bellowing voice to a sympathetic whisper and the strong, rigid figure withered and shrunk before the story of her death as a pansy shrinks and withers in a hail storm.

She sat on the arm of a large chair in the drawing room and tried to form some idea of his intentions, but she was unable to fathom the depths of his silence. She went to the library expecting a prolonged conversation about Jack, but his name had not been mentioned. She reviewed his questions and found he had talked of no one but Weatherbee. She hadn't noticed him make a written memorandum of his address and she found it impossible to foresee even a faint shadow of his plan.

Kent glanced at the slip of paper containing the Twenty-ninth Street number, pushed it into the upper pocket of his waistcoat, filled his cigar case with fresh cigars and ordered the servant to bring him his hat.

"Shall I o'da de mota, sah?"

"No, Joe. I am not going far and I want to walk."

"Yas, sah."

The black derby hat was pulled down over the left eye, the long cigar squeezed tightly between the heavy lips, the large head hung as if the eyes were studying something on the floor and the hands were crowded far down into the pockets of his trousers. He did not see Rosamond seated in the large chair and her soft voice startled him when she asked where he was going.

"Just for a little walk," he replied with a heavy sigh. "Just for a little walk."

He stood on the steps wondering if the man whom he had ordered from his house would allow him to enter his small room in the garret. "I'll give him the opportunity, anyway," he muttered to himself. "It's a funny world," he thought as he hastened along Fifth Avenue.

He stopped at the salutation of the first beggar and gave him the first coin his fingers touched and he held another in his hand ready to grant the next request. He had been a resident of Fifth Avenue for many years, though the sidewalk and his feet were strangers. Memory couldn't recall the time when he had sauntered along the street before.

There were few people in sight and only now and then a poor devil appeared in a dark shadow between the lights to ask for the price of a night's lodging and none were refused. The importance of Wall Street and all of its associates were forgotten. "Dick" Kent was as near nature as the thick stone walks would permit anyone to get, but the large slabs seemed friendly, the night air seemed soft and soothing and the stars twinkled as if they were trying to outshine the artificial lights that were buzzing and struggling beneath them.

The night acted strangely to him, but it was in its usual mind and behaving perfectly, but his eyes had never viewed it from a quiet street at that hour before. He was the stranger, but he was not aware of the fact. Something had broken through the callous which business had wrapped around his heart—something had touched it. The patched gingham dress, the curls and the big, blue eyes had brought him down from the high wind where he had been soaring above humanity. They sent tears through the cold, keen eyes, they had swept the thought of money out of a mind that was so relieved by its absence that it couldn't account for his feeling. He had touched earth and the sensation puzzled him. He was ready to shake hands with the world, yet he was unable to understand why he was happy.

When he reached the steps of Wartle's house, the Sweeney boys were removing the dishes and informed him that he was too late.

"The at'n's over, but Oi'll stake ye to a cigar," and he offered him one of the "Sweeney Perfectos," which he accepted with a gracious smile.

"Does Mr. Weatherbee live here?"

"Oi dunno, they'll tell ye insoid."

None of the guests were acquainted with Weatherbee, so Mrs. Wartle was called and directed him to "kape goin' up 'til his head hit the roof."

He thanked her for her kind information, searched his way to the top step of the squeaking stairs, removed his hat and in a low, firm tone announced himself to John Weatherbee, who was seated at the rough wooden table pondering over one of his manuscripts by the light of a small lamp.

When he saw Kent standing with his hat in one hand, clinging to the rickety banister with the other and gasping for breath, he was not only surprised, but greatly amused. His humorous chord was immediately touched by the situation. There was no desire on his part to be discourteous, but Kent was allowed to stand at the banister while he unconsciously pushed his chair back from the table and wondered to himself if the gruff, surly gentleman had come to take his life for entering his palace, or to report his actions to the real Mr. Weatherbee.

When he became conscious that he had not asked the visitor to be seated, he apologized and begged him to accept the broken rocker, which was the best he had to offer. After climbing four flights of stairs, the offer was accepted with thanks, the heavy figure was squeezed between the arms and it squeaked tunefully.

Kent's attitude had changed so completely that Weatherbee could scarcely believe he was in the presence of the man who appeared so arrogant a few days ago. The harsh voice that had growled and snapped at him was soft, sincere and friendly. He moved gently and quietly; there was an atmosphere of friendliness which surrounded his character that astonished Weatherbee, though he remained cool and humorously calculating. He resumed his seat behind the table, pushed the manuscript aside, turned the wick in the sputtering lamp a trifle higher, looked Kent straight in the eye and waited for him to explain his unexpected visit. A short silence followed, while each man riveted a friendly glance on the other as if it were a game of checkers, but it was Kent's move and Weatherbee sat calmly and held his eye until he spoke.

"No doubt you are wondering why I am here."

"Well, to be truthful, I wasn't expecting you."

"Well, I thought I wouldn't inform you that I was coming for fear I might not catch you in."

"That precaution wasn't necessary, Mr. Kent. I am always in to anyone who calls on me and I am not kept very busy receiving."

"You're lucky."

"That greatly depends upon the person who calls."

"There aren't many people who will climb to the garret to shake an empty hand, are there?"

The question was asked in a tone that was friendly and it drove the shadow of a faint smile to one corner of Weatherbee's mouth.

"Well, we haven't room for very many up here, and the few chairs you see seat all who call."

"Mr. Weatherbee, my daughter has told me of her acquaintance with you—how she met you—of Jack—the death of his mother—the way you cared for her during her illness and after her death. That is why I am here. I am not capable of expressing my gratitude and I know there is nothing I have or can do that would even begin to repay you for what you have done. But you are repaid—there are no numbers that can tell you how many times you are repaid, there is no form or quantity of wealth that can buy what you possess, or take it away from you. You can buy bodies and promises and lock them up and watch them, but you can't buy a child's first love—you have got to earn it. You have earned it and I can't buy it. If I could, I'd give you all I have for it. I can't steal it—if I could, I'd steal it, but I can't. I can't even lay my finger on it—I can't even touch it. What is your reward is a living, breathing monument that circumstances have put in my lap to remind me of my cruel, stubborn mistake, and while I rocked it on my knee and tried to steal its little mind away from you with automobiles and horses and promises, he told me that he would rather ride on your back than in my automobiles. I told him that I would ride him on my back and he said, 'Yes, but you wouldn't be dad,' and for the first time during the fifty-five years of my life I realized that there was something that couldn't be bought with money. It's a great pleasure to me to have an opportunity to tell you what you possess. It's the first time in my life that I have ever lost control of my tongue, but you have let me in, my mouth is open and I've got to talk. Every man who goes through life must stumble and fall before he learns to walk carefully. I stumbled, fell and got hurt. I yelled when I should have whispered. I punched with my fist when I should have petted with my fingers. I used my foot when I should have used my heart. You have brought me face to face with my mistake and I want to do something to pay for my error—I want that boy!"

Weatherbee was quite prepared for the demand. A lonesome night and a more lonesome Sunday had given him sufficient time to study the situation over and over. He had done so and fully realized that nature would have its way; that blood would claim its own. He had become reconciled to the fact that the little arms had been unwound from about his neck forever and would soon learn to twine themselves about another and he wondered if the busy little mind would forget him, or if it would ever think of the lessons taught it at the tiny window in the garret while it was playing on the costly rugs in the Fifth Avenue mansion. His generous heart made him deeply grateful for the future he saw before Jack, and he despised himself each time he wished him back.

The four words that Kent used to make his request were uttered in a low, firm, pleading tone. He was positive in his own mind that Weatherbee would refuse to grant his request and was prepared for a friendly argument and, if necessary, a legal fight. He studied his face during the short silence; he watched the blood leave his cheeks, the color return, the sad eye melt into a soft sympathetic twinkle, and his own cheeks became swollen with astonishment when Weatherbee replied quietly: "You have him, haven't you?"

"Perhaps you don't understand me. I wish to adopt him."

"I understand you perfectly. You are only asking for what I would ask were I in your place."

He uttered each word distinctly, but he was unable to control his voice. It trembled in spite of the effort he was making to smile as he said good-bye to the one link in life that made it worth living.

The sympathetic tones of his voice melted their way through Kent's ears and landed on his heart like lumps of lead. He watched the lips quiver and try to smile as they were framing their words. He saw the muscles of the face twitch and jerk and the trembling fingers wander to the lamp and turn its small blaze higher. He jumped to his feet, reached across the rough wooden table and yelled, "By —— —— Weatherbee, I'd consider it an honor to shake your hand!"

Chapter XXIII

Kent's enthusiasm over what he considered a victory was for a time suppressed by astonishment at the quiet friendly way Weatherbee had surrendered to his wish. He entered the room expecting to be received as he had received the man whom he was calling on, but Weatherbee's sincere politeness staggered him, his broad-minded views puzzled him—he had jumped from the curbstone to a pedestal. Kent grunted, stuttered and struggled for words that might express his gratitude, but he found it impossible, so he clung to Weatherbee's hand and shook it until his arm was tired, then hurried away leaving him seated at the table, by the flickering lamp staring blankly at the rough wooden table.

His broad mind soon made the sad eyes twinkle and the quivering lips smile. He glanced at Jack's future and saw his walk through life paved with comfort and happiness instead of the worries and struggles that lay along the narrow path where his hand would have led him. His sad thoughts changed to happy ones, his loneliness was surrounded by mental drawings of Jack, he watched each year enlarge the imaginary sketch until the tiny tot stood before him as a man. He stuffed his pipe, lighted it and blew a peaceful ring of smoke at the painting.

The drawing room of the Kent mansion was lighted by one bulb that threw a soft golden glow over the room that resembled the last shadow of a fading sunset. Rosamond sat in the large chair during her father's absence and thought of his strange attitude until she worried herself into a troubled doze. The slamming of the door frightened her and she rose to her feet in utter astonishment as she listened to him humming a tuneless air to himself as he sauntered through the room into the library. His eyes were dancing when they saw her appear at the door. To her great surprise she was invited to enter, urged to accept a seat and informed of his visit to Weatherbee.

"That man is all white, with a mind as broad as the ocean and as clear as crystal—he's a mountain of honor—a gentleman—I wish I could do something for that fellow, but there is nothing you can do for a man of his type but tip your hat to him."

She sat spellbound as she listened to him roar in admiration for the man whom she had spent the day dreaming of, wondering if she was over-estimating the character that stood before her as a living statue of nobleness, the smile that seemed like no other smile she had ever seen, the low gentle voice that sounded like a human note she had never heard.

Kent only paused long enough to get his breath and announce his plans regarding Jack. "The first thing to do is to get him some clothes. You don't know anything about what a boy should wear, though, so I'll attend to that myself. I'll take him after breakfast and get the clothes, and he's got to have some things to play with—there's nothing up in that nursery but girl's toys. He won't play with those foolish things, but I'll get those myself, you don't know anything about those. You just have everything taken right out of that nursery and I'll fit it up for him. I'll attend to that myself. I'll have a trapeze put up there and one of those electric saddle horses and soldiers, fire-wagons and a menagerie—big toy animals and things of that sort. I'll have a man come and fit it up. You can't expect a boy that is a boy to sit around and play with his thumbs. Why, it's foolish to think of such a thing. Boys who are educated to do those things grow up and develop into lace handkerchiefs like Thisby."

Rosamond made no attempt to offer any suggestions, for she fully realized how useless it would be, so she listened with a great deal of amusement to his excited conversation that was developing into a heated argument with himself.

"We've got to get a governess at once,

but it is too late to see about that tonight. I'll attend to that myself tomorrow. I want an American governess with an American head on her, who knows something about America and can talk about it and teach a child something about it. This idea of putting an American child in the hands of a French governess and teaching it a foreign language before it can say 'thank you' in its own tongue is an insult to our country. Thisby is a specimen for you. He broke in here one day and wanted me to decide a bet for him. He was betting with Helen that Abe Lincoln was a Russian. I guess I'll have some men come up here and take Jack's measurement and have a lot of clothes, hats and shoes and things sent here. It will be much easier to try them on that way—but I'll attend to that. Don't you bother about anything. I won't go to the office tomorrow. I'll stay right here and arrange everything. You see, my dear, you or your mother have never been associated with boys, and it is only natural that you don't understand them. Boys are much different from girls and must be cared for differently. I'll teach you just what to do and make it very easy for you when I am at the office."

She was taken by the hand, led to the door, patted gently on the shoulder and ordered to bed as if she were four years of age. She answered the order with a smile and went to her room dreaming of the tomorrow.

Monday proved an unusually busy day for everyone. Weatherbee was at the bank before its doors were opened and was compelled to get one of the publishers to identify him before he succeeded in getting his check cashed. After each creditor was paid in full, the pawn-broker was greeted with a broad smile and a cordial shake of the hand. "I have come to rent my clothes of you for awhile," he said casually.

Both arms were filled with as many clothes as he could carry and after several trips were made his belongings were scattered about the garret room. A bluish-gray summer suit, hosiery of the same color, low tan shoes, a dark blue tie and a white straw hat were chosen. The barber was visited for the first time in many weeks, the manicure was requested to hurry, his watch was put to work and when he was dismissed from the chair he had forty minutes before his appointment with Rosamond Kent. A slight gnawing at his stomach reminded him that he had not breakfasted, but a cup of coffee and a slice of toast made peace with the inner man and he sauntered leisurely toward the Kent mansion.

* * *

"Who's there?" Mrs. Wartle yelled after the French maid had pounded at her door for several minutes.

"'Tis I."

"Well, who are ye?"

"'e mait."

"What?"

"'e mait—mait—mait."

"Well, kim in."

She raised herself to a sitting position and stared at the frightened maid when she entered.

"Fer Hivin's sake, was that you bangin' at the dure? I thought it was Harrigan's horse that was kickin' it. What toime is it?"

After numerous attempts to inform her that it was nearly nine o'clock, she held up as many fingers for Mrs. Wartle to count.

"What's the matter wid yer tongue, it sounds as if it had feathers on it? I say what's the matter wid yer tongue—tongue—tongue?" she yelled, and the maid immediately showed as much of her tongue as nature would permit. Mrs. Wartle shrieked as she fell back on the pillow and covered her face with her hands.

Wartle, who had been paroling up and down the hall for some time, rushed into the room. "His hanything the matter?" he exclaimed in a frightened voice.

"As annything the matter? Where did ye pull her out of? Shure she's worse than a Chinaman. Ye can't understand a word she siz. Make her git me a cup of coffee, some bread and butter and some ham and eggs and till her to flop the eggs. Oi want thim froid on both soids."

Wartle saw that her instructions were carried out. The bride's first breakfast was served in bed, and the maid was pronounced "a foin cook." Wartle kept her company by sitting on the edge of the bed and when he informed her that Weatherbee had left the money he owed her with him, she thanked him by saying, "Well, where is it?"

"Hi put hit hin with mine."

"Did he pay you?"

"Yes, 'e paid heverything."

"Well, put it all on the wash-stand there an' Oi'll take care of it whin Oi aroise!"

His hesitation brought forth the second request in a somewhat firmer voice, and the money was placed on the stand.

"Take these dishes now an' git out of here. Oi must git up. Oi'll have a hidache if Oi lay here anny longer. It must be tin o'clock."

The dishes were carried away and she arose humming "Kathleen Mavourneen" while Wartle pressed his ear to the door and smiled with pride, whispering, "She his ha queen, han Hirish queen."

* * *

While Mrs. Wartle sat in her bed propped up by pillows enjoying her first breakfast in her new home, Weatherbee was hurrying from one creditor to the other paying his debts, and "Dick" Kent was busy at the telephone engaging representatives from the best clothing houses of New York City to come and take Jack's measurement and by ten o'clock the large drawing-room was completely littered with suits, hats, shoes, stockings, shirtwaists, automobile coats and gloves, sent on approval.

The library was used as a dressing-room. Kent requested the ladies to keep out. "It's my duty to attend to this, my dears, because you don't understand what a boy needs to wear," and the fussy, growling tone of his voice resembled that of a spoiled child. An amused glance was passed from one lady to the other as they filed out of the library and left what they considered the big baby and the little man to play with the new toys.

Rosamond was extremely anxious to select Jack's first suit and present him to Weatherbee as she wished to see him dressed, but her plans were shattered, though she was intensely amused with her father, who had assumed the attitude of a proud boy with a new red wagon. She had planned many pretty little suits for Jack and had unconsciously asked herself if they would please Mr. Weatherbee. She was not aware of the fact, but his taste was being carefully considered, and his judgment somewhat feared. She stood before the long mirror in her tailor-made suit of white serge and wondered if he liked white. She found a tiny soiled spot on the rim of her white sailor hat and ordered the maid to bring another at once. The white gloves were thoroughly examined and Weatherbee was only forgotten for a second, now and then, when the sad object of their meeting robbed him of her thoughts.

If the maid had dared to ask her why she stood at the window staring down the walk toward Twenty-ninth Street as if she expected the earth to open its jaws and deliver some unheard-of curiosity, she might have realized that she was waiting, but the well-trained maid controlled her curiosity and remained silent, but watched her with as much anxiety as she watched for the first man who had ever kept her waiting and for the first time she was dressed and waiting many minutes before the appointed time.

Weatherbee's tall figure was not recognized in his new attire until he was seen mounting the steps, and much to his surprise Rosamond was in the reception hall to greet him when he entered. Without thought or hesitation, she reached for his hand, clasped it firmly and gave it a cordial shake and the greeting was deeply appreciated, though he had entirely forgotten his first reception. He had trained his mind to dwell on pleasant thoughts and he seldom broke the rule, though when Rosamond placed her finger to her lips and whispered a long drawn out "hush" an unpleasant thought shot through his mind; he wondered if Kent had turned tiger and was going to slay him on sight, but the idea was quickly dismissed when she made a peek-hole by separating a small portion of the portieres and showed him the drawing-room that resembled a child's clothing store.

"It's too funny for anything," she continued softly, "he has three men in the library trying on clothes for Jack, and he won't allow mother or anyone to even go into the room—he's like a child."

"It looks like a sample room," Weatherbee replied after he surveyed the room and saw each piece of furniture decorated with several suits of clothes.

Though the scene amused him greatly, his rule for thought was quickly broken. The costly garments announced the exit of the gingham dress and there was a swelling in his throat when he saw it thrown with the rags. "I would like to keep it," he thought to himself, "and in years to come show it to the man who may forget me," and he stood peeking through the tiny hole until Rosamond asked, "Shall we start?" He apologized for what he referred to as stupidity;—they entered the large automobile and Rosamond instructed the chauffeur to follow Mr. Weatherbee's directions.

Chapter XXIV

Weatherbee's limited association with automobiles had not enabled him to become familiar with their fixtures and he was not aware that hanging at his side was a speaking-tube for the sole purpose of conversing with the chauffeur, so he leaned forward and gave him the address of a small flower shop on Twenty-ninth Street and requested him to stop there first. The big car dodged its way along between the numerous vehicles on the crowded avenue and drew up in front of the little store.

Weatherbee begged to be excused, promising to be gone but a moment, and kept his promise, for the small bunch of sweet peas which he had ordered and paid for early that morning was ready and presented to him when he reached the door by the clerk who saw him alight from the automobile.

The sight of the simple flowers brought a sudden blush to Rosamond's cheeks, for in her excitement the thought of flowers had slipped her mind, but her embarrassment was not noticed, for she leaned forward as she had seen Weatherbee do and ordered the chauffeur to stop at her florist's, and the next stop was made in front of one of the largest and most expensive flower stores on Fifth Avenue. At this store her appearance always meant the sale of the most costly flowers, which she preferred to purchase rather than cut the ones growing in the conservatory at her own home.

The clerk's surprise was quite noticeable when she informed him that she wanted a small bunch of lily-of-the-valley. He leaned heavily on his persuasive powers and tried hard to influence her to look at the American Beauties, repeating that they were exquisitely beautiful that morning, but she refused to even see them.

"I just want a small bunch of lily-of-the-valley." She was deeply impressed by the simplicity of the sweet peas which Weatherbee held in his hand when he came from the tiny store and stepped into the automobile. In her eyes the small bunch made their little leaves look so big, and their simplicity augmented Weatherbee's dignity and there was still a much deeper thought in her mind, a thought that displayed the consideration and sweetness of her character. She was eager to secure something as inexpensive as the sweet peas, not only to show her appreciation of his delicate selection, but prevent showing any sign of financial display in fear of hurting his feelings, or making him conscious of his limited means, which she was fully aware of. Her success was complete, her choice not only delighted him, but greatly surprised him, for a glance at the store suggested most anything but a small bunch of lily-of-the-valley. He expected to see the large car loaded with magnificent flowers of all descriptions that would make his humble little cluster of peas fade far into the background, but he was pleasantly disappointed, and the broad smile which crept over his face was quickly noticed by Rosamond when she stepped into the car.

"Are you fond of lilies-of-the-valley?" she asked eagerly.

"Very," he answered softly, and continued in a still softer tone after a short silence. "I am fond of all flowers, but I dare say that lily-of-the-valley is my favorite one."

His short acquaintance with the rules of motoring was again noticeable, for they sat some time before he came to, and realized the driver was waiting for his instructions. He was not familiar with any of the automobile routes in and about New York, but he bent forward and told the driver where they wished to go, but instructions regarding the way to get there were not necessary. The boy touched his hat with a jerk—he knew the way too well—he could have gone there with his eyes closed, for his mother lay but a few yards from his employer's daughter.

Had it not been for the New York motor laws, the trip would have been made in silence, but the laws brought a mechanical grunt from the horn at each crossing, but no words were exchanged. Each understood and seemed grateful for the other's silence, though each was trying to guess the other's thoughts, but the mind in the front seat was the most puzzled of all.

"Doubtless one of the charity babies has been buried there and she is going to visit its grave. What other reason could she have for going to such a humble graveyard?"

The large car quietly hummed its way along until it rolled up before the entrance and faced the huge sign "No Automobiles Allowed." Weatherbee stepped from the car and gracefully assisted Miss Rosamond to the ground.

A small bird perched on the point of one of the black iron pickets of the large open gates twittered a friendly welcome and broke the silence as they sauntered through the marble archway.

Weatherbee was familiar with every nook and corner and chose the path which took them between the massive trees with their long drooping branches swaying the green leaves to and fro over the lonely white headstones beneath them. Each tree seemed to possess an army of birds—some chirruping softly as if to themselves—some singing as if they were testing their little lungs, while others sputtered and squabbled and jawed as if they were battling with the world at large.

The path, the trees, the birds, everything was new to Rosamond. It was a world she had never visited—a world she had never seen—perhaps one she had never even thought of, but a world that Weatherbee was fond of, he often went there and sat beneath the trees and studied the characteristics of the different people who came with their humble flowery offerings and wept over the graves of their loved ones. He considered it one of nature's greatest books to study humanity from, and while they were drifting along the narrowing path leading to the topmost hill of the grounds, he was making a careful study of his companion, though she was not aware of the fact. Her silence was marked and appreciated—her unconscious sighs were counted and the expression of her soft brown eyes was carefully watched as they wandered from one lonely plot to another.

When they reached the hilltop, the cinder path narrowed into one where few feet had traveled and was marked by bent grass and weeds leading to a new portion of the cemetery on the side of the hill which was treeless and barren. There were no marble slabs to mark the lonely graves, only an earthen pot or a broken glass appeared here and there with a few withered flowers hanging over their edges.

When Rosamond's eye fell on the scene, she unconsciously hesitated, but only for a second, just long enough to close her eyes, press her lower lip between her teeth and restore her courage.

Weatherbee led the way down the dry grassy path and stopped just before he reached the foot of the hill and stood before a mound that was some distance from the others. A small earthen pot lay on its side at the head of the grave. At the foot of the grave there was a root of green ivy with two tiny vines which were smuggling their way along through the grass as if to greet the empty pot lying at the other end. The grass was short and green and showed signs of care and cultivation and in appearance was quite different from the other graves in that part of the cemetery. The birds were still busy in the trees at the top of the long hill, but the distance was too great for their little voices to carry to the bottom. The lonely silence was not interrupted by any sound, save for a wandering bee buzzing its way about in search of a clover blossom or a wild flower.

It was not necessary for Weatherbee to inform Rosamond that they were standing before her sister's grave, but he drew his head up slowly, looked into her eyes and whispered softly, "your sister is buried here."

Rosamond replied by a single nod of her head. She could find no words to express her thoughts and the two characters stood side by side staring down at the green, grassy mound.

Rosamond's mind darted back to the doll days, and memory seemed to gather all the childhood games she and her sister had ever played together and pile them in one heap at the foot of the grave; it gathered up the sad hours and scenes of her life and shuffled the sorrow with the happiness and spread it out before her, but the sorrow was so great that it covered and smothered the happiness. The childhood games, the simple dolls and their many little dresses only multiplied the agony and brought her to her knees sobbing like a child.

Memory had been hurrying Weatherbee's mind back and forth, and it bobbed from the little room where he first saw Jack and his mother up to the garret, and from the garret to the Kent mansion, and from the mansion to the grave where he stood trembling with sympathy and love for the girl who was weeping at his feet. His nervous fingers clenched the tiny bunch of sweet peas until they crushed the stems—his heart thumped and pounded against his breast and his tongue seemed paralyzed as he glared down and listened to the sobs of the girl he loved—each sob seemed to cut deep into his heart and leave a gash that would never heal. He begged his tongue to utter one word of sympathy, but it refused to obey. He drew his head high into the air—the peas fell from his hand—he crouched down at her side, seized her hand in both of his—"God, girl, don't cry—I can't stand it—I—I—can't stand it!" he moaned in a soft pleading tone.

His sympathy only augmented her sorrow and the tears rolled from her cheeks and fell onto the small bunch of lilies-of-the-valley that lay in her lap.

He watched each tear as it found its way from the soft brown eyes and anchored on the petal of the innocent flowers. Each tear seemed to trickle and burn its way through his heart before it reached the flowers' tiny leaves and the intense pain frightened him. He called on his better judgment to explain his agony and when it did, he realized for the first time how deeply he loved the girl whose hand he held clenched in his. He released his grip, unwound his fingers gently, placed her hand on the flowers in her lap and sat silently, his elbows on his knees and his chin resting in both hands.

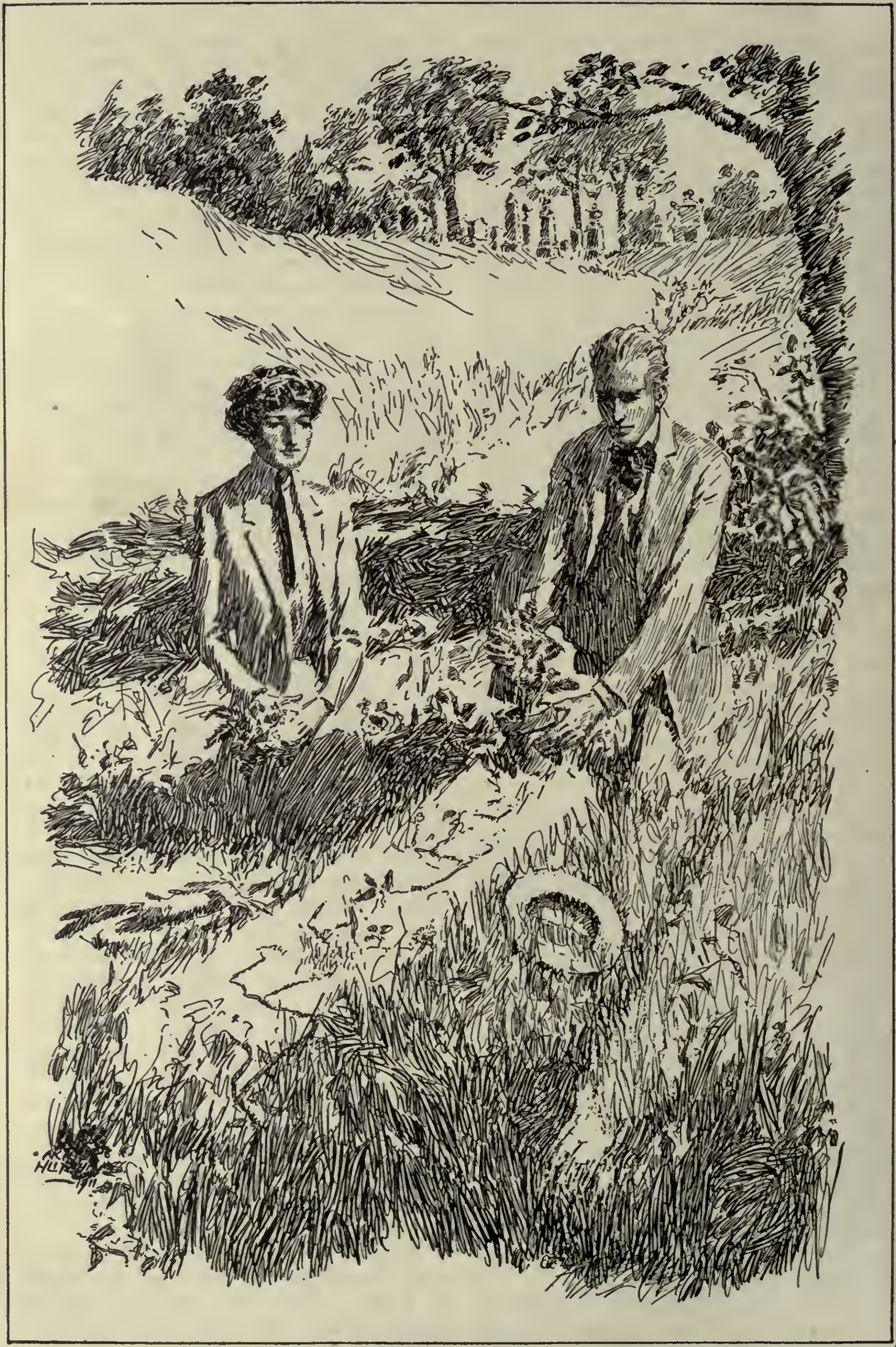
Nothing heals the wound of a woman's heart as quickly as her own tears, and Rosamond wept and sobbed until the tears ceased and the sobs reduced themselves to a quick double breath that jerked and twitched as if her heart were fluttering with relief.

They sat silently at the foot of the grave —each one thinking of the other—each wondering what the other was thinking, and both forming the wrong opinion of the other's thoughts.

Rosamond raked her mind over and over in search of words that would plainly express her respect, gratitude and *love*. From the first time she had learned of Weatherbee's kindness to her sister, she had studied the situation carefully—and her respect was based on nobility—her gratitude on charity—and her love on both and a something else which no one living can describe. She found many words and weighed them carefully—she formed them into sentences and whispered them over and over to herself and studied their meaning, then selected the only one that she knew would truthfully and plainly explain her feeling. She drew her head up slowly, gazed at Weatherbee for several seconds and spoke in a firm voice: "John Weatherbee—I—*love—you!*" Each word was uttered slowly and distinctly.

Weatherbee jerked his chin from his hands—his eyes met hers and stared into them blankly, his elbows remained on his knees, his fingers straightened, the blood raced through his veins and he sat as if paralyzed.

"I know," she continued in the same tone when she saw the wild expression of surprise creep into his face, "that it sounds—rude—or perhaps silly—or sentimental—but I do—I *love you*. I don't care what you think of me for telling you—



"So he placed the jar of cool water at the head of the grave. They both knelt on either side and she mingled the sweet peas with the lilies of the valley."

but I can't help it—I *do*—and I am proud of it."

She looked into his eyes steadily until his lids slowly covered them. She watched him remove his hat and place it on the ground at his side and run his trembling fingers through his hair. He rose to his feet and struggled to keep from staggering, for his mind was spinning like a top. He pushed his shaking hands into his pockets and glanced about as if in search of his bearings—his heart pounded away as if it were hammering at his tongue trying to force it to tell of its happiness, but he clinched his teeth, sealed his lips that were smiling feebly, and dreamed silently. Dreamed of himself, of the tiny thing—the helpless thing he considered himself, of his lonely home in the attic, of his future prospects—he dreamed through the dream again and again, shook his head and whispered to himself, "she doesn't realize what she has said." He reached for the bunch of sweet peas lying at his feet, took the lilies-of-the-valley from Rosamond's lap, stretched his hand forward to assist her from her sitting position and whispered with a smile, "Let's arrange these now—shall we? You hold the flowers and I'll get some water."

Rosamond made no reply, but accepted the flowers and her eyes followed the tall figure as it strolled away through the dry grass with the small earthen jar hanging from its fingers. His silence baffled her and the faint smile that she discovered in the corner of his mouth when he helped her to her feet puzzled her and she repeated to herself again the words she had said to him. "I *am* proud of it," she whispered and her eyes wandered from Weatherbee to the lonely grave. "Where would she be were it not for him? I wonder if she knows we are here—I wonder if she heard me tell him."

Weatherbee hurried his feet through the grass, though his mind was working slowly and her words were ringing in his ears like Christmas bells. They were not words uttered by a silly child or a foolish girl yet in her teens, they were words from a woman's heart, a heart he considered more courageous than his own, though it was sympathy and respect that forced his silence on the subject of love; his love was too sacred and his position in life too humble to allow him to mention it—it would mean nothing to her, he thought, so he placed the jar of cool water at the head of the grave, they both knelt on either side and she mingled the sweet peas with the lilies-of-the-valley. He sunk the jar into the earth to prevent it from falling. Their eyes met again—each eye seemed to be searching the other for a word—each face held a different expression, but both hearts were beating out the same message of love to the other.

"Do you think me rude?" Rosamond asked in a soft but firm voice.

"No," Weatherbee answered in the same key as he shook his head slowly.

"Do you think me foolish, then?"

The shaking of his head continued and the same reply was made, but in a more sympathetic key, a tone that might be described as a heart-tone. It was heavier and firmer than a whisper, though softer and sweeter than his natural voice.

"Then what do you think—won't you tell me?"

"Do you realize what you said to me?"

"Every word!"

"Do you realize the meaning of those words?"

"I realize what they mean to me."

"Do you think they could *mean* any more to me than they do to you?"

"No."

"Are you sure?"

"I am positive."

"And you would really like to know what I think?"

"*Yes.*"

He peeked between the swollen lids and studied the tender expression of seriousness in her eyes. The sun hurried its way along from beneath a blue cloud as if it were anxious to brighten those eyes, and a friendly bee buzzed itself down among the leaves of the sweet peas and hummed as if it were lending its music to the words that Rosamond's anxious ears were waiting for.

"Then I shall tell you what I think, for I feel sure you do realize what you have said, and I am positive that I realize what I am going to say. As much as you love me—I *love you that much*—and that much *more*. Do you believe me?"

"I do."

He reached across the flowers and took her hand in his and held it tightly.

"But there it must end."

"No," she whispered, "there it must begin, for when two people really love, there is no ending—it is always beginning. Each day ends and is bound with a binding of sweet memories, and each day begins anew and nothing else matters."

"But ours would be bound with a binding of poverty and struggles."

"Love knows no poverty, it knows no struggles. There is no poverty or struggles for love that has *love* for a companion."

The sun backed its way down behind the tree-tops on a western hill and the bee circled above their heads and sung itself away in the distance. Weatherbee clung to her hand; they rose, and sauntered up the steep hill hand in hand; no words were spoken until they reached its top, then Weatherbee paused, looked down into her eyes and whispered, "Nothing else matters?"

"Nothing!"

And they strolled along silently under the bending branches of the trees.

(*THE END*)

A REGRET

By HOWARD WEEDEN

DAR'S always somethin' wantin'
In my joy at bein' free,
When I think ol' Master didn't
Live to share dat joy with me.

Dem was mighty big plantations
Dat he owned before de war
An' he, de kindes' master
Dat darkies ever saw.

But de care of dem was heavy,
Makin' him de slave, not we—
An' often I have heard him say
He wished dat he was me!

An' if he jes' was livin',
He would have his wish, you see—
Dem niggers couldn't own him now,
An' Master would be free.

—*From the Bandanna Ballads.*

THE CRUISE OF THE "MOLLY O"

By

Will Gage Carey

DURING my twenty years' connection with one of New York's largest jewelry concerns, I had, I believed, been brought into more or less direct contact with some of the most clever and adroit crooks extant, and believed myself conversant with all their varying modes and methods of operation and endeavor—and yet, I had more to learn. It was a meek-looking, mild-mannered, one-legged individual named Gum McGool—down in the mountain country of east Tennessee—who made me acquainted with something absolutely new and unique in the purloining of precious stones; which leads me to the story of the pursuit of the "Molly O."

* * * * *

Our concern's specialty—if I may so term it—is pearls; nowhere else in New York can so dazzling and lustrous a display be found as in our own salerooms.

From time to time small consignments of pearls had been reaching us, mailed from a small town in Tennessee. Such was the quality, size and delicate coloring of these stones, the attention of the head of the firm had been attracted to them; in fact, he evidenced an interest in them quite beyond that usually manifested by him in trivial dealings with remote consignees.

"They are *superb*, Annin!" he exclaimed delightedly, as I showed him one particularly attractive assignment; "we must get a better line on where these come from." Then after a moment's serious reflection he continued: "Annin, suppose you take a little trip down to Tennessee, and ascertain what conditions are in the section from which these were mailed; it is quite possible it will be to our advantage to have a buyer there permanently."

"Very well, Mr. Ambrose," I responded, "when shall I start?"

"Start today," he answered; "and stay just as long as you find it to our interests to do so."

I left New York that afternoon.

My arrival in the little town up in the mountains of Tennessee was attended with all customary pomp and attention and gathering of native sons. They scrutinized me from fore and aft—singly and collectively—in droves, squads and platoons. They commented freely upon my raiment and general appearance—with which, I am free to confess, they did not appear entirely pleased and delighted. I heard them speculating wildly as to what might be my business in their midst.

The town afforded but one hotel. To this I made my way, and soon after, through the landlord, let it leak out secretly that I was interested in timber—though I couldn't have distinguished between a dog-wood and a horse-chestnut, had I been brought face to face with them in the forest.

That same night, after supper, I had a more extended chat with the landlord, gradually leading around to the subject of pearls, upon which, it appeared, he was an enthusiast. He confided much to me that I wanted to know. Then, as though the thought had just occurred to me, I told him I believed I would knock around a few days myself, hunting pearls—just to see if I would have any luck.

"In that case, friend," he observed, "you-all ought to have someone with you who knows the streams; now, if ol' Gum McGool would go along, you'd find 'em certain."

"Where is Gum McGool?" I queried, endeavoring meanwhile not to appear too anxious; "of course, I may not go at all, but if I *should*—it might, as you say, be just as well to have someone along who knows the streams. Will he go with me?"

The landlord shook his head dubiously.

"Reckon not," he responded. "Gum's time is so took up with the local pearl-hunters, you-all might not be able to get him if he'll go, friend; Gum sure knows pearls—and where to find 'em."

I determined, then and there, that Gum McGool was the one man in all Tennessee I most needed, and early the next morning I started out to look him up. I succeeded in finding Gum McGool. It was in a locality, however, some few miles out from town; and under circumstances which struck me as being quite removed from the ordinary.

It appears a big camp-meeting had been going on in the vicinity, and Gum McGool—being intensely impressionable, and possibly not adverse to getting before the public on any possible occasion—had been among the first to go forward to the "mourners' bench," and in faltering tones profess a change of heart, in token of which he had agreed to be baptized. The ceremony, so I learned, was set for that very morning.

On gaining this information, and the necessary directions how to reach the scene, I hired a rig at the livery, and set out, having hastily decided to grace the occasion with my presence. I must find Gum McGool, and have a talk with him, at whatever cost, at the earliest possible moment.

A large gathering was already at the little mountain stream near the camp-ground, when I arrived; the assembly, however, was so intent on the business at hand, my arrival was scarcely noticed. There seemed to be a spirit of unrest and dissension hovering over the crowd, and I wandered from group to group to ascertain the cause.

Gum McGool was on hand all right—a meek-looking little man, with small, watery blue eyes, and a scrubby fringe of red whiskers encircling his full, round face. Gum, it appeared, was the immediate cause of the unrest and dissension I had noted, for Gum had weakened! In the night it had turned off extremely cold—the water in the stream was like ice, and Gum was all for postponing the ceremony until some future occasion. His friends, however, were not to be denied. Many of them had ridden for miles to be present to see Gum baptized; and he was going to *be* baptized, or they would know the reason why!

I could see poor old Gum glance down over the bank at the stream and shudder; then his friends would gather about him beseechingly, looking hurt and grieved, and it was plain to see he felt that he wasn't doing right by them—but, oh, that icy water down below!

The preacher was ready and waiting, and at last Gum sat down with a sigh of resignation and began taking off his wooden leg; the multitude had prevailed. Then with one hand on the preacher's shoulder, he hobbled down the bank and out into the stream. It was an impressive ceremony, though it was cut short, and hastened through with quicker than the people on the bank thought was quite right.

Gum hobbled out on shore again, and with teeth chattering, sat down to strap on his wooden leg. Then without a glance toward the right or left, he made for his horse, untied it and jumped astride.

"Where ye goin', Gum?" shouted someone in the crowd.

"'Goin'?" snorted Gum wrathfully, "I'm goin' home—fast as hell 'll let me." And off he went, clattering furiously down the stony road.

* * * * *

I made my way back to town; I had found Gum McGool, but hardly at a propitious time, it seemed to me, to open negotiations for his services. I decided to wait until afternoon, and then visit him at his home. Meanwhile, I sought to draw from the landlord what information I could relative to the subject uppermost in my mind.

"Landlord," I queried, as that worthy sat enjoying one of my best cigars, "if Gum McGool knows so much about pearls, and right where to find them, why is it he doesn't hunt them for himself—instead of hiring by the day to take others out for them?"

"He's jes' too triflin'," was the answer. "He can take anyone to where the shells are—seems to know that by a sixth sense, 'pears-like; but that's as far as ol' Gum's goin' to exert hisself; from that point on in the proceedin's, Gum sits on the bank, and watches the other fellow do the work."

That afternoon I sauntered over to the little shack wherein Gum resided when not out with the pearlers. I found him in, and apparently quite restored to his customary peace and equanimity of mind, though he still felt a little bitter toward his former friends of the morning, as was evidenced by the alacrity with which he forsook their service, and agreed to accompany me, starting out early the following day; so that I felt the incident of the icy baptism had resulted beneficially for me, at any rate.

I secured a small tent, and laid in such supplies as Gum suggested. These we loaded on a dilapidated wagon belonging to my guide, and hauled by a still more dilapidated appearing equine specimen, we started off just at daybreak, along a narrow, winding mountain trail. About noon we reached a small level plateau, bordering a dashing, tossing stream, and here Gum said we would pitch our tent and begin operations.

Luck was with me from the start. That afternoon, working under the guidance of Gum—perched comfortably upon the bank—I scooped up a bushel or so of shells, from which I obtained about a dozen pearls. Three of these were of such wondrous size and lustre that even Gum could scarcely restrain his admiration and delight in the find. When darkness closed in, I ceased my search, and seated before a blazing camp-fire, enjoyed to the utmost the supper Gum had prepared; then getting out our pipes, and making ourselves comfortable in the cheery glare of the fire, we chatted for a couple of hours before turning in. Gum McGool, I found, was a most diverting and entertaining individual.

He had taken off his wooden leg, placing it within easy reach beside him. I noticed that he seemed to have a real affection for the limb, speaking to it fondly as he unstrapped it, and referring to this inanimate object of his regard as his "Molly O," which struck me as being rather peculiar.

"Gum," I asked at length, "why do you call your wooden leg your 'Molly O'?"

For a moment he sat in silence, and had assumed an expression so sorrowfully pensive and retrospective I half regretted my query; then recovering himself with a slightly exaggerated effort, it seemed to me, he answered:

"I'll tell ye, friend—though it tares my ol' heart-strings to speak of it. It was some years back, an' me a fine, strappin' young lad at the time. I was in love—" he paused, and rolled his little, watery blue eyes upward soulfully, then continued: "I was in love—but a knock-kneed, skinny-shanked son-of-a-gun beat me out! The girl's name was Molly O'Neil. She married the skinny cuss, and seven or eight years from that time she died—died from a broken heart—'cause she hadn't married me, or so I have always thought. I never could forgit that woman, friend, even though she threw me down for the skinny one; and so, when I lost my leg a few years ago, and got this new one, an' got to carin' right smart for it—seein' as how it had become a part of my life—I jes' sort of got to callin' it my 'Molly O'—an' so it has been to me ever since—jes' a little matter o' sentiment, so to speak."

I looked at him closely at the end of this recital to determine whether or not he was "stringing me." I will confess I could not quite decide; his little eyes seemed to twinkle at me with a sort of subtle inner satisfaction at my uncertainty. Either he was a very simple, kind-hearted, well-meaning old fellow, or a sly and cunning knave and a consummate actor, I could not make out which—at the time.

The next day I was early at work again but met with only indifferent success; late that afternoon we broke camp and moved down the stream a mile or so. From this point I worked diligently up and down the water-course, sometimes accompanied by Gum, but more often alone, as he had acquired a fondness of loafing around camp, lying flat upon his back, and gazing meditatively up into the leafy canopy overhead—thinking, perchance of his early love—the departed Molly O.

My collection of pearls by this time was a goodly one, and of no slight value. I kept them concealed in a small wallet, carefully stored away in the bottom of my suit case. I felt that it was high time for me to be returning to the city; yet such was the joy of this free, open-air living, and so intense the fascination of my work, I kept delaying my return from day to day—increasing steadily thereby my already goodly supply of tan, appetite and pearls.

One morning I had wandered down the stream considerably farther than usual, leaving Gum sprawled out flat on his back on a shady knoll near our camp. For an hour, or such a matter, I had been busily at work, when of a sudden a peculiar feeling came over me—a feeling that some human being was near me, watching intently my every movement. I straightened up quickly and gazed around me; the air was calm and still, broken only by the rustle of leaves, and the occasional chirping of birds in the shrubbery on the bank. At first I could detect no movement of any kind, nor could I discover any form such as that subtle feeling had seemed to indicate was somewhere near; then, chancing to look straight up the bank beside me I beheld a slim, girlish figure sitting there upon a fallen log—and a pair of big, black eyes were gazing down upon me, half-wonderingly, I thought, and half in merriment. She was seventeen, I should think, and very dark; her hair, raven-black, fell in thick clusters down about her shoulders. While her manner and glance were in no ways bold, it was easy to see that she was not afraid; in fact, of the two, I believe she appeared far more composed than myself.

My attempt at entering into a conversation with this little nut-brown wood-nymph was, I fear, rather stilted and commonplace.

"How do you do," I began, undecidedly —"do you—do you live near here?"

She nodded, then her lips parted in a smile, revealing teeth that fairly rivaled in whiteness and lustre the pearls in my hand.

"What is your name?" I asked.

"Gerza," she replied softly. "I'm from the gypsy camp."

Then, for the first time, I noticed that her raiment and general attire was decidedly of the gypsy order; but her face—that, I was sure, with its soft, madonna-like beauty—proclaimed her and her lineage far removed from the common herd of which we conceive at the mention of the word "gypsies"; I wished for the moment that I were a painter, and could catch her sitting there.

"Have you found any beautiful pearls?" she asked presently, with pretty interest. I showed her those I had found that morning, and she began chatting freely and with much animation, told me of certain portions of the stream where she felt sure I would have better success.

"And you must visit the camp, too," she added presently, as she arose to go. "You must come and have your fortune told."

The work of digging shells of a sudden became monotonous and irksome. I climbed up on the bank to where she stood. "If you'll let me," I said, "I should like to visit the gypsy camp now. Will you show me the way?" Then down a narrow, winding mountain trail I hurried, with Gerza for my guide.

She passed swiftly on before me, her blue-black eyes laughing back, her slim, rag-wrapped figure swaying with sinuous grace as she avoided the rocks and shelving boulders, and the rich, warm glow of her bare shoulders and arms glistening like bronze whenever we merged for a moment out from the shady depths into the bright sunshine.

We came, at length, to the gypsy camp,

just where the stream made a sharp bend, and where the bluff was low, almost even with the water's edge. First, there was a semi-circle of wagons, with horses tethered about, and young colts kicking up the dust; then a cluster of dingy tents, yelping dogs, half-wild children, and picturesque groups of gaudy-garbed, swarthy-skinned, bejewelled women and men on all sides. Many visitors from the nearby mountain resorts visited the camp, and my presence attracted but little notice, excepting for the insistent pleading of the women that I stop and have my fortune told.

Still guided by Gerza, I made my way on through the camp.

At length she paused at a tent before which sat an old man, white-haired and wrinkled, and nearly blind. At our approach he held out an old battered tin cup for alms—then catching a fleeting glimpse of Gerza he began berating her about some fancied wrong, speaking in a voice high and shrill, and with a vigor of manner and expression which caused me to hasten on precipitously.

Gerza laughed at my haste.

"That is my great-grandfather, 'Black Anton,'" she said simply. "He didn't see you at all, or he wouldn't have talked so." Then for an hour or so we sat before her own little tent; and we talked of fortunes—and many things.

* * * * *

The sun was low in the sky when I returned to camp. Gum had supper ready and waiting, and together we sat down to partake of it, almost in total silence, each seemingly absorbed in his own thoughts. The meal over, I lighted my pipe, and sat musing over the events of the day, while Gum busied himself for a time about the camp, then threw himself down upon a pile of boughs, and was soon—to all appearances—fast asleep, which, I recall, struck me as being rather peculiar, it being by this time but little past sundown.

Presently I arose and went to the back of the tent to get out my wallet of pearls. I opened the suit-case and felt inside; then hurriedly picked it up and dumped the contents out upon the ground: *the wallet of pearls was gone!*

I looked around under boxes and quilts, and the litter in the tent, thinking perchance I had neglected to replace the wallet in the suitcase. Then from the corner of my eye I chanced to glance over to where Gum McGool lay outstretched nearby. From under his half-closed lids his little crafty eyes were following my every movement! I ceased my search—I knew beyond a question of a doubt what had become of my pearls.

I felt a hot wave of resentment rising within me; my beautiful pearls—the result of my whole week's toil gone, purloined by this meek and watery-eyed miscreant who was too trifling lazy to get down into the water and dig them out as I had done! I could restrain myself no longer.

"Gum McGool," I exclaimed, turning upon him fiercely, "you've got my pearls! You took them from my suitcase—now you hand them over and be damn quick about it!"

"Eh! what's that?" he mumbled, straightening up and making out like he had just awakened from an exceedingly sound slumber. "What's that you say about pearls?"

"You heard what I said," I answered hotly, "every word; now I'm going to search you!"

I advanced toward him, fully determined to do as I had said. A frenzy of anger was on him now, as I drew near; he had ceased to be the actor. Every element of his coarser baser nature was asserting itself, as his little eyes—not watery now, but red and blazing—glowed at me like those of a wild beast!

I continued to advance toward him.

He snatched up his wooden leg and swung it about his head fiercely.

"Keep back, damn ye!" he snarled. "Keep back, or I'll brain ye!"

I was convinced now beyond doubt, that he had the pearls somewhere about him; unmindful of his threatening attitude, I closed in upon him. He swung the wooden leg with all his strength straight at my head; it barely grazed me as I quickly ducked beneath it; then, striking the hard ground with a thud, it went rolling over and over, finally landing with a splash in the middle of the stream,

"On I raced, in and out, keeping as close as possible to the tortuous winding stream."

and floated swiftly and serenely off with the current!

Gum McGool sprang up and stood as best he could upon his one leg. "Oh, my Molly O!" he whined piteously, "my *precious* Molly O—an' the pearls—*the pearls!*" he checked himself and began mumbling to himself.

"'The pearls!'" I gasped, "what do you mean, man?" Then it suddenly came to me, he had secreted them somewhere in his wooden leg! I turned and started off down the stream.

"Come back! Come back, Mr. Annin," I heard Gum's pleading voice behind me. "It ain't nothin' but an' ol' wooden leg—an' I'll help ye find—" The rest was lost in the frenzy of his rage, in the storm of abuse and awful oaths which he shrieked after me, until I turned a bend in the stream and was out of view and the sound of his voice.

On I raced, in and out, keeping as close as possible to the tortuous, winding stream. At last I caught a glimpse of the "Molly O," as she bobbed up and down and zigzagged to and fro in the eddying current. I ran on faster now, through brush and briar, yet strive as I might I could gain but little upon the whirling, dashing wooden leg. I remembered that it had a narrow strip of green tin down one side; this I could make out, now and then, as it gleamed in the fast-fading light; then for moments at a time it would be lost to view, only to reappear again in some whirling eddy away in the distance. Occasionally it would swerve in toward the bank, clinging fitfully to the side for a moment—only to dash my hopes again, as caught by the current she would go racing madly on again, with her treasure cargo.

Darkness follows twilight quickly in the mountains; soon I could barely distinguish the outlines of the "Molly O"; then, after rounding a sudden bend, I found that she was lost to my view entirely, and did not reappear again. Tired, exhausted, and mentally depressed I sat down upon a log to rest.

I could not make up my mind to return to camp. Futile as it might seem, I was determined to renew my quest of the "Molly O" at daylight. Then, seeing a light in the window of a mountaineer's cabin over on a nearby ridge, I made my way slowly and sorrowfully in that direction, and made arrangements there to spend the night.

* * * * *

At an early hour the following morning, after a hasty breakfast, I was on my way again, in pursuit of the "Molly O." I followed the stream closely, watching the banks at either side, hoping that I might find it lodged against some projecting log or driftwood; my efforts were all in vain.

It was along about the middle of the forenoon, when my winding course brought me again to the gypsy encampment at the bend of the stream; I decided to find Gerza, if I could, and have a little chat with her to soothe my ruffled spirit, before continuing my quest of the venturesome "Molly O."

I made my way directly to Gerza's tent, and was pleased to find her sitting out in front. She was in radiant good humor and seemed genuinely glad to see me, showing me at once, in almost childish delight, how she had contrived to fasten the pearls I had given her the day before, upon a narrow band of gold, which she proudly wore around her little brown throat.

"And, oh, you must come and let me show you grand-pap," she rattled on. "He looks too funny!" Then before I could offer any remonstrance she was laughingly leading me off toward the tent of "Black Anton."

He was sitting out in front upon a small keg, patiently waiting, with battered cup outstretched, the coming of the daily visitors from the resorts. I noticed that he had added a pair of blue spectcales to his attire—and then I saw something that made me fairly gasp with astonishment; upon one outstretched leg—in pitiful suppliance—was strapped a wooden leg; a wooden leg with a green strip of tin down one side. It was the missing "Molly O!"

"We found it down in the bend early this morning," Gerza was saying, though I scarcely heard her; "and when ol' great-grand-pap heard of it, he wouldn't be quiet until it was given to him. Oh, he looks *so* funny!" And she went into silent contortions of mirth—such as she could enjoy without the quick ears of Black Anton being the wiser.

I drew her to one side, and we made our way back to her tent.

"Gerza," I said, as soon as we were seated, "you must get me that wooden leg!"

She looked up at me in astonishment.

"I mean it, Gerza," I went on softly. "I must have it; you see, I lost it last night, and—"

"*You* lost it!" she broke in.

"Well, that is—er, a friend of mine lost it," I stammered. "A one-legged man up in my camp—and I've been out hunting it ever since daylight!"

Her beautiful eyes were filled with wonder and dismay.

"But grand-pap will *never* give it up," she faltered at length. "He's just got his heart set on that old wooden leg!"

"Gerza," I went on determinedly, "I know you are a good girl and honest. This wooden leg doesn't belong to Black Anton; it belongs to the poor one-legged man in my camp—and there are, er, certain reasons I am anxious—oh, so anxious, Gerza, to get back this wooden leg. Can't you help me?"

She was silent for a moment, then her face suddenly brightened.

"Black Anton goes to sleep every day at noon," she said, half meditatively, "I might—I might be able to get it then, and bring it to you—"

"Gerza!" I broke in, "you're the dearest little girl in the world! Now you bring it to me right at that place where I met you yesterday; now don't fail me!" Then without giving her time to change her mind or dissent in any way, I turned quickly and left her sitting there, her dark eyes still filled with wonderment and deep concern.

I went back to the place I had named for our latter meeting, and sat down to wait. The hours seemed to drag by. Would she be able to purloin the leg from Anton's tent and escape with it undetected through the camp—would she be willing to try to do this for me? I could not longer sit still; I arose from the log and began pacing to and fro, my mind filled and racked with constantly changing hopes, fears and beliefs.

At last I heard the sound of footfalls coming rapidly along the trail, and the next moment—breathless, panting—Gerza stood before me.

Then from beneath the folds of her shawl she drew forth the wooden leg and handed it to me.

"Quick—take it!" she said, all of a tremble, "I think I saw someone follow me when I left the camp!"

"But I must thank you, Gerza," I protested, "and here is something else." I handed her a bill of goodly denomination, and when she hung back, pressed it gently between her little brown fingers. She looked at it closely, then tried to give it back.

"I can't take all that," she faltered, "just for an old wooden leg!"

I had, meanwhile, been examining the "Molly O" carefully, and with every confidence of a hidden apartment somewhere I found it, and drew forth the wallet of pearls!

"You see, Gerza," I began jubilantly, "this is not a common 'old wooden leg'; it is the good ship 'Molly O'—the treasure-laden 'Molly O'—of the old Gum McGool line!"

She stood there looking at me for a moment, amazed, yet happy in my happiness; she started to speak, but just then we heard voices and the sounds of approaching footsteps along the trail; she gave me one last sweet smile, and with a faintly murmured "good-bye" she disappeared like a startled fawn into the forest shade.

I replaced the wallet within the inner pocket of my coat, and with the wooden leg under my arm, started in triumph back toward camp—and the cruise of the "Molly O" was ended.

* * *

THE CONTRALTO AND MRS. GORDON

by Roy R. Gardner

ALTHOUGH it was late when Thomas Park reached Grand Army Hall, before mounting the lofty flight of steps he stood still drawing in long, deep breaths, to help overcome the nervousness that made him nearly sick. Primed with oxygen, he gave himself a vigorous shake. "Well, here's for it!" he muttered, as he took the steps in three strides of his long young legs and opened the door.

Mrs. Gordon, the minister's wife, met him in the ill-lighted vestibule. Her pale, thin face was flushed, her keen eyes sparkled. "Look in there, Mr. Park!" she whispered, pointing to the hall. "They're standing three rows deep, and every seat is taken. I believe every soul in North Knowlestown is here, and quite a lot drove over from Dorset, beside the summer people at the Street. From the admissions alone we shall make money enough to more than pay the interest on the church mortgage, and if all the people buy ice cream after the concert we shall be able to carpet the vestry."

Park swallowed, "Mme. Waldegg draws a large audience wherever she sings," he murmured. "I only hope . . . . "

"I never can thank you enough for bringing her here!" exclaimed Mrs. Gordon. "Most of the summer people here take so little interest in the village, but you have shown yourself so willing to help. . . . "

"Don't thank *me*!" interrupted Park, "I was glad to do what I could myself, but I assure you Mme. Waldegg's coming was entirely her own affair. As I told you before, I am very doubtful about the success of it."

Delighted at the opulence of the box-office receipts, the minister's wife ignored his protest. "I am so grateful to her!" Her high-pitched voice quavered with excitement. "Mr. Park, I never was so tossed up in my life as I was when Mrs. Park told me your singing teacher had offered to stop off on her way home from the mountains to sing at our church concert. An opera singer! I didn't know which way to turn. It looked uncharitable to throw her kindness in her face, yet I couldn't see my way clear to doing anything that would seem to be countenancing the stage, for I disapprove of the stage from the bottom of my heart. It was a relief when Mrs. Park told me that Mme. Waldegg had retired from the opera. And when I saw the lady tonight I felt easy in my mind. She is so simple and cordial, and so plainly dressed—quite different from the way I imagined an actress; her soul is evidently above gauds. Really, I myself should hesitate to wear that linen duster."

Park recalled the heavy portmanteau he had hoisted into Madame's carriage. "Where is she now?" he asked.

"She's behind the curtain at the left of the platform. You other artists are to be together," Mrs. Gordon continued, leading the way through the crowded hall to the curtained corner at the right of the stage. "In there. Go right in. I must hurry back."

"May I come in?" asked the young man.

Behind the curtain some girls giggled. "Yes, come in," one of them answered.

As Park drew aside the curtain, Eleanor Phelps, the pretty accompanist, seized him with a hot, trembling hand. "I don't know what I shall do, Mr. Park!" she exclaimed. "Mme. Waldegg was lovely to me when I went to rehearse her accompaniments this afternoon; she's an old dear. But she sings such odd music I don't seem to get the hang of it, and I'm so afraid the people won't like it, and perhaps she'll think it's my fault. I begged her to sing in English, but she laughed at me."

Park groaned. "I begged her to, too, but she didn't laugh; she scolded. I know the people won't like it, and she'll be in a fury, and let me tell you Mme. Waldegg in a fury is no joke. But I couldn't help myself; come she would. How hot it is! Why don't they open some windows?"

"Mme. Waldegg is getting frantic"

"They did," explained Eleanor, "but the draught made the lamps smoke, and the chimneys got all black. That's what makes the hall so dark."

"And then they turned down the wicks to prevent its happening again," added Miss Stanton, the reader from Dorset. "It makes a pretty strong smell of kerosene."

"I don't understand why we don't begin," complained Eleanor. "It's long after eight, and those boys in the front row will get beyond control if they're kept waiting much longer. They're behaving terribly now, pushing each other, and stealing each other's gum."

"They aren't half as bad as that row of Dorset girls behind," sniffed Julie Barker, the village soprano. "They've been staring over here and giggling ever since I came in. My, ain't the heat awful!"

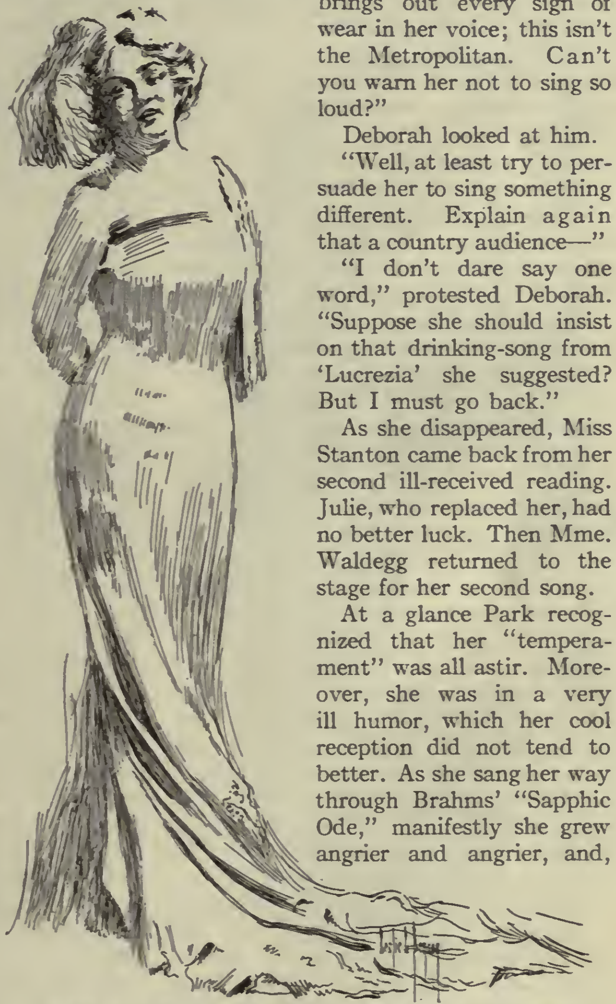
Little Mrs. Park pushed her head in at the curtain. She looked worried. "Mme. Waldegg is getting frantic," she whispered. "She says she can't stand the heat and the squeaking of those settees another minute. But Mrs. Gordon won't begin yet, for there are still some people she expects over from the Street. What shall we do?"

"Begin without Mrs. Gordon's orders," answered Park, after a moment's reflection. "You go back, Deborah, and quiet Madame as well as you can. Eleanor, I sing first. Let's start."

They boarded the bare little stage. After the summer people and the visitors from Dorset had politely patted their hands together two or three times, there fell a dreadful stillness, broken only by the redoubled giggling of the girls and the shifting of feet on the bare floor. In the quiet, Park could hear, as well as see, the little boys chewing gum. He strove through his song. At its close there was a second patter of applause, and then silence. Slinking behind the curtain as quickly as possible, he mopped his forehead. Before he had cooled off, Miss Stanton returned from her reading, she, too, mopping her brow. And Julie Barker twittered her ditty quite as unsuccessfully, although parochial pride secured her a few handclaps. The audience was clearly waiting for the star. The wait was not long, for, immediately after Julie's effort, the left-hand curtain was drawn aside.

Mme. Sidonia Waldegg marched with stately tread to the front of the stage. Here she made a deep reverence. Although the people from abroad greeted her warmly, the North Knowlestown inhabitants caught their breaths. Was this the dowdy old lady they had seen that afternoon walking about the village? She was gorgeously got up in a pale blue velvet gown, long in the train but short in the neck, with three blue ostrich plumes nodding in her elaborate coiffure. Accustomed to sing in vast halls, she was painted accordingly, with very red lips and cheeks, and with awful black daubs about her eyes. "My king!" ejaculated Julie Barker. "Ain't she plain!" From all over the hall similar comments were audible.

At the singer's signal to begin, Eleanor Phelps struck the opening chord of "*Che Faro Senza Euridice*," from "*Orfeo*." With the deep voice and the warmth of temperament that have spread her fame world-wide, Madame uttered Orpheus' first "*Aihme!*" Taken by surprise, Julie Barker's little brother, in the front row, bounded from the settee. The girls behind snickered, and even their elders smiled. Madame saw and heard. Frowning, with increased vigor she repeated her "*Aihme!*" Again little Barker leaped; this time everybody tittered. Although Mme. Waldegg, looking fierce, thundered Orpheus' lament with a passion that bordered on fury, the people were more amused than moved. Too well-bred to laugh openly, they sat stolid. Sidonia Waldegg's aria won less applause than Julie Barker's song.



"When there was total silence throughout the hall, Sidonia Waldegg sang a little folk-song"

To avoid any opportunity for trouble, Park rushed Miss Stanton forward for her second reading. Deborah stole in from the other room. "She's raging," she whispered. "If her next song doesn't go better, she'll make a scene, you can depend upon it."

"Of course it won't go any better," Park whispered back. "She does not realize how that little, low-studded hall brings out every sign of wear in her voice; this isn't the Metropolitan. Can't you warn her not to sing so loud?"

Deborah looked at him.

"Well, at least try to persuade her to sing something different. Explain again that a country audience—"

"I don't dare say one word," protested Deborah. "Suppose she should insist on that drinking-song from 'Lucrezia' she suggested? But I must go back."

As she disappeared, Miss Stanton came back from her second ill-received reading. Julie, who replaced her, had no better luck. Then Mme. Waldegg returned to the stage for her second song.

At a glance Park recognized that her "temperament" was all astir. Moreover, she was in a very ill humor, which her cool reception did not tend to better. As she sang her way through Brahms' "Sapphic Ode," manifestly she grew angrier and angrier, and, likewise, ever more perplexed. What ailed the people? Failure to win an audience was to her an experience yet unknown. In her wrath singing louder and more loudly still, her worn tones became harsh. At the gruff notes with which the song ended, the audience murmured openly. Then an oppressive silence fell.

Sick with fear of an outbreak, Park drew aside the curtain, to watch the singer's movements. She stood staring at the people before her as though they were a cage full of curious animals whose behavior puzzled her. Then, with a superb air she drew herself up, and her great black eyes gleamed. Park saw the audience gazing at her open-mouthed, with gaping eyes, as though half fascinated. Suddenly she clenched her fists, raised her arms above her head, and opened her mouth as if to speak. Park darted toward her, to offer his arm to lead her off the stage. She had already thought better of her intention, however. Shrugging her ample shoulders, she retired behind the curtain.

"Thank God!" exclaimed Park, when he had sneaked back to his fellow-artists. "For a moment I surely thought she'd—Jupiter!"

Mme. Waldegg twitched aside the curtain of their dressing-room. "Come out here and play that!" she muttered, thrusting a tattered sheet of music into Eleanor Phelps' tremulous hand. "I vill rouse them or I vill know the reason vy. Come!" Then she tramped forward to the centre of the stage.

A shout of laughter greeted her. What had come over the woman? Her long train she had swung jauntily over her arm, raising her skirts high enough to display her blue kid boots. And her feathers were all awry; one hung limply over her shoulder, another stuck out straight to the right, while the third dangled rakishly over the left eye. With the first bars of Eleanor's faltering accompaniment Park grasped the situation: Madame was going to sing—not the dreaded drinking-song from "Lucrezia Borgia"—but the drunken scene from "La Perichole!" She had the grace to sing it in French:

"Ah! Quel diner je viens de faire,
Et quel vin extraordinaire!
J'en ai tant bu, mais tant tant tant
Que je crois bien que maintenant
Je suis un peu grise, un peu grise.
Mais chut! Faut pas qu'on le dise.
Chut!

"Si ma parole est un peu vague,
Si tout en marchant je zigzague,
Et si mon oeil est égrillard,
Il ne faut s'en étonner, car
Je suis un peu grise, un peu grise,
Mais chut! Faut pas qu'on le dise.
Chut!"

But Madame's masterly art made the meaning of the song quite clear. As she sang, the contralto swayed a little; she found difficulty in pronouncing certain words; she looked sly. And she got roguish with the feather over her eye, tapping it this way and that to free her vision. Finally, in ever higher spirits, she danced a little, deftly, yet with the uncertainty of intoxication. Then she agilely skimmed behind the curtain.

A burst of noisy applause roused a faint hope in the unhappy Park; possibly the people had taken Madame's performance as a joke. A glance at the audience, however, told him better, for only the young and thoughtless people were applauding; their elders drew long faces. Mrs. Gordon stalked up the middle aisle. "Ladies!" she proclaimed above the din. "That person is intoxicated. Let us leave the hall. What? I say she is." The minister, with his hand on her arm, spoke to her in a low voice. "This *is* the time," pursued Mrs. Gordon. "Ladies, follow me—" but the minister, firmly though gently, guided her to the vestibule. Then discussion broke loose; was the intoxication genuine or assumed? Everybody had something to say, though nobody could hear a word anybody else said, for the stamping of many pairs of heavy boots and the rhythmical clapping of hands raised an uproar that only the cat-calling of the little boys could cut through.

At the height of the riot Mme. Waldegg appeared again. Park hurried toward her, determined to prevent any further exhibition. But he hesitated when he observed that she wore her plumes once more in an orderly manner, and that the tail of her gown she was content to leave on the floor. With dignified bearing she crossed the stage, motioning to Eleanor Phelps. Bewildered at the transformation, Eleanor mechanically received the music reached her, and sat down at the pianoforte. Madame took the front of the stage. With the same slight gesture which, time and again, had quieted hilarious audiences in Carnegie Hall, she instantly sobered the stamping men, the giggling girls and the whistling boys. When there was total silence throughout the hall, Sidonia Waldegg sang a little folk-song with which she had moved many a sophisticated audience to tears. But never before had Park heard her throw into the simple melody so deep a feeling. The singer's tones, at last properly gauged to the small, low hall, sounded forth in all their noble native worth; tender, they throbbed with pathos. He wanted to cry so much, Park felt his throat ache. Convinced that even Mrs. Gordon's heart must be touched, he peered through a hole in the curtain. The minister's wife, standing with folded arms behind the ice-cream table, still looked grim. As he turned away, with a sigh of disappointment, the song was drawing to its close. With a slight bow, Mme. Waldegg withdrew quietly.

After a second of stillness the women began to blow their noses, and the men to clear their throats, while the little boys, embarrassed at the emotionalness of the atmosphere, shuffled their feet and squirmed on their settees. Suddenly there cracked out a sharp volley of applause, which swelled into a bombardment the like of which Mme. Waldegg had seldom received even in her palmiest operatic days. The New England temperament, though hard to rouse, when once aroused rivals the Italian in fervor. The people of North Knowlestown were stirred to the core.

After the stress of the last two days, the sound of approval so relieved the tension of Thomas Park's nerves that he sank in a relaxed huddle on a settee in the dressing-room. He could see the singer on the platform, bowing and smiling, tears shining in her eyes. The audience would not let her go. The applause grew frantic. "Say, ma'am," called out Julie Barker's little brother, "won't you sing something else?"

"Yes, yes!" came from all over the hall. "Please sing again!"

"How can I?" asked Madame, beaming with elation over her hard-worked triumph. "It vill make the concert too longk. There are the other arteests——"

"Never mind them!" interrupted Julie's brother. "We can hear them often enough."

"Quite goot, child, if you vill haf it zo," assented the contralto. "Mees Phelps, let us see. Ah! Try this."

In her best style Madame gave them a lively song, which set them all laughing; and after that a cradle song, at which some of the women cried again; and next another gay song, to make them laugh once more. Then, feeling that she had sung enough, she retired to her dressing-room, and it was tacitly assumed that the concert was over.

"'*I know,*' *Mrs. Gordon nodded*"

Presently the prima donna emerged from behind the curtain, wearing on her head a little weather-beaten black bonnet, and over her velvet gown the shabby linen duster. When the minister offered her his arm, the crowd parted to let them through. Like a princess the contralto progressed, bowing in all directions, shaking hands with many persons, and casting pleasant smiles broadcast in return for the "Thank you, ma'ams" and "Good-nights" which greeted her from all sides. La Perichole was forgotten.

But Park recalled Mrs. Gordon's forbidding countenance. Peculiarly anxious that she should not remain under a mistake, after Mme. Waldegg and Deborah had driven off he turned back to speak with her. He met her coming from the solitary cloak-room. "I want to explain, Mrs. Gordon," he was beginning, when she interrupted him. Her voice sounded strangely subdued.

"Mr. Park, that singer has taught me a lesson tonight, not to judge people from the outside. Her ways are not our ways, but that need not prevent her being a good woman. I knew she was all right, in my heart, when she sang that beautiful song, but I felt so hard against her for taking off a drinking woman, here at my concert, that I wouldn't own it to myself. I almost hated the woman. Then she sang that lullaby—" Her voice shook a little. "Mr. Park, has Mme. Waldegg any children?"

"She did have two, but—"

"I know." Mrs. Gordon nodded. She was silent a moment. "Mr. Park, once I had three." She brushed her hand across her eyes. "Please tell Mme. Waldegg I shall be up to see her tomorrow before she goes. But now I must 'tend to that ice cream. Good-night, Mr. Park."

SUNSET DREAMS

WHEN the weary sun
His course has run,
And sinks to rest
Beneath the west,
I love to dream
Of things that seem
And forget the things that are.
Then the little star
That heralds the night
Is a signal light
On a tower tall
O'er a castle wall,
Where warriors bold
Stand with helms of gold
And ladies fair,
On the terrace there,
With tresses that float
On the winds from the moat,
Look out on fields
Of gleaming shields,
And smile at victory.
Then from the sea
The pale night comes
With roll of drums,
And the sun lies furled
O'er the edge of the world.

—Henry Dumont, in "A Golden Fancy."

WHY NOT AN LL.D.?

By Galusha Anderson

MEETING by chance in the far West a gentleman of gray hair, I found him quite ready, if not eager, to enter into conversation. He seemed to be a man of no mean ability, with a strain of eccentricity in his makeup. He gave his name as Titus Tuiter. The surname was so peculiar that I half suspected it to be assumed for the occasion to cover up his identity. We talked freely on the agricultural condition and prospects of the states west of the Mississippi River, the unrest and mooted reforms in politics, and at last drifted into the educational problems of the hour. He was unusually well informed on all these subjects, but before we were through with our discussion of education, in a curious and most suggestive way he went into a careful explanation of why he was not an LL.D.

He said: "I was born and brought up in New England, but in my early manhood I went West and settled at Huckleberryville. While not a college graduate, by diligent reading I had fairly mastered the studies usually required of college students, and soon gained quite a reputation in the surrounding rural community as a writer and speaker. Whenever it was announced that I was to address my fellow-citizens on any local or national question, many came long distances to hear me.

"About this time the policy of establishing a univeristy began to be widely agitated. The whole people seemed to be enthusiastically in favor of the project. A mass meeting of the citizens of the entire region was called at Huckleberryville to discuss thoroughly an enterprise of such vast importance. So deep and universal was the interest in it that a great multitude came from every point of the compass on foot, on horseback and in wagons. The village hall, that seats seven hundred, was utterly inadequate to accommodate the surging throng. The meeting was, therefore, held in the public square. My fellow-townsmen by common consent chose me to welcome to our thriving village the gathered, and still gathering, crowds. This I did in a hearty speech. Fifteen or twenty eloquent addresses followed, setting forth the inestimable blessings that a university would confer not only upon us, but upon the whole world. At last the chairman of the meeting was compelled to cut short this flood of oratory, which he did with great reluctance. He then put the pending question: 'All those in favor of establishing a university say "Aye."' The excited throng shouted 'Aye' so loud that their united voices were heard a mile or more, and in the delirium which immediately followed, they cheered, threw their hats and coats up into the air, wept for joy and frantically hugged each other. The chairman had no need to put the negative.

"The assembled citizens now discussed for a long time the location of the coming university. Since each town wanted it, the debate engendered considerable heat. But at last it was decided that the community making the largest donation in land for the site of the university buildings should have the projected institution, and give to it its own name. With the best of feeling the meeting now adjourned. The people, satisfied with the good work done, went back joyfully to their homes. Each town or village in all the region was now intent on securing the tempting prize.

"About four weeks afterwards, sealed bids from a dozen different places were put into the hands of a committee that had been duly appointed to canvass them. On breaking the seals in the presence of the anxious, excited messengers from the towns which had made offers of sites, it was found that Brush Creek was entitled to the University. This town had offered for a campus one hundred acres of rich rolling prairie. The representatives of the successful village drove with their fleetest horses back to their home and proclaimed the glad tidings. The church bells were rung, bonfires were kindled, dry-goods boxes and tar-barrels flamed high, the houses all along main street were illuminated with oil lamps and tallow dips, flags were hung from the windows and one old rusty cannon and several anvils jarred the buildings with their ear-splitting detonations.

"Across the prairie, not far from the village, there meandered a sluggish stream, on whose banks grew plentifully willows and stunted cottonwood trees, which gave it the name of Brush Creek. The brush named the creek, the creek the village, the village the new institution, which was duly christened Brush Creek University.

"It was soon chartered by the legislature and empowered to confer degrees. A board of trustees was created, consisting of forty-eight noted men from all parts of the state. The board was made large in order to secure through the honor of office as wide a patronage as possible. This board elected a president of the University, and a half dozen professors, promising them meagre salaries, these promises being based on the prospective benevolence of the village merchants and prairie farmers.

"Having chosen a faculty, a university building was now a necessity. By dint of hard begging, a few hundred dollars were scraped together for the purpose—Brush Creek contributing most of it. A not unnatural sentiment had sprung up in other towns that if Brush Creek had the university, she ought to take care of it. The money raised with so much labor and difficulty was quite inadequate for the construction of a first-class building, so the trustees put up a plain, cheap, wooden structure, containing a few recitation rooms, a small chapel and fifteen or twenty sleeping apartments; and, having no stone for a foundation, erected it on spiles. They cut the coat according to the cloth and so demonstrated their wisdom.

"When the first school year began there were ten students in the four college classes, for at first university work was not attempted; still, the campus was prophetic of a vast amount of such work in the future. Sites for a divinity school, a law school, a medical school, a school of architecture, a chemical laboratory, a physics laboratory and a conservatory of music were all carefully staked out on the smiling prairie. Among the ten pioneer students there were four freshmen, three sophomores, two juniors and one senior. During that first memorable year, the president and professors, gaunt with hunger, did their work with praiseworthy energy and thoroughness. The first commencement was drawing near. The trustees began to consider if there were not someone on whom they might appropriately confer the degree of Doctor of Laws. Their mature choice fell on me. Deeming myself not unworthy of the intended degree, without any mock modesty, I readily accepted their distinguished offer. The coveted honor was just in sight. The prospect made me more than happy. But suddenly all my bright hopes were forever blasted. The commencement was to occur on the 28th of June, but on the 20th a terrible cyclone swept over the prairie. The president, professors and students barely had time to crawl into a dugout, when that roaring cyclone took up into its awful, swirling funnel the university building, crushed it into ten thousand atoms, and scattered it for miles all over the fields in the track of its devastating power. Not a vestige of the University property was left save the campus, the dugout and the spiles. This sudden and destructive calamity so disheartened the trustees that they never came together again, and I missed by just six days the degree of LL.D.

"Of late years, I have often been solicited by institutions east and west to receive from them the degree of which I was so strangely deprived in my early life; but I have firmly refused all such kind offers. During the last forty or fifty years the degree has become so common that a man of sound sense would scarcely care to have it attached to his name. So I am, and so I expect to remain, plain Titus Tuiter. Still, I trust that I am none the less honorable because an untimely cyclone so long ago laid my proffered honor in the dust."

After listening to this naive satire on the crude notion of a university sometimes entertained in pioneer communities, I thought it good enough to pass around.

The Nobility of the Trades

THE MERCHANT—UNTIL THE DISCOVERY OF AMERICA

By Charles Winslow Hall

BYZANTIUM, first founded by the Greeks B.C. 688, on the shores of the Bosphorus, commanding the Euxine Sea, and for a thousand years the terminus of the grand ancient caravan system, the chief line of which lay between Sardis, in Asia Minor, and Susa, in Persia, early became the entrepot of the then known world. Even in its earliest days the commerce of the Black Sea had become of great importance, the Crimea and Southern Russia being the principal granaries of Southern Europe, while the corn and hides of the Ukraine, Siberian furs, Circassian slaves, salt fish, honey, wax and cattle were procured in vast quantities. Through its caravan trade the cities of the Ganges and China furnished silks, pearls and gems, rare spices and balsams, ivory and gold, cotton and linen tissues and many Indian curiosities, receiving in exchange the red coral and amber of the Mediterranean, and glass and metal work.

For nearly three centuries it was alternately held by the Athenians and Lacedaemonians, and in B. C. 390 it became independent until reduced by Alexander the Great. Severus, A. D. 196, captured it after a siege that lasted three years, and destroyed a large part of the city walls and residences.

Constantine, A. D. 330, changed the capital of the Roman Empire to Byzantium, rebuilt it and gave it the name of Constantinople, removing thither the seat of empire from Rome, then constantly menaced by barbarians who invaded southern Europe. In imitation of the Seven Hills of Imperial Rome, he enlarged its boundaries so as to include five eminences, besides the two on which it was originally built.

The Bosphorus, a deep, tideless sea, includes the harbor called the "Golden Horn," which is eminently suitable both for defence, and for ships of all sizes; and constitutes the crossing between Europe and Asia Minor, and the shortest route to the treasures of Asia and Africa. Whatever commodities, therefore, were prized or produced within the bounds of the then commercial world, long found their chief center of collection and distribution at Constantinople.

After the destruction of Imperial Rome, Constantinople, safe from the hordes which then threatened and devastated Europe, retained much of the learning, military genius and traditions of the Eternal City; kept up a commercial intercourse with the countries of the East, and mainly effected whatever was done to restore and preserve art, science and literature.

Under Justinian (A. D. 527–565), a remarkable impulse to trade and manufactures was given by the introduction from China of the silk worm. For many centuries silk was considered, like cotton, a vegetable substance, its true origin having been jealously concealed by the Chinese. Two missionaries returning home from China, at the risk of their lives, concealed in a hollow cane some eggs of the silk worm, which were brought to Constantinople, and carefully hatched and multiplied, until they were distributed throughout the Byzantine Empire. Cyprus and Sicily soon became great silk-producing countries, and in Greece the Peloponnesus became known as the Morea, from the abundance of the white mulberry, *Morus Multicaulis*, on which the silk worms were fed.

When the Moslems took Alexandria, the trade to India by way of Egypt was cut off, as most of the Christian states would have no dealings with the infidel; but a new route led by way of the Greek settlements on the Black Sea, through Independent Tartary, and for two centuries Constantinople dealt with India and China almost exclusively through this circuitous route.

With every generation the ships of the Greek Empire sought more distant coasts, and carried on an active trade as far west as the shores of Spain and Northwestern Africa. This commerce, during the reign of Justinian, comprised raw and finished silks, cottons, linens and flax, sweet wines, dates, figs, sugar, cassia and rugs, Indian spices, cloves, nutmegs, mace, cinnamon, galanga root and pepper. India also supplied precious stones, musk, civet and other perfumes and beautiful horses. The Genoese imported silver, probably from Spain, velvets, broadcloth, laces, perfumes and jewelry, and the people of Pisa introduced woolen stuffs, scarlet robes and coarse fustian. Comparatively few native products were exported; but included reshipments of Grecian velvet, silks, cotton, linen and woolen cloth, nuts, saffron, oil, timber, pitch and honey, gold, silver, mercury, copper, iron, tin, lead, armor and weapons and slaves of many races. An illicit trade existed, owing to laws which forbade the export of purple robes and other costly insignia of state. The land trade into northern and western Europe was carried on principally through the Avars, formerly a conquering race, inhabiting the Danubian Provinces, from Upper Hungary to the River Inn. They carried many kinds of goods, some of which eventually reached Scandinavia and the British Islands; but by the middle of the ninth century the Avars and their trade were both extinct.

The Bulgarians carried on most of the trade with the Germanic tribes, until a war arose in which the Greeks were at first defeated; but the Bulgarians were finally subdued by the Emperor Basil in 1018. Much of the Bulgarian and Moravian trade was, however, controlled by the Hungarians, who emigrated into Europe from the Ural ranges, in the ninth century, and established in the plains of the Danube a kingdom which still preserves the ancient name of its tribe, "Hungary," and that of its founders, the "Magyars." During this period the adventurers of Iceland, Denmark, Norway and Sweden in large numbers found their way through Russia and Germany to Constantinople, and were enrolled in that Varangian Guard which was the especial protection of the Grecian Emperors, and their main dependence in their wars with their Bulgarian and Arabian invaders. Through their services and the land traffic which arose from this close connection of the Greek Empire with the northern nations, large amounts of treasure and articles of luxury and use found their way into Norse lands, and made the Norse people in many ways superior to other nations of Northern Europe.

The decay of Byzantine trade was largely hastened by the struggle for empire between the Arabs and the Greeks. The Grecian Emperors could not spare vessels of war to convoy the merchantmen through the Mediterranean, and the neutral states of Venice, Genoa and Pisa took advantage of this condition and largely diverted trade to the Italian cities.

The Grecian policy also often tended to drive away alien merchants, as in the reign of Justinian, when many monopolies were granted, and the state reserved for itself the traffic in important commodities—a policy which diminished foreign trade and led to a decline in the quality of home manufactures.

Venice took part in the Levantine trade early in the ninth century, but little intercourse took place until the crusades rendered the services of Venice so important that they were welcomed to Constantinople, practically controlled the entire Greek navy, made alliances with noble families and acquired a considerable amount of city property. In 1172 the Emperor Manuel Comnenus required them to assist in an expedition against Sicily and seized their vessels and cargoes because of their refusal. Later he set their merchants at liberty, but they were never reimbursed for their losses. Then the merchants of Genoa, Pisa and Amafi were assigned a portion of Constantinople in which to erect dwellings, stores and churches, but they were unable to forget their Italian feuds, and Genoese and Pisan adventurers fought each other as fiercely as on the Italian seas and shores at home.

Later, during the crusades of 1198–1204, Venetian and Pisan galleys were employed by Count Baldwin of Flanders to convoy his troops and his French allies to the Holy Land. An usurper had occupied the throne, and Alexius, son of the blinded and imprisoned emperor, implored their assistance. Baldwin and his associates besieged and took Constantinople, seated father and son on the throne and agreed to hire their levies for a year to the restored Greek dynasty. The bigotry of both peoples, the failure to pay the full amount promised the crusaders, and the arrogance and oppression of some of the barons and adventurers brought on another conspiracy, and a Greek usurper murdered the young Alexius and tried to expel the Crusaders. Baldwin stormed the city and after a partial pillage became emperor in turn, receiving as his share the overlordship of one-fourth of the empire. Three-eighths of the remainder was conferred on the French barons, and the remaining three-eighths on the Venetians, who chose for their share the better part of the Peloponnesus and a chain of ports and islands reaching from the Adriatic to the Bosphorus, and acquired a strategical control of the best part of the commerce and trade of the city of Constantinople.

Venice enjoyed this superiority as long as the Latin Empire under Baldwin continued, but Genoa was fast increasing her sea-power and resources and in 1261 allied herself with Michael Palaeologus, the Greek king of Nice, in spite of the fulminations of the reigning pope, who of course favored the Latin usurpers. Constantinople was surprised and taken July 25, 1261, and Baldwin, saved by some Venetian galleys, escaped to Italy. The new emperor devoted himself to recovering something of the prestige and prosperity which Constantinople had lost between 1203 and 1261, while under Latin rule and Venetian monopoly. He restored the Grecian heirs of those who had been dispossessed; made his allies residents of the city, and invited settlers from his provinces. He also made welcome even the tradesmen of Venice and Pisa, giving each their special quarter and the usual privileges of the law-merchant; having in such matters magistrates and statutes

THE BANNER OF CONSTANTINE
"In this sign, conquer"

of their own. The Genoese were finally allotted the present site of Pera, on the north side of the Golden Horn, then called Galata, where they paid no customs duties and practically controlled the navigation and commerce of the Black Sea. They even signed a commercial treaty with the Tartar Khan of Tauris, now the Crimea. The Venetians, thus deprived of their former route to India via western Turkestan, defied the papal interdict against trade with the infidel Arabs of Egypt, and secured another and better route to India, through Syria by land and Egypt by sea. Until the Portuguese doubled the Cape of Storms (Good Hope) Venice enjoyed the cream of the great Indian trade.

Germany and Belgium found the way to Constantinople overland by way of Nuremburg, Augsburg, Ulm, Ratisbon and Vienna, whence the Danube furnished cheap water transportation. An immense trade with Russia poured into Constantinople furs, slaves, grain, fish, hides, iron, timber, pitch, honey, etc., but the Greeks would not allow the Slavonic merchants to meet the foreign merchants in the winter and deal with them directly.

NORSE VIKINGS

At first the Russians left the great fairs at Novgorod and Tchernigov together, and a jolly company rendezvoused at Kiev and went on to Constantinople together, but at last came only as far as the mouth of the Dneiper, where they were met by the Italian and German merchants, and this immense trade was lost to the Greeks with the exception of the grain and fish imports. Along the same road came the Scandinavian traders and adventurers, who often served in the Varangian Guard of the emperor, and later carried northward rare silks, gold ornaments, foreign coins and splendid weapons and armor that figured for generations in Norse Sagas and histories.

But the Venetians and their allies had pillaged Constantinople of her greatest treasures, the remnants of the learning, art and science of that "glory which was Greece" as well as of her more sordid treasures and prestige as an emporium of the world's commerce acquired by the labors and conquests of nine hundred years. Even today the "horses of Lysippus," now known to every tourist as the "horses of St. Mark," tell of the sack of fallen Byzantium, of great Constantinople, fallen never again to recover her ancient glories.

The fall of Rome was the beginning of the career of Venice, whose founders, a remnant of the Italian province of Venetia, driven from their homes by the terrible Attila the Hun, took refuge in their boats and landed among the lagoons, which, separated from the sea by a long, narrow belt of sand, lay at the head of the Adriatic, forming an area of much water and little land, about four miles square. Almost utterly destitute of vegetation it offered the fugitives only life and safety, driftwood for fuel, fish and the eggs and flesh of the sea fowl that haunted it for food, and great deposits of salt with which they cured their sea fish, and sold with them in the neighboring cities, when the Huns had departed with the spoils of Italy.

By degrees they built up a city in the sea, and became at last the chief maritime power of the world, attaining their greatest prosperity in the thirteenth century, when, as we have seen, their alliance with the Crusaders under Baldwin enabled them to control the vast trade of Constantinople and especially her Indian and Black Sea trade, besides absorbing a very large amount of Grecian territory. Deprived of much of this trade by the restoration of the Grecian Emperor in 1261, they braved the thunders of the Vatican and through the Arabs of Alexandria again enjoyed the greater part of the commerce of the East. Later on they defeated the Genoese galleys in several engagements and recovered to some extent the Black Sea trade.

The fruits of this victory were of course lost when the Turks took Constantinople and paralyzed every form of industry and commerce there centered. Nevertheless, the Venetians were still supreme in the Mediterranean. Through Alexandria and their peaceful relations with the Turks they still secured the larger part of the products of India, Arabia and Africa.

Commerce was the basis of the development of this aristocratic republic, whose nobles were for many centuries as active in trade as in war. At the end of the fourteenth century one thousand nobles had erected their splendid palaces on the massive piers and embankments, which had replaced and built up the sand spits on which the settlers had found shelter.

A quarter of a million of people crowded the public squares and thoroughfares, and covered the canals with their gondolas and pleasure boats. Hotels for the accommodation of strangers and the princely residences of foreign merchants abounded throughout the city, while the flags of every nation waved from a forest of masts at the wharfs and the merchants of the Rialto paid enormous rents for the smallest vacant counter.

Immense amounts of gold and silver were minted for the home and foreign trade, and the first bank guaranteed by a state was founded here in 1157.

About the same date three thousand merchantmen, over three hundred of which were ships of over seven hundred tons and manned by twenty-five thousand sailors, were employed by the Venetians. There were besides forty-five war galleys, with eleven thousand men, and ten thousand workmen were employed in the arsenals. The largest state vessel, "The Bucentaur," splendid in scarlet and gold, its deck and seats inlaid with costly woods, and radiant with priceless banners and canopies, and propelled by many banks of burnished oars, was used once in every year to commemorate the victory gained over the Emperor Frederick Barbarossa in 1117. On such occasions it bore the Doge of Venice seated upon a magnificent throne, under a regal canopy, and at the head of a splendid squadron of war galleys and pleasure ships far out into the Adriatic. There rising to his feet the Doge in the name of the Republic, threw a golden ring into the sea, uttering at the same time the oft-repeated espousal pledge of the Republic, "We espouse thee, O Sea, in token of true and eternal sovereignty."

The merchant fleet of the Republic was managed under rules as well established as those of any navy, and was divided into squadrons sailing together according to the countries visited. Their courses, the days for departure and return, their size, armament, crew and amount of cargo of each vessel were clearly defined. A convoy of war galleys accompanied each of the six or seven squadrons in regular commission. The argosies sailing to Cyprus and Egypt and the fleets of the Barbary and Syrian trade had their chief rendezvous at Alexandria and Cairo. What was called the Armenian fleet cleared for Constantinople and the Euxine Sea, visiting Kaffa and Alexandretta. The Catalonian fleet traded with Spain and Portugal, another with southern France, while the greatest of all, the Flanders squadron, connected with the chief sea ports of France, England and Holland, sailing northeast as far as the city of Bruges.

GLYPTIS AND EUXENUS—THE OFFER OF MARRIAGE

The Republic also had an enormous internal traffic through German, Hungarian and Bohemian merchants, who distributed the oriental goods from Constantinople and Egypt through Germany and Italy. These German merchants were accorded a bonded warehouse, wherein they could offer their wares for sale, although only to Venetian dealers. Similar privileges were granted to the Turks, Moors and Armenians.

THE CRUSADERS

Perhaps the best example of Venetian policies at their best is afforded by an address in which the Doge Moncenigo wisely advised the Venetians to refrain from war, and thus summed up the value of their trade: "Ye are the channels," he says, "through which all riches flow. Ye provide for the whole world. Everywhere men have a common concern in our welfare, and gold from every source flows hither. Through peace our noble city has yearly ten million ducats employed as mercantile capital in different parts of the world; the annual profits of our traders amount to four millions of ducats. Our housing is valued at seven million ducats; its rental at five hundred thousand. Three thousand merchant ships carry on our trade; forty-three galleys and three hundred smaller vessels manned by ten thousand sailors secure our naval power; our mint has coined one million ducats within the year; from Milan alone, we draw one million ducats in coin and nine hundred thousand ducats more in clothing, and our profits upon this traffic alone may be reckoned as six hundred thousand ducats. Proceeding as ye have done, you will become masters of all the gold in Christendom; but war and especially unjust war will infallibly lead to ruin."

Until 1272 the foreign trade had been confined to the nobles, but now, permission was given the citizens generally to make voyages to Marseilles, Montpellier and Aigues-Mortes to distribute Venetian goods. The wool imported by the Flanders fleet was made into black cloth for European, and scarlet textures for the Levant trade. Linen, cotton and camel's hair goods, silks, woven by political refugees from Lucca, and the celebrated glass wares of the Venetian factories were also distributed. Vast amounts of salt and salted fish were also exported. Venetian gold smiths' work was universally prized, and the brass and iron work furnished raw material to the armorers whose weapons and defensive armor were unsurpassed for beauty and temper. The ship-building industry was necessarily carried to great perfection.

Venetian travellers who penetrated regions hitherto unknown to Europeans gave to the world records of daring adventure and close observation which are still reckoned among the great discoveries and adventures of the past. Masseo and Nicolo Polo spent fifteen years in visiting Egypt, Persia and India, and finally Tartary and the territories of the great Khan or Emperor of China, and Marco Polo, a son of Nicolo, and Bathema and Joseph Barbara extended the knowledge obtained by the elder Polos in northern Europe and Asia.

The world has never excelled the energy directed to commerce and adventure that made Venice great; but, jealous of the prosperity of other commercial Italian cities, she wasted men and money in destroying the rivalry of Genoa; fettered manufactures with restrictions on the importations from foreign states, with the idea of benefitting the Venetians by preventing competition and thus crippling the production of wealth. Heavy duties on almost every article of home and foreign trade and state monopolies of salt and other commodities were established, and the revenues of Venice were raised almost entirely by these methods.

Prohibitions of like nature shut out the Flanders trade in amber and wool, which the Venetians tried to monopolize, refusing to take money or any other goods in payment for their cargoes. The Northern merchants, realizing the disadvantages of this policy, gave up the Venetian trade and dealt elsewhere. Finally, forgetful of the sources of their wealth, the citizens even forbade their nobles to trade, yet nevertheless, Venice might have outgrown a bad policy had not the Portuguese in 1498 established factories and colonized ports in several parts of India, having reached that country by the circumnavigation of Africa. The first thought of the Venetian Senate was to try to make an alliance with the Sultan of Egypt, to crush the Portuguese adventurers and shut their rivals out from India. Failing in this they tried to make a treaty of commerce with Portugal, offering to become the sole purchasers of Indian commodities, but were refused. Venice declined thereafter, not through being conquered by rivals, but from a false commercial policy and the changes in commerce resulting from new discoveries and greater boldness in navigation.

Genoa, like most important Italian cities, was formerly a Roman port, and later, allied with Pisa, became famous by attacking the Saracen corsairs, which everywhere harassed Mediterranean commerce; during the crusades the Genoese furnished fleets to the soldiers of France, Germany and England, and her mariners became rich, as well as famous as sea-fighters and bold navigators. It was during the crusades that they conquered Corsica, Sardinia, Minorca and some Spanish provinces occupied by the Saracens; but their chief prosperity culminated in 1261, when they helped to replace the Grecian Emperor upon the throne, supplanted the Venetians at Constantinople and monopolized the commerce of the Euxine.

Genoa manufactured velvet, broadcloth, hosiery, lace, perfumes, jewelry and sculpture, and became the outlet for the exports of Switzerland, Lombardy and Piedmont. In the height of its power, it built up, largely from the ruins of Carthage, in marble and porphyry, the palaces, churches and hospitals which conferred upon the city the title of "Genoa the Superb."

As we have before said, Genoa suffered greatly by its feud with Venice and Pisa. Four wars with Pisa took place between 1070 and 1282, resulting in the ruin of Pisa. For one hundred and thirty-one years Genoa was almost continually at war with Venice, and in 1351 seventy-six Genoese galleys vainly attempted to capture seventy-four Venetian, Catalan and Grecian ships. Later the Genoese fought another sea-fight against the Venetians, at the close of which only nineteen out of seventy galleys were left to Genoa, and in 1381 they were compelled to acknowledge the maritime superiority of Venice.

During these wars the government was frequently obliged to pledge its customs dues to repay money advanced by its wealthy citizens, who formed themselves into a company known as the "Bank of St. George," whose capital was really the evidence of the state debt. Until the final decline of the republic the Bank of St. George was one of the most famous of the monied institutions of Europe, holding as security in 1456 the entire island of Corsica, and later the important settlements of Kaffa on the Euxine, which, however, were taken by the Turks in 1474. During the wars with France the English found arrayed against them large bodies of Genoese crossbow men, and were harassed more or less at sea by Genoese corsairs and vessels in the pay of France and Spain.

GAUL AND THE BRITONS

Pisa from the eleventh to the thirteenth century stood third in importance among the commercial states of Italy, holding at one time Sardinia, Corsica and the Balearic Islands, all of them taken from the Moors. She also acquired wealth and prominence through transporting men and supplies during the crusades; her alliance was sought both by Genoa and Venice and she seemed at times to have been willing to sell her services to the highest bidder. When Genoa succeeded Venice in influence at Constantinople, the merchants of Pisa were continued in their privileges in order to secure their alliance. During this period were built those wonderful edifices which even today excite the envy and wonder of modern architects: the Duomo, the Baptistery, the Leaning Tower and the Arcades of the Campo Santo.

An association partly religious and partly commercial, styling itself "The Brotherhood of Humility," established at this time settlements in the East, which materially extended the commerce of the Republic. The ports of Barbary, Spain and Sicily, at that time held by the Saracens, were all open to Pisanese merchantmen.

For two centuries, Pisa by turns allied herself to Genoa and then to Venice, but made real friends of neither. Finally the Genoese hatred, long restrained, burst into a flame and both states raised fleets that excited the wonder of contemporary historians; but on every occasion Genoa possessed a superior fleet and at the battle of Meloria, Pisa lost five thousand men, besides eleven thousand who were taken prisoners, and it is said for the most part perished in chains. "If you wish to find Pisa," it was commonly said in Italy, "you must look for her in the dungeons of Genoa." The harbor of Pisa was destroyed by the Genoese and its entrance filled up. After this reverse, her commerce dwindled away, her colonies fell into other hands and finally one of the Viscontis usurped the government of the city and subsequently sold it to Florence, with which state after a century of useless struggle and revolutions, it became permanently united.

Florence, the capital of Tuscany, a part of ancient Etruria, at the end of the twelfth century received its freedom from Rudolf, the first Austrian Emperor, upon the payment of about three hundred and fifty thousand dollars, and ultimately became famous both for its luxury and wealth. Its manufactures were the chief source of its prosperity and enriched many famous families, among whom the Medici attained regal power. The industries of the Republic were controlled by guilds, seven of which—the lawyers', bankers', physicians', merchant's, salesmen's and two guilds of manufacturers were styled "the greatest guilds"; five, and later fourteen lower guilds included the smiths, shoemakers, carpenters, masons, butchers and others.

At first the ships at Pisa transported their exports and imports, but owing to their jealousy of the growth of Florence, the Pisanese refused to serve in this profitable capacity. The Florentines then began to build shops for themselves, and, buying Livorno, now Leghorn, Haven, from the Genoese, acquired an important commerce, as well as a large inland trade. In manufactures they excelled in woolens, silks and jewelry, established agencies in all parts of Europe and acted as bankers to a large part of Europe.

Their mercantile fleet of twenty-six vessels was managed with the same attention to statutory regulation as those of Venice. The importance of their foreign trade is shown by the fact that twelve of the envoys, who conveyed the good wishes of foreign nations to Boniface Eighth, on his elevation to the Papal Chair, were citizens of Florence.

The fame of the Medicis as patrons of science and art, literature, architecture, sculpture and painting is an important part of European history. As princes they seemed to have forgotten their former economies, and lost vast fortunes through the mismanagement of agents. In thirty-seven years, from 1434 to 1471, they expended in buildings and luxuries about six million four hundred thousand dollars of American money. The simple and exquisite taste of the Florentines, their love of learning and refined humor was retained, even amid the degeneracy and love of pleasure which finally became a proverb.

Other smaller republics of Italy, which took a more or less prominent part in the history of Mediterranean commerce, include Amalfi, a small province of Naples, whose career reached the height of its influence and its decline between the sixth and twelfth centuries.

Its fleets took an active part in the crusades, and its commerce was extended to Egypt, Syria and Constantinople, while its harbor was largely frequented by Moors, Hindus, Saracens and Sicilians. Some of its citizens founded in Palestine the hospital of St. John of Jerusalem, from which the great military order of the hospitallers took its name.

Flavio Gioja introduced or improved the mariner's compass about the conclusion of the eleventh century; previously a needle was magnetized by the lodestone run through a piece of straw or wood and floated in a saucer or shallow dish, containing water. Then as the old chronicler says: "The point infallibly turns toward the Pole-Star, and when the night is dark and gloomy and neither star nor moon is visible, they set a light beside the needle, and they can be assured that the star is opposite to the point, and thereby the mariner is directed on his course. This is an art which cannot deceive."

The world is also in debt to the little republic of Amalfi for the discovery of Justinian's Pandects, which were found at the siege of Amalfi in 1137.

Ancona in the Papal states was founded by settlers from Syracuse, about B. C. 400, and has always been the second commercial port on the Adriatic coast of Italy. It has always had an extensive trade with the Levant, and its land commerce covered a great inland distribution throughout Europe.

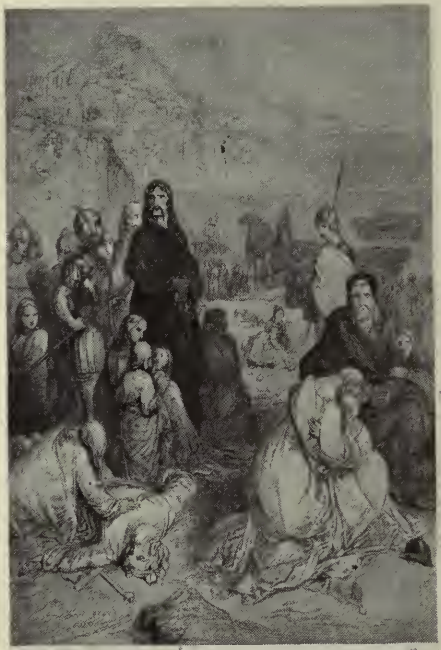
Only the briefest reference can be given to Bologna, Ferrara, Modena, Lucca, Milan, Mantua, Brixen, Como and Verona, all of which at various times prescribed their own customs duties, carried on trade and, of course, took part in the minor feuds and partisan wars which make up so large a part of Italian history.

Ferrara and Milan were famous for their manufacture of weapons, and Lucca and Bologna are still everywhere famous for producing Italian food products and delicacies. Palermo was made a center of silk manufactures by Roger Guiscard, who was crowned king of the two Sicilies in 1131. Under the name of Lombards, Italian capitalists competed with the Jews as bankers and money-loaners all over Europe, and the district of London, still known as Lombard Street, received its name from its occupation by this class of financiers.

Portugal was once known as a country held by conquerors of many races. First under the Carthaginians, afterward ruled by the Romans, later still by the Visigoths, who for two hundred years held the country until driven out by the Arabs in 713. The Moors a century later were expelled from her northern section; later Ferdinand of Castile nearly cleared the country of them, and then Henry of Burgundy succeeded to its control; his son Alfonso, having gained a great victory over them, was proclaimed King by his soldiers in 1139, took Lisbon in 1147, and at the time of his death in 1185 held almost the whole kingdom.

THE ISLE OF THE DRUIDS AFTER THE SACRIFICE

Portugal naturally had little to do with the commerce of the Mediterranean during the middle ages. Its chief commerce in 1270 was with England and other parts of northern Europe, and both English and Portuguese fisheries were open to the vessels of either nation. Under the rule of King Alfonso and the genius, energy and munificence of Henry the Navigator in the fifteenth century the maritime enterprise of the Portuguese began to develop the discovery and trade of the west coast of Africa, and colonized Madeira and the Canary Islands and several points along the African coast. Unfortunately in 1442 the first negroes were brought to Lisbon by Nuno Tristan, and the slave trade was initiated. Cape de Verde, the Cape de Verde Islands and the Azores were discovered in 1448–49, and in 1486 Bartholomew Diaz sailed with three ships with orders to continue on until he reached the extremity of the continent of Africa. Sailing on from cape to cape, he found himself finally out of sight of land, and driven out of his course by storms, put about to make the land, which to his surprise and dismay he found upon the larboard tack and trending northward. Returning disheartened by the result of the voyage, he found that he had doubled the cape to which he gave the name of "The Cape of Storms," which the king, on his return to Portugal, changed to "The Cape of Good Hope."


CARACTACUS, A PRISONER, LEAVING BRITAIN FOREVER

Ten years later in 1497, Vasco da Gama reached the Indies by way of the Cape of Good Hope on the twentieth of May, 1498, and found at Calicut a commercial prosperity based upon husbandry, manufactures and trade, and had little trouble in making a treaty of trade with the ruler of Malabar. The Arabs who had so long controlled the commercial intercourse between India and the west, persuaded the ruler of Malabar that the Portuguese were pirates, and it was with difficulty that Da Gama secured permission to sail from Calicut for Portugal, where he arrived in 1499. In the year 1500 Alvarez Cabra, with Bartholomew Diaz, met with greater success. Cabral, driven out of his course, discovered the coast of Brazil, and after dispatching a ship with the tidings to Lisbon, continued his voyage with six ships to the Indies, where he finally obtained leave to establish a factory under the Portuguese flag.

Spain from her geographical position and natural wealth should have led the maritime nations of the Mediterranean in wealth and commercial prominence. During her early history, she was the Eldorado of Phoenician and Carthaginian enterprise; after the conquest of Carthage she became a Roman province, and her resources were wasted by venal officials and the revenues of the Roman government. Later on, the Spanish Arabs and Moors occupied the whole of her territory, and Barcelona, in which was concentrated nearly the whole trade of Spain, was alternately held by Saracen and Christian rulers.

In 1341 a small fleet of merchant ships manned by Genoese and Florentines, Portuguese and Spaniards, was dispatched from Spain for purposes of trade, and in 1344, Louis of France was made by the Pope Prince of the Fortunate Isles, or Canary Islands, whither he dispatched a fleet to make a permanent colony. In 1350 Spanish discoverers had never skirted the coast of Africa further south than Cape Bojador, two degrees north of the Tropic of Cancer.

In 1492 the discovery of America by Columbus began a new career of enterprise and prosperity for Spain. Previously, however, Barcelona became in

1164 the capital of the Kingdom of Arragon, and by the middle of the thirteenth century emulated the maritime cities of Italy, in both war and commerce. Sailing their vessels to every port of the Mediterranean and northern Europe, Barcelona became a formidable rival of Genoa, with which city it was frequently at war.

In the fifteenth century, Venice alone exceeded it in sea power; it was the center of the sale of Eastern goods throughout Christian Spain, and the privileges granted by the kings of Arragon were almost as great as those exercised by a sovereign state. No one could be arrested on board ship for debt or crime provided he gave bail for his surrender at the end of the voyage. In ship-building the design and workmanship of their vessels were so superior that the builders of other nations resorted to their dock-yards to learn their methods, or to purchase ships for their customers. The nobles and the common people alike eagerly competed for success in business, skill in manufacture and success in commerce. Barcelona possessed besides ship-yards, docks and wharves, a custom house, a large arsenal, foreign warehouses, factories, banks and exchanges; the latter attracted not only Jews and Lombards, but French, Italian and German traders, who carried on their business under enlightened and liberal laws.

In 1400 there were fifteen Dutch and thirteen Savoyard firms represented at Barcelona. Numerous guilds of artificers existed, and after the expulsion of the skilled Moors of Seville, Toledo, Malaga, Grenada and Almeria, Barcelona alone represented in all Spain anything like an adequate manufacturing interest. The manufacture of woolen, cotton and silk goods, lace, linen, paper, leather and cordage were the principal industries. They exported cereals, flax, hemp, licorice, madder, saffron, almonds and other nuts, figs, grapes, citron, olive oil and silk, with copper, lead, iron, nitre, rock-salt and other minerals. Considerable wine and the bark of the cork-oak with lumber for ship-building were also largely exported.

Barcelona established the first bank of deposit in 1401, and also the earliest regulations for marine insurance. It is also claimed that the first work on maritime law in a modern language was published at Barcelona.

France, or ancient Gaul, had but one important point on the Mediterranean, originally a trading post of the Phoenicians, and little mentioned by ancient writers. Later, the Rhodians traded there, but were supplanted by the Phocaeans of Asia Minor, through the good fortune of Euxenus, a merchant adventurer, who was hospitably entertained by Nann, chief of the Seobriges, and to a feast, at which Glyptis, his daughter, was to make her choice of a husband, in accordance with a custom which, it is said, still survives in some degree, among the Basques of the Pyrenees.

ROWENA PLEDGES VORTIGERN—SAXON MAID AND BRITISH KING

The young girl came into the hall bearing a goblet of wine, and blushingly looked from one to the other of the chiefs and warriors who awaited her decision. Her hesitation was brief, for stepping before Euxenus and his associates, she proffered the symbolic wine-cup to the Grecian leader, who promptly accepted and drank the wine.

The Gallic chieftain acquiesced in her

choice, as that of his gods, and after their marriage, gave the territory about the haven to Euxenus, who sent his galley back to Phocaea for more colonists. A number of vessels arrived the next year, and Massilia soon became a port of considerable importance. When Phocaea fell before the Persians under Cyrus, a large number of her citizens fled in their galleys and from time to time found a new home at Massilia, from whose trade and enterprise sprung trading-posts which founded or gave importance to many such cities, as Nice, Antibes, Saint Gilles, Avignon, Arles and other French municipalities, which may be said to date their founding and development to that memorable evening when the golden-haired Glyptis passed by the princes of her tribe and offered her hand and heart to a Grecian sea-captain.

KING ALFRED'S BATTLE PLAN AFTER VISITING THE DANISH CAMP

In due season, Massilia became a Roman port, and an important naval and commercial base.

Greek, Roman, Carthaginian, Moor and the followers of Charlemagne and Charles Martel, by turns held it as the key to the possession of beautiful southern France, but it never became prominent in the struggle for supremacy, for world-wide commerce and sovereignty.

It had two competing towns, Aigues-Mortes, at the mouth of the Rhone, and now four miles from deep water, and Montpellier, a centre of woolen manufactures for large quantities of wool were imported into Southern France from the Barbary States, and the looms of Provence were long famous for woolen stuffs, dyed in bright colors, with log wood, madder and carmine, and later excelled in the production of silks, and other costly textiles, but until after the discovery of the New World and the sea-highway to India, Mediterranean France, like Constantinople, occupied a subordinate place as a centre of maritime enterprise.

The Gauls of northern France known to the world, chiefly through the "Commentaries" of Cæsar, their conqueror, and chief historian, were of that great Celtic race, which in Cæsar's day chiefly populated the British Islands, and in the north-east of France mingled, or struggled with the Teutonic races. "Barbarians," in Roman estimation, they were by no means destitute of taste or skill, or ignorant of the benefits of commerce. Indeed the Veneti, on the northern coast, owned sea-going ships, so strongly built that Cæsar's rams could not sink them, and their only disadvantage in fight was in being propelled by sails only instead of both sails and oars. Glass, pottery, linen, jewelry, leather, dressed furs, wine, mead and ale, dairy produce, and arms of formidable weight and keenness were made by their artisans. Their druidic priesthood, like the hierarchy of all the Norse nations, preserved much of the cult of the ancient worship of Baal, which so largely made a temple of "high places" and "the open air," and appeased the angry gods with human sacrifices, and the execution of captives and criminals.

A brave but undisciplined people conquered and almost destroyed by the Roman legions—their growth in manufactures and trade is long a part of Roman history. In the middle ages it was long tributary to English, Teutonic and Italian enterprise, when not paralyzed by the foreign and intestine wars which so long desolated France; or by the Saracens who held Provence and Languedoc, until their mightiest levies were destroyed under Mont Majeur by Charles Martel.

The adoption of the mariner's compass, the manufacture of paper and the discovery of printing, were great factors in the extension of commerce, through the universal desire of knowledge, wealth and novel luxuries. Piracy and not less piratical warfare still necessitated the armament of all ships, and a new weapon made the great merchant dromond or galleon, cog or caravel, almost as formidable as a man-of-war.

Before the tenth century, the Grecian navy had possessed that famous "Greek fire," which like a carcass, fire-ball or Chinese "stinkpot" could be carried by ships, or stored in the magazines of fortresses and used on land or sea. Certain forms of it were shot with fire-arrows, pushed forward at the end of poles by soldiers, horses and fire-ships, or thrown from the huge military engines then in use, but it was also shot from tubes and tremendous reports added to the effect of its unquenchable fires and noxious vapors.

It was probably also fired from a bronze or iron tube, with a charge of the weak powder long used in pyrotechny, and indeed in the first handguns whose ounce balls required two ounces of powder to give them effect.

During the Crusades it was used both against and to aid the Frankish crusaders, and Philip Augustus of France carried away from Acre a supply from her magazines, with which he destroyed an English fleet at the siege of Dieppe. In 1383, the garrison of Ypres, in Flanders, routed the English besiegers under the Archbishop of Norwich, using both "Greek fire and cannons" and following them to Barburgh, took the city with same terrible weapons. Greek fire was long carried by Mediterranean fighters, both Christian and Mohammedan, and seems to have led the way to the invention or adoption of naval artillery, which in the fourteenth and sixteenth centuries was largely made up of small breech-loading guns with iron chambers like those of the tubes for Greek fire, which may well have first been employed to throw some light missile when the supply of fireworks was exhausted. Later experience would lead men to make stronger tubes and the balls of granite and lead first used as projectiles.

The Saracens and Turks seem to have excelled all others in cannon-founding, Mahomet II at the taking of Constantinople placing in battery three huge guns, the largest of which was cast in bronze and in two pieces. The breech had a chambered or smaller bore than the barrel, which was of twenty-inch calibre and screwed to the breech. The balls of granite weighed six hundred pounds. Still larger ones made later for the defence of the Dardanelles, were of thirty-inch calibre, throwing a stone ball of 1,100 pounds weight, and these "Kemerliks" were actually in battery and action in the last century.

LANDING OF WILLIAM THE NORMAN
A.D. 1066

The shipping of the Mediterranean at an early date used not only banners but colored and pictured sails to denote their ownership and nationality. Cleopatra's galley at Actium, whose flight led Antony to defeat, had purple sails, and to this day the sails of Mediterranean craft are the delight of painters. At night, they carried lanterns. A Roman admiral, according to Scipio, carried three, his war-galleys one, and his transports two each.

It will be seen that it was only just before the discovery of a sea-route to India and the Americas, that the navies of Europe had acquired the appliances of navigation, and the modern artillery, which alone enabled them to make good their settlements and expeditions in "the Indies" of the Old and New Worlds.

England in the earliest times of which we have any knowledge, dates her introduction to the civilized world with the invasion of Julius Cæsar, B. C. 556, although there is little doubt that the Phoenicians visited it first in B. C. 550. His memoirs, so full of interest in regard to other nations, contained little about the conditions of life in England at that time, but it is known that in certain things they differed from any other nation in Europe with which he came in contact. The southern kingdoms of England appear to have been largely settled by Belgian-Gauls, who had established principally agricultural settlements. Tin, lead and iron were mined and also copper, from which bronze coins were struck either then or shortly after the Roman occupation. Large herds of swine, cattle and sheep were raised, and hides, wool and furs were ex- rivers.

CAMP AND BACTRIAN CAMELS ON THE DESERT

Julius Cæsar is said to have secured many large pearls, which were set in a breastplate, which he presented to the Goddess Venus. He found the people warlike, armed with swords, lances, javelins ported, and also pearls from the Scottish andbows and arrows, and many of the kings mustered a large number of war chariots, whose axles were armed with scythes with which the ranks of his legions were often broken; no other nation in Europe is known to have owned or used war chariots of this description. The well-to-do people and nobles dressed in woolen and linen cloth, wore golden ornaments and were tattooed or painted with figures on various parts of the body. The common people dressed largely in leathern garments or the skins and furs of wild beasts. Further north, as was but natural, the people grew less civilized and were largely of purely Celtic races, but of these Cæsar had little knowledge. In fact, his first expedition to Great Britain was little more than a failure, as he was unable to leave any permanent garrison at any point on the coast. Later on, as the Roman occupation extended further and further into the island, and regular cities and havens were established, a considerable exchange of produce and foreign goods took place.

Intermarriages between the Romans and Cymri or Britons, increased the number of British-born Roman citizens, who abandoned the Druidic religion for the Latin, and adopted Roman fashions and manners. Agricola had penetrated to the Forth, A. D. 43-84, and the Christian religion had its adherents in the first century.

Cassivellaunus, Caractacus and Queen Boadicea in turn opposed the invaders, but the discipline and military skill of the Romans, their splendid roads and their well-fortified camps enabled four or five legions of five thousand men each to hold the southern tribes in check, and to drive into the Welsh fastnesses such Cymri as they could not control. In the north, the Great Wall of Hadrian, seventy miles long, belting Great Britain from the Tyne to the Solway, was begun A. D. 122, and twenty years later that of Antoninus, from the Forth to the Clyde. The latter was soon abandoned, for the Picts and Scots, aided by Norse invaders, made constant incursions, whenever there was a chance for victory or plunder.

The disintegration of the Empire withdrew legion after legion, and in A. D. 409 Britain was left open to the ravages of the Northern and Norse heathen, and the remnants of the unconquered Cymri of Wales. Against these Vortigern, a British King, seems to have maintained his hold on southern England, and to have made an alliance with certain Jute or Saxon sea-kings named Hengist and Horsa, with whom he became nearly related through his marriage with Rowena, and in the end saw his people dominated by the Saxon invaders. Thus arose the Saxon Heptarchy, whose kings held their own with difficulty against the Danes, who in their turn invaded the Saxon lands. The famous King Arthur seems to have championed the Christianized Britons about the Sixth Century, and is even said to have taken part in the conquest of Rome.

The Danes overran the country between 827 and 878, although Alfred, noblest of the Saxon dynasty, made King in 871, warred against them with success. How he conquered Guthrum, a great Danish leader, visiting his camp in a minstrel's disguise, and planning his attack from the knowledge thus gained, is one of the most daring achievements told of a long line of English monarchs, and in his later victories against Hastings, another Danish invader, he twice displayed his nobility of soul by returning to his savage enemy his wife and children who had fallen into his hands. He built up a strong navy of warships, larger and swifter than the "long serpents" of the Danes, and the narrow row-galleys of the German river-tribes and undoubtedly ruled England more beneficently and justly than any succeeding monarch for several centuries. During this time a considerable trade was carried on, but principally with merchants who came in their ships to buy and sell, rather than through voyaging to other lands.

After his death, most of the Saxon Kings gave themselves up to sloth and dissipation, and by turns bought off their Danish invaders, or fought them to little purpose, until in the eleventh century, the Monk-king, Edward the Confessor, left his kingdom open to the wager of battle, in which Harold, the Anglo-Dane, defeated Harold Hardraade of Norway, to be in turn defeated and slain at Hastings October 15, 1066, by William the Norman. Harold would undoubtedly have done better for England than "the tanner's grandson," who transplanted the feudal system to England, and gave the English over to the tender mercies of absentee nobles who owned domains in Normandy and brutal adventurers who had won their lands at the point of the sword. Bitter are the words and sad the picture of the Saxon chronicler of the days when Normans themselves were false to their allegiance, and harassed even their own priesthood.

EDITH AND HAROLD AFTER THE BATTLE.

"Then was corn dear, and flesh and cheese and butter, for there was none in the land. Wretched men starved with hunger. Some lived on alms who had been once rich. Some fled the country. Never was there more misery, and never heathens acted worse than these.

"They spared neither church nor churchyard, but took all that was valuable therein, and then burned the church and all together. Neither did they spare the lands of bishops, nor of abbots, nor of priests, but they robbed the monks and the clergy, and every man plundered his neighbors as much as he could. If two or three men came riding to a town, all the townsfolk fled before them and thought that they were robbers. The bishops and the clergy were forever cursing them; but this was nothing, for they were all accursed and foresworn and reprobate. The earth bare no corn; you might as well have tilled the sea, for all the land was ruined by such deeds, and it was said openly that Christ and his saints slept."

A few great monasteries maintained their privileges, and preserved a certain standard of general industries, literature and art, and the citizens of London, and the Cinque Ports—Dover, Sandwich, Hastings, Hithe and Romney, were too indispensable to the Crown to be oppressed. Whole districts were given back to the deer-forests of king and earl, hanging and mutilation punished the slayer of the "King's deer," and foreign wars and private feuds kept the freeman under arms, until he despised the industries of peace.

Henry I (1102) chartered the guild of London weavers, which paid annually sixteen ounces of gold or twelve pounds of silver for the privilege, and in 1111, a large number of Flemish weavers were assigned lands about Carlisle. Later Henry II settled them along the marches of Wales, where they held the Cymri in check and prospered. In 1156 London had thirty-nine churches, and imported a great variety of luxuries through the Venetians and Genoese.

In the fourteenth century England began to export goods as well as the "staples"—wool, hides and leather. The shipping of the Cinque ports grew rapidly in numbers and importance, as did the merchant-marine of London, Bristol and Southampton, which ports furnished Edward III, for the siege of Calais, 710 ships and over 14,000 mariners. The merchant-princes of England, The De la Poles of Hull, the Cannings of Bristol, Whittington of London, and others arose during the period between the French Wars and the reign of Henry VIII. Slavery existed until the close of the twelfth century, but in 1172 the Irish, who had been the largest foreign buyers, determined to buy no more white slaves and to free all those already acquired, and it soon died out in England.

King John, who had granted the Magna Charta, June 15, 1215, fitted out a fleet of five hundred ships to assist the Earl of Flanders, then besieged by Philip of France, and captured three hundred vessels and destroyed two hundred more by fire. In 1236 an invasion of Tartars, although confined to Russia, Hungary and Poland, almost paralyzed European trade, and the piracies of certain Cinque Port captains interrupted that of England until sharply punished by Prince, afterwards Edward I. This, however, did not prevent them from cruising against the ships of Bayonne, France, in 1277. Even in Boston, a town of considerable importance, a citizen of standing and wealth, disguised a number of desperadoes as monks and coming among the people while attending a fair, set fire to the houses, slew many of the citizens and secured a vast amount of plunder. The leader was taken and hung, but would not reveal his accomplices.

Such an age was not favorable to a general extension of manufactures and commerce, but nevertheless, the Wars of the Roses and the European campaigns introduced a love of adventure, an acquaintance with foreign luxury and taste, and an independent spirit among the middle and lower classes, that slowly but surely undermined feudal prestige, and taught the people to plow both land and sea, and protect their rights on both.

It is said that in 1344 a gentleman named Machan, sailing away with a beautiful lady whom he had induced to leave her husband, and passing the coasts of France and Spain came upon the Island of Maderia, hitherto undiscovered. Here the lovers landed, but did not long enjoy their paradise, for the lady died and the shipmen sailed away, deserting Machan and his associates, who eventually built a boat and escaped to Spain. This seems to have been the first of many English discoveries.

THE GOVERNOR FROM THE MOUNTAINS

W · C · Jenkins

FOR the first time in thirty years, Tennessee has a Republican governor. A young lawyer from the mountain district is now seated in the gubernatorial chair, and has announced a much-needed house-cleaning in his state.

The history of Tennessee politics pulsates with stirring tales of excitement and struggle. It is a history of patriotism and devotion; of the rise of great men to the most exalted office within the gift of the American people, and, on the other hand, of political bickerings and of underhanded methods; of great possibilities and weak expediency; of Ku Klux Klans, White Caps, and Night Riders' organizations, and of dueling and murder. Tennessee has furnished the United States with three presidents—Andrew Jackson, James K. Polk and Andrew Johnson; and much of the fascinating history of the state crystallizes around these three men.

In the fratricidal strife, when sectional differences were being settled in sad and bloody conflict, Tennessee was one of the great theaters wherein that memorable drama was staged; but notwithstanding the days of struggle and contention, it has ever been one of the most delightful states of the American Union. Blessed with eight months of summer, and having but thirty days of real winter each year—with climatic and soil conditions far superior to that of many of her sister states, Tennessee is without question one of the most ideal spots of the western hemisphere; and when men will cease to defy the will of the people and the constitution of the state, then will Tennessee's wonderful resources attract thousands of new settlers to that far-famed sunny clime.

Will this young Republican governor from the mountains prove to be a bell wether who will lead the people of Tennessee to an era of better politics and to deeper respect for the principles of honest government? Time will tell.

During a period of recuperation, when the South was repairing its house after the passage of the damaging storm, and was at the same time struggling under enormous debts, it is perhaps not strange that, in solving problems without the advantage of precedent for guidance, there should arise differences of opinion that sometimes culminated in injudicious and unlawful acts. Today, however, there is evidence that Tennessee is about to enter a new period wherein strife and contention will be followed by quiet industry; wherein ingenuity will become acute, the commercial sense sharpened, and the faculty of exploration more self-assertive.

In practically all the Southern states there is but one political organization, the minority party being so weak as to cut little figure in public affairs. In Tennessee, however, there have always been two well-matched political parties, neither having the assurance of domination without a struggle. Before the war the control of the state alternated back and forth between the Whigs and Democrats; since that memorable event the Republicans have most of the time been sufficiently numerous and aggressive to give the Democrats a vigorous biennial tussle for supremacy. The last Republican to hold the office of

GOVERNOR B. W. HOOPER OF TENNESSEE

governor of Tennessee was Alvin Hawkins, who in 1881 was elected, resulting from a split in the Democratic party and two candidates running for office. In 1894, H. Clay Evans was elected on the face of the returns, and a contest before the legislature was necessary in order to remove him from office. Again, the Republicans claim that in 1896 George N. Tillman was elected over Robert L. Taylor, but the latter was seated as governor.

During the past four years, in the administration of Governor Patterson, Tennessee has been torn from center to circumference with political dissension, resulting from the agitation of the temperance question, and from the alleged effort of Governor Patterson to dominate the state and to tyrannize over his own party by means of a strong political machine. This struggle resulted in the killing of ex-Senator E. W. Carmack on the streets of Nashville, by Duncan B. Cooper and his son Robin. Duncan B. Cooper's conviction of murder was followed by a prompt pardon by Governor Patterson, though the sentence had been affirmed by the Supreme Court. It was claimed by members of the court at the time that Governor Patterson attempted to coerce the court into a reversal of the Cooper case. At any rate a majority of its members refused to enter a primary controlled by the Patterson organization. Friends of the court revolted in all parts of the state and met in a great Democratic convention at Nashville, where they proceeded to again nominate the recalcitrant judges. The Republicans asserted that it was not a partisan question, and that a free and untrammelled judiciary was involved. For this reason they placed a party ticket in the field. The contest was fought out between the Patterson ticket and the independent Democratic ticket in the August election of 1910, and the independents won by more than forty thousand votes.

Flushed with the victory won in the judicial race, the independent Democrats and Republicans believed that a wise selection of a Republican candidate for governor meant his election in November. A man whose record was not obnoxious to the independent Democrats was needed, and this consideration eliminated many of the older politicians who had been more or less active in the race for the nomination. A delegation from the mountains of eastern Tennessee brought to the front B. W. Hooper, a young man who had made a record in his home section. Hooper had given the matter little consideration until the eve when the delegates gathered. Then he announced his candidacy and opened up his fight for the nomination. Many people had never heard of him, but his fitness was acclaimed by the people from the mountains, in whom the majority of the delegates had confidence. Following the process of elimination, the fight narrowed down to two candidates—Alf Taylor, an ex-Congressman and brother to United States Senator Bob Taylor, and Hooper. The latter won on the first ballot by about two to one.

The Republicans had for many years been divided by factionalism, which condition necessitated their finding a compromise candidate who had not been closely identified with the contending politicians. This requirement was met in Hooper, who followed neither faction save when its course met his full endorsement. He had acted independently of both, and his manly fight for the nomination had made a strong appeal to the independent Democrats of the state, who, on September 14, assembled in Nashville to place a candidate in nomination. This convention was one of the greatest ever held in Tennessee. On the stage more than five hundred Confederate veterans, tired of machine politics, had assembled to assert their dissatisfaction and disgust. Efforts were made to settle party differences by a "compromise" Democratic nominee; but nothing short of a complete political revolution would satisfy the great assemblage. Hooper was endorsed, and called before the convention, and never did silence reign more supremely than when this young lawyer rose to speak.

Would he steer clear of offensive references to the great party which had so long dominated the state, but which was now torn asunder by dissension; or would he offend a large number of rock-ribbed Democrats who still loved the principles as laid down by Jefferson and Jackson? Hooper came out of his difficult position with flying colors. He assured the people that, in case of his election, he would give them a strictly business administration, partisan only where partisanship meant better government.

MRS. B. W. HOOPER

Just prior to the convention, Patterson, the Democratic candidate to succeed himself, had withdrawn from the contest, leaving the Democratic party without a nominee; but on October 6, a wing of the party claiming for itself regularity, held a convention in Nashville and nominated

United States Senator Robert L. Taylor, familiarly known throughout the state as "Our Bob." He was the choice to bear the standard of Democracy in what promised to be the most interesting campaign of Tennessee's history.

The Taylor campaign was surely spectacular. The candidate traveled over the state in a special train, crying out for harmony. His slogan, "Come on back, boys," was shouted along the route. Hooper made a most adroit canvass, pledging a square deal to all the people, and addressing himself particularly to the intelligent business men who had sickened of the state's political conditions. When the votes were counted, it was found that Hooper was elected by 12,500 majority.

It is one thing to promise reforms, but another to bring them into effect. Governor Hooper is not free to bring about all the government reforms that he advocates and which the people need. In the General Assembly there is a very delicate situation to be met. The House of Representatives is friendly to the governor by a small majority, this majority being made by a combination of the Republican members and the independent Democrats. But the Senate is in the hands of the opposition by a safe majority and is presided over by a regular Democrat, who by a provision of Tennessee's constitution, would become governor in the event of a vacancy during Hooper's administration.

THE CHILDREN OF GOVERNOR AND MRS. HOOPER

The long-drawn-out struggle for United States senatorship presented a complex situation. Hooper would have had the coveted honor had he been willing to turn the reins of state government to the opposition by vacating the Governor's chair and by allowing the regular Democratic Speaker of the Senate to succeed him. But his duty, as he saw it, was to serve his state as governor, and he declined the great national honor.

In his first message as governor, Hooper advocated law enforcement, reformation of the criminal system, the indeterminate sentence, parole system, the establishment of the juvenile reformatory, a less lax pardon power and a business administration of governmental affairs. The accomplishment of these reforms will depend upon the Senate. The governor urges their passage; they are approved by the House; the people want them, and it remains to be seen whether the opposition and control of the Senate will put aside partisanship for the sake of wholesome legislation.

Whatever be the spirit with which the political history of Tennessee is approached, it is impossible to rise from an impartial study of present and past conditions without a kindly feeling toward young Governor Hooper. Even the disposition to criticize his party is dissipated before the manifest earnestness and sincerity of the young executive. Reflective minds feel that the proposition to serve Tennessee in a business-like manner rather than through politics will brook no ill to the state. The South needs a united front today even more than when her sons were called by the bugle to defend issues put to the arbitrament of the sword; and without a thorough confidence in an administration, no united effort in any state is possible.

The problem in Tennessee, as in other Southern states, is to carry two separate races in peace and harmony, for strife and discord mean ruin. While these races must be carried under the same laws, both must be carried separately, for assimilation means debasement. The white race must dominate, not through violence, but through sympathy and justice, which will compel the support of the bettter classes of the colored race. The negro must be taught that his interests and those of the South are identical, but that the supremacy of the white race must be forever maintained.

There will be no seeds of prejudice sown if Governor Hooper adheres to the program he has planned. The South brought to the front a century ago a class of men who championed a governmental theory and who triumphed in every forum. Today there is every indication that a progressive leadership will shortly place the affairs of Tennessee in such a condition that her two races will walk together in

TENNESSEE'S EXECUTIVE BUILDINGS

peace and amity, when justice will be prompt and certain, and when there will be no occasion for men to band themselves together into such dreaded and vengeful organizations as the White Caps and the Nightriders.

As to personality, Governor Hooper is a typical Southern gentleman. Fired with the enthusiasm and vigor of youth, with a sympathy as broad as humanity and a quenchless thirst for knowledge, he has an unwavering faith in the resources and possibilities of his state. In countries where distinguished ancestry is a passport to consideration and confidence, Governor Hooper would be at a disadvantage, because, when a child, he was picked up as a waif upon the streets of Knoxville and was placed in an orphanage by ladies of the Episcopal Church. After a few years he was taken out by L. W. Hooper of Newport, who gave the boy a home and an education. He was graduated from college at the age of nineteen, and when barely twenty-one was elected to the legislature, where he served two successive terms. When the Spanish War demanded volunteers, young Hooper organized a company of East Tennesseans and served as captain of the Sixth U. S. V. I. in Porto Rico. He married Miss Anna B. Jones, daughter of Mr. B. D. Jones, a prominent Tennessean, and now four golden-haired children, the embodiment of youthful promise, prattle about his home. The career of the young governor has proven that a nameless beginning is no barrier when the mind is dominated by indomitable energy, quiet perseverance and perfect sincerity.

GET IN THE SUNSHINE

By JOHN NICHOLAS BEFFEL

THOUGH dark clouds are all around y'
An' y' don't know where t' turn,
Though muck rakers' words astound y',
You don't need t' care a durn.
Quit your frettin'—it's as easy
For your face t' smile as mine
Get a quick divorce from worry—
Get in th' glad sunshine.

If y' think th' land needs fixin',
There's a chance y' may be right,
But sometimes what looks like mixin'
May be just a faked-up fight.
You can't fix it with a hammer
If it lacks an O. K. sign—
Spurn th' poor, sad-faced windjammer—
Get in th' glad sunshine.

If th' man next door is tellin'
That we're goin' t' th' dogs,
Guessin' he's a glum dyspeptic
Is like rollin' off o' logs.
It's th' safest bet a-goin'
That the weather will be fine
In this land—it's all in knowin'—
Get in th' glad sunshine.

If th' fortune teller whispers
That a dark man's on your trail,
It may be a man with money,
So you'd better reef your sail,
An' th' loud-voiced prophets' wailin'
Of calamity's no sign
That this grand old country's ailin'—
Get in th' glad sunshine.

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MUSIC

I

I WOULD I were where softest music steals
  Across the troubled spirit like a breath
Of tenderness impelled by Him who seals
  A loveliness on things soon touched by death.
Then would I hide me from the world away,
  And all the bitterness of life forget,
And all the worry of the day release;
My tongue would whisper what my heart would say,
  And I be still a stranger to Regret,
And evermore my soul be one with Peace.

II

I would the music were the organ's breath,
  When in a passion for release it calls,
And no one knows the strange new word it saith
  As gently on the heart its pleading falls,—
But not within the chapel's hallowed dark,
  Where varied lights through painted windows look,
And heavy-breathing sinners kneel in prayer;
Where vain Religion sets her ancient mark,
  And all the truth is sealed within her Book —
I would not listen to its pleading there.

III

But rather in my loneliness apart
  With every thought of sin and sinner fled
Back to its native darkness, while the heart
  Soars upward by its chosen fancy led,
To wander in the gardens of a dream
  Where memory listens for some vanished voice,
And strives to frame the face it cannot see;
Where Night flees fainting from an amber gleam
  That lights a vale wherein the Gods rejoice,
And I may listen to their minstrelsy.

—Henry Dumont, in "A Golden Fancy."

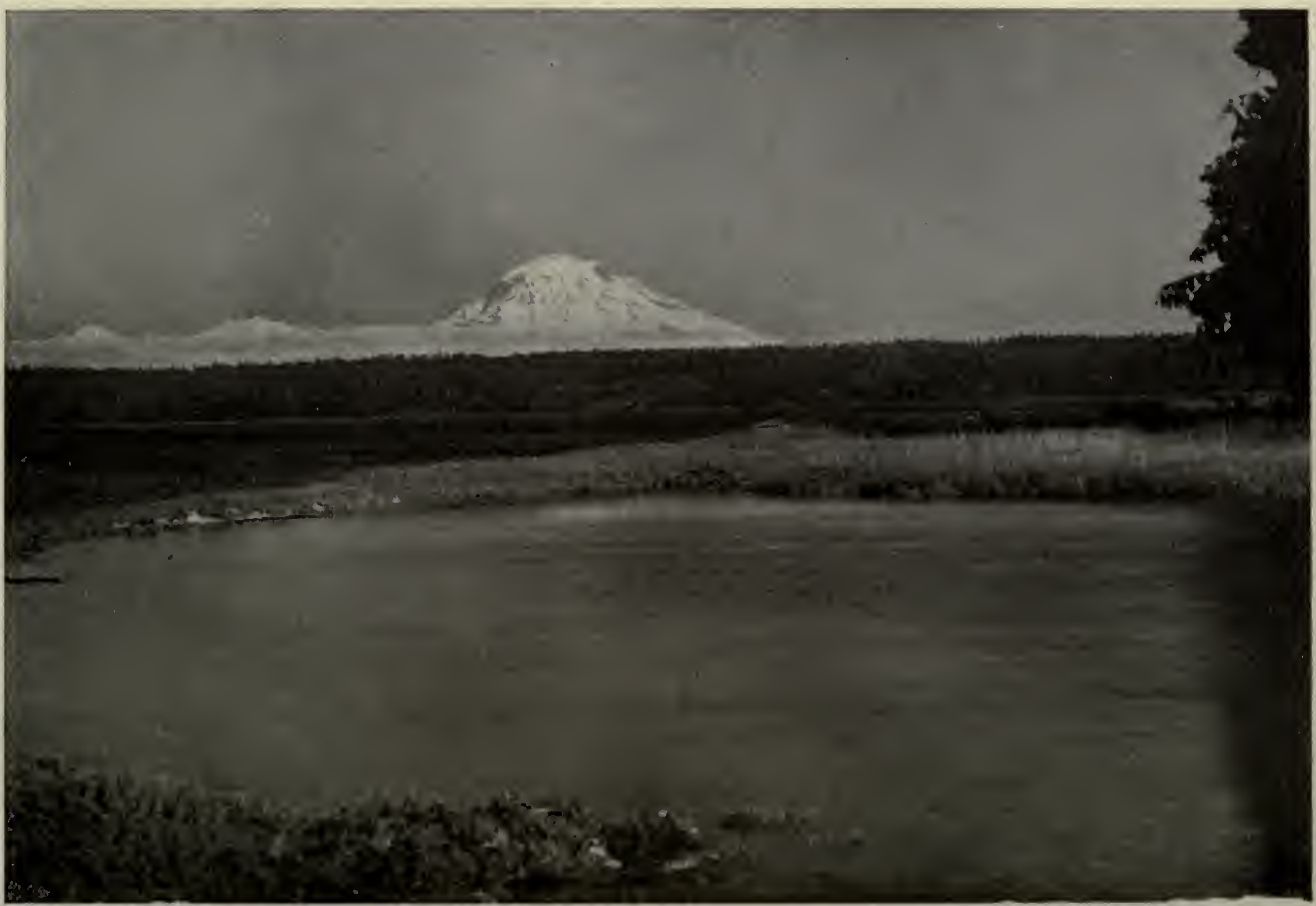

Photo by Charles Bedford *From "The Mountain That Was 'God'"*

MOUNT TACOMA (RAINIER), SEEN FROM FOX ISLAND IN PUGET SOUND, FORTY MILES AWAY

Photo by Asahel Curtis

MOUNTAIN-CLIMBERS ON WINTHROP GLACIER

THE MOUNTAIN SPEAKS

(*Mount Tacoma, Washington*)

By EDNA DEAN PROCTOR

EDITOR'S NOTE.—This beautiful poem about the noblest of American snow-peaks is reproduced here from the new edition of John H. Williams' unique book, "The Mountain that Was 'God,'" which has just been published by its author at Tacoma, Washington, in conjunction with G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. Miss Proctor's fervid stanzas picture the grand and stately beauty of Mount Rainier, or Tacoma, as she prefers to call the great peak, using its ancient Indian name. The accompanying illustrations are from the same fascinating volume.

I AM Tacoma, Monarch of the Coast!
  Uncounted ages heaped my shining snows;
The sun by day, by night the starry host,
  Crown me with splendor; every breeze that blows
  Wafts incense to my altars; never wanes
The glory my adoring children boast,
  For one with sun and sea Tacoma reigns.

Tacoma—the Great Snow Peak—mighty name
  My dusky tribes revered when time was young!
Their god was I in avalanche and flame—
  In grove and mead and songs my rivers sung
  As blithe they ran to make the valleys fair—
Their Shrine of Peace where no avenger came
  To vex Tacoma, lord of earth and air.

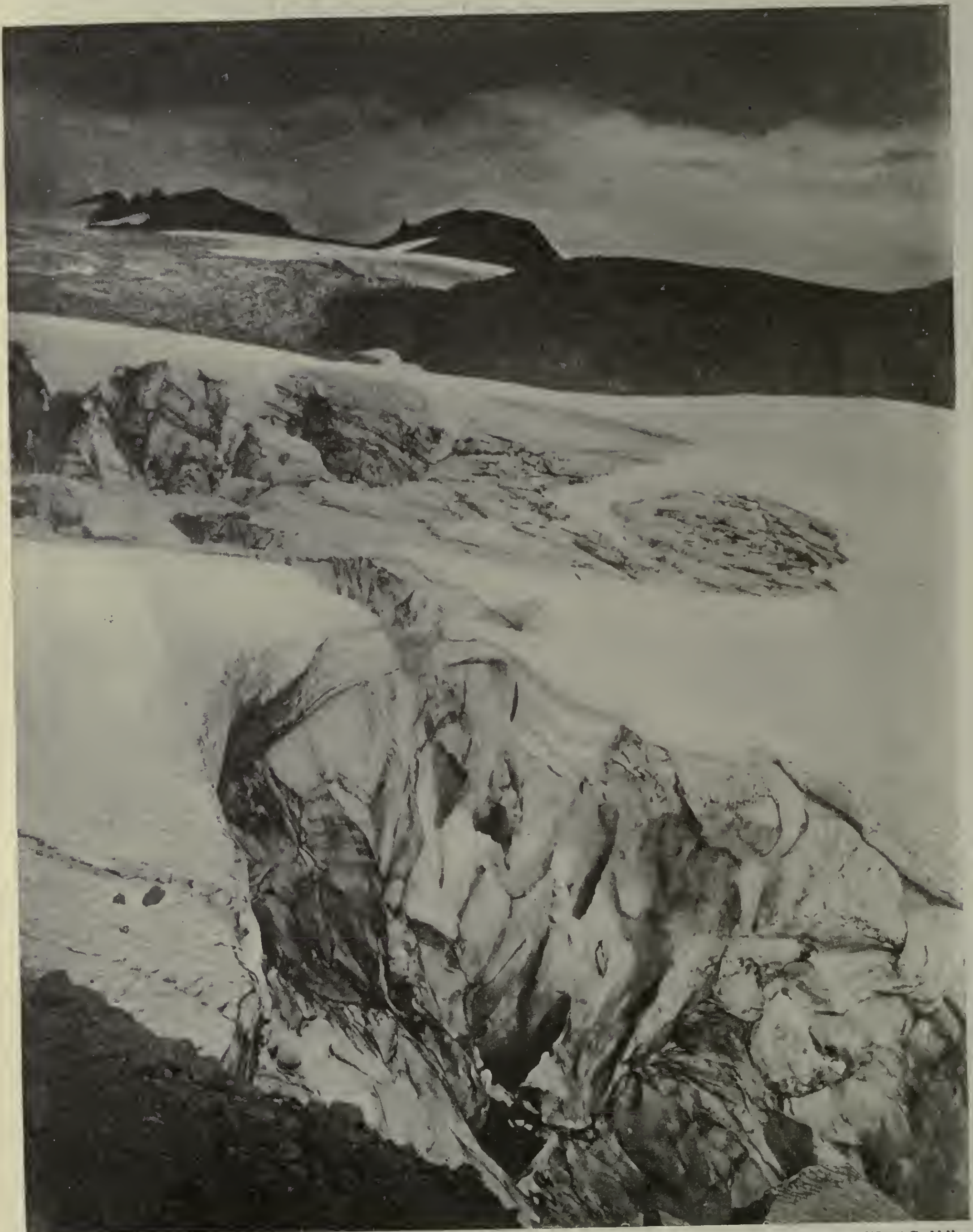

Photo by Charles Bedford *From "The Mountain That Was 'God'"*

CREVASSES IN ONE OF THE GREAT GLACIERS OF MOUNT TACOMA (RAINIER)

Photo by George V. Caesar

MOUNT TACOMA
Seen from the north side with part of Spray Park at the timber-line

Ah! when at morn above the mists I tower
And see my cities gleam by slope and strand,
What joy have I in this unrivalled dower—
The strength and grandeur of my sea-girt land
That holds the future royally in fee!
And lest some danger, undescried, should lower,
From my far height I watch o'er wave and lea.

And cloudless eves when calm in heaven I rest,
All rose-bloom with a glow of paradise,
And through my firs the balm-wind of the west,
Blown over ocean islands, softly sighs,
While placid lakes my radiant image frame—
And know my worshippers, in loving quest,
Will mark my brow and fond lips breathe my name:

Enraptured from my valleys to my snows,
I charm my glow to crimson—soothe to gray,
And when the encircling shadow deeper grows,
Poise, a lone cloud, beside the starry way;
Then, while my realm is hushed from steep to shore,
I yield my glories to divine repose,
And know Tacoma reigns forevermore!

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* * *

America's Most Interesting Workshop

By

Joe Mitchell Chapple

WHENEVER good fortune vouchsafes a chat with Thomas A. Edison, I know that I am meeting one of the greatest minds of the age. The great gates that lead to his famous workshop seemed to me more impressive than the portals of European palaces and storied universities, for through them myriads of unsolved problems have been carried, and out of them have flowed inventions and processes that have enriched nations and benefitted all humanity. Entering the gate, the Irish watchman makes a mental survey, asks for reasons and for papers. Then upward stretches the great brick library and laboratory—one of the first built at the great plant at West Orange, New Jersey, which has manufactured the phonographs and other inventions that have immortalized the name of Edison.

In the library alcoves are books from floor to ceiling; bookshelves bulging with fat volumes like those in a public library. Every known scientific work and volumes in all languages seem to find a place on these cosmopolitan shelves. A bit of spirited sculpture was a keynote tribute to the genius of activity as well as art. The model of a cement house, on which Mr. Edison has worked for years, at odd times, occupied the center of the room, and at once shows the persistent purpose of the master mind in solving the problems of the people. Of course there is a globe—what library picture would be complete without one?—and at a large flat desk the secretary is busy gathering together an immense amount of data and figures required by Mr. Edison in doing his work. Nearby is a simple cot on which Mr. Edison has often spent the "wee sma' hours" when engrossed in a long march investigation.

At a rolltop desk Mr. Edison was found busy with an accumulation of work. Though hard of hearing, which necessitated talking close to his right ear, there was such a bright gleam in his blue eyes that it was a delight even to see him, to say nothing of a delightful chat, punctuated by the originality of an inventive mind. As he put his hand to his ear, he remarked, with a chuckle, that talking with him was like telegraphy—it inspired brevity. Visitors, he said, were not likely to become verbose.

* * *

On his desk was an array of almost everything in delightful confusion, an indication of busy hours, and he swung around in his spiral chair like a man of business instincts. Out of an envelope he poured into my hand some tiny flakes of nickel—just nickel—rolled so thinly that a pretentious encyclopedia of twenty volumes could be compressed into a book one inch and a half thick, if made of pages of this paper. It would make books which neither time, moth nor rust could affect.

Opposite the rolltop desk was another desk filled with papers and books not arranged by any card system. Over the large brick mantel and fireplace hung a view of the Edison Cement Works at New Village, N. J., and as I looked at it, the Wizard of Menlo told how the farmers in the locality fought to stop the plant's erection. Litigation was later encountered and damages claimed on account of the dust from the plant. Finally some of the farmers sold their land to Mr. Edison because of this dust, which it was later found provided a most efficient fertilizer furnished without expense to the acres about. "And now," said Mr. Edison, with a smile, "we are making handsome dividends for the farmers who remained, and fertilize our own farm without the expense of purchasing and distributing."

In every movement and action of Thomas Edison there is the constant suggestion of concentration. When talking with you, he concentrates every energy in just talking to you. He seems to anticipate your thoughts as he looks up sideways with a kindly smile and catches your expression, and interprets the sentence before lips can form the words. "Yes"—he said it definitely—he considered Boston the "best city in the United States—a place worth while." He recalled his career as an operator for the Associated Press in good old Boston, where he made a name as an expert telegraph operator, and indulged in dreams of his great inventions. Some of his former companions of those days love to tell stories about his becoming so absorbed in books from the old library on his lay-off days that he would stay up all night to finish what he was at work upon before taking up his task at the key.

"Boston is a city worth while," he repeated. "I don't often go to New York—once or twice a year—the confusion is so distracting. They are growing so wild-eyed and so boisterous down on Broadway." He told of the delightful play-days in Florida, where tarpon fishing was a real sport and the cold winds of February were forgotten. As he sat resting his arm on the table, in the early winter twilight he seemed to acquire the inspiration of prophecy as he exclaimed, "We are living in a great age. Every day, every hour, any minute may bring to us some new discovery that will throw past achievements into confusion and make inventions obsolete. The power of research," he said, "is growing stronger than the developments of the great telescopes which are sweeping the heavens. The limitations of the human mind are only prescribed by the power of concentration and keeping a perfect balance"—and he put a proper emphasis on the last word *balance*. "Many an inventor," he went on, "does not realize that a balance is as necessary in a mind as in a machine. It will never go on steadily until it is adjusted. Telepathy and mind-reading are used scientifically by detectives today. They chart and reckon a course of thought as old mariners did the sea before the days of the compass."

Strolling about the library, he looked at the books on the shelves and patted some of the backs as if they were old friends. He took down one that had been read and re-read and well-thumbed. Surprising it was to realize that with every minute detail of the science of which he is master, Mr. Edison is thoroughly conversant with every phase of current news as well as scientific information. "It's served up to me in tabloid form, Joe," he said, smiling, "and I only have to hear the real news; people waste their energies often on non-essentials."

He was attired in a gray suit, wearing old-fashioned boots and a ruffled shirt bosom, and as he leaned back in the chair, with his brow slightly wrinkled, I was furnished a striking picture of the Thomas A. Edison of today, with his fresh and almost boyish enthusiasm in "finding out something." His hair may be a little grayer than it was years ago, but there is the same youthful smile that has never yet failed to refresh his visitors. He bears his sixty-five years lightly.

As he thrummed the desk, it seemed as if I could distinguish the dots and dashes of the telegraph code, with which he talked in the old days. Incidents of those early years came to him very vividly, and his experiences with distinguished men in bygone days made interesting flashlights of reminiscence. A son of Tolstoi and many other eminent Europeans made their first pilgrimages in America to sit with Thomas Edison—the man whose ideas multiply the efficiency and comforts of the whole people.

THOMAS ALVA EDISON

The kind-heartedness of Thomas A. Edison remains proverbial. Many a young newspaperman has had his start from the gracious interviews with Edison. They see in him one who by the work of his brain rose from a telegraph operator to the master mind of the great Edison interests, and who still retains firmly his hold on youth. In a laboratory close by is being made his new and marvellous electric storage battery which promises to revolutionize the electrical world.

Neither heavy, unmechanical lead nor strong, corrosive acid have any place in Edison's storage battery. It is made of nickel and steel and works with an alkaline solution, and has stood the hardest kind of tests for six or seven years. No one knows yet how long it will take to wear out. Being very light in weight and difficult to injure, it seems destined to create a revolution in trucking and hauling, as well as for running street cars and pleasure vehicles. Even now there are over 1,200 trucks and 13 street cars so operated and over 1,000 men employed in making these batteries. The great life ambition of Edison is to create things that are commercially profitable and to give all the people the benefit of his work. He takes a great pride in the phonograph, which has delighted so many millions in all parts of the world. In the archives of the Patent Office the records of his inventions represent shining chapters of governmental department history. The many legal contests that have been necessary to maintain his rights have cost more than two million dollars, and of themselves form a thrilling story. He insists upon his rights from start to finish, but is free from petty jealousies. No one is keener to accord credit to other inventors. He freely gives Marconi the full credit of the wireless, although he had conducted experiments and taken out a patent many years before on wireless telegraphy that might have been followed to a successful conclusion along this line; but it was not entirely completed as far as commercial adaptation was concerned.

AN EDISON CONCRETE HOUSE
Poured into iron moulds in one operation

With face aglow, he talked in anticipation of the coming fishing season down South, and more delightful days with his old friend, Colonel Henry Watterson, in Florida, basking upon the sands and waiting for "a bite." There were many visitors to see him, for a decision or some advice on this or that, or a word of counsel, but in all this pressure of work there was none of the distracting hurly-burly of business. Nothing could disturb the buoyant and cheerful expression on his face, bright with anticipation of the pleasures of a well-earned "play spell," wherein even amid relaxation he never ceases to let his tireless mind work out some problem every day that the sun rises and sets.

On his birthday he enjoys a "beefsteak dinner" given by his friends and associates at the Edison laboratory. Then it is "Tom," "Dick," "Charlie" or "Bob," all members of a great family, who with unswerving loyalty to the concentrated purposes of their chief, add to the genuine delights of the busy inventor, whose master mind finds interesting employment ever amid the activities and pleasures of life wherever chance may lead him for work or recreation.

* * *

The inventions and experiments of Mr. Edison have added billions to the industrial earnings of the world and created payrolls of fabulous proportions. His fame as a practical scientist is world-wide, but he has devoted much time to the investigation of economic questions. The possibilities of largely increasing gold production by mechanical means, and the effect on society if success was attained, has absorbed him as it did the alchemists of old.

He has called attention to the fact that the Bank of England is bound by law to purchase all gold of a certain weight and fineness offered to it for sale at the uniform price of seventy-seven shillings and ninepence ($16.92) per troy ounce. Estimated on this basis, the world produced in 1890 5,749,306 fine ounces of gold valued at $97,278,257; which aggregates, with comparatively little fluctuation, increased steadily to twenty-one million ounces in 1909, valued at $355,320,000; and an estimated production in 1910 of 23,000,000 ounces, valued at $389,160,000.

The immensely increased production in old and new workings in Africa and South America, the extension of railways into fields hitherto practically unworkable, the improvements in mechanical and chemical reduction and the ever-increasing by-production from other ores, Mr. Edison insists make it almost certain that the rate of the present increase will continue for the next quarter of a century. If so, the normal yield in 1936 of 73,000,000 ounces of fine gold will be valued at $1,235,160,000.

With the same precision of a financier he pointed out that this immense annual addition to the visible supply of standard metal must in itself be a disturbing influence, and would in the quarter of a century add to the accumulated gold of the world 1,269,000,000 fine ounces, valued at $21,481,480,000. Mr. Edison points out that modern mining machinery and reduction processes have already enabled immense fortunes to be made out of very low-grade ore such as the Treadwell Alaska Mine, which reduces ore as low as $3.40 to the ton, and declares that immense beds of clay, assaying from forty cents to one dollar to the ton, underlie sections never yet supposed to be gold territory. Experiments made with these low-grade deposits, which are easily accessible, have been so far successful that their profitable exploitation seems practicable and within the bounds of probability.

The prophecies of the "Wizard of Menlo Park" foretell the probable status of the yellow metal in the years to come. "The world's business," he says, "has increased so enormously that the increased production of gold has heretofore fitted in, but this point has been passed and will hereafter increase faster than business.

"The mass of this commodity will become a burden. Thinking men of capital will hesitate to loan money to be repaid at some long distant period in the future with this commodity. If they lend at all, and place themselves at the mercy of a steam-shovel and a chemical works, the calculated deterioration as to its value over the loan period will have to be paid by the borrower in an increased rate of interest.

"More and more shall we see that it is safer to own the stock of say a railroad having no bonds than the bonds of a railroad, because the stock ownership represents something intrinsically valuable, whereas with the bonds, speculators could step in and pay them off with a depreciated commodity like gold."

He added in a graphic way, "Years ago aluminum, also a constituent of common clay, was so great and costly a curiosity that Napoleon III made gifts of small bars of the new metal carefully protected by beautiful caskets lined with velvet and bearing the imperial arms and signature. Now the poorest housewife may own a cup or saucepan, and thousands of small articles are given away as advertising novelties."

The reverend but unregenerate Jernigan did not lie to his Boston dupes when he told them about the enormous quantity of gold contained in sea-water. It was there all right, but only about six cents' worth to the ton. It has been extracted by nice chemical processes, but not economically.

When Edison says that there are easily-worked clay places, not yet hardened into rock, or acted upon by fire, that are likely to furnish large amounts of gold in the future, his prophecy is likely to come to pass.

In every question he discusses, Mr. Edison has a lucid and clear way of saying things, which reflects the almost universal scope of his intuitive genius. He never drifts far from practical things which mean betterment and help for the people at large. And somehow, in shaking his hand "good-by" I felt that I was indeed looking upon a man of great heart intelligence, cast in the Lincoln mould, thoroughly imbued with his love and sympathy for the welfare of the great plain people.

· THE ·
LOVE STORY

By

Maitland LeRoy Osborne

"WHY don't you write a love story once in a while," pouted the Only Girl, "instead of all those horrid old detective stories? I'm sure anybody would rather read a good love story than a detective story any time. I know I would."

"Well," I said, after due thought, "I might answer that question variously. I might say that now I am actually in love myself, I shrink from commercializing my sentiment at a cent a word, or that I prefer to lavish all my priceless emotional inspiration on you rather than on a cold, unfeeling public—"

"Bosh!" interrupted the Only Girl, with derision.

"Or," I continued calmly, unheeding the interruption, "—I might say that I had exhausted my inspiration, as it were, on one object; but I cannot tell a lie, even if my avocation is writing fiction, and the really, truly reason why I write the kind of stories that you classify as 'horrid' is strictly a commercial one—they sell."

"Not always," said the Only Girl doubtfully.

"Well—not *always*," I conceded sadly.

"But you might write one, just to please me," she suggested.

"I don't believe I could sell it," I objected.

"You won't know until you try," insisted the Only Girl, perching herself airily on the arm of my chair and drawing intricate geometrical designs upon my bronzed and manly cheek with an adorably dimpled finger.

"Oh, all right, if you make a point of it," I said with well-simulated resignation, and after laying out a neat little pile of clean paper and sharpening a pencil, I lit my pipe as a preliminary to the task in hand and began. Usually I find the first sentence of a story the most difficult to construct to my satisfaction, but this particular story seemed almost to write itself, without effort on my part. This is the way it began:

"I wonder—" mused Darlington reflectively, "I wonder if it would be amusing to be in love." He yawned, and eyed his cigar with a detached air of abstraction. "That is—really *in love*, you know." He consulted his watch once more. "A whole hour still to wait," he said, half aloud, and yawned again. "Very stupid of DePeyster to allow his car to break down when he had an appointment. Very stupid indeed."

But then, DePeyster was always stupid. Darlington himself was stupid—he felt so, anyway. Also the club was stupid, deserted and dreary—except for old Browne, in the corner there, buried in the *Transcript*, and an occasional servant stealing noiselessly about. It was very depressing—really.

Darlington concluded he would have a drink, and beckoned lazily for one of the noiseless ones to approach. Then he reflected that he had resolved the day before that he would stop drinking for a month—

besides, it was too early in the day to drink. Moreover, he had had two drinks already. The noiseless one was at his elbow waiting. Darlington raised his eyebrows enquiringly.

"Beg pardon, sir," suggested the noiseless one, "you beckoned, sir."

"Did I?" asked Darlington. "I wonder what for."

"Beg pardon, sir, I could not say, sir, I'm sure," answered the noiseless one.

"Well, then," said Darlington, wearily, "go away. Don't bother me."

"Yes, sir," acquiesced the noiseless one humbly. "I beg pardon, sir," and effaced himself forthwith.

"Now I suppose—" said Darlington to himself, "that if I were in love—that is, really *in love*, there might be some interest in living. I'd have something in the morning to look forward to—something at night to look back upon, more than this beastly club in the summer, and Palm Beach in winter."

(At this point I paused to relight my pipe, which had gone out—actually, not figuratively—and read what I had written to the Only Girl.

"How do you like it, so far?" I asked. She munched a chocolate daintily. "Isn't there to be a girl in the story?" she demanded. "Why—of course," I answered her. "I'm leading up to that—gradually. Developing the plot, you know." Privately I believe editors call it "padding." "Oh!" said the Only Girl, doubtfully. I began again.)

For the fellow in love, cogitated Darlington, there were certain duties to be performed, which would employ his otherwise empty time—and certain privileges to be enjoyed. Society and his fiancee demanded of him certain observances of ancient customs. There would be flowers to buy, dinners to be given, functions to be attended, innumerable delicate attentions required. Rather exhausting, probably, Darlington reflected, but any occupation requiring time and thought must be rather exhausting—and certainly nothing could be more tiresome than doing nothing, in which laborious occupation he had been exhaustively engaged for more years than he cared to remember.

Time was when Darlington had been obsessed with the customary enthusiasms of youth. Lacking the physical robustness required to make the football team of his college, he had gone in for sprinting instead, and made an enviable record for the five-mile run. He had boxed and fenced and stolen signs with joyous abandon and eclat. After college there had ensued a hiatus of nondescript years in which he took the customary tour abroad; shot grouse in Scotland, climbed the Matterhorn, joined in the drinking and singing in sundry boisterous students' cafes in Montmartre, loafed about the Mediterranean, and came home bronzed, ennuied and purposeless, to find his old college chums and boyhood friends immersed in business, married, scattered, dead or utterly forgetful of his existence. Two lines of small type in the *Herald* announced his return, one or two of his old friends recognized him when they met by chance—and that was all.

He had to make his world anew and people it with new faces, and it bored him. He tried motoring, yachting, hired a box at the opera, attended the horse show, joined the Country Club and learned to play indifferent golf, won money at bridge that he didn't want and had no use for—and finally, tiring immeasurably of it all, drifted to membership in a club on St. Botolph Street, where quiet reigned and they cooked terrapin to his taste, and there he loafed and read the "Tentmaker" and the *Transcript*, and yawned his gloomy way through eight months of several successive years. Winters he went to Palm Beach, fished a little, flirted a little, danced a little, drank a little for want of anything else to do, smoked a good deal, and found life in general and particular a deuce of a bore.

Just now he was feeling especially depressed. The weather was hot, uncomfortable. Most of the few casual acquaintances he cared to cultivate were in the mountains or at the shore—both of which places he abhorred, and DePeyster, with whom he had foolishly made an engagement to motor down to Lenox for the week end, had stupidly allowed his machine to break down and telephoned that he would not be ready to start before three o'clock.

"I suppose now," reflected Darlington, "if there was a girl at Lenox whom I particularly wished to see, going there wouldn't seem such a bore. I wonder if there's anybody there I'll care to meet, anyway."

He reached for the *Transcript* and lazily scanned the list of present and prospective guests at Lenox without result.

"About the usual crowd," he yawned. "Well, it can't be duller than this," and he scowled savagely at old Browne's cackle of senile laughter over a time-worn joke in *Life*.

(This is a most provoking pipe. It persists in going out at the most inopportune moments. Here am I, right in the midst of this story, and now I must stop to relight that confounded pipe. Before continuing, however, I read the foregoing to the Only Girl. She wrinkled her brows perplexedly. "Isn't there going to be a *girl* in this story?" she wails. "I'm just coming to that now," I hasten to assure her. "I am about to develop the real interest of the plot.")

* * * *

As their machine swept gracefully up the winding curve of the Van Austen driveway and panted to a quivering pause beneath the porte cochere, Darlington and DePeyster, dust-covered and muscle-cramped from their long ride, clambered stiffly out, and removing gauntlets, goggles and dust coats, shook hands in turn with the boisterously welcoming tribe of Van Austen boys and girls, from tall and stately Margaret to the smallest and chubbiest pair of twins, with portly, jovial Van Austen himself, and with matronly Mrs. Van Austen, handsome still, and looking young enough—as DePeyster laughingly informed her—to be an elder sister of the clamoring brood that hung about her. Hesitant in the background, Darlington discerned a fleetingly familiar face, and stirred for the moment from his customary apathy by the warmth of his greeting, advanced with both hands extended.

"Katharine!" he exclaimed, "or does my dust-obscured vision deceive me? Can this really be the tomboy schoolgirl who romped over the fields with me all of one August afternoon three short years ago?"

"The same," she dimpled, "only in the meantime, like Topsy, I've growed."

"I should say you had," assented Darlington, admiringly. "As I remember you in that blessed time, you were all arms and legs and big black eyes, and you had a great smudge of dirt on one cheek, and had torn your dress and pinned the rent together with a couple of thorns. And now—" he paused and inspected her with critical appraisement, "now you are distinctly a young lady, and actually rather good looking."

"Thank you, sir," said Katharine demurely, dropping him an exaggerated courtesy. "You have a most excellent memory—and judgment."

"Don't be a pig, Darlington," expostulated DePeyster, coming forward, "and monopolize every good thing you see. How do you do, Miss Katharine? It's a long and dreary time since my bewildered eyes have rested on so fair a vision."

("That DePeyster chap carries a real live line of conversation," comments the Only Girl, reaching for another chocolate. I continue, disregarding the interruption.)

She offered him her cool, slim hand. "Ridiculous as always, I see," she answered. "Will you ever acquire the sobriety that befits your age?"

"I fear me not, fair lady," responded DePeyster sadly. "I was born young and the habit clings to me."

A pair of twins festooned themselves tumultuously about DePeyster's legs. "Come and see the puppies," they clamored loudly, dragging him, weakly protesting, away.

Darlington removed his thoughtful gaze from Katharine's face. "I think I'm going to enjoy myself," he said enigmatically.

. . . The moon, a resplendent disc of burnished silver, rose gloriously and flooded the dark tops of the Berkshires with its mellow radiance. The pines whispered quietly among themselves, and the scent of the roses that rioted all about hung sweet and elusive in the summer air.

Pensive in a screened corner of the wide piazza, Darlington found Katharine and seated himself by her side.

"It is perfect," he said presently, "the night and you. I have been wondering why this should come to me—wondering if I deserve it—if I am worthy." He spoke simply, as of some great fact that could not be misunderstood. "I am glad now that I have never loved before."

Startled, Katharine turned toward him with inquiring gaze.

Darlington smiled gently. "Did you not know it?" he queried, half amusedly. "Must I formally declare myself? Shall I get down upon my knees and say 'Katharine, I love you—in the short space of a half dozen hours you have become the sun of my existence—you are grown to be the Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the ending of my adoration?' "

He flung back his head boyishly. "I think that the moonlight and the smell of the roses and the light in your eyes have bewitched me, Katharine," he said. "I am impelled to seize you in my arms as the cave men seized their brides, and carry you away to some hidden sunlit glade among those hills and teach you how to love. I—I—Katharine, I don't know what's come over me, unless it's being in love that makes one feel this way. I'd like—I mean I want—dear! would you mind very much if I should kiss you?"

("Well, hasn't he got the nerve?" the Only Girl interpolated.)

With both hands pressed to her softly fluttering bosom, Katharine gazed at him with dreamy eyes. "If," she whispered, "if it would not be wrong, I should not mind at all. Wait," she said swiftly, as his arms enfolded her, pressing her hands against his face. "Let me be honest. I *want* you to kiss me," she whispered adorably, and her round young arms stole about his neck.

. . . More lately they discussed wonderingly their great happiness. "I think that secretly I have loved you ever since that August afternoon in the fields," Katharine confessed. "You were my girlish hero, whom I worshipped from afar. Wild horses could not have dragged the secret from me then, and now I glory in it. I shall walk in presently beside you, quite brazenly, and listen unblushingly while you tell that boisterous room full of people that we have fallen madly in love with each other."

"How soon may we be married?' asked Darlington. "I want to show you Switzerland in midsummer. We'll climb the Tyrolese Alps together. And Paris—there are quaint old corners in Montmartre where the very atmosphere of the Revolution still lingers. I have wandered many a summer afternoon among its narrow, lilac-shadowed ways and dreamed of you—not knowing that it was of you I dreamed." He drew her closer. "I know an hotel in Venice whose windows look upon the Grand Canal, almost in the shadow of the Bridge of Sighs. And Rome—we'll have such a honeymoon, dear, as lovers never dreamed of."

Katharine sighed happily. "'Twill be delicious," she agreed, "but first you must slay the dragon."

Darlington gazed at her amazed.

"The dragon?" he queried wonderingly.

Katharine gurgled with delight. "You look so adorably bewildered," she said. "Don't mind my laughing at you. I mean, you must ask my father formally for my hand."

"Oh, that," said Darlington airily. "I'd ask a thousand fathers, if it were necessary."

(There! that confounded pipe is out again. "Is that *all*?" asks the Only Girl, when I have read it over. "Isn't it *enough*?" I answer her, and leave it to the reader to decide.)

THE GREAT WORK
of the
PAN AMERICAN UNION

By FLYNN WAYNE

THE BEGINNING of the twentieth century will be notable for many novel and remarkable events, projects, inventions and discoveries, but the organization of the Pan American Union and the completion of the magnificent building at Washington will hereafter figure greatly in American annals.

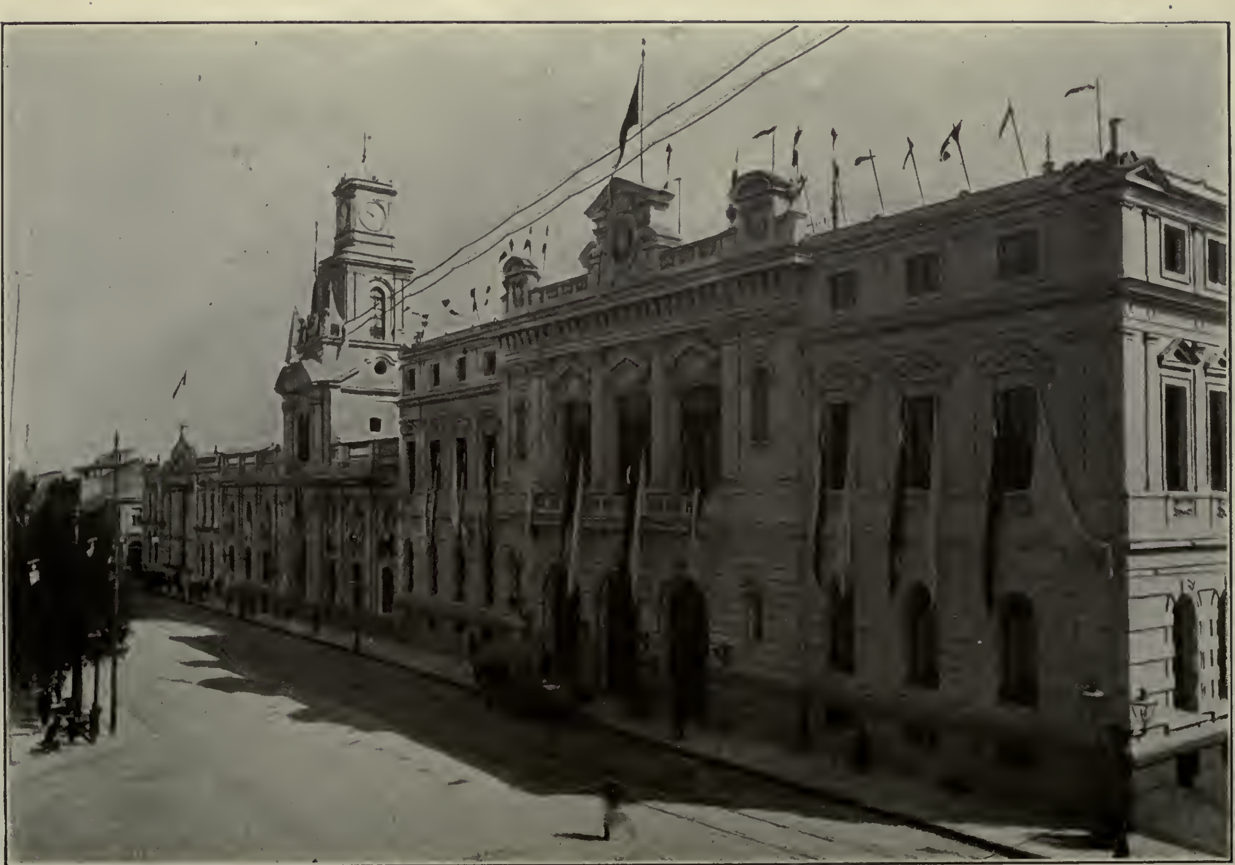
The attitude of the Spanish American republics toward the United States has not always been friendly, often suspicious and sometimes hostile; albeit the United States as a government has undoubtedly more than once headed off European plans for the destruction of some and the impoverishment of many of our sister republics.

On the other hand, bygone conspiracies to increase slave-holding territory, and the love of excitement and desire of gain, which has always brought into action myriads of adventurers, has brought "the Americans" into unsavory prominence; not because there were lacking desperadoes of every

Courtesy of the Pan American Union

TEMPLE OF MINERVA, GUATEMALA CITY, GUATEMALA

On October 28, 1899, President Manuel Estrada published a decree setting apart the last Sunday in October of each year as a national holiday to celebrate the benefits of public instruction. The exercises and festivities are participated in by teachers, pupils, and the general public, and are held in temples erected and dedicated to this purpose



Courtesy of the Pan American Union

MUNICIPAL BUILDING, SANTIAGO

Shown in the foreground of this picture, is situated on the north side of the beautiful Plaza de la Independencia, or Plaza de Armas. The adjoining building, with the tower, is the office of the Intendente or Governor of the Province of Santiago, the Post Office being next to it race and clime, but because he was nearer at hand and struck harder and more audaciously than his fellows. Also the American business man, pursuing too exclusively that "home market" which has long since been over-exploited, when it is not controlled by great monopolies, has long since ceased to continue the old-time energy and enterprise which made a harbor for American shipping and a market for American goods at every South and Central American port from the Straits of Magellan to the Rio Grande.

The English, French, Spanish and Germans, against whose punitive expeditions our ironclads are supposed to be kept ready for prompt action, and our soldiery to back up their remonstrance, are far wiser in their generation, and while we purchase the lion's share of their products, our sister republics take our gold and pay it over for European and colonial commodities.

Much of this is supposed to be due to ignorance of the importance of the trade and commerce thus lost, but for over thirty years export journals and bulletins and a perfect flood of consular communications have kept up a ceaseless campaign of education, remonstrance and warning, which, for the most part, has "fallen on hardened hearts and irresponsive ears."

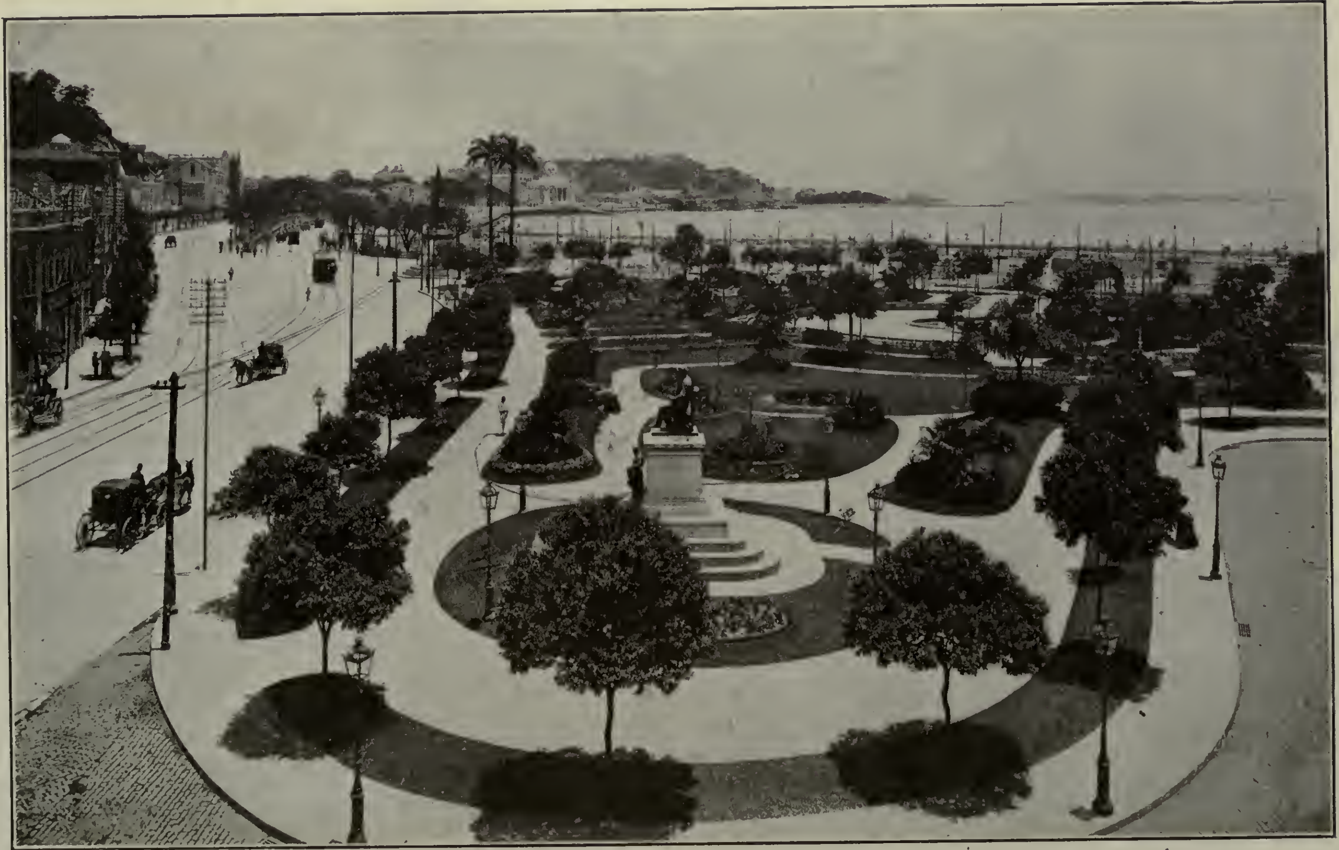
A few really enterprising concerns have taken time by the forelock and corralled concessions, contracts, territory and the control of great industries, such as forests of rubber, mahogany, ivory nuts, etc., the great cattle exports of Argentina and Uruguay; and government loans and bonds reaching into tens of millions of dollars; but the average merchant and manufacturer has yet to learn to do his share in reclaiming a part of that flood of wealth which Spanish America still pours into the coffers of the Old World.

But it was much to interest and concentrate government interest and influ-

Courtesy of the Pan American Union

A GLIMPSE OF THE PATIO

The Patio, an open interior court, is the distinctive feature of Spanish and Latin-American houses, which are constructed with a view of obtaining the maximum of coolness in tropical countries



Courtesy of the Pan American Union

GLORIA GARDEN, RIO DE JANEIRO, BRAZIL

Gloria Garden is one of the new parks on the water front of the Bay of Rio de Janeiro, laid out in accordance with the recent plan for the beautification of the capital. The fine driveway of Beira Mar, or Bayside Drive, extends through this garden and along the beach a distance of 4½ miles ence on the necessity of stronger and more mutually beneficial ties between the several republics of the New World, and few tourists visit Washington today without visiting the home of the Pan American Union, whose marble walls in somewhat severe simplicity stand in the very shadow of the Washington Monument.

The interior is most fittingly designed in accordance with Spanish-American tastes and customs, and the vestibule leads through massive arches to the central patio, which, opening to the sky above, can in cold weather be roofed over, forming a hot house in which the semi-tropical and tropical plants and trees which decorate it can in winter be kept growing and beautiful.

A prominent feature of this reproduction of the ancient Roman *atrium* is that instead of the *impluvium*, or open tank or pool, a fountain of noble proportions raises from an octagonal basin a snowy pillar with figures symbolizing the extinct civilizations of America, which is further represented by gargoyles above the central basin, duplicating the sculptured heads of that feathered serpent which still astonishes and perplexes the archæologist amid the titanic ruins of Uxmal.

The stairways are easy and open upon the patio through wide-arched openings, and the ideals of tropical comfort and luxury are carried out on the second floor where great open windows, made even more open in tone by their balustraded parapets, give unobstructed views of the interior walls and roofs of the building and the patio below.

Broad and open galleries and flights of low, wide steps give access to the grand salon, or assembly hall, now generally known as the "Hall of the Americas," whose lofty dome springing from a splendid colonnade of twin Corinthian columns, and lighted by magnificent chandeliers of cut-glass, has an enormous seating capacity, or can be cleared for receptions and balls, which will be reckoned among the semi-diplomatic events of Washington society.

Courtesy of the Pan American Union

THE NEW BUILDING OF THE PAN AMERICAN UNION. (FRONT AND SOUTH SIDE)

Courtesy of the Pan American Union

VIEW ACROSS THE PATIO FROM AN UPPER GALLERY

Courtesy of the Pan American Union

VIEW FROM THE FOYER OF THE HALL OF THE REPUBLICS, LOOKING DOWN ONE OF THE MAIN STAIRWAYS

Courtesy of the Pan American Union THE CATHEDRAL AT LIMA, PERU

The Board Room, in which the accredited representatives of as many republics gather around the great oval table, each seated in his own special high-backed carven chair of state emblazoned with the arms of his country, is almost certain in the near future to witness debates and concerted action, which in due season must arise out of the inexorable progress of time and pressure of human necessities.

For if there is, indeed, any reason to apprehend the invasion of the Pacific Coast of the New World by the re-awakening civilization of Asia, how much more likely it is that the semi-tropical and tropical countries, rich in natural resources, but weak in military and naval power, are likely to first feel any possible attempt to gain naval stations or military colonies on the American continent; and the first

Courtesy of the Pan American Union

BEIRAMAR AVENUE AND BOTAFOGO PLAZA, RIO DE JANEIRO, BRAZIL

Beiramar Avenue follows the shore of the Bay of Rio de Janeiro for a distance of about five kilometers, ending at Botafogo, formerly a suburb of Rio de Janeiro, but now a part of the city. The circular esplanade and the plaza are one of the finest promenades in the city attempt to do so cannot be misunderstood, as the harbinger of greater and more ominous events soon to follow. If, indeed, any considerable plan of conquest is yet to make the Pacific an arena of desperate conflict for the acquisition of national prestige and prosperity, the Pacific Coast of America alone presents a promising field for commercial and military exploitation.

Canada is under the ægis of Great Britain, and the United States has but few harbors, and those would cost much to conquer and infinitely more to hold. France, Germany, Russia and Great Britain hold nearly every desirable "center of influence" in Asia, Australasia, Oceanica and Africa, and an attempt to take possession of the acknowledged territory of one would be likely to arouse the apprehensions and opposition of the other powers, and yet the actual necessities of human life may eventually force China to expend in war the myriads that now fall a prey to famine and pestilence; while India cannot always grow in knowledge and commercial and manufacturing resources and remain content with the sordid and tragical misery which in every decade claims its millions of victims.

Such and other considerations remind us that the council board of the Pan American Union is not unlikely to deal hereafter with questions which today are not pressing upon the nations for solution, but which are none the less unlikely to become famous in the world's history. It may yet be possible that in the "Hall of the Americas" a great assemblage of the wise, wealthy and brave men of all America's free republics may ratify the suggestions of a Pan American Congress to adopt the motto "All for one and one for all," and pledge the war strength of twenty-one free peoples to prevent the conquest or partition of the weakest of their fellowship.

Courtesy of the Pan American Union

THE PATIO

View taken from the vestibule. The figures on the column of the fountain symbolize the old civilizations of America. The gargoyles of the central basin are heads of the feathered serpent of Uxmal. The plants are indigenous to Latin America

Neither is such a union, even when

Courtesy of the Pan American Union

THE GRAND SALON OR ASSEMBLY HALL OF THE NEW BUILDING KNOWN AS THE "HALL OF THE AMERICAS" merely sentimental in its nature, an insignificant development of American feeling. Few of the smallest of these republics have a population inferior to that of the American colonies during the Revolution, and several of them are today formidable competitors in European markets, and promise to add enormously to their present exports and importations.

Cuba is probably best known to Americans of all the republics; has much charming scenery and has long been noted for its immense natural resources; but its ancient exports of sugar, tobacco, honey, bananas, pines, rare woods, dyestuffs and the like are soon to be more varied and that along lines which will attract a great emigration of English-speaking people. The citrus fruits of the north coast of Cuba are utterly safe from frost, and the grape, fig, olive, currant and date palm are already being cultivated in large numbers, not to speak of other "truck" which in winter now reaches us in small quantities from Mexican points.

The Spaniard, too, will undoubtedly turn to the culture of vine, olive and orange which have made Spain famous for so many centuries and will probably develop fruits of better flavor and at lower cost than those now brought eastward from the Pacific slope.

Brazil, the only republic of Portuguese descent in the Americas, is still an empire in extent, resources and commercial importance. Its chief cities and especially Rio Janeiro, the capital, abounds in evidences of wealth, intelligence and exquisite taste in municipal improvements. The views given of Beiramas Avenue, which for miles borders the splendid Bay of Rio Janeiro, and the beautiful Gloria Gardens, one of the new parks lately completed, certainly impress one with the belief that the American republics are all making progress beyond public realization.

Courtesy of the Pan American Union

A STREET IN HAVANA, CUBA

Argentina and Uruguay have immensely increased their annual production of wealth, and their cities have few superiors in municipal or commercial prosperity. Paraguay still suffers from centuries of isolation, and misgovernment, but rail, canal and river transportation will soon be perfected, and through a beneficent interchange of products and ideas, the Paraguay of Francia and his tyrannical successors will become a tradition and horror of the remote past.

Chile, one of the first and most strenuous of the revolting Spanish colonies in 1816, has ever since kept up the record of courage and enterprise then established by her people. Valparaiso has long been the acknowledged queen of Pacific seaports south of San Francisco, and has continued to grow in every department of municipal progress. Santiago, the capital of the Southern Province of the same name, is also a modern city, whose solid and tasteful architecture may be judged of by its magnificent city hall, and the adjoining building devoted to the official business of the province.

A certain leaning toward classical learning and traditions and a deeper sentiment in the expression of popular feeling is often noticeable in governmental action. Such, for instance, is the great statue of Christ, the loving and merciful, which stands on the mountain boundary line between Chile and Peru as "a heap of witness" that the devastating wars which so long embroiled the two republics, are never more to alienate them. Guatemala, which twelve years ago set apart a public holiday for the celebration of the establishment of popular education, has built at several cities temples of classic design, open on all sides to the air, within whose columns officials and citizens join with teachers and scholars "in rejoicing over the possession of a boon so long denied to the people of the little republic."

Peoples capable of such sentiment and of such progress as has been made by the Latin republics during the last thirty years are certainly fated to make their mark on the escutcheon of human history, and that in no little or unimportant way. It is well that at Washington their representatives have a home and a forum from which their desires and their purposes may, with no uncertain sound, be announced to all mankind.

LA INDIA PARK, HAVANA, CUBA, LOOKING NORTH

The most interesting feature of Havana is its series of parks stretching from Monte Street to Malecon and the sea. La India is a diminutive park named for the statue of an Indian girl of Grecian loveliness. I was told by a tourist that this girl is a likeness of Christopher Columbus' wife; when I added that I supposed the necklace she wears is the same Queen Isabel pawned to equip the Discoverer's fleet, the statue acquired an increased interest for him.—*Photo by American Photo Company from an illustration in the book "Cuba," by Miss Irene A. Wright; copyright,* 1910, *by The Macmillan Company*

TREVANO CASTLE

The Home of Louis Lombard

By JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE

FROM the balmy spring weather and burgeoning fields and orchards of sunny France, it was only a night's ride into wintry wastes and splendid desolation, and the next day we rode through a world in white and the glaciers and avalanche-haunted peaks of Alpine Switzerland.

Berne, Zug, the Unterwald, Uri, canton after canton, ancient in name and famous in song and story, might have lured us in midsummer, but we were bound for a land of enchantment, the fairest, sunniest spot in all the land of Tell, the canton of Ticino; a mere tongue of territory extending into the plains of Lombardy, won with gold and not by the sword of the Confederate cantons, and ceded by the Duke of Milan in 1572.

On we raced through Lucerne and threaded the St. Gothard tunnel, "The Door of Summer"; descended from the lofty passes and toward the plains of Lombardy, and shooting through a dark last tunnel drew up in the station of Lugano, the capital city of Ticino Canton, sitting like a queen on the slopes above the lake whose name she bears and whose beauty has no equal among all her exquisite sister lakes and lakelets of Lombardy.

For, grand and majestic as are the charms of Lake Maggiore and rich as Lake Como is, not only in scenery but in the subtler charm of inspired poesy and song, the very jewel of the queenly trio is little Lake Lugano, fed by the overflow of Lake Como and discharging the pure cold Tresa flowing into Lake Maggiore. Its shores are chiefly bold and abrupt, but from the cliffs the swell of velvety sward slopes in terraced vineyards and orchards up to the eternal hills or opens out to where Lugano, mirrored in the turquoise lakelet, fills the Valley of the Cassarate with suburban villas and the arcaded streets, broad avenues, generous squares and fountains, statues and foliage of a typical Italian town. On the left roof, spire and parapet showed darkly and sharply against the Alpine heights of Mount Brè, and on the right rose row on row on the slopes of the low Paradise Range, while across the lake towered the cyclopean cliffs and sharp peaks of Mount Caprino and more majestic Mount Generoso.

Nearer appears the solitary cone of San Salvatore, to whose summit a cable transfers the tourist who has long, dreamy summer days in which (like Whitman) he may "loaf and invite his soul," and happily survey the savage recesses of Mount St. George, the mountain chalets and hamlets of the northern ranges, the infinite variety of Lake Lugano bordered with villas, drives, gardens and vineyards or storied Lugano itself amid its pines and palms.

But for us Nature had worked a marvel and for the first time in many years had the night before covered the whole land with a carpet of snow through whose delicate wreaths the unharmed foliage peered and glistened, as more ethereal beauties glare with added charm when seen through foamy clouds of snowy laces. Over all the clear blue, deep-vaulted Italian sky, domed mountain gorge, turquoise lake and picturesque Lugano, and the warm Italian sun painted the splendid distances with ever-changing gold and crimson tints, fading into violets and purples in the hazy beyond. Even the little squares of ploughed land and the weather-stained rocks gave something of color and effect to the unwonted scene, which no future tourist to Lugano may ever hope to see repeated. It was a beautiful but evanescent picture, but it will always be remembered as a remarkable incident in one of the happiest and most unexpected events of a lifetime. For magical as it was, could it be possible that this, too, was a part of the realization of my boyhood dreams of some day visiting a real castle as a welcome guest?

It must be so, for the dream had devolved itself in successive instalments out of a series of charming letters from Mr. Louis Lombard, the castellan of a demesne famous throughout all Europe. Oases of rest and delight amid the desert of accumulated correspondence, these letters had, little by little, evolved the realization of my boyish *Château en Espagne*, and now as the train stopped, Mr. Lombard himself was at the station to meet us.

In a few moments we were speeding up through the streets of Lugano, whose seventy hotels house an army of tourists and winter visitants from Northern and Western Europe, and every part of the New World. There is enough to delight and enthrall the fancy of the most exacting in the many beauties of the canton, lake and city themselves, but the crowning glory and attraction of all lay before us in Trevano Castle, whose snowy towers rose from a vast terrace, amid surrounding foliage, on an eminence, once the site of the village and castle of the bishopric of Trevano in Ticino, whose rule, established in the twelfth century, endured for nearly four hundred years.

About forty years ago, Baron von Derwies, a Russian multi-millionaire, associated through the Minister of Public Works in the stupendous government railway development of Russia, determined to build here a domain worthy of the surroundings, of the dignity of his own house, and a center of musical patronage and development.

The great Italian architect Botta, and the sculptor Vela were engaged to design and create the enormous structure, and over twelve millions of francs ($2,400,000) were expended upon its construction and decoration. It was the wonder of all Europe, but the shadow of many tragedies hung over its hitherto fortunate possessor. His illustrious friend and associate mysteriously disappeared, and the tragedy cut off a large part of the Baron's immense fortune; but worse was to follow, for his only daughter died after terrible sufferings; and from his ruined hopes and fortune, Baron von Derwies sought refuge in death. The funerals of both father and daughter were held on the same day; such was the tragical denouement of his career.

The estate was sold to another eminent Russian officer, General Heinz, who at once made preparations to occupy Trevano, but died in the same year before taking possession. For twenty years it was unoccupied, for to many an apparently fatal spell hung over its occupants or possessors, but in 1900 our host, undeterred by the fate of its former owners, purchased it and since then with his charming wife and children has made it his home.

Entering by a gateway, we sped up the long spacious avenue shaded by feathery acacias, and bordered by luxuriant hydrangeas and with an admiring glance at a magnificent fountain, a marvel of the Japanese artists and bronze workers of the thirteenth century, entered the castle.

Crossing the court of honor, and admiring the central facade, embellished with sculptures in high relief by Vela, we were ushered into the Roman atrium, designed after Pompeiian originals, but immense in area and surrounded by galleries, sustained by immense columns, each cut from a single mass of priceless Macchia Vecchia marble. The walls of stainless Carrara statuary marble enclose mosaic pavements, a fountain whose falling spray makes perennial music, and everywhere roses, citron trees, palmettos and other green trees, shrubs and vines make an unending summer land of this beautiful central glory of an ancient Roman house.

Photo by
Z. Garrigues

LOUIS LOMBARD, HIS WIFE AND FOUR OF HIS CHILDREN

In the center, a marble group of Venus and Cupid faces a reproduction of a Roman throne, under whose dais Queen Victoria, the Empresses Eugenie and Elizabeth, the Czar of Russia and other famous visitors have stood admiring the wonderful beauty of the scene.

From near the fountain a magnificent double stairway leads to the solarium or sun-parlor, whose lofty ceiling is highly decorated and contains three hundred colonnettes of Bohemian cut glass, whose facets and clear coloring reflect the sunlight like immense gems.

Ushered into one of the splendid chambers of the castle, we found a blaze in the great fireplace and every luxury and convenience. A few moments later Mr. Lombard genially insisted that we should join the family at lunch, where for the first time we met Louis Lombard *en famille.*

Rather under, than above medium height, thin, wiry, energetic and indomitable, Louis Lombard's eyes lit up a handsome face with something of the soft and liquid charm of Southern France, more of the firm aplomb and conscious strength of the successful man of affairs, and with it all a suggestion of almost superhuman ability to fathom and control the minds of his fellow-men. His dark auburn hair, now somewhat tinged with gray, and parted in the center, reveals a broad, high forehead, and his mustachioed lips and full peaked beard make up a face whose counterpart you may never see except in the ancient portraits and engravings of men who in their day were as gods in their power to conquer, rule or instruct nations and principalities.

For the time being, he was the courteous host, the affectionate husband and father, the friend, unobtrusive of his superiority of wealth, prestige and genius. It seemed almost impossible that he could be the same man whose career and rapid advance along many lines of human endeavor had not only secured great wealth, but had demonstrated that whether rich or poor, successful or unsuccessful, Louis Lombard had ever been more than a pawn on the chessboard of human society.

The castellan of Castle Trevano was born at Lyons, France, in 1861, just half a century ago, when the altars of our great Civil War were first beginning to claim their holocausts of gallant sacrifices to the opposing dogmas of State and Federal dominion, and the continuance or extinction of human slavery. One of his mother's brothers had served under the fiery-souled Garibaldi in South America, and in the Franco-Prussian war; and his father's great-grandfather, a Roman Catholic bishop, had barely escaped with his life during the "Reign of Terror" of the French Revolution. A very precocious child, the young Louis was sent to a kindergarten school when only two and one-half years old, and later profited by the severe discipline of the French public schools; at nine years old he entered the Marseilles National Conservatory of Music, as its youngest pupil.

Left fatherless and motherless at fourteen, he engaged at Paris in 1876 with an American manager to come to New York as a violin soloist; but on his arrival found himself deceived, with little or no knowledge of the English language and almost moneyless. But he found employment as leader of a beer garden orchestra, and by 1878 the sixteen-year-old boy was the orchestral leader of a small opera company which went to pieces at Utica, New York. Here, however, an enthusiastic amateur, recognizing his musical genius, secured for him the position of director of the Utica Philharmonic Society, in which capacity his abilities were recognized, even in other states. In the eighties, his orchestras commenced remunerative engagements at public resorts, his concert company made successful tours under his management, which meant any service which would ensure success; he read law as a diversion, and added to his earnings and savings by small manufacturing and real estate operations, selling music, instruments and the like. In 1886 he had saved enough money to take his first vacation since as a little child he was sent to the kindergarten school. It was not an especially restful vacation, for he visited nineteen countries in Europe, Asia and Africa, observing and studying men and things, and always "dreaming great dreams" of future wealth, prestige and self-culture.

Returning to America, he studied law for a time, but going to Utica, interested its leading men in the establishment of a Conservatory of Music and School of Languages, and in a few months opened the proposed institution, with hundreds of students and over $29,000 in advances paid for tuition. Here was certainly a remarkable achievement.

In 1896 he sold his conservatory and threw his abilities and entire fortune into the seething maelstrom of "frenzied finance" in Wall Street from which he emerged, after some defeats and many successes, not only a multi-millionaire, but with the esteem and support of some of his most strenuous opponents; and he is still receiving a large income from administrative positions which require only a portion of his present leisure.

And with all this business activity, my host had found time to write in unusually pure English, several books, memoirs, addresses and pamphlets, hundreds of brochures on vocal and instrumental music, the comic opera of "Juliet," and the grand opera "Erissinola"; also successfully to promote hundreds of noble charities through his wonderful energy and psychological ability to influence men. All this is only a part of Louis Lombard's history.

Now, with his American wife and six of his eight healthy, happy boys and girls, (two sons were away from Lugano), he was enjoying a period of rest in his Lugano home, acquired not only because of its beauty and splendor, but because it appealed especially to his intense love of music and his ability as a virtuoso, composer and princely patron of the highest form of human expression.

Trevano had been built by Baron von Derwies for a purpose: to create at Lugano a "Temple of Music" which should be more magnificent than that built for Wagner at Bayreuth by the Bavarian king, and to give to the softer, sweeter melodies and songs of Italy a center of inspiration and development. His successor was inspired by the same lofty ambition, but he, too, died before he could make majestic Trevano the Mecca of musical pilgrims from all parts of the earth.

But under Louis Lombard's ownership, artists of every race and country are welcomed with a simple yet princely hospitality, and a catholic recognition of all that is noble, great and sincere in the realm of music and song. Every summer a symphony orchestra, which has included among its members a very large number of the notable musicians of the world, enjoy the splendid hospitality, and under the direction of Mr. Lombard, render the best and sweetest music of the present and the past.

Nor is his hospitality confined to the "masters of the joyous art," for indeed he might say with the ancient sage "All knowledge is my province." Here Lombroso loved to come to contemplate upon and expand his theories of life. Here William Jennings Bryan, Greeley, the Arctic explorer, crowned heads, ambassadors, consuls, magnates of the great American vested interests, painters, sculptors, no matter how wealthy or renowned, count themselves fortunate on the day which first gives them the freedom of Castle Trevano.

* * *

When the time came for the children to continue their studies, it was suggested that the lesson be dispensed with for the day, but all joined in the request that the order of family life and discipline should not be disturbed. So the little ones gathered at the piano about their father, who suggested that they had better "sing in English, in honor of their American guests."

One dear little girl said as sweetly as pertinently, "Do-re-mi-fa-sol-la-si-do is Italian—how can we sing it in English, papa?" The lesson exemplified the severe training that Louis Lombard prescribes for "Other People's Children," but it was followed by some exquisite solos on the harp and recitations in French, German and Italian. At night, just before they retired, came the "Children's Hour," when papa and his darlings have lovely times together,—such jokes and caresses and kindly words as will hereafter come back to memory, no matter how the hurrying years lengthen out the slender thread of life.

There are no drones in the Trevano hive; for the energy of the father finds a thousand employments, and the little ones have their duties which must be performed well and in due course. His two eldest sons were not at home; one was at school in America, while the other was at another villa in Algiers, where Mr. Lombard believes developments such as made Carthage great are yet to astonish the world.

The elder daughters act as secretaries to their father and help their mother in many ways. Of Mrs. Lombard one cannot write too warmly, whether as the gracious castellane, the whole-hearted American, or the loyal, tireless helpmeet of her distinguished husband. Many and wonderful as have been the gifts of fortune, it has been the lot of few of the great and fortunate sons of men to woo and win a wife so content to realize with him one of Tennyson's noblest utterances:

"Then comes the statelier Eden back to man
Then reign the world's great bridals, chaste and calm;
Then springs the crowning race of human kind:
May these things be."

Mrs. Lombard was the youngest daughter of the Hon. Thomas Allen, of Pittsfield, Massachusetts, and St. Louis, Missouri, formerly a member of the House of Representatives and builder and president of the Missouri Pacific and Iron Mountain Railroad, a great-granddaughter of the famous "fighting parson," Thomas Allen, who led his parishioners to the battle of Bennington, and related to Ethan Allen, the captor of Ticonderoga, William Allen, the founder of Bowdoin College and many notable poeple of the present day.

A part of the afternoon was given to visiting the various rooms of the castle, which, indeed, were simply too elegant and interesting for me to do them justice in so cursory an inspection.

Briefly, Castle Trevano has a frontage of 174 feet with a depth of 168 feet, rising from massive and splendid stone terraces from which one may descend by noble balustraded flights of steps to the grounds below. The great dining hall in the west wing of the castle is ample in size for any but Mr. Lombard's princely hospitality, and its splendid carvings in red oak, wall decorations of Spanish cordovan embossed, tinted and gilded leather; immense sideboard and buffets, filled with priceless china and artistic glass and silver, are worthy of the admiration they have elicited from many royal guests and connoisseurs of exacting taste.

The great billiard room holds an immense and magnificent six-pocket English pool table and an exquisite carved bagatelle board, nearly half as large, and certainly a remarkable creation of the wood carver's taste and chisel. On the walls, great pictures from immense panels and luxurious estrades furnish seats to the players and their friends. The chambers are warmed by fireplaces which, while imitating the *couvre feu* of the Middle Ages, embody the best arrangements of the open hearths of the early part of the Nineteenth Century. Carving, wall and ceiling decoration, rugs and furniture are all in keeping with the surroundings.

The Egyptian salon, dedicated to Miss Aida, who was born in Egypt, is decorated and furnished in the highest style of modern Egyptian art, and contains many curiosities of the "most ancient land" and of its Turkish conquerors.

The salon of honor, a rich and artistic conception of architecture, decoration and furniture, contains, as a great curiosity, a throne of solid silver, made for an emperor of Siam about the time of the discovery of America, and even more exquisitely artistic in its regal fitting and scheme of color and decoration is the Empress' Salon, prepared years since for the visit of Eugenie, empress of the French.

One wing of the castle is devoted to a spacious opera house, whose theater and concert hall are splendid in design, tasteful in decoration and amply provided with stage, scenery, mechanism and appliances for the successful production of any class of entertainment, from a lecture to an orchestral concert, a drama, comedy or opera. In the magnificent opera house Gounod has conducted his immortal "Faust," and Glinka's "Life for the Czar," the most loyal and noble production of the Russian tragic muse, was presented in the presence of the Czar, Nicholas III. Here recently, Lombard himself staged and conducted his own impassioned and unique opera "Erissinola," mounted and interpreted to such universal appreciation that Trevano and its castellan have become to Italian maestros and *cognoscenti* what Bayreuth, Wagner and his imperial patron of Bavaria are to German musicians. At this "Bayreuth of the Italian Lakes" over eight hundred symphony concerts have already been given by invitation under Mr. Lombard, with the most celebrated singers and virtuosi as performers, and his private orchestra, principally made up of the professors of the royal conservatories of music throughout Italy.

A great pipe organ of immense compass and great sweetness of tone, a string and symphonic orchestra, magnificent pianos, harps, and in short, every musical instrument played by the most famous and carefully trained musicians of southern Europe, must make Trevano a very "magical cradle of song" in the summer season of Lugano.

About eighty acres form the dependencies of Trevano, through whose drives we were carried for some time before visiting Lugano on the day of our departure.

The intendants and gardener's houses, kitchens, storehouses, garages, stables, dairy and great barns, were all constructed to add to the dignity and attraction of the central pile; and below the terrace that surrounded these dependencies, a beautiful lake, bordered by exquisite foliage and well-kept walks, contained a magnificent fountain of Neptune, and was lost in the wooded mazes of the park, where rustic islets and odorous water lilies must in the hot summer days recall the age of fable and its dryads, nereids and wondering gods.

We could only spare time to glance at the wonderful system of grottoes and underground aquariums; the sylvan springs and winding paths, rustic and modern bridges, elegant greenhouses and hotbed, parterres, lawns and infinite variety of sylvan scenery.

CESARE LOMBROSO AND LOUIS LOMBARD AT TREVANO CASTLE, LUGANO, SWITZERLAND
This is probably the last picture taken of Lombroso

* * *

But most enthralling of all was the man himself, who, famous in two worlds for his wealth, prestige, attainment and character had received us like old friends, entertained us like princes and until late into the night talked of many things with the enthusiasm of a boy, the wisdom of the sage and a scope of knowledge that drew its inspiration from every source of information.

As King Olaf Trygvason is said to have listened to the wraith of Odin through the long night watches, and thereafter counted it one of the greatest of the many wonderful experiences of his stormy reign, so I shall ever look back to the evening hours in the luxurious study, where amid books and manuscripts, Louis Lombard talked of past events and future possibilities.

"The most versatile of living men," was Lombroso's synopsis of his character; he might have gone further and said truthfully that he is as versatile in his good works as in his attainments.

In his former villa at San Remo on the storied Riviera, where the peasants gather oranges, lemons and olives, and harvest millions of odorous flowers for the makers of perfume, and at his occasional winter home in Algeria he helps charitable institutions and offers a princely hospitality to honored and appreciative guests. He recompenses generously the musicians who assist in his unique auditions, and where an admittance fee is charged, aids thereby worthy projects while elevating the public taste.

Nice welcomes his annual concerts as the musical feature of the year; Berlin applauds his successes as conductor of the Berlin Philharmonic orchestra, and a like enthusiastic recognition has attended his leadership of the principal orchestras of Paris, Cairo, Milan, Algiers, Nice, Lucerne and Budapesth.

Equally fluent in seven languages, he is an eloquent and magnetic orator, and during a recent visit to New York addressed a large audience in behalf of the survivors of the Messina earthquake with an effect only comparable to that exerted by actors of the first eminence. His American citizenship is accounted one of his greatest privileges, and every Fourth of July is celebrated at Trevano Castle by so many loyal American and enthusiastic demonstrations, that the gathering has become a European feature of current news. It is needless to say that Louis Lombard's annual address is not only eloquent and sincere, but it always suggests great and timely thoughts.

For Mr. Lombard has exhaustively studied the problems of finance, capital and labor, and insists that side by side with the encouragement of individual initiative must go the controlling influence of discipline and the leadership of strong men in centralized authority, just as the skill and enthusiasm of a hundred musicians must for the time being be ruled and directed by the baton of one man. In his youth, like many others, he drifted toward agnosticism, but he now believes that church institutions are indispensable to civilization. In many ways his remarkable experience of men and affairs has modified his earlier views and taught him tolerance, and even acceptation of views to which he was once almost diametrically opposed.

It is difficult to set forth in a single article the character and life-work of a man who revives in our day the versatile and phenomenal accomplishments and successes of the "Admirable Crichton." Those two short days at Trevano, what beauties of scenery, genius and magnificence of architecture and sculpture, splendor of decoration and luxury surrounded us; and yet the charm of it all was the heart of gold, the soul of fire, and the splendid intellect of one man.

And so my memories of Trevano may divert me for a while with broken panoramas of lake and Alp and city in that fair Swiss-Italian land; of that castle of magnificent beauty and mysterious providences of the combined charms of Roman, medieval and modern art and architecture, of princely luxury and simple family home-life, but in the end I shall hold first among many remembrances the kindly meeting and greeting at our coming, the hours of enthralling communion in the master's study, the countless kindnesses during our stay, our last long ride through the splendid park of Trevano and through ancient Lugano to the heights, and our parting at the little station, which was like the parting of brother from brother, or of old and tried friends.

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Establishing Bad Precedents
IN SAINT LOUIS

By

W. C. JENKINS

THOSE of us who have believed that in the last analyses the solution of the ever-perplexing public-utility problem would be determined by public service commissions have had our faith rudely shaken by a recent report made by a commission at St. Louis, Missouri. This report is so unusual and so surprising in its nature that no apology need be offered for its examination and consideration at this time.

In 1907 the Missouri Legislature passed what is known as an enabling act. This legislation empowered the city of St. Louis to create a public-service commission whose duties were to make investigation into all facts and matters touching the establishing of just rates and efficient service of public-utility corporations. Pursuant to this authority the city of St. Louis appointed a commission in the spring of 1909 and an investigation was immediately begun into the affairs of the Union Electric Light and Power Company. Nearly two years were spent in the investigation and the findings of the Commission were awaited with much interest not only by the corporation under investigation but by the general public.

The Union Electric Light & Power Company was incorporated on September 9, 1903, for the purpose of manufacturing and distributing current for electric light and power within and without the city of St. Louis. The Company was formed by a consolidation of two electric light and power corporations which had during previous years, through mergers and purchase, acquired the property of several distinct companies operating in the city of St. Louis. The history of these various companies carries with it the history of the electric lighting and power in that city. This history would include also a story of many financial disappointments; of unusual difficulties, of high ideals and weak expediency. But the story is not entirely a new one; its counterpart may be found in the majority of our American cities.

The St. Louis story, however, is distinctive in that the Company has never been able to earn an adequate return on the money invested in the business. The principal reason is that the people of St. Louis have been wise enough to provide themselves with broad streets and parks and were generous in providing open spaces around their residences, thus making the number of customers per mile of street low in comparison with more closely built cities, and increasing the individual cost of construction and maintenance on each customer's electric installation. Notwithstanding this condition, the Company has always felt that efficient service, and rates as low as in any city in the United States, would in time attract sufficient patronage to enable the business to pay dividends and give the property a value so that in the end the investors would not suffer loss. But if the findings of the commission be accepted as doctrine, then the Company's officials have been building air castles and have been dreaming many wild dreams.

Other than for political purposes it is difficult to determine wherein the necessity existed for the city of St. Louis to impose upon a progressive and efficient public-utility corporation the enormous expense to which the Union Electric Light & Power Company has been subjected during the process of this investigation. However, commissions are popular today, and the Company offered no objection to the establishment of the commission.

The railroad and public-service commissions are distinctly American creations. Such institutions are called into being because in this country we must be phenomenal in all things—in prosperity and adversity; in booms and blizzards, in our virtues and our defects. We will have the biggest trusts and the strongest anti-trust laws; we must have the most progressive and efficient public-utility corporations and we must have the most drastic rules for their regulation. We will array against each other stupendous combinations of labor and capital; we will encourage the best and tolerate the worst forces of civilization. The most public-spirited citizen will rub shoulders with the most grasping monopolist, the creator of values mingles with the professional wreckers, and the most conservative financier will affiliate with the wildest gambler. This is Americanism. But to return to St. Louis.

As already stated, the investigation of the affairs of the Union Electric Light & Power Company occupied nearly two years. The Company welcomed the appointment of the Commissioners and offered no objection to the proposition to have a thorough examination made of its capitalization, method of doing business and rates of service. It believed that it is immeasurably to its interests and those of the stock and bondholders as well as the public that the fullest and clearest information as to its service, rates, operating expenses, and income, and also the amount invested in its properties be given the fullest publicity among those who have any financial interest in the Company as well as among its present and prospective customers. This policy, in its widest application, was adhered to throughout the inquiry. The Company simply claimed the right to earn on its capital investment, and it did not claim that in valuing its property for the purpose of rate-making anything should be included for good will or franchises, although it is paying taxes on the franchises and the State has assessed them for this purpose at $5,000,000.

According to a most careful computation made by expert accountants with a national reputation, it cost approximately $23,412,000 to produce the property. As no dividends were paid for a number of years, interest amounting to $5,738,000 should be added to this amount, making the total value of the property more than $29,000,000. In order to arrive at a fair value it was necessary that an inquiry should be made not only as to what the property actually cost but as to what amount of money would be required to reproduce the entire system and its present business.

A firm of well-known engineers, Messrs. Ford, Bacon & Davis, recognized as among the most competent authorities in this country, made an exhaustive examination of what it would cost to reproduce the property and reported that it would require approximately $26,000,000, to which should be added the cost of creating the business which would bring the total up to more than $30,000,000. Mortimer E. Cooley, Dean of Engineering of the University of Michigan, made a similar examination and also placed the reproduction cost at exceeding $30,000,000.

And now comes the report of the Public Service Commission after its two years of labor and finds that the value of the property on which interest may be earned is $16,134,393, or a trifle more than half the amount fixed by Ford, Bacon & Davis and Professor Cooley.

The officials of the Union Electric Light & Power Company were dumbfounded when they learned of the Commission's findings. They had fondly imagined that the report would be another vindication, and that many misconceptions regarding their property would be fully explained and the prejudice of certain misguided people removed. In this they were doomed to disappointment. The company, however, promptly filed with the Municipal Assembly its objections and exceptions to the report. Its reasons were as follows:

1. Because the method of investigation is prejudicial to the interests of the Company, in that a member of the Commission made the investigation as engineer to the commission, and therefore was not in position to review the report in a judicial capacity.

2. Because the investigations were conducted in violation of the ordinance creating the commission in that hearings of the commission were not open to the public as required by the ordinance, but were in part conducted in secret and were not open either to the public or to the company.

3. Because the commission examined witnesses in secret and failed to submit them to the public investigation for examination or cross-examination.

4. Because it was influenced in its findings and conclusions by ex parte statements made in secret by witnesses not submitted to examination or cross-examination and gave to such statements more weight than to statements of witnesses examined in public.

5. Because the findings and conclusions of the Commission are in conflict with the conclusive testimony of witnesses publicly examined before the commission and are not supported by the record of the proceedings.

6. Because the findings of the Commission fail to support and are, as a matter of fact, in conflict with its recommendations.

7. Because the conduct of the entire investigation by the commission was in conflict with the fundamental principles of law, the long-established and recognized policy of the Government and the recognized rights of individuals under it, in that it was in part a secret investigation in which it was attempted to affect the rights and property of citizens without affording to them an opportunity of being properly heard or of examining or cross-examining witnesses adduced against them or of inspecting the record of the investigation.

8. Because the findings of the Commission regarding the cost and value of the property of this Company are erroneous and are not in accord with the evidence or the facts.

The Company asked that the report be referred back to the commission with instructions that the investigation be re-opened. This request was denied, and the Municipal Assembly passed an ordinance in conformity to the recommendation of the commission.

It has been a matter of common knowledge that the rates charged by the Union Electric Light & Power Company are as low on the average as are charged in any city in the United States, but it has been confronted with the charge that its stock was more or less watered and that it was striving to pay interest on excessive stock and bond issues. A finding to this effect, the commission well knew, would be more popular with the people than the statement that the present rates are inadequate to provide a reasonable return on the money actually invested.

The capitalization of the St. Louis Company is no higher than that of similar corporations in other cities, but like our American system of capitalization it has been freely criticized by many well-meaning but misguided people. It is simply a part of our industrial system and in conformity to American policy. It is the direct antipode of European methods which are evidently in favor with the members of the St. Louis Commission. The basis of the European gospel is cheapness. So far the tendency of American capitalization has been toward dearness. The advantage of the European theory is that its virtues appear on the surface while its defects can be discreetly kept out of sight. Comparatively speaking the capitalization of the Union Electric Light & Power Company is most reasonable. The Company has indulged in no speculative capitalization and does not seek, as is often the case, to surround the tangible assets with a halo of prospects and possibilities.

The dangerous feature about this St. Louis Commission's report, if allowed to stand, is that it is likely to act as a precedent; and one precedent creates another. They soon accumulate and constitute law. What yesterday was uncertainty, today is doctrine. What was the case of the Union Electric Light & Power Company in 1911 may be that of a hundred similar corporations in 1912, and if a bad precedent is established in the fourth city of the United States, the common rights of thousands of innocent stockholders in our American public-utility corporations are invaded by the precedent. If the effect were confined alone to the city of St. Louis this article would never have been written.

In the cost of construction of the Company's plant, and which is the principal item in the valuations, the commission's figures were but five and one-half per cent lower than those of the Company's engineers. This, however, is not strange, because the matter was merely a question of fact, and hence no great variation was possible. But in five other items of value the theories of the commission are so startling that a proper regard for consistency and justice demands a searching inquiry into this part of the report.

There are certain features of the commission's report that are admirable. For instance, it says "the Union Electric Light & Power Company is now a well-established enterprise, has a large, growing and profitable business and is exceptionally well managed. It is not, however, an assured monopoly and may at any time be called upon to withstand the severe competition of holders of rival franchises. This element of risk justly entitled the investor to a higher rate of return than would be the case were the city able and willing to protect the Company as well as to regulate its charges. If a municipality can effectually control the rates and service of a public utility it is evident that there is no need of competition. It is also evident that if the risk of competition were removed the city would be able to demand that a lower rate on return on the investment be paid by the consumers. However, in this case the city has no power to protect the investment from competition, so that a rate of return equal to that of a perfectly safe investment cannot be considered adequate."

The commission concluded that eight per cent was, under such conditions, a reasonable rate on money invested, and no one will question the wisdom of its conclusions in this respect. However, as far as the Union Electric Light & Power Company was concerned it would have resulted in the same returns to the investors had the commission declared that four per cent was sufficient, provided, of course, that its findings of the total value of the property agreed with that of the Company's inventory and the estimate of Ford, Bacon & Davis and of Professor Cooley.

The commission totally ignores the cost of financing the properties which now comprise the system of the Union Electric Light & Power Company, although in the estimate of Ford, Bacon & Davis this item was placed at $2,400,000. The commission believes that when a franchise is given free, the people have the right to assume and expect that the grantees have money to perform their part of the contract or at least in addition to granting the franchise the public shall not be called upon to pay for the cost of getting the money.

In the midst of a shifting controversy this position cannot be considered solid ground, for it is very unusual when money employed to create a public-utility company is secured on a better basis than ninety per cent, which means that ten per cent must be paid for brokerage, commissions, discounts and other compensations incidental to getting the money. This item of cost is as certain as is the charter fee and is something for which engineers must make full allowance in their estimates, because it is a cost incurred in the inception of the enterprise and the construction of the plant. There are many instances where the cost of money for an absolutely new company is from twenty to twenty-five per cent on the amount needed in the beginning. No banker cares to handle an issue of unlisted securities for less than five per cent. Oftentimes ten per cent is charged for the reason that he has to exploit and advertise them and in a certain way stand sponsor for the issue. The commission, had it cared to do so, could have discovered many precedents for guidance in this matter, but apparently it was not seeking precedents so energetically as it was trying to establish a low valuation of the property.

The cost of establishing the business of the company, according to the opinions of Ford, Bacon and Davis and Professor Cooley, was $4,408,469. This cost was represented by deficits since January 1, 1904. The commission admitted that there is a legitimate element of value in the cost of establishing a public-utility business, but for reasons best known to itself could not agree that the cost in this particular case had exceeded a million dollars. Therein is a very important question that affects public-utility companies throughout the United States. It is important that this St. Louis finding shall not act as a precedent if it can be shown that it is unfair and unreasonable, and upon this hinge the most important principle of the whole affair is turning.

This cost of establishing the business has been given several characterizations. It has been termed "going value," "the sum of the earlier deficits" and "development cost." These earlier costs and incidental losses amount to the same thing as a predetermined expense, and no public-utility enterprise has ever been able to escape them. They are considered a part of the legitimate investment and therefore are subject to capitalization. Any other conclusion tends to advocate the confiscation of the property.

The principle upon which this asset is founded is well established; it is based on justice and good morals and is in conformity to our American spirit of business development and methods of obtaining returns on money invested. If the St. Louis Public Service Commission's conclusions in this respect were to suddenly become doctrine, who could be induced to invest money in American public-utility companies, knowing that in later years he could not be permitted to recoup his early losses? It has been the general custom in condemnation cases to consider the going value as an asset because the corporation not only has a capacity to earn but is actually earning and hence has a distinct value above the actual cost of reproduction. The difference between a dead plant and a live one is a real value, and this value was created by a previous investment of money.

It requires no judicial decisions, though there are many, to convince an unbiased person that the investor in a public-utility company is entitled to a return on his investment from the time the property goes into operation, provided, of course, that the enterprise can earn such a return at reasonable rates of charge for its services. If such were not recognized as a sound principle, who would care to invest in a corporation of this nature? That there have been a great many instances where investors have not been able to obtain such return does not alter the principle, for such disappointments were, as a rule, the result of the corporation being unable to meet all the requirements for operating expenses and depreciation necessities. But no one ever expected that their sacrifices would be anything but temporary.

The investor regards these early deficits as an additional investment which will be refunded to him in some form just as he expects the rest of his original capital in the enterprise to be returned; and in these days of public-service commissions and rate regulation, no matter is worthy of more serious consideration.

In the case under consideration at St. Louis it has been found that in the history of the property from 1890 to 1907, the stockholders received two dividends—one in 1893 when one of the earlier companies paid a dividend of $35,000 and in 1901 when a $30,000 dividend was paid. Up to the last consolidation the company and its predecessors were generally unable to earn a sufficient amount to create new business, pay operating expenses, interest on the bonds and provide a depreciation account. It now regards these earlier losses as a necessary expense in creating the present excellent condition of the property and rightfully considers them as a part of the assets. It would be a difficult matter to find a St. Louis banker or business man experienced in the affairs of corporations, who views the matter in any other light, for upon a moment's reflection it becomes apparent that the present efficiency of the property, its satisfactory service and low rates have been reached through the earlier losses which the stockholders have sustained.

Mr. William J. Hagenah, statistician of the Railroad Commission of Wisconsin, was retained by the Gas and Telephone Committees of the Chicago City Council to report on equitable gas and telephone rates which the city has the right to regulate. In his report on gas rates to the committee of the city council he treats the subject of "going value" in a manner rather different from that in which the subject was handled by the St. Louis commission.

I submit the following extract from Mr. Hagenah's report:

"Whatever single method should be followed for determining going value, if there is such a correct method, it is believed that the final calculation should be tempered with a consideration of fairness to all interests. The amount involved representing many millions of dollars and the effect on the final rates schedule both as regards the investor and the public requires that consideration be given to equity as well as to mathematics. A high going value means a large investment upon which returns must be allowed, and this requires a high gas rate; a low going value, or no allowance for going value at all, means a smaller interest requirement and consequently permits a low rate for gas. It is therefore possible to secure a very low gas rate if the value of the plant is placed sufficiently low, but court decisions are firm in defining particular elements of value. * * *

"Where the law is not definitely settled mooted questions of valuation have been decided upon a basis which appeared reasonable and just in the premises. With these principles in mind it is believed that the going value of the Peoples Gas Light & Coke Company can best be determined from its own records and history. * * *

"If the investor has failed to receive each year that amount which constitutes a reasonable return he should be permitted to charge rates sufficiently high to reimburse him for early losses, or such losses should be considered as costs of developing the business and their addition to the value of the physical property permitted. Such additions, from an equitable standpoint at least, may be said to constitute the correct going value of a public-service corporation. The application of this doctrine to the facts in this city and the logic upon which it is founded is shown in the following discussion. * * *

"There must be paid to capital, irrespective of who provides it, such a return as will yield a fair interest for the use of the money and an additional allowance determined by the risks of the enterprise."

In regard to interest during construction there is a discrepancy of $1,765,000 between the figures offered by the Company and the estimate of the Commission. The Company's claim amounted to $2,400,000, while the commission's allowance was $725,000, and herein is another matter of important difference.

The item of interest during construction, including commission on bonds sold, is a part of the cost of construction and should be capitalized. After construction has terminated, interest cannot be capitalized and must be cared for out of income. The Company prepared for the commission a statement of the actual amount expended for organization expenses during construction by the predecessors of the Union Electric Light & Power Company, but the commission neither accepted the actual cost of these items as found and reported by the accountants, nor has it made any independent investigation of the subject. It simply rejected the figures and did not accompany the rejection with any plausible reason for its action.

In fixing a valuation for the Company's land the commission unwittingly displayed its attitude toward the investors in the company's property. There might be excuses for considerable difference of opinion regarding the earlier costs of establishing the business, but it seems almost incredible that there should be a difference of approximately $2,600,000 between the valuation fixed by the Company's appraisers and those of the commission, and this, too, in the face of the fact that the commission frankly admitted that the present value and not the original cost should form the basis for the estimate. The commission states in its report that the company had its land appraised by "two recognized experts in real estate values in this city" and that "the value fixed by the commission is based upon the appraisal made by two equally prominent and reliable experts in real estate values." In the face of the tribute to the company's appraisers the findings of the commission appear ridiculous. Either the tribute is not deserved or the estimate of the appraisers is nonsensical.

Obviously, a fair valuation of the Company's land is of the highest importance to the credit of the corporation and its property in general. It involves a determination of the amount on which securities might be issued as well as the total investment upon which the Company is entitled to earn a return.

This part of the commission's report is of the utmost importance to investors in public-utility enterprises and deserves careful consideration. Apparently the commission seeks to establish a new precedent which will upset all existing theories regarding public-utility property valuation. But in its efforts the commission committed grievous errors which, when analyzed, tend to discredit the entire work.

From the report it appears that the commission consulted, as to the value of the company's land, two gentlemen whose identity was not disclosed and decided this important issue upon their secret statements and not upon the testimony of the witnesses produced before the commission. The presence of any official of the company or its attorney was not requested, and herein the corporation was given no opportunity to examine or cross-examine these witnesses. The procedure is contrary to all time-honored customs, and to permit investigations in this manner, affecting, as they do, the rights of persons and property, is manifestly against public policy. Findings and conclusions reached by commissions contrary to the customs and the ordinances which created those commissions, ought not to have weight with a municipal assembly when determining a basis for legislation regarding rates.

Summed up briefly, the commission places a value on the company's property which is but little above fifty per cent of that fixed by the engineers when testimony was presented and not much in excess of fifty per cent of the cost of the property as testified to by the accountants, and it also finds the company's real estate to be worth less than twenty-five per cent of its value as testified to by the appraisers.

As a result of its labors and findings, the commission recommends as to rates: The reduction of the maximum rate from twelve cents to nine and one-half cents per kilowatt hour; the reduction of the minimum monthly bill from one dollar to fifty cents.

The reason stated in support of these recommendations is in substance that while the commission has concluded that the average rate now charged is reasonable, the schedule in use is, in its opinion, discriminatory as between different classes of customers, and that the small consumer is charged too high and the large consumer too low a rate.

The Union Electric Light & Power Company has wisely decided to appeal from the findings of the commission, not that it desires to place itself in a rebellious position, but because it feels that the commission has been unfair and that the report, if accepted without protest, would not only establish dangerous precedents, but would result in a serious injustice to the Company.

There is no prominent business man in St. Louis who will not declare that the Union Electric Light & Power Company is at the present time ably managed, and that the service is of the most efficient character. In every sense the Company is progressive; it is an important factor in building up St. Louis, because through its low rates for electric current the commercial organizations are enabled to offer important inducements to manufacturing enterprises desiring to locate in the city.

The Union Electric Light & Power Company is deserving of better treatment than has been accorded the company by the Public Service Commission. St. Louis cannot afford to be placed in a position of antagonism to outside capital. It needs the co-operation of Eastern money. Within the next few years the Union Company must arrange for from $10,000,000 to $15,000,000 additional capital. This money will be of distinct benefit to the city, and the investment should receive fair treatment.

The company is making very satisfactory gains in its business at the present time. The increase in gross revenue during the last fiscal year was 9.3 per cent, while the average rate to customers was two per cent lower than in 1909. From July 1, 1909, until December 31, 1910, the company spent $784,385 in improvements in the distributing system and $621,443.64 to replace old equipment. During the present year the company will expend $850,000 on new equipment and $260,000 for replacements. Apparently the company aims to keep its plant in the highest state of efficiency, to furnish the most satisfactory service at the lowest possible cost to the customers that will permit a reasonable return upon the money invested.

In the face of the commission's report the company must firmly assert its rights or make an humble, slavish surrender of them at the feet of this inexperienced St. Louis Public Service Commission. The laws provide as effectually as laws can do for the protection of the property of the citizen. If through indifference a corporation injured by a city council does not appeal to the law, it fails in its duty to the public and is unjust to itself.

The disproportionate recommendations of self-appointed reformers is often carried beyond all bounds of dignity and reason. As a consequence our capitalists are exposed to public hatred and derision. The minds of the people are easily inflamed and their affections are alienated from their public-service corporations.

Without any abstract reasoning upon causes and effects we can easily be convinced that the business of a public-utility company is precarious enough without any municipal effort to destroy its credit in the money markets of the world. The function of a public-utility commission is to conciliate and unite. How can this be done if the commission defiantly ignores the evidence of experts who are called to give testimony? Men who invest capital are easily aroused by every appearance of oppressive, precipitate measures, and prudence compels patriotic citizens to make common cause even with the hated corporations, if they are persecuted in a way which the real spirit of the laws will not justify.

YOUTH

YOUTH, like a flower, blooms but once, then dies,
  And hides its sweetness from the thirsting air,
Ah, happy flower, if while it bloomed 'twere fair,
And stilled the hunger in some gazer's eyes
When withered on the grass of time it lies,
No earthly power can aid it to repair;
But, borne afar upon a fragrant prayer,
Its soul may bloom again 'neath fairer skies.

O Youth, how frail art thou! How like a moth
  That circles to the candle's flame which sears!
How like a silken film of spider's cloth
  That, breathed on, breaks! How like the wave that nears
The sands, and, breaking, flutters into froth!
  How like a maiden's smile between her tears!

—*Henry Dumont, in "A Golden Fancy."*

CHARLES WARREN STODDARD

By GEORGE WHARTON JAMES

Author of "In and Out of the Missions of California," "In and Around the Grand Canyon," "Through Ramona's Country," etc.

ON SATURDAY, April 24, 1909, there passed away in the old Monterey he loved so well, Charles Warren Stoddard, one of the sweetest, kindliest and truest of men.

The death of this noted writer, poet, scholar and educator leaves a void in the literary ranks of the Pacific Coast that is keenly felt by many, especially as the list of the earlier writers is growing shorter year by year. One after another the "Old Guard" of the *Overland Monthly* are taking their flight to the Beyond. Bret Harte, W. C. Bartlett, Gilman, Sill and many more have gone, and now is added to the increasing roll on the other side another cherished name—that of the beloved Stoddard.

His work as a poet was first brought into prominent notice by the regularity of his contributions to the *Overland*. It is well known that when Harte was asked to edit the magazine he went to Stoddard and Ina Coolbrith and pledged them to contribute monthly, and then asserted that with what they wrote and what he would write the literary position of the new venture would be fully assured from the start. Indeed they were seen together so often about this period, conferring and making plans for the success of the magazine, reading proof, discussing contributions, etc., that one day as they left the office a wag said: "There goes the Golden Gate Trinity," and the name thus early given has stuck to them ever since. The first volumes show that Harte's assurance was not misplaced, and that the name was no misnomer. In almost every number poems by each of them appear. In the first issue, occupying two pages, was printed Mr. Stoddard's "In the Sierras," in which are many lines of power, such as:

"Out of the heat and toil and dust of trades
Into the shadow and forgetfulness
That bless secluded streams and sheltered vales."

Here is a finely descriptive line:

"The misty girdle of the hills of God."

In this poem, too, he condenses material enough for half a book of some so-called nature writers. Even Browning never surpassed this exquisite picture:

"While ashore
A glossy water-thrush trips close upon
And curtsies at the margin as he wets
All of his slender body in the pool."

In the August issue he describes in perfect verse the unique and "solemn beauty" of the "Snow Plant." The September number has a characteristic piece of verse, "In Clover," and there is an equally delicious bit in October which winds up with the oft-quoted:

"There is a sigh in every breath
And I am *out* of love."

November contained "Robinson Crusoe" and December "Deux Enfants Perdus." And the later volumes under Harte's supervision were nearly as much indebted to Stoddard's genius as was the first. In one of these appears the first prose article of his, entitled "South Sea Idylls." I have before me now, as I write, the original letter from which this first article was made. It was written to Mrs. Jeanne C. Carr, the "literary mother" of several men and women whose names are honored in American letters. Mrs. Carr was the personal friend of all the notable people of her day and generation, a woman of great executive force and ability. Her husband was a professor in the University of Wisconsin, and it was there that John Muir first learned to know her. When Dr. Carr removed to California he became the State Superintendent of Public Instruction, and Harte, Stoddard, Ina Coolbrith and a score of others soon came to know him and his gifted wife as warm-hearted and helpful friends. When Stoddard went to the Hawaiian Islands he was to write a series of letters to the San Francisco *Bulletin*, and these letters afterward blossomed out into his first and greatest book, "The South Sea Idylls," of which Rudyard Kipling said, in effect, that it and Melville's book were the only books that satisfactorily described the glory of a tropical island.

Accompanying this letter is a personal one to his friend, dated Papeete, August 30, 1870—forty-one years ago—in which he says: "I am unhappy for this reason. I am friendless, must work my way back home when I get ready to go. Can get nothing to do here, as I had been told I could easily, and am now meditating a flight to some savage spot near by where I can take one long breath of natural life and get back to dear old California with its sweets on my tongue. Tell the Yosemite Pilgrim he can come here for $75 and return to California for $100, stopping here very comfortably in a little cottage (one or two rooms plainly furnished with two meals per diem and the etc. for $50 per month), and less if he chooses to economize. How cheaply one may purchase quiet and comfort, yet it is beyond my means. I will go to the natives and they will care for me for a while. Oh, to be cared for all my days! In a few months I must return, D. V., and blossom the seeds that are sowing themselves these sad and homesick days."

How truthfully he forecasted a part of his life in this letter. He actually did what he then only "meditated." He retired to a "savage spot" and took many long breaths "of natural life," and the result was the giving to the world of his inimitable, charming, exquisitely delightful and whimsically tiltilating "Lazy Letters from Low Latitudes" and "The Island of Tranquil Delights." In a copy of the latter he wrote for me, "I'd like to live all this over again and have you along to share it with me," and in still another copy he says, "All but two of these sketches are autobiographical and what fun they were when they were happening!" The perfect and simple naturalness of the untouched and uncivilized Hawaiian he could fully appreciate and enjoy; just as he would doubtless have enjoyed the unspoiled Indian. What other people saw as bestial and unrefined he saw and felt as the unconscious naturalness of the child or the animal, and again and again, in discussing this matter with me, he declared that there was more real purity of thought and life in these nearly naked natives than in many of the wholly clothed "civilized" people who were too refined to believe that the nudity in which God Almighty created human beings could be anything else than vulgar and obscene. And yet he was not blind to the failings of the simple people he learned to love so well. One of the letters, afterward published, now before me, closes with this whimsical description of the Tahitian husband and wife: "Matrimonially considered, the Tahitian is eccentric; as a husband he is altogether too *general*. As a wife she is apt to overdo it." Who but Stoddard would ever have thought of expressing it in that way? And it required just such a warm-hearted, all-loving, impulsive character as his to understand, to feel, to know, with a sympathy that gave a never-failing precision of comprehension, the child-hearted sons and daughters of the South Seas. Pick up his three tropics books, "South Sea Idylls," "Hawaiian Life" and "The Island of Tranquil Delights," and turn to any page you will, and dive into it. In a moment you feel the understanding that existed—the very blood understanding you might call it—between the writer and those written about. Ah, it is a rare gift of God to be able to appreciate and understand the inner life of other and entirely different of God's creatures. Stoddard was indeed blessed, for he had the intuitive understanding and sweet sympathy that gave the savage immediately to feel his brotherhood, and then he ran up the whole chromatic scale of humanity to poets, philosophers, statesmen, princes, kings and emperors—to the highest in intellect, social station and soul—and he was one with them all. A universal nature, a universal lover of mankind. And that is why so many today mourn his death. It was not his greatness that dazzled people; it was his lovingness that made him lovable, and everybody loved him and spoke of him as "dear old Charley."

Though he began his literary life as a poet, the success of his Hawaiian letters so far transcended his success (at least from a financial standpoint) as a poet that he continued to write letters, which were afterward collected and put into book form. Thus his "Footprints of the Padres," his "Exits and Entrances," "Over the Rocky Mountains to Alaska" and "The Lepers of Molokai" came into existence. But there are letters and letters. These were his public letters, but, ah! to get the real Stoddardian flavor one had to be the recipient of his private letters. Viewed from this standpoint what a delightful letter writer he was! Nowhere did his quaint, whimsical, loving nature so assert itself as when in the perfect freedom of a letter to someone he loved and fully trusted, did he pour out his heart on whatever subject was uttermost. Here is a letter, not written to me, that I yet prize most highly. It is headed "Pax Vobiscum," and then without prelude begins. "Even one drop of honey is welcome after a long fast, and an early welcome is worth two in the bush. This is not Tupper, my dear distiller of sweet phrases, but Stoddard.

"Thanks for the precious lines that came to me second hand, inasmuch as Mrs. M. had the first flavor of them all to herself.

"Thanks, and just as many for the letter you wrote her inasmuch as I have had it in the same proportion as my own.

"As for yourself, you blossom perennially out there in fruit and flower in your branches after the manner of the trees of Eden.

"As for myself, I have torn up my roots so often that they do not strike into any soil with much vigor.

"The warmer and the softer it be, the better my chance—but I was ever an air-plant and what right have I to be p . . . of roots?

"I wish you were out of Sacramento. It is utterly unblessed save only in name. Some of the sorest hours of my life I have suffered in that burg. God knows when I am to see it and you again. I am ready to get home when the wind and the tide set that way, but I cannot war against both of them.

"You will find me changed, I fear, and most likely not for the better. My enthusiasm has boiled down; man delights me not, nor woman either. I feel just a little like a wind-fall, but I can stand it if you can. Color is color, whether it come from fire or frost. I am not without color as they well know who have been in swimming with me.

"I love the people I have learned to love. I don't tap as freely as I used to; I lose my temper and let slip my tongue even at the peril of good-fellowship, but there is more grit in me than of old and I feel my ribs bracing themselves against the day when I shall come breast to breast with the world.

"It is a dull day and a dull letter, but we are sworn friends for all that. Greet the friends one and all."

This letter is dated, Rome, 8 March, 1877.

Here are some written long before this:

San Francisco,
5 August, 1873.

Dear Friend:

"Would that you were here for a few days just now. It is likely that I shall go East next week or the week beyond that, and there are friends of yours that I need so much to see. I have hoped that your soul would be filled full enough of grace by this time and that you would be back among us on your mission of imparting the fruits of the same to your fellows before now. Will you never come down out of the high places?

"To be brief, for your soul is attuned to smoother and sweeter voices, and the scratch of a pen no doubt is grating, I may stay a day or two in Salt Lake and the same space of time in Chicago; thence to New York for a week or two and to Boston for a few days—and by October, or near it, over to London for the winter, and Lord knows how much more of new life and new atmospheres before I come back laden with the riches of these experiences.

"Write me here where I shall be for a week or ten days and then to New York

City. I would I might get a hand-clasp to take inwardly through the elbow and the *queer bones* that take toll thereabouts! You will send me messages not mental only, but visible and tangible! Adieu, if I don't lay eyes on you for a few months to come. I leave in Oakland a chum who has a bit of my actual soul grafted into his innermost self. If you come across him, treat him tenderly for my sake; his name is ———; his local habitation the ———; his destiny to be loved by me while I am in my right mind.

I am, yours,
Chas. Warren Stoddard.

As I reread this letter I think of what he wrote many years later in what is certainly a part of his autobiography—"For the Pleasure of His Company"—about letters: "He wrote scores and scores of them to all sorts of people; he was constantly receiving letters from the four quarters of the globe and in most cases these letters were quite out of the common run. . . . Yes, he certainly liked letters, and liked to hear the reading of letters that were not addressed to him—that is, provided they were not hopelessly commonplace. They seemed to him like living people out of human histories, as of course they were, and therefore, to him, of far more interest than any novel or romance."

This August letter was followed by another written just before he left the United States for England. It is dated New York City, October 3, 1873.

"*Dear Friend and faithful:*

"A line to thank you heartily for the glorious letter from you and the letters for your friends here and in Boston.

"They came a little too late, but I am satisfied to bide my time. I sail in morning for England. Write to me if you love me, and if you see my well-beloved chum ———, tell me how you find him.

"Please write me care of Tom Hood, 80 Fleet St., London, England.

"Do you see my *Chronicle* letters, and *are* they as bad as they might be?

"With love to you all,
"Yours,
"C. W. S."

Here is just one more, or extracts from it, written in Rome, March 30, 1874:

"*Faithful and Beloved Friend:*

"You have deserved better from me. When your first letter came to me in London I was quite mad with joy. I at once worded a letter to you—in my mind—it is a way I have of doing, and after it I sometimes forget that message was invisible and that no one but myself can possibly know of the spirit that prompted it and forgot to put it on paper.

"Your second letter came to me like an agonizing wail, and it at once put it beyond my power to write you, for a time at least.

"I was just living with Mark Twain at the 'Langham.' We had our suite of rooms and lived in a kind of gorgeous seclusion that was broken only by our nightly trip to the Lecture Hall, where Mark was holding forth.

"We talked and talked and talked. He saw few people; he was nervous and ill and irritable, and no one suited him but me, and sometimes I didn't exactly suit. But we were together night and day, and we went deep into each other's lives—I deeper into his than he into mine, for he loved to talk and I to listen. Then there are so few who care to look into my case beyond the mere surface ripple.

"Well, in the midst of this your sad letter came. I had a cry over it; for I began to feel as if California were going to pieces, and there is no place so dear to me in all the world beside. . . . I didn't try to write to anyone but the folks at home and my chum ———. I only went down on my marrows and prayed the saints to keep folks a-writing to me and to give them patience to wait my feeble answers.

" . . . I am giving my honest opinion of things in the *Chronicle.* Rome is to me a dreadful disappointment. All of these months we will discuss over tea-cups in the new house, when I get home, which I pray may be before many months.

"Will you tell John Muir that I would give much to see him? That the Alps are not finer than the Sierras, and the Apennines not so good; that there is nothing broad, or bold, or towering, or rich, or sweet in this land that doesn't bring to mind and to heart some part of our universal coast. As for climate—there is positively nothing worthy of the name but our own; this darned climate is completely worn out; it has been lived in too long. I don't believe there is a fresh breath in the whole continent.

"Will you have these consecrated leaves that I gathered lately, thinking of you the while.

"Your loving friend,
"Chas. Warren Stoddard.

"P. S. Send me a long, long letter to ———.

"P. S. S. Send lots of letters while you are about it."

Dear Charley Stoddard! There was ever at war within his soul two opposing forces. Today he was a sombre monk, ascetic, devout, religious; tomorrow a gay cavalier, frolicksome, reckless, epicurean. He was either on the mountain tops of joy, or sitting on the stool of repentance, clothed in sackcloth and ashes. His soul ran the whole chromatic scale up and down between these two extremes, and it depended entirely upon the place in the scale at which you happened to find him what impression he made upon you. Ever and always he was the courteous, cultivated, cultured gentleman, and nothing ever destroyed his sweet and gentle spirit, but it depended upon his mood whether he was the gentleman of mirth and gladness or of sadness and gloom. In one of his letters he signs himself, "I am yours, as ever, full of sorrowful hopes, and joyful griefs, toned down by disappointments and lifted up by fair fortune," and in another, written from Rome, he says, referring to his beloved mother: "Were it not for her,—dearer than life, and that idolized sister in the Islands and that dear chum of mine—three steps only—I would hurry myself out of this world into the seclusion of one of these monasteries. I never pass one but I keel a little over to that side. I am not morbid. I laugh and go about and see people who don't suspect me of melancholy." And in another, while there is this same note of subdued despondency, his quaint spirit asserts itself in the use of a piece of festive slang, common then as now. He says: "There will be overmuch howling, I fear me, when I get home to Frisco. My roots have been carted about in my pocket so long that they now refuse to strike into any given soil to any extent. Consequently I don't blossom as I *used to did.*

"After all, since there is a place for every soul and no soul is quite at ease out of its place—I am probably misdirected.

"Had a three hours' restful talk with Father H—— yesterday. Held in my arms a cast (from death) of the hand of St. Ignatius! My God, it was like throwing miraculous arms around a firmament. I was drunk with awe! It may be I shall come to it after all—a cloister, restful routine—a stepping out of one's self into the semi-spiritual existence which I know is all-sufficient. I have seen it!"

There is no violation of the sanctities in thus revealing the heart longings of my friend. They were well known to many, and there was no reserve at times in speaking as he has here written. He longed for the quiet, the seclusion, the—what he calls semi-spiritual—existence of the cloister; but at the same time there were calls which he would not, could not, stifle, which kept him from it. So the warfare was a constant one, and did not cease up to the time of his calling away. For only a few months before the end he suggested, in a conversation, the possibility of such a retirement even at that late time in his life.

While he expressed himself in such exquisite, poetic, correct English—for he was a purist in his language—he was never able to spell correctly up to the day of his death. How he used to laugh at his bungling spelling! He would throw his head back and give forth such a hearty ha! ha! every time he spoke of it. "Spell! Why, my dear fellow, I never could spell; I never shall spell. Neither man, woman, angel or devil could ever teach me!"

And as I look over his correspondence I am inclined to believe him. In one of his very latest letters to me he begins "Dear Seaseless (ceaseless) Wanderer," and I find "tryumph" for triumph, "finnish," for finish, "rong" for wrong, "exhonerate" for exonerate, and about the funniest of all are "mellencholy" for melancholy and "Seirious" for Cereus. But, as I used to comfort him, "Any fool, with a dictionary, can spell as well as a college president, but few or no college presidents ever lived or ever will live who could write as you write."

Of his books, there is no doubt that the "South Sea Idylls" is the best known and possibly the best liked. It struck a new note in American letters. Never before, as Kipling remarked, had anyone so really entered into the spirit of the Islands and their simple-hearted inhabitants. The tropical glory, the gorgeous floral growths, the sublime terrors of the great volcanoes, the horrors of the doomed lepers, the splendor of the sea and sky all made such vivid impressions upon Stoddard, first singly and then in contrasting combinations, that his soul was constantly stirred to a rare degree of poetic eloquence that stamp the "South Sea Idylls" as a masterpiece.

"Hawaiian Life" and "The Island of Tranquil Delights" are written in the same bewitching style. He was bewitched, and he frankly says so, but says it so naively and vividly that you are bewitched as you read. Listen:

"How long did it last? How long did I stay there in the mountain heights among the mysteries undreamed of in that business world below? Well, really, I cannot tell you. No one kept tally up yonder; and as for pinning me down to so fine a point, I'd as soon think of someone who had been in Paradise for a while suddenly sitting up and asking, 'What time is it?' "

It is this quaint humor that so often strikes you unexpectedly that is one of his great charms and delights. And yet three of his books are serious and earnest, and strange though some may deem it to be, they have sold far more largely and appealed to a far more serious audience than have the others. These three are "A Troubled Heart," "The Wonder-Worker of Padua," and "The Lepers of Molokai." The first is the personal record of his conversion to the Catholic Church. He was brought up in the fold of a Puritan church, and part of his education was received while in the home of his uncle, who used to stand and sing:

"On slippery rocks I see them stand,
While fiery billows roll below."

This uncle was a very "honest, practical, much-respected man, of a pronounced Protestant type, relentless and even stubborn in his narrow religious views; he was one in whose veins the blood had flowed coldly from the dark days of the Plymouth Puritans." Stoddard, on the other hand, was possessed of a warm, emotional, sensuous nature, and the "dim religious light" of the churches, the rolling peals of the solemn organ, the mysteries of the mass, the odor of the incense, the gorgeous ceremonials and elaborate rituals—all these appealed to him. And finally he entered the fold of the church, which ever after gave full scope for his genius and delighted to do him honor.

He chose for his patron Saint Anthony of Padua, and as he studied the various lives of this sweet-spirited man there grew up in his mind the second book, which holds a warm place in many a non-Catholic, as well as Catholic, heart.

His "Lepers of Molokai" is a sympathetic and tender account of the lives of these "despairing but unresisting souls, swallowed up in the transfiguration of the sunset, snatched from the breast of sympathy and from the arms of love, doomed to the hopeless degradation of everlasting banishment, and borne in the night to that dim island whose melancholy shores are the sole refuge of these hostages to death." How tenderly and gently his sympathy manifests itself all the way through the pages of this beautiful little book! How he pours out his heart in devotion to the good men who have, as most people would say, sacrified their lives to care for those from whom the world turns in disgust and terror, even though some pity be mixed with their fear. And what a beautiful picture he gives us of Father Damien and his fowls: "The chapel door stood ajar; in a moment it was thrown open, and a young priest paused upon the threshold to give us welcome. His cassock was worn and faded, his hair tumbled like a schoolboy's, his hands stained and hardened by toil; but the glow of health was in his face, the buoyancy of youth in his manner, while his ringing laugh, his ready sympathy, and his inspiring magnetism told of one who in any sphere might do a noble work, and who in that which he has chosen to do is doing the noblest of all works.

"This was Father Damien, the self-exiled priest, the one clean man in the midst of his flock of lepers.

"We were urged to dine with him. Good soul! he was conscious of asking us to the humblest of tables, but we were a thousand times welcome to the best he had. When we assured him that our dinner was even then in preparation . . . he insisted upon our adding a fowl to our bill of fare, with his compliments and blessing.

"Having with a few words dispersed the group of lepers—it was constantly increasing in numbers and horrors—he brought from his cottage into the churchyard a handful of corn, and, scattering a little of it upon the ground, he gave a peculiar cry. In a moment his fowls flocked from all quarters; they seemed to descend out of the air in clouds; they lit upon his arms, and fed out of his hands; they fought for footing upon his shoulders and even upon his head; they covered him with caresses and with feathers. He stood knee-deep among as fine a flock of fowls as any fancier would care to see; they were his pride, his playthings; and yet a brace of them he sacrificed upon the altar of friendship and bade us go in peace."

And in his Epilogue, written after Father Damien had himself contracted the leprosy, he quotes the father's letter apprising him that: "I am now the only priest on Molokai, and am supposed to be myself afflicted with this terrible disease . . . Those microbes have finally settled themselves in my left leg and my ear, and one eyebrow begins to fall . . . Having no doubt myself of the true character of my disease, I feel calm, resigned and happier among my people. Almighty God knows what is best for my own sanctification, and with that conviction I say daily a good *fiat voluntas tua.*"

Then he prophesies for the devoted man the universal honor and saintship that the world accorded him when he was gone: "At your feet I lay this tribute in memory of our last sad meeting and parting. In my heart you live forever; nothing can touch you further, and when you are laid to rest, I believe that you will have achieved a record of modest heroism, almost without a parallel in these times. Degradation it may be in the eyes of many, the death in life, the slow, sure-footed decay; but out of the loam of this corruptible body springs heavenward the invisible blossom of the soul."

It is a small book, this "Lepers of Molokai," but it is one that grips the soul and makes better, nobler, purer, more spiritually-minded men and women of its readers.

Of four of his later books I have autographed and annotated copies. In "Over the Rocky Mountains to Alaska" he said: "Behold the record of a jolly outing during my first vacation as a Dominie. It was the best part of the scholastic year." The book is a racy series of letters, full of sparkle, vim, snap and humor, descriptive of its title.

It was followed by "In the Footprints of the Padres," a purely Californian book, full of personal recollections of San Francisco and the wonderful journey thither, across the Isthmus of Nicaragua, with his mother. On the fly leaf of my copy he wrote: "On page 133 you will find the opening of a sketch of what was once the Mecca of the Poets, Artists and Bohemians of the Pacific Coast. You know what it is now—I need not tell you."

On turning to page 133 I found the chapter headed "A Memory of Monterey." How he loved the old place, as I shall later relate. On a postal card photograph of the Stevenson house he wrote and put in its place in the book, "I spent my first night in Monterey in this house—in the room which a year later was occupied by Robert Louis Stevenson. The house has taken his name." In December, 1905, he wrote in one of the popular magazines: "The other day I visited it—the Stevenson House—I thought with pity of the dismal hours R. L. S. must have spent there at a time when he was most in need of every home comfort and the refinements of domestic life. The landlady of today, whose house is of interest only through its association with his name, graciously pointed me to the wrong room as having been the one he occupied, now sacred to his memory. It is let, like the others, to any transient guest for a trifle. His room is on the opposite side of the hall, in the rear of the house."

In this volume also he tells the "Mysterious History" of Theresa Yelverton, Countess of Avonmore, whom he knew well at Sansalito, near San Francisco, and with whose tragic misfortune he became so well acquainted.

His next book, "Exits and Entrances," is another delightfully reminiscent volume. He tells of Stevenson, Mark Twain, George Eliot, and George H. Lewes, the Pasha of Jerusalem and other interesting people he had met. In his description of a visit to Stratford-on-Avon he gives a word picture of the ascent and song of a skylark that is to prose what Shelley's "Ode" is in poesy. It is one of the classics of the language and reveals Stoddard at the pinnacle of his genius: "In the midst of the lush grass, compassed about by limitless greensward, the trees whose bark was black with rain, and more of those bland-faced sheep, I heard a voice that was as a new interpretation of nature—a piping, reedlike voice that seemed to be played upon by summer winds; a rushing rivulet of song fed from a ceaseless fountain of melodious joy. I looked for the singer whose contagious rhapsody accorded all nature to its theme! It was not of the earth; those golden notes seemed to shower out of the sky like sunbeams, yet I saw no bird in the blank blue above me. If bird it were, it was invisible, and that voice was the sole evidence of its corporeal life. Such fingering of delicate stops and ventages, such rippling passages as compassed the gamut of bird ballads—vague and variable as a symphony of river-reeds breathed into by soft gales—such fine-spun threads of silken song, and then a gush of wild, delirious music—why did not that bird-heart break and the warm bundle of feathers drop back to earth, while the soul that had burst from its fleshly cage lived on forever, a disembodied song!

"'Hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings!' Ah, how he sang, tipsy with sunshine and sweet air, while the world was reeling below him, and the little worldlings were listening to his canticle with dumb wonderment. I found him at last, away up toward the planets, seeming the merest leaf afloat upon the invisible currents of the air. He was never at rest. It was not enough that his madrigal had revealed a new joy in life to one listener, at least; he must needs pant upon the waves of the air like a strong swimmer, crying out in an ecstasy. He drifted for a moment, and graciously descended toward the earth; but his rapture was not yet ended, for he again aspired, and grew smaller than any leaf, and I saw nothing but a mote panting upon the bosom of a cloud, and heard nothing but a still small voice coming down to me out of the high heaven of his triumph."

His last book was "For the Pleasure of His Company," the title given to it by Rudyard Kipling, who, on reading the manuscript, said that to have the pleasure of Stoddard's company, even in the veiled form of an autobiographical novel, was a privilege and benediction. On the fly leaf he wrote: "Here you have my confessions. This is one of the truest stories ever told. Do not think me egotistical: I am merely frankly ingenuous."

In it he gives many experiences with real characters, and one who knows can readily discern Harry Edwards, Ina Coolbrith and many others of his intimates of those early days when he hovered between poetry and the stage.

In brief, his life may be summed up as follows: He was born in Rochester, New York, in 1844, on the 3d of August. When he was twelve years old his mother brought him across the Isthmus of Nicaragua to San Francisco. January 4, 1859, he and his elder brother, who was an invalid in search of health, returned by way of Cape Horn to Rochester, where two more years were spent in school. His remembrances of this trip are made into an interesting chapter in "The Footprints of the Padres," and in one sentence of it he says of himself: "This was indeed simplicity of the deepest dye, and something of that simplicity the boy was never to escape unto the end of time." How well he knew himself.

On his return to San Francisco he attended school awhile, and then became a clerk in a book store, where, between whiles, he surreptitiously wrote verses and sent them to the local newspapers. Some of these fell under the eagle eye of Thomas

Starr King, who, hunting out the author, urged him to go to school again. Content with this for a while, his destiny was gently sweeping him along. When the *Overland* was started, as I have elsewhere shown, Stoddard was one of its main standbys, and his poetry appeared in every number. Then he went to the Sandwich Islands, and his letters home, and his love for the natives changed him from a writer of poetic verse to a writer of poetic prose. Back again in San Francisco he tried literature as a means of gaining his livelihood, but not being of the reporter type, failed to gain a steady income. Admiring friends urged him to go upon the stage and in "For the Pleasure of His Company," he tells us, with whimsical humor, all about his experiences. Six times he went to the South Seas—at one time or another—and his letters having proven to be so popular, he was sent to Europe as a special correspondent. In the meantime he had become a Catholic and in 1884 was called to teach English literature at the College of Notre Dame, Indiana, from whence, in two years, the Pope, in the words of Joaquin Miller, "put out his hand over the heads of the hundred thousand learned men of Europe who would have been proud of the place, and chose him professor of English literature for the Catholic University of Washington, D. C." Here for thirteen years he lectured to students and the great outside world, and then retired to private life.

After he gave up his lectureship in the Catholic University, he burned the whole of his lecture manuscripts, lest he should be called upon at some future time to redeliver them. The thought of going upon the platform was always trying in the extreme to him, and he never again appeared before an audience. For two happy years he dwelt in Cambridge, Massachusetts, the honored guest at the homes of all the leading literary and scientific lights of the university town, and then, yielding to the continuous pull upon his heartstrings that had never once "let up" in all the years of his absences, he decided to return to California and end his days in the shadow of that old Monterey he loved for its own sake and because of the affection he had for Robert Louis Stevenson. And it was here that I first saw him.

When the earthquake and fire of April, 1906, seized San Francisco, he suffered a tremendous nervous shock, from which he never recovered. He felt that were there to be another such experience, no matter how slight, it would end his days, and he thought it would be better to return East. Yet he dreaded to leave California, and, alternating between decisions he was taken ill, and on Saturday, April 24, 1909, closed his sweet and beautiful life and work on earth.

My first meeting with Stoddard was a long-to-be-remembered event. We had corresponded for years, and knew each other pretty well through dear and intimate friends, but we had never met. He had come West to his dear old Monterey to live out the remainder of his life—so he said—and I was to go down and spend a few days with him. I climbed up the stairs to the room which his landlady had denoted to me, and knocked. Almost instantly he opened it, and without a word placed one arm around me, taking my right hand in his, and drew me to him into the room, and kissed me, while tears rolled down his cheeks. His desk stood in a square "bay," with windows on three sides, and still without speaking, he gently led me behind the desk, pushed the curtains aside and began to talk. And for fully half an hour I stood there, silent, listening to one of the sweetest, most poetic, pathetic, tender pourings out of heart I have ever heard. Can I reproduce it? It is almost vain to try, and yet to those who know the spot and realize his love for old Monterey, there will be some joy of recognition and remembrance even in my poor attempt at recollection of his vivid and eloquent words.

It was a brilliant night; the moon shone with a radiance unusual even in this region of bright intensity, and there was the faintest rippling of the surface of the water, on which the moon made a scintillating path of diamonds and silver completely across the bay to the green-brown sandhills and verdure beyond. In the direct foreground were the spread-out nets of the fishermen, and their flotilla of boats gently dancing in the water beyond; to the right was the old custom-house, and to the left other evidences of the age of Monterey, yet immediately at our feet, in the street into which we looked, was the track of the electric line, and a number of soldiers walking down from the presidio to the town, or returning in company with their friends.

"Do you wonder that I have longed to be back to all this, away from the whirl of cities, the fever of civilized life, the bustle of society, the unreality of most men and women? I am not fit, and never was fit for such a life. I never should have gone into it. Here, here, in this quiet and beautiful spot was my natural stopping place. Do you wonder I love it? Here the ancient and modern meet and clasp hands. There is the old custom house, where Spanish officials met, with haughty pride, the Yankee captains who represented a race they hated. At that very landing have stood the most noted and important figures in early California history. I can see them all and hear their sweet, liquid Spanish speech, Serra, Palou, Crespi, Portola, Rivera, and the later priests and politicians; and then the visitors—Rezanof and the learned Langsdorff, Perouse, Vancouver and all the rest. Spanish, Mexican, Russian, English, Yankee, one language gliding into another. I stand here and

"Dream of the splendid trappings of the troops that met and mingled—
Mexican cavalleros and hidalgos of old Castile:
Hark to the music of the spurs of silver that jolted and jingled;
And loudly laugh, as the wine we quaff, at the past beyond appeal."

"Just behind the house here is a wall, beyond which the gay *caballeros* and the *senoras* and *senoritas* used to watch the bull fights; a few stonethrows away is the house sanctified by dear Robert Louis Stevenson, the best-beloved of us all; directly opposite us is the spot from which the whale fishers used to embark, and many a whale has been caught in this bay and towed here and its blubber reduced to oil on the beach, where now these fishermen's nets are spread out to dry and to mend, and where these boats swing and toss in the tide, or turned upside-down on the beach or the sand are awaiting the time when their owners will use them.

"On the hill not far away was the old presidio, and hour by hour I hear the bell of the mission, founded by the angelic Serra. Ah! it is a place of memories, of memories; a place that appeals to one's soul. And yet it is a place of the life of today. Right there before me whizzes the electric car going to Monterey and Del Monte—that great and fashionable hotel, where all that is modern may be found—and in the other direction to Pacific Grove. The soldiers, wearing the blue and the new khaki, with caps jauntily tilted on one side of their heads, strut back and forth to and from the presidio, and every now and then the toot of the whistle of an oil-steamer or the chug-chug of a power launch is heard over the bay, challenging the chug-chug of the automobile or the honk of its horn, as it dashes under my window.

"What a place! what a place! The old and the new, the ancient and the modern, the past and the present, the Spaniard and the Yankee, *dolce far niente* and twentieth century bustle, jostling elbows, and then"—pointing to the moonbeams on the water, while the tears coursed down his cheeks—"over it all the same moon that shone in Judea and Bethlehem and over Jesus and Loyola and St. Francis and Serra and Stockton and Fremont, making a pathway of silver and glory from the here to the yonder. Oh, how I love it all; how I love it all!"

Then we sat down and chatted about the friends he loved so well, of old San Francisco, of Bret Harte, Ina Coolbrith, Joaquin Miller, Theresa Yelverton, and a score of others, of the South Seas, the Hawaiians, of London, of Rome, of Roman Catholicism, and the thousand and one things upon which he could talk so fascinatingly and illuminatingly.

That was the beginning. Whenever I could I went again to see him, and there was always the same rich stream of reminiscent chat, told with the same kindly, genial humor and frank ingenuousness. One day I referred to Mark Twain's autobiography in the May 3 number (1907) of the *North American Review*, where he tells of Stoddard's being with him in London, and asked him if he had seen it.

"Yes, I've seen it," he replied, "the dear old rogue. What he says is both funny and sweet. I think no one ever said sweeter things of me than Mark has done. 'When I was awake!'—quoting from the article. "That's very funny. Let me tell you about that. You see I was in London writing for the *Chronicle*. Bierce had gone over to Paris, and I was very lonely when Mark came. He seized me at once and said how nervous and miserable he was—and I guess he was as lonesome as I—and that, if he was to continue and make a success of the lectures, I'd have to stay with him. 'Let your letters go for awhile; I'll pay your salary, and you just come and companion me.' And that was all there was to it. I just had to go. He was engaged by Dolby, who was the friend of Dickens and Thackeray and all the notables of that day, and had managed lectures for them—to lecture in the Queen's Concert Rooms. We stopped at the Langham, not far away. Had a beautiful suite of rooms.

"About three o'clock of each day Mark began to get nervous and irritable, as he always did when he was going to lecture, and from that time on it was my business to keep him as mentally occupied as I could. He was self-willed and obstinate, of course, and wanted to do what he wanted to do, and I had to fit into his moods as best I could. Dear old Mark! Those were trying times for him. A little before eight we would walk over to the Concert Rooms and up the stairs into the tiny room at the back, Mark getting more and more irritable and nervous all the while, looking at his watch, anxious to plunge in and have it over. The moment eight o'clock arrived he invariably said, 'It's time now. I'll not wait another moment,' and then, as cool and deliberate as could be, he walked on to the platform, 'washing his hands in invisible soap and water,' slowly saying his first words. The moment he heard his own voice he began to feel better, and I knew he was all right. Directly opposite to him was the royal box, gorgeously decorated and screened off with elaborate red curtains. I would dodge under the platform and up the special stairs into this box. As royalty never appeared during this engagement"—this was said with a merry twinkle in his eye—"I occupied the box of royalty during the whole eight weeks that he lectured. When the lectures were over, Mark always felt amiable, and met the people who came to shake hands with his well-known suavity and grace, and cheerfully gave them autographs and all that kind of thing. Then we'd walk home. As soon as we arrived, he would bring out a bottle of Bourbon whiskey—he'd searched London over to find this—some Angostura bitters, sugar, lemons and the other 'fixin's,' and proceed to mix a cocktail for each of us, slowly talking to me the while. He was an adept at cocktail making—knew the art to perfection. As we drank it the constant drawl of his voice was heard, as he walked up and down the room. This was the only way he could get ready to sleep. Lecturing excited him and got him started and he would talk for hours. In a little while he'd sit down. 'Charley, mix another pair of cocktails!' 'Why do you ask me, Mark?' I would reply. 'You know I can't do it. A good cocktail maker is born, not made. You were born that way. I wasn't.' 'Never mind arguing. Go ahead.' And he'd proceed to give me instructions, which I tried to carry out, but always without success. As he resumed his walk and talk I'd put in a splash of this, a dash of that, and a sprinkling of the other and the result was simply atrocious—rotten! But we'd drink it down, Mark still dribbling out his interminable stream of talk. After awhile he'd sit again and give me a queer, comical look, making mouths and smacking his lips as if tasting something very disagreeable. 'That certainly was a horrible mess, Charley. My, my, what a fearful taste it's left on my tongue. I've got to make another to take that awful taste out of my mouth,' and he'd proceed to concoct another drink. And this thing kept up—Mark's speech getting slower and slower, and I growing sleepier and sleepier, until it was impossible for me to keep awake. Then I had to go to bed. 'Mark, I'm going to bed. I cannot possibly keep awake,' and to bed I'd go. As soon as I got into bed he'd come and sit right down by my side, his glass in his hand, now talking so slowly that the syllables came about every half minute and the last picture I'd have as I dropped off to sleep was of Mark bending over me, glass in hand, uttering the second syllable of a word he began a full minute ago. It was wonderfully funny.

"Very, very often these nightly talks became a lament. He was always afraid of dying in the poorhouse. The burden of his woe was that he would grow old and lose the power of interesting an audience, and become unable to write, and then what would become of him? He had trained himself to do nothing else. He could not work with his hands. There could be no escape. The poorhouse was his destiny. And he'd drink cocktails and grow more and more gloomy and blue until he fairly wept at the misery of his own future. And the more sad and sorrowful he became the more serious his talk. You know that's generally the case. The greatest humorists are the greatest hypochondriacs at times. And there were times when this serious talk became eloquent and beautiful. It was when he was in these moods that I used to urge him to write something serious. But he always laughed it off, or good-naturedly cursed me for suggesting such a thing. He knew he could never do it. And yet I have a letter from him somewhere in which he gives me credit for his having written his first serious book. He was in Vienna when he wrote me. It was shortly before his wife died. His daughter was studying music there, I think. He said: 'Do you know you are responsible for one of my books? Do you remember that on a certain occasion I happened to be with you on the same train between New York and Washington and you said to me—we'd just gone into the smoking car—my wife was on board with us—"Mark, why don't you write something serious? I know you can do it. Your serious talk is often the best you ever give. There are times when it is beautiful." And I laughed at you and pooh-hooed the idea. Well, for a long time I've been intending to tell you that that talk made me write one of my books. For a long time I didn't believe you. I really thought I couldn't write a serious thing. Then your urging would come back to me, so one day I said, "I'll see what I can do," and I wrote "Joan of Arc." '

"You remember," continued Mr. Stoddard, "that it first appeared anonymously in one of the magazines. Mark was determined that it should be judged purely on its own merits. He was very much in earnest over that, and really wanted to see whether it would stand alone. And it was interesting that on the second or third instalment someone spotted it and said that it was Mark Twain's writing. No one else but he could have written it. That pleased Mark amazingly. He did want to get the credit for writing that book. I guess he felt that was one of the greatest things he had ever achieved—to be a humorist and yet have a serious work taken seriously and feel that it had power. For, as I've said, in his sober moments—no, perhaps that's not true," jokingly corrected the poet, with a merry twinkle lurking in each eye—"to be truthful I should say in his *serious* moments, he both talked and wrote seriously with great power and interest.

"One of the funniest things that ever happened, either to me or anyone that ever lived, I verily believe, happened the night he lectured in Liverpool before he sailed for New York at the close of his English engagement. He had spoken at Leicester, and Dolby had come up with us. Then his last engagement was in Liverpool. Mark was desperately anxious that Dolby should stay over and see him off on the steamer, but as he had an imperative engagement elsewhere, he had to go directly the lecture concluded. So I was left to spend this last night in England alone with Mark. He paced the bedroom floor as usual, and talked and talked and talked as usual, mixing drinks the while. And, as was so often the case, his final talk drifted into the old melancholy vein. He became more and more sure, as the night wore on, that his end was going to be in the poorhouse. And just as he wept over the grave of his ancestor, Adam, so he wept copious tears over his own sad end—Mark Twain in an almshouse, or a poorhouse, friendless, forsaken, despised, an intellectual and physical wreck. It was sad enough to make angels weep, and Mark wept again.

"Then, suddenly, an idea seemed to strike him, and he stopped in his restless pacings to and fro. Then, striking an attitude, he exclaimed dramatically, 'No, by George, I'll become a teacher of elocution. Charley, ever hear me read?'

"I had to confess that I never had, for I did not know that was one of his accomplishments.

" 'Bring me the Bible,' he commanded. You know that in all English hotels in those days a Bible was generally to be found in every room. A Bible collector could easily have accumulated cords—nay, whole stacks of them. But strange to say, there was no Bible in either his room or mine. Going to the bell-rope he gave it a vigorous pull. In a short time the night clerk, or watchman, or whoever it was, appeared. It was about two o'clock in the morning. In a most dignified and pompous voice Mark said to him, 'Have you a copy of the Holy Scriptures in this house?' 'Yessir! Yessir!' immediately responded the man, touching his imaginary cap. 'Then bring it to me immediately.'

"He went off, Mark closed the door and resumed his pacing, continuing his slow, drawling talk, and mixing another cocktail both for himself and me. The minutes flew by, but the boy didn't reappear. Mark grew more and more impatient, nervous and irritable and cursed the boy in slow but far from uncertain terms. At last a knock at the door intimated he was there. 'Come in,' said Mark. 'I can't find a copy of the Bible in the house, sir,' said the man.

" 'What's that?' howled the now thoroughly irritated Mark, 'you blampety jampety liar! Do you mean to tell me, you slammed son of a gun, that you can't find a pin pimmed copy of the Holy Scriptures in this blim blammed house?'

"With a look of horror upon his face the man fled and ere long returned with the Bible. I verily believe he had wakened up half the house to get that book. Mark took it. Then,"—and here Mr. Stoddard paused to give intensity to what followed—"you know I've heard nearly all the great speakers, orators, actors, preachers of modern times. Either in Washington or in Europe I had the best of opportunities. I've heard bishops and archbishops and all the great notables of the church read, but never in my life did I ever hear anything as rich and sweet and impressive and beautiful as was Mark's reading of the Book of Ruth. He seemed to forget my presence and lose himself in the simple beauty of the story. His drawl was all gone, his slowness of speech. With a feeling that was soul-deep he thrilled me through and through. His intonation, his enunciation, his whole rendition was masterly, and showed a familiarity with it that fairly astounded me, for he would read whole passages with perfect fluency without looking at the page. He certainly could have been a teacher of elocution, and a masterly one at that, had he taught as he read that book of Ruth."

Mr. Stoddard's first volume was "Poems," edited by Bret Harte. He owed much to Harte, for he was a most exacting task-master. Careful himself to the last degree, using words with a nice discrimination, refusing to allow the slightest slovenliness or indifference, he held all his contributors—friends or unknown—to the same high standard. These poems were well received, and many a poetic phrase now common property in California, if run down, would be found to have its origin in this unpretentious volume—one of the very earliest books of poems published in the then new state of California.

Yet after his visit to Hawaii he scarcely ever touched poetry until his return to California, forty years after. Once in a great while he would yield to the temptation, but perhaps not more than a half a dozen poems stand to his credit in all these years devoted to other work. Then he wrote several that will live. In one of these later poems he strikes a simple note and tender, as sweet and "catching" as anything of Riley or Eugene Field. It is entitled "Homing of My Heart," and first appeared in *Sunset*, with appropriate music composed by Dr. H. J. Stewart.

"The kittens in the clover
  All of a summer eve,
The frogs a-bubbling over
  Where rushes wave and weave.

"While in the grass the crickets
  Chirp shrilly all around;
Above the woodland thickets
  The young moon homeward bound.

"The odor of the milking,
  A breath of garden-musk;
The wandlike corn a' silking
  I' the dewdrops of the dusk;

"An old house in the orchard,
A lamp that glows within—
O heart, my heart! I'm tortured
As if it were a sin.

"To reckon all my folly-days
And find them so amiss,
And I'd give a world of holidays
For just an hour of this!"

To my mind, however, never did Stoddard's muse rise in such power and strength as in his "Bells of San Gabriel," which appeared four years ago in *Sunset Magazine.* Here the vivid picturing of the missions in the days of their power brings them before us as in very reality, and the sad refrain tolls out with the insistent forcefulness of the bells themselves the sadness of the missions' present ruined condition, while he rises in majestic dignity and power almost to Christ-likeness in his righteous indignation toward, and denunciation of, the ruthless spoilers of these sacred establishments merely for selfish pelf and unholy greed. There are few stanzas ever written that ring out in the soul as does this:

"And every note of every bell
Sang Gabriel, rang Gabriel
In the tower that's left the tale to tell
Of Gabriel, the archangel."

Had he written no other than this poem, Stoddard's name would occupy a high place in the list of the poets of the Pacific Coast.

But now his muse is silent, as far as earth is concerned. His mortal remains are buried in the cemetery of San Carlos mission in the old Monterey he loved so well. Nearby stands the building founded by Serra, that noble self-sacrificing missioner whose work always aroused in Stoddard's heart an enthusiasm and exuberance that invariably led to tears of deep emotion. To this quiet resting place his body was borne by loving friends, one of whom was George Sterling, his poet comrade of the later years. There, soothed by the gentle murmur of the breezes in the trees, the twittering and chattering of the sparrows and bluebirds, the sweet singing and varied caroling of the linnets, thrushes and mocking birds, accompanied by the steady boom, roar and hiss of the not-too-far-distant surf upon the beach, we leave him, the blue California sky over-arching all, and the silent stars in the vault of heaven beckoning him "to that sure and certain hope" of the resurrection, in which he fell peacefully asleep.

IMMORTAL BEAUTY

By EDNA DEAN PROCTOR

BENEATH October's paling sun how fair
The wild-wood flowers in harvest beauty wait!
The brier-rose berries hang in coral state;
The goldenrods their soft gray plumelets wear;
Clusters of down the meek immortelles bear;
The asters, bright with purple bloom so late,
To feathery stars have turned at touch of fate;
And all are winged and waiting for the air.

Immortal Beauty! gold and purple still
Glow in each seed the south wind wafts away,
That glade and bank and lonely nook and hill
Through summer suns may shine in rich array:
Not June's red rose the heart with joy can thrill
Like these winged florets, this October day.

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When Sally Demonstrated

by George Ethelbert Walsh

"THERE'S more to this restaurant an' quick-lunch business than you'd think, lookin' at it from the outside," remarked Joe Clark, wiping the last table with a damp cloth preparatory to closing for the day. "You got to get the trade an' hold it, an' you got to know what your customers want an' give it to 'em if it's fried toadstools on pie for breakfast an' beans with sauerkraut for lunch. An' you got to do it without battin' an eye. A touchy customer ain't goin' to stand for bein' laughed at because he's got a diet like a goat or a taste like an ant-eater. If he's nursin' a new kind of starvation diet you want to make out you know there's a good deal to it, an' not let him think you despise it.

"Why, we had a new kind of diet crank here once, who wanted his eggs cooked separately—whites fried an' the yolks poached. Believed they was poisonous to cook 'em any other way. When he gave his first order, the waitress smiled an' looked puzzled; she didn't know how to call the order, an' she appealed to me. I interviewed the gent, an' saw he was harmless, an' he got his eggs as he wanted 'em. When he was through he said, says he: 'Mr. Clark, you're an artist at cookery. I never found another man who could cook eggs so well. I'll tell all my friends.'

"An' he did; he brought 'em aroun' in swarms, an' they had fried-poached eggs every day for lunch, an' then when they went over to the no-sugar diet I got onto their new fad an' made 'em just as much to home as before. They're with me yet—every one of 'em. Let's see, they're on the lemon diet now—lemons three times a day, an' I cook 'em in twenty different styles. Great how many ways you can serve up a dish; an' with lemons at fifteen a dozen, there's money in 'em at twenty cents a portion."

Joe rubbed the table briskly to remove the last egg stain from the marble top, after which violent exertion he continued, mopping his perspiring forehead with his towel:

"But I wasn't thinkin' of them kind of tricks so much as of another which I got up against when I was young at the business. You see that empty store across the way. Well, it warn't always empty, an' it won't always be empty. I'm goin' to move over there some day when the rent comes roun' my way. But it ain't yet—not quite! It's a bit too high-priced for an eatin' house, but it's comin' down in time, an' then I'll move an' have mirrors roun' two sides an' a marble counter for the quick lunch dishes, an' mebbe a brass railin' roun' that end an' a show window with a girl in it cookin' flap-jacks jest as the old folks at home used to cook 'em. Yep! I'll make a splurge an' put on some style.

"I ain't lovin' the landlord of it any, for he tried to do me once, an' he got me pretty close to my uppers. It was one of them tricks of the trade that I was speakin' of, an' it was Sally who got me out of the pickle. Sally was—but of course you don't know Sally, never saw her, I suppose. If you did, you'd never forget her—no, not so long as you could remember her face an' eyes an' hair. Sally was a high-toner, a regular Sunday paper beauty, a swell in figure, looks an' manners. She had the grand air when she came to me, an' a white apron and cap didn't make no difference. She would be a stunner anywhere.

"The way it happened was this: Michael White across the way wanted to make me move in an' pay him double rent for that empty store of his, an' when I said the old stand was good enough for me, he got huffy an' said he'd drive me out of business. He wasn't slow in makin' the attempt. He fitted the place up with mirrors as tall's a man; got marble-topped tables an' real cane chairs; painted the front in gold an' white, an' frescoed the ceiling until it was most like a dream. It was fine all right, an' it made this place look dingy an' common-like. Then he starts up business, an' customers begin to come in jest to see the new eatin' house. They always do that, but they don't always stay. It's curiosity that attracts 'em at first, an' then if the dazzle is big enough an' the food an' waitin' good, some will become regular patrons.

"Well, I waited for the change, an' didn't worry none at first. I could stand a few surplus eaters without feelin' it in the pocketbook, but I wasn't neglectin' my end none. I got out new bills of fare every day to tickle the appetite, an' added more generous portions to each dish. Some of my oldest customers appreciated this, but others didn't. They was beginnin' to get the habit of goin' 'cross the way to the new eatin' place. Within a week I'd lost half of my old patrons, an' within a month I'd have sold out for the price of the old furniture an' been glad to get off so easy.

"You see I'd come up against one of them tricks of the trade I didn't understand, an' I didn't know how to call the bluff. I jest fretted an' fumed away, gettin' gloomier an' crosser every day. It was all money an' influence, I said, a case of the bigger man swallowin' the smaller. The new lunch rooms was crowded every day, an' mine was so deserted that it made one lonely to eat there.

" 'Me for the tall timbers,' I says, tryin' to put the best possible face on it. 'Michael has me beaten to a standstill sure. But who'd have thought it?—an' he no better than me, an' lackin' about everythin' except money, the old skinflint!'

"Well, I was jest decidin' it was about time to close up for good before I'd lost what little I'd put aside for a rainy day into the old Bowery when along comes Sally an' rescues me from despair. She strolls into the restaurant with that grand air of hers, an' sniffs aroun', an' finding plenty of room, takes a seat an' peels off a pair of lemon-kid gloves while she glances at the bill of fare. I'd let the last waiter go the day before, an' I takes her order in person. There wasn't much variety to choose from, an' I apologizes for not havin' more by explainin' that I'm at the end of my rope an' was goin' to close up in a week.

" 'How long have you been here, Mr. Clark?" Sally asks, with a raise of them eyebrows that made you feel she was the queen of England.

" 'Five years an' six months, barrin' six weeks when I was closed for repairs,' I replies.

" 'An' the restaurant across the way?' she interrogates.

" 'Three months an' a few days, more or less,' I says, 'an' it's taken all my trade.'

"Sally looks thoughtful, an' takes a seat where she can watch the new place without stoppin' in her eatin'. She stares a long time, frowns some, an' thinks, an' then suddenly she bursts out an' laughs—a sort of sweet, ripplin' laugh that makes you think of music. Pretty soon she stops, an' says:

" 'Mr. Clark,' says she, 'why don't you fight fire with fire? Don't you see the attraction over there? '

" 'No,' says I, 'not unless you mean the white an' gold paint, an' then—'

" 'Oh, no, I don't mean any of them things,' she interrupts with another laugh. 'I mean the waitresses. Look at them! They're girls, an' pretty ones, too, ain't they?'

"Well, yes, I had to admit that. Michael had employed girls for waitresses. They were cheaper, I supposed, an' he was always ready to get cheap labor.

" 'Most of your customers, of course, were men—young men an' boys,' Sally continues, addressin' me again. 'Well, what attracts a man most—a girl or somethin' good to eat?'

"That was a poser, an' I guess I stopped an' stammered, an' Sally had to make reply for me.

" 'Oh, men always go where they can find the prettiest waitresses, an' not where they can get the best food. Now, Mr. Clark, I'm goin' to prove it to you. We—that is, you an' me— are goin' to get your old customers back.'

"You could have squelched me with a feather an' blown me up in an air-bubble, so befuddled was my mind when Sally lets off this little speech, an' when I'd recovered I jest naturally grinned to show I appreciated her little joke.

" 'How we goin' to do it?' says I, tryin' not to be too forward. 'Michael's got the trade, an' I got—nothin'.'

"'You're mistaken, Mr. Clark,' she interrupts. 'You've got me, an' I'm goin' to get you some of the prettiest waitresses in New York. Here's my card. I'm workin' at the settlement down here, an' the girls there are some pretty if I'm any judge of beauty.'

"I tries to say something complimentary 'bout their bein' mighty pretty if they was like her, but she squelches me with a look, an' then seein' I didn't mean nothin' offensive, she smiles and says:

"'If you think I'm pretty enough, I'll be the head waitress,' says she, 'an' more than that I'll be your window attraction. Oh, Mr. Clark, we'll show him—this man across the way—'

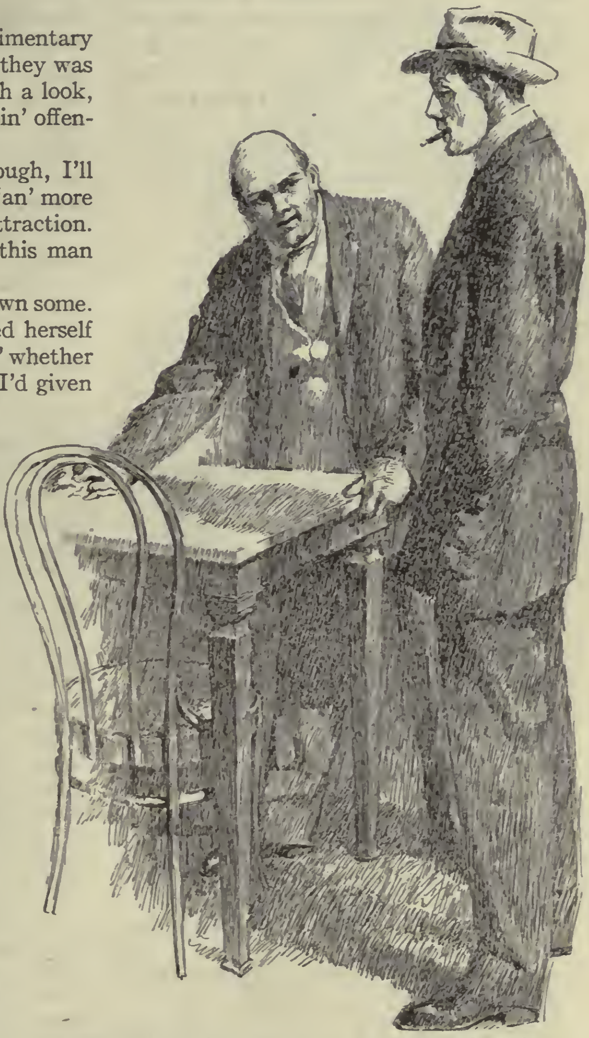
"Then she blushes and calms down some. But when she leaves she's engaged herself as head waitress, an' I'm wonderin' whether I'm not all kinds of a fool. Here I'd given her permission to hire as many pretty waitresses as she thought I'd need, an' me down to the last customer with only a few hundred dollars in the bank. I groaned some, and wondered if it wouldn't be better to close up at once an' run away. Then Sally an' her girls couldn't find me.

"But the next mornin' I'm more surprised than ever. In comes Sally with ten of the prettiest girls you ever laid eyes on, an' every one rigged up in frills an' furbelows that made you think of babies an' sachet powder an' pink ribbons. They was some stunnin', but none of 'em outshone Sally. She was the chief prize beauty of the bunch.

"Sally takes charge at once, an' gives the girls orders. They got a hustle on 'em right quick, an' they moved the tables nearer the window, an' put little bunches of pink flowers on each of 'em. Then Sally climbs into the window, an' calls for some paper flowers an' ribbon they'd brought along. She an' the girls makes that old window look like a ladies' boodwoor in no time, an' then Sally begins operations. She's dressed so's you can jest see her pretty ankles an' the arms above the elbows. If she looked stunnin' before, she was a peach now, an' you couldn't keep your eyes off her.

"She begins to cook cakes then—real old-fashioned flap-jacks such as you used to get at home, an' fast as she cooked 'em one of the pretty waitresses took 'em in back. You'd think we was doin' a rushin' business, an' I was wonderin' how many pounds of good flour we'd waste before the performance was through.

"But Sally, I guess, knew what she was



"There's more to this restaurant an' quick-lunch business than you'd think, lookin' at it from the outside"

doin'. Pretty soon the men and boys began to pour out of their offices for their lunch. They made a bee-line for Michael's place across the way, but somebody caught sight of Sally cookin' flap-jacks at the old stand. There was a pause in the crowd, then a waverin', an' pretty soon a stampede across the street. They lined up ten deep in front, watchin' Sally cook cakes. They jest stared an' watched, an' seemed sort of hypnotized. Sally baked away without so much as a look or smile. Then somebody says, 'Me for them cakes; they look good.'

"He started for the door, but it was blocked by a dozen others who tried to get in ahead of him. They nearly upset the tables in their scramble for places, an' the pretty waitresses had to hustle to wait on 'em. They was all callin' for cakes at once, an' Sally worked hard to keep abreast of the demand. Some of the pile that was carted in back was brought out an' heated over again, an' they didn't know the difference between the stale an' fresh ones, so absorbed was they in watchin' Sally an' her pretty girls.

"Well, they cleaned us out of cakes, an' the cash register jingled so steadily that it needed oilin' when the rush was over. Sally was some tired an' flustered, but she was game, an' said she'd come back the next day. She did come, an' the old scramble was repeated. We didn't have standin' room five minutes after the noon hour. This time Sally was bakin' beans in the window, an' there was a rush for beans that made you think of a Boston crowd. It was different each day, Sally changin' the program to suit herself, an' whatever she cooked in the window the crowd bought an' ate whether it was half baked or not.

"You couldn't see the restaurant across the way without goin' outside to look, an' I'd been so busy that I'd forgotten all about Michael until one day I remembers. Then I takes a minit off an' stands by the door. There was nothin' doin'. Everythin' was quiet, an' you couldn't count a customer inside. Sally had turned the trick so well that the restaurant that had nearly been the end of me was like a deserted summer resort in midwinter. You couldn't count nothin' but white-aproned waitresses through the big show window, an' they was standin' roun' sulkin' an' wonderin' what had happened to 'em.

"Of course, Michael wasn't acceptin' the defeat without puttin' up a stiff fight. He got a girl to cook flap-jacks in *his* window, but Sally was no beauty to be outshined. She began riggin' herself up in new fancy dresses. One day she was a pretty dairy maid, handin' out crackers an' milk or makin' cheese sandwiches or rolling butter balls. Then she was Gretchen in the kitchen, with short skirts an' a big apron, an' lace cap to match, with sleeves rolled up to the elbow. The way she changed her dresses, an' each one more fetchin' than the other, was enough to give a man a nightmare of dreams. It got so that there was as big a crowd outside as inside, an' the overflow meetin' could always be depended upon to fill up the tables an hour after the regular rush time. It was like doublin' up business without makin' any special outlay of cost.

"Michael kept it up for a month, changin' his girls an' his plans as often as Sally changed her dress; but it was no go. He couldn't find Sally's equal in New York, an' finally he gave it up. One day no one appeared in his window to cook flapjacks or smile at any possible customer, an' I noticed one of the front doors had the shade down. I got near the window to see if he'd concluded to give up the fight. Sally was there, preenin' herself for the rush hour, an' I calls her attention to the quietness across the way.

" 'Looks like Michael was in the last ditch,' I says, smilin' an' noddin' exultantly.

"Sally drops the glass she was polishing an' walks toward the window, an' looks out. She's very quiet for a time, an' seems lost in thought. Then she sighs, an' says:

" 'It's too bad,' says she.

" 'Too bad?' I repeats, turnin' on her. 'Why, I thought that's what we was workin' for—to make him shut up shop an' get off the street.'

" 'Yes,' she murmurs, 'I suppose so. But don't you feel sorry for a man who's failed?'

"Now did you ever hear such talk? Here she'd been workin' hard to drive him into failure, an' now she was sorry for him. Well, you can't follow the mind of a girl like Sally. So I jest stared back an' nodded, as if I understood, but never said a word. Silence, I guess, is better sometimes than talk. It took with Sally, for she edged nearer, an' whispered sort of confidential-like:

" 'It's one of the sad sides of life,' says she, 'that one man must suffer when another succeeds.'

" 'But what's the matter with women?' I asks. 'If one gets a man away from another there's a fine howdy-de-do for the girl that's left.'

"With that Sally turns a look upon me that makes me wonder if I'd said somethin' impolite, an' I shuts up like a clam.

" 'Yes,' she says, cold an' haughty, walkin' away, 'it's the same with us. Life is very sad for all of us.'

"Well, you wouldn't have thought she knew much about the sad side of life, but seein' she'd been workin' down in the slums an' doin' settlement work for some time, I concludes she'd got sufferin' by proxy. She was tryin' to carry other people's burdens a bit too much, an' she was gettin' a little jaundiced. Anyhow, she was down in the mouth all that day, an' I noticed she quite often looked across at Michael's. At first I didn't think much of this, an' then I began to wonder if she'd let her pity for Michael make her forget her duty to me. What if Michael should get her to cook in his window? The bare thought of this frightened me, an' I lost no time in makin' her an offer. Nothin' had been said about wages, but now I proposed a contract—a liberal contract for her to stay in my window for a year. But she jest laughs an' shows her white teeth, an' says in her low, sweet voice:

" 'No, Mr. Clark, I can't make any contract, an' I can't take any wages. I did this for—for justice. You can pay my girls wages, an' keep them, an' treat 'em white, but I—I—may be leavin' you soon.'

"That admission sent the cold shivers down my back. What would I be doin' for a show window attraction when Sally left? An' if she went over to Michael's place it would be the endin' of me. I tried again to get her to make a contract but she shook me off with a smile, an' said, says she:

" 'This isn't my line of work, Mr. Clark, an' I didn't intend to stay with you as long as I have.'

" 'But if you leave me,' I says, 'Michael will get the trade right back again.'

" 'Not if you get a good-lookin' girl in my place,' she replies.

"She strolls in with that grand air of hers, an' finding plenty of room, takes a seat an' peels off a pair of lemon yellow gloves"

" 'But there ain't any such girl as you in the whole of New York,' I answers back quickly, an' I meant it.

"She smiles at this, an' then condescends to this agreement: 'I'll stay with you, Mr. Clark, until your rival moves away from across the street. Then I must go back to my work at the settlement.'

" 'All right,' I says, knowin' that's as far as she'd go, 'until Michael closes up.'

"Well, somehow, Michael warn't in any hurry to close up store, an' secretly I wasn't sorry either, for when he quit Sally would quit too. I'd got to likin' her so that I didn't want to lose her. It would be like losin' a member of one's family to have her go, so every mornin' when I sees Michael open up the store opposite I smile an' thank my lucky star that Sally is still to be with me.

"Then one day there comes a new development in the situation that mystifies me, an' completely upsets all of my calculation. Jest after the noon rush hour a good-looking, well-dressed stranger strolls by, an' casually glances up at Sally makin' buckwheat cakes in the window. He stops so sudden that he forgets to put the foot up in the air down again, an' his standin' on one foot makes him look some peculiar. He's starin' hard at Sally, an' when he walks nearer the window you can see he's some upset and flustered. When he gets close to the window, Sally happens to turn her head an' sees him out of the corner of her eyes.

"It's plain enough she knows him, for she turns all shades and drops the batter pitcher on the stove"

"It's plain enough she knows him then, for she turns all shades of red an' pink an' white, an' drops the batter pitcher on the stove an' spills it all over the plate. Then she grabs at the pitcher, an' burns one of her fingers, an' what between wantin' to cry from the hurt an' tryin' to hide her confusion from the man outside, she looks pitiful enough. She turns her back to the street an' her friend.

"But he isn't to be side-tracked that way. He bites his lip an' twists his mustache, an' then walks into the restaurant. He goes straight up to the window, an' says, says he:

"'Sally, I've found you at last. I've been huntin' all over the city for you, but I never expected to find you here, an'—an'—in this—this place.'

"By this time Sally had recovered herself, an' she smiles an' dimples at him, an' says coquettish-like:

"'Ain't you shocked at me, Mr. Wilmington? It's a wonder you'd recognize me here.'

"'Sally, I'd recognize you anywhere,' he replies. Then in a voice that had the right ring to it, 'An' now that I've found you, I'm not goin' to lose you again. You must come with me.'

"Sally wasn't the kind to be ordered about, an' she tossed her head an' pouted her lips; but her Mr. Wilmington wasn't to be put off that way, an' before she could answer he says in a soft low voice:

"'I want you, Sally. I can't live without you. I must have you. Won't you forget an' forgive when I love you so?'

"Well, now, them words seemed to have an effect on Sally an' she began to grow misty about the eyes, an' her hands trembled so that she couldn't turn a cake without spatterin' it all over. Two red spots burned on her cheeks, an' she was growin' more confused every minute. She finally beckoned to one of her girls to take her place in the window, an' she permitted Mr. Wilmington to help her down. She hesitated a minit, an' then walks straight up to me.

"'I must be leavin', Mr. Clark,' she says, with a happy smile on her face. 'I told you I'd have to go soon.'

"'But,' I stammers, all taken aback, 'you promised to stay until Michael across the way closed up, an' he's still there.'

"She opened her eyes at this, an' frowned an' murmured softly, 'So I did. So I did.'

"Mr. Wilmington asked her if anythin' was disturbin' her mind, an' she suddenly brightened up an' said:

" 'If you want me to go with you,' she said, 'you must buy my release. You see, I'm under contract with Mr. Clark.'

" 'What's the price of the contract?' he asks quickly, speakin' to me.

"Before I could answer, Sally says: 'You must close that restaurant across the way—even if you have to buy out the man an' all his stock an' good will.'

"Mr. Wilmington was a sport all right. He looked across at Michael's, an' without battin' an eye said, 'Sure, I'll do that quick enough.'

"An' while Sally gathered up her things, an' bade the girl friends of hers good-bye, an' said a few words to me 'bout gettin' a successor to her, her lover walked into Michael's. When he returned he was all smiles.

" 'It's all settled, Sally,' he says. 'He closes tonight. The stock belongs to me an' I have the lease for a year. Now are you ready to go, dear?'

" 'Yes,' she replies with a look at him that made his pulse beat fast, 'I'm ready! Good-bye, Mr. Clark! Good-bye, girls! Good-bye everybody!'

"An' throwin' kisses at all of us, an' smilin' an' laughin', she waltzes out of the restaurant, leavin' such a vacuum behind her that it's never been exactly the same since."

BEATEN BISCUIT

By HOWARD WEEDEN

OF course I'll gladly give de rule
I meks beat biscuit by,
Dough I ain't sure dat you will mek
Dat bread de same as I.

'Ca'se cookin's like religion is—
Some's 'lected, an' some ain't,
An' rules don't no more mek a cook
Den sermons mek a Saint.

Well, 'bout de grediances required
I needn't mention dem,
Of course you knows of flour and things,
How much to put, an' when;

But soon as you is got dat dough
Mixed up all smoove an' neat,
Den's when your genius gwine to show,
To get dem biscuit beat!

Two hundred licks is what I gives
For home-folks, never fewer,
An' if I'm 'spectin' company in
I gives five hundred sure!

—*From the Bandanna Ballads.*

POTTER'S FIELD

By EDWARD WILBUR MASON

HERE in the harbor of the dead at last
They lie in shabby graves beneath the sod—
The weary and the wicked and outcast—
Sad derelicts of God.

Here does he tarry who long knew the sun,
Whose mistress was the road in glamour drest;
To him in sleep the days and nights are one—
The east is as the west.

Here in the silence he who followed song
Harks now nor singing birds nor droning bees;
He hears no more the tempest's tumult strong,
Nor thundering Pleiades.

Here in the clay the food of crawling things
He lies whom hounds of heaven brought to earth:
The wastral, guest of princes and of kings
And now so little worth.

Here in a yawning hole the siren lies
How low her last estate who lived a star:
Ah, when the angels fall from Paradise
They fall so very far!

Here in the corridors of filth and grime
The jester puts aside his book of spells;
No more he goes with laughter or with rhyme;
Forgot his cap and bells.

Here in a lonely nook the dreamer sleeps—
Rash architect of castles built in Spain—
And admiral of ships that in the deeps
Sank down with cargoes vain.

Here in the dark recesses of the mould
The vagrant has nor choice of board or bed;
Nor more his lips shall drink of rivers cold,
Nor taste of rain-soaked bread.

And here those wild rogues lie whose names are writ
In water and in sand; here at their goals
Blockheads, they wot no more of wine or wit
Yet Lord Christ ease their souls!

Yea, Lord Christ ease thou all their shadowed souls:
The weary and the wicked and outcast—
Here let them rest the while time onward rolls,
Their wrecked lives spent and past.

COUNCIL BLUFFS, IOWA.

IN THE COSY CORNER

ANNA KATHERINE GREEN

By MARY R. P. HATCH

A TALL, slender, graceful girl of nineteen, with red berries in her hat, dressed in gray, gray-eyed and with brown hair, which, unbound, swept to the floor; this is as I remember the author of "The Leavenworth Case" in the long ago, when we ate, slept, worked, and walked together, in the old town of Haverstraw on the Hudson. What larks we had, what tales we wrote, what dreams we dreamed of great things we would do some time!

"Poor, pretty Clara," she writes of a short story on which we collaborated, "I have sent her to Harper's. Is she going to meet with another rebuff? Be brave, my dear Psyche, if that is to be her fate, and remember that one can neither build Rome nor a literary standing in a day. I am still alive and writing with a good hope in my heart."

Later she writes: "I eschew prose! Poetry is my forte and story-telling is not possible to me."

Her first poem was "An Ode to Grant," and she speaks of it thus:

"I write to you first, because I know you will rejoice with me in my literary success. I have broken the ice; I am a poet. I am happy, dear, and thankful to the good God that my life opens so beautifully and hopefully before me, and I am trying to enjoy it all I can."

While visiting her three years ago, she showed me a letter just received from Mr. George Putnam in which he wrote that it was time to renew the copyright on "The Leavenworth Case," adding that in all the years since its publication—a quarter of a century—it had been on their front shelves with the newest books.

She also showed me letters received from Gladstone, and others, who wrote in a complimentary way of her book. Of "The Leavenworth Case," Wilkie Collins (author of "The Woman in White") wrote to Mr. Putnam under date of December 6, 1883, as follows:

> "My dear sir:—
>
> "Have I read 'The Leavenworth Case'? I have read it through at one sitting. Dozens of times I have stopped to admire the fertility of invention, the delicate treatment of incidents, and the fine perceptions of the influence of events on the personages of the story. It produced, in one word, such a strong impression upon me, that I looked at it for the second time, and the result was renewed appreciation. The author has my hearty congratulations on what she has already accomplished, and my earnest good wishes for the future. Very truly yours,
>
> (Signed) "WILKIE COLLINS."

Mrs. Rohlfs was two years writing "The Leavenworth Case." "Having been up to this time engaged entirely in the writing of verse, I found it most difficult to express myself in good, sound prose," she informed a friend. "I write in the morning, and when employed on a novel, spend from three to four hours at my desk. I find it hard to begin, and equally hard to leave off. I can do nothing without enthusiasm."

In a letter written to me a short time

ago, she writes thus of "The Whispering Pines," her latest novel: "I do not expect to write another one which will be as acceptable. I put my very best work into 'The Whispering Pines,' gave three years of my life to it, and have reaped my reward. I thank God for the privilege of having had some of the enthusiasm of my earlier days in the telling of this story. Will it ever come again? Time alone can tell."

But Mrs. Rohlfs does not write continuously on one story, as the above might lead one to think, for just before the publication of "The Whispering Pines" by the Putnams, "Three Thousand Dollars," which appeared first serially in a New York magazine, was issued by a Boston publishing house, and she did much other work during those three years.

"Stranger than fiction but not stranger than truth," has been said of her writings, and also that they please men better than women.

Faraday said of "Jane Eyre," "I like books of that sort where the man keeps his mad wife at the top of the house. They keep you awake." And he goes on to speak of the relaxation which such stories afford to hard workers on other themes.

Mrs. Rohlfs, poet and novelist, was born in Brooklyn, and she comes of a notable East Haddam (Connecticut) family. She was the daughter of a lawyer, and from him, unquestionably, she inherited her legal turn of mind. In 1884 she became the wife of Charles Rohlfs, formerly an actor, but now well known as a designer of artistic furniture. Hundreds of people, among them Queen Margherita of Italy, have written letters of commendation in regard to his work.

Mrs. Rohlfs' books have been republished in various languages in all parts of the world, and the sales have reached enormous proportions. Their author has twice visited Europe, supervising the translation of some of her works.

Two volumes of verse, "The Defence of the Bride and Other Poems," and a drama entitled "Risifis' Daughter," attest to her first love for poetry.

She has three children: Rosamond, Sterling and Roland, none of whom followed writing as a vocation. They are all handsome, well-set-up young people, and great favorites in Buffalo, where the Rohlfs reside.

* * *

MAROONED IN GEORGIA

By MARIE PHELAN

WHEN I was living in Georgia the camping fever struck us and we planned to spend our vacation on a "maroon," as camping on the salts is called there. We were new to camping and so had theories. Despite the chaperon's protests, we determined to take no provisions except coffee, flour and salt, depending upon an abundance of seafood and the farms which, of course, would be within sailing distance.

Our pet theory, however, was our idea of a camp. The chaperon thought we had better go to Tybee, the city's seaside resort, but we scorned such conventionality. We wanted a desert island all to ourselves. A motor boat should take us there, calling back at the end of the fortnight. In the meantime we wished no intercourse with civilization—no mail, no telephone, no newspaper. Panic could sweep the land, fire and flood rage, dynasties perish: safe in our island retreat we would neither know nor care.

In the spring the place was discovered—an island belonging to a millionaire who had started to build a house. He camped on the island to watch the work, but the project was abandoned when only the foundation had been completed.

"Perhaps he found the island malarious," suggested the chaperon.

"We'll inspect it Saturday," said the boys.

Fifteen miles in a balky launch is a time-consuming trip, and it was dark when the party reached the island, but they were wildly enthusiastic. The beach had as silvery sand as Tybee itself, they reported and there were palmettoes. One boy told of turtles "basking in the moonlight," and another soulfully described the island as "a bit of paradise floating on the deep."

We started in July. Heedless of injunctions, the chaperon came laden with freight. We were afraid she would sink the boat, but she stoutly declared that not one article could be left behind, and we grumblingly submitted.

Those two days!

Marooned we were indeed. There was no wood, as a few stubby palmettoes constituted the island's sole growth. The foragers sailing blithely for the farms found sterile land, with some darkies catching "swimp." We were about to dine ruefully on shrimp when the chaperon (blessed woman!) opened her despised parcels, bringing forth canned goods, bread and butter, and an alcohol stove.

Toward sunset swarms of sandflies descended upon us, succeeded at night by peculiarly vicious mosquitoes, which even blankets could not keep out. Then someone told the ancient story of the Irishman, the mosquitoes and the fireflies, which added to our misery.

Next morning the swimmers returned with the information that the water was too deep for the girls; flies took the place of the previous pests; we retreated to the unfinished house for shade; and the sailboat was ordered to the city for the motorboat.

Moral: Don't discover (Robinson Crusoe was the victim of necessity). Select a spot where generations have camped; carry along every necessity, and do not get more than a hundred yards from a telephone.

* * *

SWEPT OUT TO SEA

By MRS. E. W.

WE three girls were under eighteen and were employed in various capacities at a chocolate factory on Commercial Point. One cloudy June day we decided that during the noon hour, we would row over to visit a friend at Squantum, a peninsula about half a mile away. After a speedy trip over and a pleasant half hour with our friend, we returned to the beach, where our boat was hauled up. The tide was swiftly going out and a strong wind was blowing seaward.

"Girls," said our hostess, herself a splendid boatswoman, "you never can do it. You haven't the strength."

We laughed. In those days, the only way to reach the Point from Squantum was by a long walk of miles, then a journey by rail, and then more walking. The factory was left unlocked; many valuables would be at the mercy of any chance visitor, for we were the only employes. Yes, obviously we must return.

So we pushed the boat out into the water; we could wade in the mud, we agreed, when we reached the Point. But the moment we began to row, we realized our mistake. Despite our greatest efforts the boat drifted seaward, and when a sudden gust of wind sent a big wave upon us, Elizabeth lost her oar. We were seamen enough to know that we were safe as long as we kept still, and after what seemed hours and hours of drifting, we were picked up by a stray tug-boat.

Naturally we thought our troubles were over, but alas, they had only just begun. The crew of the tug were kind and respectful, but they had to land us at a wharf in Boston several miles from our homes in Dorchester. We were so demoralized mentally by our adventure that we never thought of how we were to get home until we had left the wharf and started down Atlantic Avenue, toward Summer Street. We had no money. We had on our working clothes, and to save our hair from being blown about with the wind, we had tied handkerchiefs over it. Our garments had been wet during our adventures and when we struck Dorchester Avenue, meaning to walk home that way, we encountered many curious glances.

"Oh, see the gypsies!" shouted one wild-eyed hoodlum, and we were surrounded and followed by a small mob of jeering, boisterous youngsters. We came to an office building, with its door ajar. "Girls," I whispered, opening it quickly, "let's come in here." They stepped inside as I closed it on the howling mob outside, and we found ourselves inside with a very much astonished middle-aged business man and a boy. I burst forth with our story, and I think he wanted to smile, though he kindly refrained, and sent the boy for an officer, who dispersed the crowd. Then he called for a carriage and we rode home in state, finding our families in alarm.

Our Squantum friend had managed to reach Dorchester, where she first closed up the factory, and later made a hurried visit to our homes to advise our parents of our disappearance. The police had been notified; we had created a small tempest in town.

I met Elizabeth the other day. She is middle-aged and there are gray hairs mingled with the brown on her head, but her memory of that affair is so acute that she says she has never been on the water since. The recollection always affords me a hearty laugh.

* * *

EXPERIENCE WITH A CYCLONE

By MRS. C. SMITH

THE children and I were out in the yard one evening and heard the water-works whistle over in town give the fire-signal, as we supposed. But it gave short toots, and kept on until it had sounded seventeen times. We wondered what it could mean, then we saw people running hither and thither in great excitement. I asked someone who was passing what was the trouble, and he quickly answered, "There's a cyclone coming and that's the warning."

I looked toward the west and saw a small cloud. It did not look especially threatening, but after awhile it grew dark suddenly; then I saw a faint light in the cloud and heard a roaring. I took the children to a clump of sand-hill plums, a little north of the house, and we crept under them and lay on the ground. After a time the storm passed over; there was no rain with it.

As soon as the wind ceased we started toward the house, but there was no house—it had completely disappeared. The barn was still standing, so was my neighbor's home a little south of us. The next morning I went over to town to look at some things I heard had been picked up from the fields. The first thing I saw was an old-fashioned bureau that had once been my mother's, and I prized it highly. It stood there as good as ever, with not even a bit of the veneer knocked off, and its contents safe. There was nothing else of ours in sight, and I wanted particularly to find an old chopping-knife that was made over a century ago by my great-great-grandfather, who was a blacksmith. I started forth to search for it, and all at once found myself in a deep hole with no means of escape save by means of a rope ladder. After recovering from my fright I went back again to where they were collecting scattered articles, and was asked by the man in charge if certain papers were mine. I selected my insurance papers, tax receipts and others; then he said, "We also have found some paper money; is it yours?" "I had just twenty dollars," I answered. He gave me the bills, and I asked, "Have you seen a chopping knife?" But before he could reply, I heard a strange, whirring noise and started to see if it were another cyclone coming when—I *woke up!*

It was the alarm clock calling me to my daily duties. My house and its contents, even to the chopping knife, were safe; everything accounted for save the twenty dollars of my dream, which failed to materialize in the morning light.

* * *

THE PERSONALITY OF HELEN M. WINSLOW

By M. R. P. HATCH

"SHE looks it," you would say, if told that Miss Helen M. Winslow was a direct descendant of the Winslows of Plymouth Colony. Tall, fair, her golden hair silvered with white, her bright blue eyes set in a regal brow, lit with kindly humor and gentle tolerance, yet capable of flashing as steel against flint in the cause of oppression, she is one of the most imposing figures today of literary Boston, and perhaps better known than any other woman since the death of Mrs. Julia Ward Howe.

Miss Winslow is of the ninth generation from Kenelm Winslow, brother of Governor Winslow, and her great-grandmother was Abigail Adams. With such an ancestry, her strong, dignified, yet gentle personality is the direct sequence.

Born in Westfield, Vermont, her family removed when she was a child to Greenfield, Massachusetts, and afterward to St. Albans, Vermont. Her father was a distinguished leader in musical matters, a composer of note, and a member of the first English opera company organized in the United States. Her mother was a scholar, linguist and poet.

Miss Winslow began to write early, both verse and prose. "A Bohemian Chapter" appeared as a serial in the Boston *Beacon*, with which she was later connected, being on the force eight years. For five years she was on the regular staff of the Boston *Transcript*, the Boston *Advertiser* and the Boston *Journal*, at the same time doing work on the *Saturday Evening Gazette* and nearly every other Boston daily and many New York magazines. She maintained a department in the *Delineator* for nine years.

The Club Woman was organized, edited and published by Miss Winslow for seven years. It was she to whom the inception of the Authors' Club of Boston is due and which still continues.

Apart from literary work, Miss Winslow possesses great executive ability. She can do successfully unusual things. For instance, it was she who was chairman of the committee of the Hollis Theatre Benefit for the Unemployed of Boston in 1894, at which Mark Twain, Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton and many other distinguished authors read from their own works. This work was planned by the Woman's New England Press Association, which was organized by Miss Winslow and five other women. She was its president for two terms, and its treasurer for five years. She was also vice-president of the Press League.

When the general Federation of Clubs convened in Boston, Miss Winslow was the chairman of the reception committee, and through her efficient management the finest residences were thrown open to the delegates, among them those of Mrs. Jack Gardner and Mrs. Larz Anderson.

Miss Winslow was State Commissioner in charge of women's work at the Cotton States Exposition in Atlanta, and made a most successful exhibition.

Eleven books, novels and essays bear her name on the title page, the last being "A Woman for Mayor," published last year. It has already been translated into German and is being dramatized for the stage. "Spinster Farm," "The New President of Quex," "Picturesque Mexico" (with Marie Robinson Wright), "The Literary Women of Today," "Women of Tomorrow," and "Occupations for Women" (with Frances Willard), are some of the titles of her later works. All are ably written, and some take a deep hold upon the philosophy of life and of living.

* * *

A SILVER SHOWER

By F. B. W.

A FRIEND spending the summer abroad left in my care her solid silverware. Shortly after her return she sent her uncle for it. It was very heavy, filling a large basket, and his car was two blocks away. I suggested, as I was about to drive to the city market for fresh vegetables, that I convey him and the basket of silver to my friend's home.

When we reached the busy market-place, the old gentleman gallantly urged that I give him my list and allow him to make the purchases. Upon his return, just as he placed his foot on the step, a bolt which held the buggy-top in place gave way, throwing it down over me. The horse, a nervous, spirited animal, took fright and ran away, while I held frantically to the lines, expecting every moment to be dashed from my gloomy cage into eternity. The silver basket was upset, its precious contents scattered along the way, while a crowd of sympathetic and excited people followed. Instead of reviewing my past life, with its sins of omission and commission, I was thinking of my friend's silver. The streets were rough and torn up for the laying of gas-pipes. The mad race ended by the horse's landing with his fore feet in one of the trenches and kicking the vehicle to pieces with his hind feet. I was carried into a druggist's, unconscious, but with no injury beyond shocked nerves, and forever after doomed to a haunting terror of any horse able to move beyond a snail's pace.

But what about my friend's treasured silver? Of course the following crowd supplied itself with souvenirs of the occasion, you will say—*mirabile dictu,* not at all! The dear old uncle followed as fast as possible, and every single piece of silver was gathered along the way and brought safely to us before we left the store. Verily the world is not so bad, after all!

* * *

LINCOLN'S HUMANITY

By LUCIUS BIGELOW

WITH the exception of the life written by his law partner and intimate friend, Herndon, the Lincoln literature is so completely subordinated to the spirit of panegyric that it idealizes its great subject and warps its narrative and its thought to justify this idealization. None of the world's great men was a hero at all in the start, but became a hero by an intellectual evolution and spiritual growth. This is true of every man who was a constructive statesman rather than a destructive warrior and despot.

Herndon, from his lack of imagination, missed the full perception of the fine promise of Lincoln's nature when it was a swelling, vigorous bud before it began to bloom, but nevertheless Herndon's cool non-imaginative temper made him our best portrait painter of Lincoln's life before he became President. He was the intimate personal friend and partner of Lincoln for twenty years, which he could not have been for that length of time had he been other than a man of sense, capacity, integrity and morality. He records no meanness of Lincoln, but he gives a plain, unvarnished sketch of a great, rawboned, clumsy, rustic bred man of vast natural gifts and aspirations, groping and stumbling his way forward to the front, his eyes growing clearer and his step firmer every hour of his eager quest for distinction. He sets down nothing in malice, nothing extenuates. The weaknesses of Lincoln's early years; his boorish lack of sensibility exhibited in his doggerel local satires; his strange actions and speech, his relish of "horse play" wit and humor, are no more against the theory of his splendid ultimate moral and mental personal evolution than the vagaries of Cromwell's swashbuckler, tavern bully life until he was nearly forty—than the early passion and pugilistic pugnacity of Washington. Cromwell, like Washington, budded early and bloomed late, and so it was with Lincoln; he rose with the rising flood of tremendous times, but this flood did not cast him on shore as drift-wood, for he was brave, buoyant, earnest and able enough to ride the crest of the wave as easily and triumphantly as a vast ocean seaman. For, like all great men, while he could hug the land if necessary, he was not afraid to "sail with God the open sea," and he came into port grandly at last, the dead captain of a victorious fleet. He became a hero by the evolution and experience of events, the moral and social pressure we call the attrition of the times that try men's souls. The evolution of his mind is shown by the change from the stilted eloquence of his early career to the grandeur of his second inaugural. The time will come when Lincoln will appear, like Cromwell and Washington, divested of panegyric; when he will be pictured as a man with all the passions, feelings, sensibilities for good and evil, that belong to all men of robust mental and physical stature, when he will stand as a true hero and statesman, who became a hero and statesman, not by birthright, but by struggle, aspiration, failure and occasional fall, until he ultimately shook his provincial weakness and ignorance, took the bridle in his teeth at the first great opportunity and distanced all his competitors. Such men are not born; they grow; they are a harmonious moral and mental evolution of all that is best in their time before they lead a revolution that saves a state.

There is a great deal told about Lincoln that is pure romance, just as there was about Washington. There is an increasing tendency in public addresses to exaggerate the merciful side of the great statesman. The truth is that Lincoln was merciful only when he could safely blend justice with mercy; he was not merciful; he was hard as flint when he thought mercy would wreck justice. When the captain of a slave trader was tried, convicted and sentenced to death in Boston as a private, Lincoln sternly refused to commute the death sentence. When the Confederate firebug, Kennedy, who tried to burn New York City, was convicted and sentenced to death, Lincoln refused to commute his sentence, and he was equally resolute in other cases where men were captured executing acts of war within our lines, in the dress of spies. The merciful and tender side of Lincoln never degenerated into "abusing power on the side of mercy." His predominant quality was his love of justice and truth, and no man who is true to justice and truth can always be merciful, gentle, tender and lovable. Lincoln as an executive never abused the pardoning power as grossly as President Jackson, for Jackson, who, as a soldier, hung Arbuthnot and Ambrister, promptly pardoned the captain of a slave trader who was sentenced to death in Boston, while Lincoln in a similar case denied a pardon. Lincoln pardoned a soldier sentenced to death for sleeping on post; he pardoned a few deserters, but never a bounty jumper.

Lincoln was not pre-eminently merciful or gentle; no great executive ever was or could afford to be, but he was pre-eminently just and humane, and was as merciful and humane as he could be without wrecking justice or being false to his public duty.

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CHRISTIANS OR DEMOCRATS?

By MRS. CARRIE SMITH

THERE was a lot of political enthusiasm in the little village in Iowa where Carl, the six-year-old son of a Methodist minister, lived at the time of McKinley's first election, and they even kept "open house" all night at the parsonage to await the election returns. So Carl heard politics on all sides, until after election the minister began a protracted meeting, and political discussion gave place to religious topics.

This sudden change caused a confusion in Carl's mind. He attended church every night and heard the testimonies, and occasionally a shout from a good brother or sister. Remembering the past exhaustive discussion on politics, he concluded that there was a connection between the two, and one evening he convulsed his parents by asking earnestly, "Papa, what are we, Christians or Democrats?" His father, a staunch Republican, used to tell the joke with enthusiasm to his Democratic friends—his little son thought there were only two classes of people in the world, Christians and Democrats!

* * *

MY RECORD RACE

By R. MARION

"WAIT until the snow comes," my scholars used to say, "and we will show you what coasting means."

I soon found out. The "coast" began near the schoolhouse, which stood on the top of a high hill and terminated in a level field, a mile below. Double runners were used and when a sled reached the turn near the foot of the hill, a swift jerk turned it toward the field in which it finally stopped. If the steerer failed, the sled would keep on into the river which flowed through the village. One night, I was sitting alone on the swiftest double runner, when one of my irresponsible small boys mischievously gave the vehicle a slight push. If I had had presence of mind, I should have thrown myself off before the double-runner gained impetus, but unfortunately, I simply hung on and screamed. I remember hearing a medley of shouted directions as I shot downward, but could distinguish nothing special, so I just clung on and kept on my perilous journey. Faster and faster the lightly burdened sled flew. I could scarcely see the trees as we passed. I screamed no longer. I had to save my breath for better purposes. I tried a few times to reach forward and grasp the guiding lines, but didn't succeed.

Several times the sled simply leaped into space, my weight being insufficient to hold it down, and when we reached the turn where the double-runner should have swerved into the safe haven of the level field, it kept right on, villageward. In front of a store were several wagons, and a knot of men stood near the steps, who saw me coming and recognized my danger. The sled was going slower, but still at a pace which would take it over the river banks, and the ice was not over thick. One big, athletic fellow prepared to meet us. I don't know now how he managed it, but he leaped upon the double-runner and was steering it up a hill by the side of the river.

I was soon in the store, telling my story and a few moments later two double-runners filled with anxious and alarmed boys came down, having followed my break-neck race as soon as they could, and expecting at every turn to see my inanimate body and the ruins of the big double-runner. My record run is still talked of up there in coasting time, but I feel no desire to duplicate it. I won the hearts of my scholars by taking a few more coasts with them, but somehow, although I pretended to enjoy them, my zeal for coasting had received a serious jolt.

* * *

CURIOUS HISTORY OF TREES

By MRS. EFFIE COPENHAVER

YIELDING not to time or weather, on the western side of the university campus at Athens, Tennessee, stand two large trees — a hackberry and an oak. They are only about three or four feet apart, and their boughs are interlaced until you can scarcely tell one from the other. Here is a legend concerning them:

Just after the battle of King's Mountain, a British soldier, wounded and almost dead from fatigue, accidentally stumbled upon an Indian encampment near this spot. He was taken to the wigwam of the chief, where he was nursed back to health by the chief's daughter, Winnestoga. While recovering, he fell in love with her, and when he declared himself, she admitted that she also loved him, but that according to the laws of her tribe, their marriage was impossible unless he was adopted into it. He was willing, and the chief received him in due form, later consenting to the marriage. The date set for the ceremony was a month away, and great plans were laid for the celebration.

Now there was another lover, an Indian brave, who also loved Winnestoga, and hated the white man with all the intensity of an Indian's passion. He watched his opportunity and one day, as the white man was drinking from a spring, murdered him with a knife. When the dead body was brought to Winnestoga, she was so overcome that she committed suicide.

The Indians dug a shallow grave and laid Winnestoga and the soldier in it, side by side. In her hand they placed a hackberry seed; in his, an acorn. The seeds thus curiously planted grew, and the trees now stand as a living memorial of the love of an Indian maiden and a British soldier.

* * *

AN INDIAN STORY

By M. A. P.

THE recent visit of the Crow Indian chiefs to the White House to see President Taft concerning the disposition of their lands has recalled a good story of old Shah-hah-skong, head chief of the Mille Lacs Indians.

The chief took all his warriors to defend Fort Ripley in 1862, and for this act of bravery the Secretary of the Interior, the government, and the legislature of Minnesota promised the Indians that they should have the special care of the government, and never be compelled to move from their lands.

A few years later a special agent was sent from Washington to ask the Ojibways to cede their lands and remove to a country north of Leech Lake. The agent called the Indians in council and said:

"My dear red brothers, your great father has heard how you have been wronged. He said, 'I will send them an honest man.' He looked in the North, the South, the East and the West. When he saw me he said: 'This is the honest man whom I will send to my red children.'

"Brothers, look at me. The winds of fifty-five years have blown over my head and silvered it over with gray, and in all that time, I have never done harm to any man. As your friend, I ask you to sign this treaty."

Old Shah-hah-skong sprang to his feet and exclaimed: "My friend, look at me. The winds of more than sixty winters have blown over my head and silvered it over with gray, but they have not blown my brains away."

* * *

ANOTHER DOG STORY

By OLGA F. BYRAM

OUR whole family was city born and bred, father, mother, my brothers and I—and when father suggested that we try country life, we were all delighted. Father purchased a large farm on the Orange Mountains of New Jersey, and our friends were asked to visit us and to become enlightened as to the secrets and pleasures of running a farm.

Included in the list of invited guests was a Boston gentleman whom I had met several years before, and with whom I subsequently corresponded without personally meeting.

He accepted the invitation to visit our new farm home, and one Saturday afternoon I drove to meet him at the railroad station, several miles away. My eight dogs followed me. Dogs were my hobby; I always took them with me when out driving, for it was my greatest delight to ride with them for miles over the country roads. Sometimes I allowed them to jump in, and we would drive home together.

I arrived at the station a few minutes before the train appeared; and the dogs stretched themselves panting in a circle around me, waiting for the signal to jump in for a home drive.

As the train pulled in, my Boston friend recognized me and with extended hands hurried toward me. But the dogs rushed at him *en masse*. Amazed and horrified, my guest turned back to the station. I hastened after him and explained that the dogs were harmless. The station agent locked them in the baggage room till we had entered the carriage, and soon we were all on the way home, the dogs barking and yelping in the road.

The next morning I desired to show my friend some of the magnificent scenery from the mountain top, and we took a long walk. The dogs, who came along also, were now meek and quiet, but as soon as Mr. Boston made a movement to approach within a ten-foot limit, they were at his heels. They walked between us as defenders and protectors of their mistress. We finally tired of dancing and skirmishing and concluded to take a short rest. My friend picked out an old rail fence and mounted it, leaning against the post, while I took the next post.

We chatted together awhile, when Mr. Boston felt a pull at his coat-tail, which hung down the side of the fence. To our horror, we saw my brother's pet billy-goat chewing away at a furious rate. He had already devoured a good piece of the coat material.

I was thrown into consternation—for the coats of my father or brothers would not fit the broad-shouldered, six-foot-tall Bostonian. He left for home the same evening, leaving me humiliated and abashed. In a few days I received a letter from him, which I opened with trembling fingers. He stated that in the excitement of the dogs and goat encounter, he had overlooked the most important part of his visit—to ask if I would forsake the animals and farm and become his wife. But he begged of me not to have the ceremony performed in our home, as the dogs might interfere.

After we were married we kept but one dog at a time, and he was generally adopted from earliest puppyhood.

* * *

WHO SAYS HORSES DON'T THINK

By GERTRUDE E. MOREHEAD

IN the old days at home, when my sister, my brother and I were children, we were very fond of going to the field at noon and night that we might ride the horses home from work. One day my sister and I had gone to the field as usual and left my little brother, who was only five years old, playing about the yard. When we reached the field my father unhitched the horses from the plow and put us on them. My sister was riding a faithful black horse that we called Old Ben. After we had gone a short way across the field, Old Ben became frightened and ran away. My sister held tight to the hames but could not stop him or guide him. He ran through the gap in the fence, and across the road was another gap that had to be passed to get to the barn. My father, coming on behind trying to stop the horse, saw to his horror that my little brother was sitting in the middle of this gap, entirely unconscious of his danger. Father shouted to him, but he either failed to hear or did not understand. Old Ben kept on across the road, jumped straight over little brother's head, and without touching him or injuring him in the least, ran on to the farm and into his stall. Here father found him eating hay, with a badly frightened little girl on his back.

* * *

THE TEA MERCHANT AND GENERAL LAFAYETTE

By MRS. J. MOREHEAD

HAVING a penchant for stories, my grandmother who was born at Mendon, Massachusetts, used to tell me often of a wealthy tea merchant, Murray by name, who made great preparations to entertain General Lafayette and his staff, who were expected to go through Mendon on their way to Boston. Grandma helped to prepare for the great event.

Fifty geese and many more chickens and other fowls were killed for the feast, and cakes, puddings, pies, choice wines, etc., were provided in like profusion. Gold knives and forks were brought forth for the occasion, and ten down beds were placed on the bed the general was to sleep in. But after all the preparation, General Lafayette went by another way, and Mr. Murray, although much disappointed, decided to give the dinner to the poor people of the surrounding towns. There never was such a gathering known in Mendon, or a more joyous occasion, and the master of the feast was so touched at the scene at the banquet table, that he said he was just as happy as if the great general had been his guest.

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BUFFALO FISH RUNNING AMUCK

By G. E. M.

THE Tippecanoe River runs just below our barnyard, where it is about twenty feet wide. One spring after the thaw and the heavy rains, the old mill-dam, which is about half a mile above us, broke, and the water from the lake came pouring down, bringing with it a great drove of the big fish called buffalo fish. Their backs above the water made them look like a big drove of hogs. The men came from town and speared them with pitchforks. One large buffalo got fast in a picket fence and was speared. Others floundered in the shallow water into our barnyard and were caught there. One of the largest weighed sixty-two and a half pounds. Such a drove of big fish was never before seen around here, and nothing of the kind has occurred since. It was a sight long to be remembered.

* * *

AN UNUSUAL MOTHER

By MRS. F. J. ROE

FOR a time we had a couple of "game" hens, both of which had a brood of chickens. One day they were fighting and one mother was killed, leaving her brood with no one to care for them. What was our surprise to find, that night, that the little bantam rooster had taken them under his wings and was hovering over them as solicitously as had the old hen mother. From that time until they were as large as himself, the bantam cared for his little adopted brood, and people came from far and near to see him, not believing until they saw for themselves.

James Whitcomb Riley

THE GREAT HOOSIER POET WHOSE VERSES HAVE TOUCHED THE HEARTS OF THE AMERICAN PEOPLE

THE hearty handclasp and cheery greeting of James Whitcomb Riley has always seemed to me to have the hearty warmth of one of his "Hoosier" verse characters. Under the reddish hair now sparse atop and streaked with gray, the blue eyes seem to sparkle with kindly light as he drawls out in a soft, high-keyed but musical voice the words of those poems which have touched the hearts of the American people. The man himself appears to be something of a composite character of the verse that rings with a true and tender heartfulness.

It was in an Indianapolis bookstore that he pulled aside the flaps of his frock coat, turned his back to the wide, old-fashioned hearth, and began to relate reminiscences of his early life. Those gaunt hands, that have penned so many lines that have brought comfort and cheer to thousands, were twitching while he twirled his thumbs as if he had lost some word or phrase which he wanted to incorporate in a verse he was writing.

Riley has never lived away from his people at home, no matter how far he may have traveled. He grasped those universal sentiments of human emotion from among the circle of neighbors.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

On the veranda of former Vice-President Fairbanks' home, he greeted a garden party including editors from all parts of the country. He could not respond to the request that he recite "The Flag" for the host of admirers assembled, for his voice was failing, but in the gleam of his smile, the admirers felt a touch of the lines which were not given audible expression. The incident recalled the early days of his triumph, when thousands flocked to Tremont Temple in Boston and other great auditoriums throughout the country to hear the Hoosier poet recite "An Old Sweetheart of Mine," the tender and eloquent tribute to mother, and the other verses which never fail to touch the heart.

* * *

What a pleasure it was to find the way to Greenfield, Riley's native town, and to look upon the old swimming hole and the real haunts and scenes described in verses which will be loved as long as simple, true-hearted folk love their homes and their childhood. All this on a genuine August day, in a section where the tempting sign of "two fingers up" make the stranger feel like joining the boys and following in the footprints of Riley's youth.

Riley never was much on the "methods" which he followed in doing his work. One rule, however, he observed—a poem was never delivered in public until he had "tried" it upon different friends, reaching from the devotees of the livery stable to the monarch of the close-smelling headquarters of the village "attorney-at-law."

During his tours he often was asked which of his poems was his favorite, and to this he invariably compared himself, laughingly, to a father who was loth to tell which of his children he loved best. Some, he said, caused him many sleepless hours in getting the words to fit just right for that easy and facile style which he sought as laboriously as Robert Louis Stevenson—and then were not "right." He often declared that a writer could not justly estimate his own productions. He might pore over works on which he had spent hours, show it to a few intelligent friends and find no spontaneous response. Then he might read something dashed off in his own inimitable way, and before he had even completed his first verse, his auditors would overwhelm him with subtle expressions of interest and attention, which go so much further than rapturous applause perfunctorily given.

Those of a generation grown never think of Riley without Bill Nye, his rostrum companion in the early days. For years they traveled together, giving lectures, and old-time incidents show how closely akin are laughter and tears. There was a merry twinkle in Riley's eyes as he recalled their method of watching the audiences from behind the peepholes in the village theater curtain before the chairman arrived to announce "I have the pleasure."

At one time Riley had some verses about a hunch-backed child who was going to die and enter the kingdom where crooked backs are made straight. The author used to stiffen his back and neck when reciting the poem in order to suggest the child's deformity. One night as he recited these verses, a man and woman in the audience rose and walked out. Later the poet learned that this couple's only son was a hunchback, and that the poem had overcome them as they thought of the patient little face at home. When Riley heard of this, he put the verses aside and never read them again—an instance of his personal tenderness and the consideration that characterized his work. Although a bachelor, his intense love of children has full expression in his lines, which the children love to recite. Riley does not resemble the regulation poet, with long, flowing locks and classic features—his is just a plain, strong, angular face with kindly eyes and a large, humorous mouth broadened by thin lips, but expressive of life.

The poetry of James Whitcomb Riley has brought cheer and comfort to the American people. He is truly the exponent of poetic democracy. Every time I have looked into his eyes I have felt that before me stood the Lincoln of American poets. Riley's over-powering heart-impulses have reached out and encompassed the gratitude of millions of every age, sex and condition. He has thrown upon the screen of poetry pictures of rural life that have the sweet scent of fields and the freshness of the woods. He has written of themes and emotions that flow on and on from generation to generation, working the endless cycle of love and affection that tends to keep this old world of ours sweet and wholesome.

THE POET'S MISSION

THE Poet's mission is to rear a flame
Upon some lofty pinnacle of song
Where it may burn a beacon clear and strong,
To light the tortuous path by which he came,

So that the feet of others on the moor
And mountain, needing just a little light,
Might shun the ways of death, until the night
Is passed and dawn shall make their footing sure.

—*Henry Dumont, in "A Golden Fancy."*

THE

Advertisers' Convention

IN BOSTON

By Warren R. Hadsell

WITHIN the past few years the science of advertising has taken many big strides in more definite directions and ideals. Business men, from the one-man shop to the great corporation, realize more than ever the power and emoluments of advertising their business. One of the great elements in the progress of this science is the leaguing together in clubs of the men who buy, sell and make advertising. There is scarcely any city of any size or with any very large publishing and broad manufacturing interests which has not or is not planning to form such an organization. Today there are a great number of these clubs formed in the large cities of this country, and they are all affiliated under a national organization, The Associated Advertising Clubs of America. Its convention is to be held in Boston the first four days of August under the auspices of the Pilgrim Publicity Association, the club of the advertising interests in Boston with a large New England membership.

The Pilgrims have been accomplishing great and practical benefits for New England, and now they are to bring to Boston the greatest aggregation of advertising men from all over the United States and abroad as well that have ever got together for the specific purpose of talking about advertising. Three thousand people or more are expected to be present at the Convention, and two thousand of them delegates from affiliated clubs. The New York advertising men are going to Boston five hundred strong in a boat of the Fall River Line which they have chartered, and will bring three bands with them. The men of Dallas, Texas, are raising $15,000 to send one hundred men to the convention, and these men will bring with them a train-load of Texas products. Two special train loads of advertising men are coming from Iowa; San Francisco is sending a big delegation, and another large delegation is coming from Indianapolis in automobiles; nineteen influential business men are coming from London and other parts of England, and so on and on the advertising men of this country, the men who create more business by publicity, are coming together to take stock altogether of ideas in this science of advertising.

It is to be expected that advertising men would do a thing in an unconventional, unique and striking way, and this convention of the Associated Advertising Clubs of America, with the Pilgrim Publicity Association of Boston as host, exemplifies the skill and experience of men accustomed to do things a little bit better perhaps and in a more telling and beneficial way than usual. It has been the purpose of the Pilgrims to make this convention not only interesting and enjoyable as a social gathering of men engaged in the same profession in greater or less degree, but of the greatest possible practical benefit as well, so that each man attending the convention will leave Boston broadened in his conception and ideals of advertising and more efficient, and will carry away a new store of ideas, the most useful, fresh and practicable. For this reason many of the largest advertising concerns in the United States are

OFFICERS OF THE ASSOCIATED ADVERTISING CLUBS OF AMERICA, 1910-1911, WHICH MEETS IN BOSTON THIS MONTH. MR. I. H. SAWYER, THE VICE-PRESIDENT, WAS PROMINENTLY MENTIONED FOR PRESIDENT FOR THE 1911-1912 TERM sending several of their special representatives to the convention.

The Pilgrims of Boston have one of the most efficient convention organizations conceivable for the carrying through of the convention in the very best way. It is not only an aggregation of committees with chairmen appointed to do the work alone, but every member of every committee is working assiduously to the end that this convention will be the greatest of its kind that the world has ever seen. The program of the convention, which has just been announced, is so complete in the field of advertising and in its social promise that one wonders how so much could be crowded into such a short time as four days. There will be numerous luncheons, a harbor trip, an auto trip up the picturesque North Shore to Beverly, where President Taft will extend his greetings, a clam bake at one of the noted beaches near Boston, and at the close of the convention a tremendous banquet at which speakers of national reputation will talk on advertising in its big aspects. Four general sessions of the convention will discuss such topics as "Advertising Ethics," "Advertising and Civic Advancement," "Advertising and Human Nature," "Advertising and Public Morals," "Advertising and Civilization," and so on to a longer list of interesting subjects which will be discussed. Probably one of the most practical, informing and unique, if not the most important feature of the convention, will be the Departmental Sessions. Every known phase of advertising will be taken up in these departmental meetings and discussed by men with direct and pertinent knowledge and experience of their subject. It will be like going to an advertising university, for each department will have a meeting of its own, and one attending the convention can choose the departmental sessions he is the most vitally interested in and attend that session as a university student might elect to attend the classes of his favorite subject. There will be twenty-four or more of these departmental meetings, and a few of the subjects which will be discussed will give a splendid idea of the scope and interest of this feature and of its tremendous importance and value as well—"Business Literature," "Specialty Advertising," "Municipal and State Publicity," "Daily Newspapers," "Periodicals," and so on.

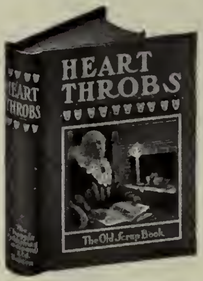
TEACHERS OF TRUTH

SO many mantles veil the hearts of men!
So many forms enshroud the single aim!
The world was clothed in darkness till they came
Who deemed the sword less potent than the pen,—
Until their lightning flashed within its ken
And sundered far from every empty name
The gaud and glitter which enshrined the same,—
Then lo, the world was naked once again!

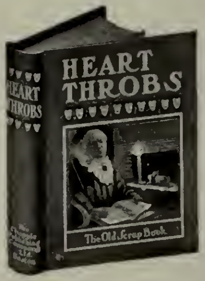
But ah, forgotten is the light they shed.
The world resumes its darkened robes once more,
Content to worship emptiness, and dead
To any pitying touch that would restore.
Yet one day from *within* a beam shall break,
And blind humanity will start—awake!

—*Henry Dumont, in "A Golden Fancy."*

Help Us Make Volume II.



Send in
Your
Favorite
Selections



IT was in 1904 that the idea was conceived for the publication of the book HEART THROBS, and from the time the first copies left the bookbinder's bench in the characteristic red cover, from which the good, kindly features of grandma smiled up benignly through her spectacles, there has been a constant demand for copies, not only from those who joined in the original contest and whose favorite bit of prose or poetry is included in the table of contents, but also from the thousands of new friends which the book has made for itself wherever circulated. And the demand for HEART THROBS is greater today than ever before—because it is a book that reaches the hearts of the people.

On account of the fact that we have had so many calls for HEART THROBS, we have kept putting off the work of printing a second volume. It was only a short time after the appearance of HEART THROBS that letters began to arrive from people living in different sections of the country requesting that a second volume of HEART THROBS be published in order to give them an opportunity to have their favorite selections included in so choice a book.

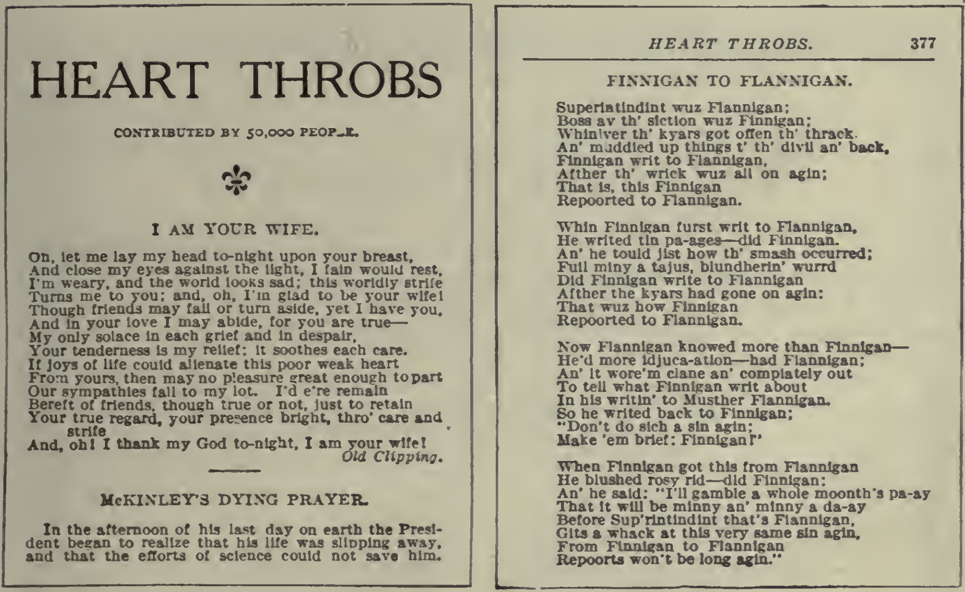
Of course it was impossible to inform everybody of that book HEART THROBS while it was in the course of preparation. The idea was quite thoroughly advertised and even at that there were thousands who did not know of the book until it was placed in their hands by a friend or until they had read of it after it was published.

Acting upon the request of these numerous friends who wish a second volume, we are pleased to announce that we will now receive contributions and begin work on the book immediately and hope to have it ready for distribution about Thanksgiving time this year.

There will be no cash prizes offered for contributions to HEART THROBS, VOLUME II. We propose to take these many friends at their word. But as an incentive for their best efforts, an autographed copy of HEART THROBS, VOLUME II, in De Luxe binding will be presented to those whose favorite selections, finally chosen for a place in this volume, are received first at the NATIONAL MAGAZINE office.

Now comes the opportunity to include in this second volume of HEART THROBS those favorite gems of prose and poetry which it was impossible to include in the original book, and we hope this information will be spread all over the country to give everyone a chance to get his favorite selection to us in time for due consideration before the table of contents is made up. The motto of the Book Department of the CHAPPLE PUBLISHING COMPANY is "BOOKS THE PEOPLE BUILT," and it is only by the wholesouled, hearty co-operation of our friends that we can retain this distinctive characteristic.

Perhaps the reader of this has a copy of HEART THROBS in his home. If so, it is



HEART THROBS

CONTRIBUTED BY 50,000 PEOPLE.

I AM YOUR WIFE.

On, let me lay my head to-night upon your breast,
And close my eyes against the light, I fain would rest,
I'm weary, and the world looks sad; this worldly strife
Turns me to you; and, oh, I'm glad to be your wife!
Though friends may fail or turn aside, yet I have you,
And in your love I may abide, for you are true—
My only solace in each grief and in despair,
Your tenderness is my relief: it soothes each care.
If joys of life could alienate this poor weak heart
From yours, then may no pleasure great enough to part
Our sympathies fall to my lot. I'd e're remain
Bereft of friends, though true or not, just to retain
Your true regard, your presence bright, thro' care and strife
And, oh! I thank my God to-night, I am your wife!

Old Clipping.

McKINLEY'S DYING PRAYER.

In the afternoon of his last day on earth the President began to realize that his life was slipping away, and that the efforts of science could not save him.

HEART THROBS. 377

FINNIGAN TO FLANNIGAN.

Superintindint wuz Flannigan;
Boss av th' siction wuz Finnigan;
Whiniver th' kyars got offen th' thrack.
An' muddied up things t' th' divil an' back,
Finnigan writ to Flannigan,
Afther th' wrick wuz all on agin;
That is, this Finnigan
Repoorted to Flannigan.

Whin Finnigan furst writ to Flannigan,
He writed tin pa-ages—did Finnigan.
An' he tould jist how th' smash occurred;
Full miny a tajus, blundherin' wurrd
Did Finnigan write to Flannigan
Afther the kyars had gone on agin:
That wuz how Finnigan
Repoorted to Flannigan.

Now Flannigan knowed more than Finnigan—
He'd more idjuca-ation—had Flannigan;
An' it wore'm clane an' compiately out
To tell what Finnigan writ about
In his writin' to Musther Flannigan.
So he writed back to Finnigan;
"Don't do sich a sin agin;
Make 'em brief: Finnigan!"

When Finnigan got this from Flannigan
He blushed rosy rid—did Finnigan:
An' he said: "I'll gamble a whole moonth's pa-ay
That it will be minny an' minny a da-ay
Before Sup'rintindint that's Flannigan,
Gits a whack at this very same sin agin,
From Finnigan to Flannigan
Repoorts won't be long agin."

Here are two pages taken from Heart Throbs—but greatly reduced for reproduction here.

not necessary to describe the book to him or the manner in which it was published. It will suffice to say that it is the most unique book ever published and the only one that emanated directly from the people.

HEART THROBS, VOLUME II, will receive the same careful preparation and will be a most commendable companion book to the original volume. HEART THROBS is a library in itself. With VOLUME II the scope of the idea will be broadened and strengthened.

Now do not delay in sending in your favorite selection for VOLUME II. Of course, nothing that has appeared in the original HEART THROBS can be included in VOLUME II, so be careful that you do not send a duplicate, but get out that other favorite selection which you forgot to send in for the original HEART THROBS, also write a letter if you have time, telling why the selection you send especially appealed to you. Address, Joe Mitchell Chapple, National Magazine, Boston.

For your convenience and to assist in filing the contributions as received, kindly use the following coupon, attaching it to your contribution:

Date...
Sender's Name ....
Residence...
Title of Selection ....

A SUMMER SYMPHONY

ADAGIO: ALLEGRO MOLTO

Softly blows the breath of morning;
Sleepy birds stir in the nest;
Fleecy clouds give ruddy warning
Of the Sun—a royal guest!

Birds sing madly, loudly—gladly,
At the coming of the Sun.
Night mists vanish—see him banish
Sparkling dewdrops one by one!

MINUETTO

Gracefully, dainty bright butterflies swing
Over the clover, on light, airy wing;
Stately flowers spread their gay skirts with an ease,
Smiling, beguiling, they nod to the breeze.

LARGO

In the quiet noontide hour,
Lazy bees doze in the flower;
And the bird droops weary wing,
Nor will lift his voice to sing;
At the brook, along the brink,
Grasses lean, too tired to drink;
Idle kine in sunny field,
To the spell of noontime yield.

SCHERZO

A tender murmur from the babbling brook;
A plaintive cricket's minor note;
The fireflies flicker fitfully;
Slim willows rustle restlessly;
A bat flaps aimless wing;
With nerve-marked beat,
A tree-toad shrills;
The screech-owl hoots
His gladness.

ALLEGRO CON FUOCO

Louder does the brooklet sing;
Screams the night-hawk high, on wing;
Insects sound o'er all the lea;
Branches clash their arms in glee;
Whippoorwills more boldly call;
Shadows flit like grim ghosts tall,
Till the moon with silver light,
Melts the phantoms of the night.

Blanche Elizabeth Wade.

THE TRUTH ABOUT COLD STORAGE

By W. C. JENKINS

MORE THAN a score of bills have recently been introduced in the various states intended to limit and restrict the cold storing and preserving of fish, meats, poultry, butter, eggs, fruits, vegetables and various other food products. Upon close examination of the merits of these bills it will be found that most of them are void of any testimony of experts on cold storage, and but little investigation has been made to determine the actual facts as a basis for improvement in the existing conditions.

Most of these bills were introduced in the legislatures of the various states as a result of misinformation, gathered largely from erroneous newspaper articles regarding the enormous quantities of food products held from the market with the alleged intention of creating a scarcity so that the dealers would consequently be able to advance prices. The authors of many of these bills were finally compelled to admit that they knew nothing of the actual facts further than what they had gathered from the various newspaper articles; and it has been shown that but few of these legislators had ever been in a cold storage warehouse to see for themselves how the various kinds of food products are cared for under the present up-to-date system. The desire to enact restrictive legislation has been largely prompted by the belief that the charges made by the newspapers were true and that official regulation and restriction were necessary.

Every journalist knows that a great deal of matter is printed in the daily press which is necessarily largely hearsay, and after a thorough investigation is often found to be erroneous. A searching and thorough inquiry into the cold storage conditions by committees appointed by several legislatures and the United States Senate Committee on Manufactures has brought out some interesting facts which show the dangerous consequences of legislative enactments when proper investigation has not been made. Investigation by these bodies has shown that the food supply of this growing country is fast becoming a serious question. During a recent conference in New York City regarding a cold storage ordinance, it was brought out that the present rate of production of wheat would reach the limit of supply in the United States within a very few years; and what is true of wheat is also true of many articles of food products now held in cold storage.

In the larger cities there is becoming an enormous congestion of population, and without proper and adequate cold storage warehouses to preserve the perishable food products in time of an over-production, there would be a very great scarcity in times when the supply of fresh foods was inadequate to supply the demand; and consequently at one season these foods would be so cheap they would be unprofitable to the producer; and in the season of scarcity they would be so high that the average family could not stand the expense.

During this age when practically every article included in the wants of man seems to be getting dearer the question of economy in the utilization and preservation of all kinds of products of the farm and waters becomes of vast importance. The discoveries of recent years whereby food products can be subjected to a process of refrigeration, thereby preserving their healthful qualities until seasons of scarcity, has contributed more toward successful conservation of our national resources than any other means that has ever been devised; and furthermore, the cold storage system is unquestionably the best method of preservation of flesh foods known to man, inasmuch as it modifies to a less extent the appearance and quality of the product than do other methods. The present successful methods of mechanical refrigeration are of recent origin. History and past experience have afforded but little assistance in determining rules for guidance and every improvement was necessarily costly and every proposed change required careful investigation.

During the past two years the cold-storage industry has been subjected to violent and uncalled-for abuse by the press, which has, in a measure, unduly prejudiced the public. The cold storage has been made the scapegoat for the public excitement aroused by the increased cost of living and consequently drastic enactments tending to prohibit and restrict the storing of various kinds of food products have been proposed. The system has been designated as a sinister and mysterious factor in the cost of our daily foods.

It cannot be denied that many people are prejudiced against cold storage foods, and in some cases they have reasons to be suspicious; not, however, because of the fact that the article has been in cold storage, but because it was not placed there promptly upon production, or because too long a time had elapsed since its removal therefrom. The principal and almost sole requirement for successful results is to see that foods are in prime condition at the time they go into storage.

The prejudice against cold storage has been accelerated by the belief that the system increases the prices to the public of all kinds of cold storage food products. It has been charged that prices have been advanced by food speculators putting foods into cold storage to be held for long periods, thus creating a shortage in the market and a consequent advance in prices. Also it has been believed that the public health has been injured through the consumption of unhealthy storage food, which have been subjected to mechanical refrigeration longer than the law of prudence would justify.

There are many elements that enter into the question of successful preservation of food products. Each step in the process is separate and distinct, but in every case the condition of the article is the first matter of consideration. For instance, milk from an affected cow will be equally as impure when it leaves the refrigeration room as when it entered; diseased meats and decayed vegetables cannot be made fit for food by refrigeration. A spoiled egg cannot be made palatable even though it has been subjected to the most scientific treatment yet discovered. In refrigeration the law of healthful origin can never be violated. The health of the public rests upon this requirement, and no system of cold storage can ever effectively serve the people that does not give first importance to this inviolable rule. Refrigeration has great possibilities, but it also has its limitations. It will successfully preserve healthy food products, but it cannot, and never will work miracles. Thus will be seen the paramount importance of regulation that will permit only food in the best condition being put in storage.

The mortality caused by the lack of wholesome food in our congested cities is becoming a serious problem. In Chicago alone six thousand babies under one year of age die annually, and an eminent authority states that one-third die as a result of impure food. This is largely attributed to impure milk, as milk is practically the sole food of children. This mortality will be reduced with the application of more extended cold storage to the food products on which children largely subsist.

The preservation of food products by cold is of vast dimensions, and is today recognized as a tried and tested procedure. The attitude that no change of the nutritional value of a product occurs, through the influence of proper application of cold upon its chemical position, can be absolutely and entirely maintained. With special reference to meat, the most important food of man, the employment of cold has been shown by experience not only to induce no change in regard to nutritional value, but it rather tends to increase the quality of the meat. By this is meant the so-called ripening or maturation of the meat, which does not take place until some time after slaughtering, and when under proper conditions of preservation.

A modern mechanical cold-storage plant is comparatively new, and its principles and functions are so little understood by the general public that much of the popular clamor may be ascribed to ignorance and hallucination. Nevertheless, the industry is founded on sound economic principles, and when properly conducted is a blessing to humanity. It is vastly superior to the method of preserving food stuffs in cellars and attics where they are permitted to rapidly spoil in the high or fluctuating temperatures without the slightest criticism or condemnation. The inevitable consequences of the adoption of the present up-to-date mechanical cold storage system in its widest application will not only tend to keep prices of perishable food products within the reach of the masses at all seasons, but will contribute in no small degree to the general public health.

Scientific investigation has proven that proper application of refrigeration will preserve food products as long as business conditions will warrant, and that they suffer absolutely no deterioration from being held in cold storage; in fact it has been shown that beyond any question some articles of food become more palatable and nutritious when placed in the present up-to-date mechanical refrigerator.

Proper cold storage is the most necessary and healthful of the several forms of food preservation. Not only is this true, but it is one of the fundamental means which contribute to the agricultural prosperity of our nation as well as the allied industries. Striking examples of this can be found in connection with the milk, cream, butter, cheese, eggs, fish, meat, fruit, vegetables and many other perishable food products. The prosperity of many sections of our country can be attributed to the wider and steady market which the present cold storage system insures.

Without cold storage, fish, meats, butter, eggs, poultry, etc., could be kept but a short time, and the price would naturally be higher during the season of no production than the average now prevailing, because there would be no method of preserving these products from one season to another. For instance, fish are caught at certain seasons of the year in much greater quantities than can possibly be consumed during the time the catch is on, and to have a supply during the time there is no fish the present mechanical cold storage system enables the dealers to prepare for this scarcity. The delicious whitefish is caught mostly during the months of June and July, December and January and February, there being very few taken during the other months of the year; yet by refrigeration a supply can be stored for these months of non-production. The farmer fattens his cattle during the summer, when they feed on grass. He markets them in the fall, when they are slaughtered, and the meat is stored and consumed in the times of scarcity during the year. Without any method of preserving fish and meats, prices would be prohibitive during the scarcity.

Before the cold storage facilities were available, prices were extremely low for the producer during times of plenty, likewise they were extremely high during the time of scarcity, and many classes of perishable products were in certain seasons not obtainable at any price. Now the cold storage warehouse enables us to secure a steady supply during the time of non-production as well as during the time of full production. The cold storage man has nothing to gain by holding goods placed in storage with him longer than sound economic principles will justify. Produce dealers as a rule are good business men and are not holding goods, paying storage charges and interest on money invested beyond a time when they can sell for full market values. Practically no fish, meats, or vegetables can stand cold storage charges for more than one season. Such charges are prohibitive of profits as a rule, beyond the period of a few months.

There is a popular impression that the cold storage industry has assumed the nature of a trust or combination, which through concerted action or agreement determines the time when the products shall be placed upon the market, the ultimate object being to control prices. While there may be exceptional instances among a few companies, the fact remains that a general understanding or agreement would be impossible because the products held in cold storage are owned by thousands of independent firms and are sold by them, and not by the cold storage people, to thousands of customers and distributing agencies and dealers, each of whom acts according to his individual judgment as to the proper time to sell and the prices he shall obtain. Practically none of the large public cold storage warehouses have any pecuniary interest in the articles stored with them.

The present mechanical cold storage warehouse is simply the evolution from the farmer's cellar where he kept the surplus stock of butter, apples, vegetables, and other products, for such time as the conditions prevented the production of these articles. This evolution from the primitive method of preserving perishable foods to the present modern mechanical cold storage warehouse has been the result of much careful and costly experimentation; and today it stands as a monument to American ingenuity. While it is but one of the methods of preserving food products, it is unquestionably the best, and further development should be encouraged rather than the industry be restricted by unnecessary laws and regulations. If laws and regulative ordinances tend to retard the growth and limit the possibilities of the industry, the product of the farmer will also be limited and his development retarded. The cold storage warehouse is an absolute necessity for the American farmer, and restrictive legislation which affects cold storage equally effects the agriculturist.

About the year 1875 ice began to be used to a large extent for the preservation of fresh meats during its transit from America to European markets. This really marked the beginning of preserving fresh meat long enough to enable our packers to ship it to such a remote market. The method at that time consisted in cooling a large meat chamber filled with the carcasses by blowing air previously cooled to about the freezing point into the meat chamber. The air was cooled by passing through reservoirs of ice. While this process would be considered inadequate today, it was a great aid to commerce at that time. In 1879 the dry air refrigeration system was first introduced. The system consisted of compressing the air and freeing it of moisture. Since 1879 fresh meats have been shipped from America to Europe regularly and successfully.

There has been great advancement within the last few years for the successful carrying in cold storage of various food stuffs. Until the last few years the successful method of preserving fish was not perfectly understood, and as a result there was unnecessary waste and more or less unwholesome fish found its way into the channels of trade. This in itself created an undue prejudice which, however, is unwarranted today. With the present advanced methods of cold storage, fish suffer no deterioration whatever. If fish are properly cared for and in prime condition when placed in cold storage, they will come out in the best condition. After fish are put into storage they are dipped in ice water in a room ten above zero. The water freezes over the entire fish, heretically sealing it so that it will keep indefinitely. The best regulated fish companies will allow no fish to be frozen that are not in absolutely prime condition, because carelessness in this respect can only be followed by financial loss and the creation of prejudice against the fish dealers. These companies have determined that they save money by dumping fish of poor quality rather than by attempting to carry them over to another season by freezing. A winter-caught whitefish is more palatable in June if kept frozen than is a June-caught whitefish three or four days out of the water, but not frozen.

The Booth Fisheries Company alone has upwards of fifty stations entirely maintained for the fish business. Upon inspection of any of the leading fish companies' plants they will be found to be in the most sanitary condition, no expense being spared to equip them in every way to successfully care for the product. It is not unusual that fish taken from the nets in the morning are frozen the same afternoon and placed in the mechanical cold storage and held until ready for consumption at a time when no fish are caught.

According to Kennith W. Fowler, chairman of a joint committee for the salt water fish industry, which represents the producers along the Atlantic Coast and to some extent along the Pacific Coast, cold storage is absolutely necessary to the salt water fish industry as a means of fostering the production of trade; because the salt water fish are produced in such volume at certain periods of the year that they sell at such times below the actual cost of production, and the only support available to the producing trade is to apply the benefits of cold storage.

The fish industry does not oppose the pending congressional legislation as a whole or the general principles thereof. Believing that fair legislation and regulations relative to the industry will prove of substantial benefit, it is in favor of the passage of laws based on established facts. It is in favor of regulations relative to inspection of goods at the time of entering cold storage warehouses, inspection at the time they are taken out of the warehouse for distribution and inspection during distribution. It favors any provisions that will not hamper the industry, and if any practical means can be devised to give storage period information to the consumer, it will support the proposition.

Men who produce and handle fresh-caught fish have, of necessity, given a careful study to this industry. The tendency has always been to develop and apply the best possible means to deliver the fish to the consumer in good condition, for its value depends entirely upon its wholesomeness. This not only applies to fish placed upon the market immediately after being caught, but to products that have been for a certain period in cold storage.

A time limit in which fish may be held in cold storage of less than twelve months would be detrimental to the industry and of no value to the consumer. The industry is regulated by natural laws—the annual recurrence of flush production which always makes it unprofitable to carry fish for more than a single season. Fish which are carried in cold storage represent a constantly increasing investment on account of storage expenses. Up to a certain period, and this is usually not to exceed ten or twelve months, this expense may safely be added to the cost of catching, but beyond this period the expense is such that the fish cannot be sold in competition with the next season's catch. Hence there is no incentive to hold fish in storage for long periods. Neither will the law of business justify such action.

As an article of food, fish is becoming more popular each year. The supply is always plentiful and it can be sold at a price within the reach of all. In many localities it is the poor man's daily food. It is nutritious and healthful and the interests of the people of this country demand that the industry should be encouraged rather than hampered by unnecessary and unwise restrictions.

It will be found that the leading fish companies not only invite but welcome government inspection, but they do, with good reason, object to regulations which compel them to label and tag the fish which would not only be impracticable but impossible from the very nature of the business. Fish carried in cold storage in boxes containing one hundred and fifty pounds could not be sold to the retailer in such large quantities, so that it is absolutely necessary that boxes be broken in order to give the customers the desired quantity wanted; and unless the dating of the time when the fish went in cold storage was carried to the customer, it would be of little value, and it is absolutely impossible to procure fishermen to tag winter-caught fish which freeze immediately on being taken from the water.

It must be distinctly understood that there is a great difference between foods that go into the present mechanical cold storage to be held than those that go to the ordinary cooler, which is a temporary affair for holding foodstuffs for a few days. The present mechanical cold storage keeps an even temperature, while the butcher shop or house cooler temperature varies and is never sufficiently cold to properly preserve foodstuffs for any length of time. The temperature in the mechanical cold storage for preserving butter is 10 below zero; meat, 5 below zero; fish, 15 above zero; eggs, 30 above zero and poultry, zero. These temperatures never vary, so that there is no chance of deterioration.

Every step in the process of refrigeration must be correctly made. Take, for instance, the method of preserving chickens. The birds must be free of disease. They must be pre-cooled and the animal heat removed before putting into storage. There is established today regular slaughter houses for killing poultry, so that they are cared for in the best of conditions, far better than the average farmer cares for the fowls he dresses. The premises are kept clean and sanitary, and conditions for slaughtering and caring for the fowls are perfect. As a result the present up-to-date cold storage house can give the people of this country cold storage fowls that have been in the refrigeration room up to a year which are in perfect condition, their wholesomeness having suffered no deterioration whatsoever. In fact they are customarily preferable to farm-killed poultry handled solely through grocery stores and markets without being promptly cooled and frozen as soon as killed.

It is stated on best authority that turkeys having been in cold storage are better then when freshly killed. Ninety per cent of all the turkeys are marketed in the fall, and without the present cold storages there would be no supply of turkeys for six months of the year. The quantity of poultry frozen and held in cold storage to meet the demand during the season of scarcity is upwards of 100,000,000 pounds, valued at about $23,000,000. Fish frozen and held in cold storage, to take care of the demand between seasons, is estimated at 150,000,000 pounds, valued at about $10,000,000.

The necessity and advantages of cold storage for goods becomes evident when we analyze the market in any large city. Recent testimony before the Senate Committee on Manufactures relative to foods held in cold storage showed that the egg receipts of New York on April 30, 1910, were 43,000 cases containing 30 dozen eggs to the case; and for the week ending April 23, the receipts were over 200,000 cases of 30 dozen eggs to the case. The demand of the city of New York for consumption during that period was about 12,000 cases per day, as shown by the daily market reports. From the daily receipts of 30,000 to 40,000 cases, the daily consumption of only 12,000 cases, it is evident that there would have been a waste or a tremendous slump in prices or else the surplus would have to be stored. The same conditions prevail in other large cities. In Chicago the difference between the current receipts in April and the local demand is even greater than in New York City, and more eggs go into cold storage in Chicago in consequence. In January, 1910, the egg receipts of Chicago were 65,172 cases. For the month of April the receipts were 773,656 cases. The quantity of eggs placed in cold storage in New York City each year is about 700,000 cases and in Chicago about 1,000,000 cases. The total quantity of eggs placed in cold storage in the Unted States each spring is a little over 3,000,000 cases; which is only 5 per cent of the total production. The cold storage is drawn upon whenever the supply of fresh eggs falls below the market demand. This usually takes place during the months of August, September, October, November, December and January. Usually by February the cold storage eggs are out and the fresh southern eggs begin to arrive in considerable quantities and the market price falls when the cold storage eggs and fresh eggs meet.

The best butter made is produced in May, June and early in July. The production during these months is greatly in excess of the market demand and the surplus is put in storage. Everybody knwos that June butter has much better keeping quality and generally brings higher prices during the following winter than fresh butter. The value of butter placed in cold storage each year is upwards of $25,000,000.

Another very important item put in cold storage is brewery products, averaging upwards of $325,000,000 yearly. Furs and fine fabrics are also placed in special cold storage rooms provided for that purpose. The estimated value of this class of goods alone is upwards of $75,000,000.

There are more than one hundred establishments in the United States engaged in the manufacture of ice and refrigerating machinery. The capital invested is about $25,000,000 and the annual output of these factories exceeds $40,000,000.

The aggregate value of the various products that pass through refrigerated rooms or submitted to refrigeration in the course of trade during a year is in excess of $2,500,000,000.

Government regulations which promote rather than hinder and retard the business of cold storage and which improve sanitation and prevent monopoly is to be commended. Canada has subsidized cold storage warehouses by an act of 1907. Every encouragement and inducement is offered captial in Canada to invest in such enterprises and the government contributes 30 per cent of the full cost of constructing cold storage warehouses when official approval has been given. The cold storage business in the United States has, without government encouragement, reached large proportions. In Massachusetts alone over $10,000,000 is invested in cold storage warehouses.

There has been no uniform system of inspecting products that have been put in cold storage. Until recently almost everything that was brought to the cold storage to be stored was accepted. The cold storage company did not own the goods, but was merely acting as a storekeeper, charging the usual storage rate. It was not the cold storage men's business to inquire deeply into the character and condition of the goods being stored further than to deliver receipts to his customer when the goods were put in cold storage. It is not the general practice for cold storage companies to buy and sell goods. Sometimes as an accommodation they sell at the customer's request. The cold storage plays a role analagous to that of the common railway, express or boat carrier or grain warehouse acting as a public agency for the storage of commodities owned by other parties.

Owing to the national character of the food supply and distribution it is evident that conflicting and irregular restriction imposed by individual states upon the cold storage industry would lead to national confusion and perhaps to the destruction of the industry in states where stringent and unwise regulations may be imposed. New York City passed a stringent cold storage ordinance which was promptly vetoed by Mayor Gaynor. It is generally considered that restrictive legislation of cold storage plants should be uniform throughout the country, otherwise conflicting state enactments would be harmful to the consumer of that particular state as well as to cold storage properties located therein. A federal law would be welcomed by everyone, which would uniformly specify all regulations of cold storage warehouses and the inspection of all foods put in cold storage.

It has been suggested that products which are destined for cold storage be labelled when they enter and leave the storage, thus furnishing a statement of the actual period such goods are held in cold storage. There are many difficulties that must be overcome before such a proposition can be successfully carried into effect. For instance, halibut is mostly produced in the Pacific Ocean and are stored in cold storage warehouses on the Pacific Coast in the spring and summer months when the fishing is on and are brought East in December, and January following, when no fresh supply of halibut can be obtained, so that these goods have to be transported from one cold storage warehouse to another during the season when the weather will permit. The labeling of each individual fish would be impracticable and also would tend to deteriorate the fish by unnecessary handling, and in the end what the consumer needs is protection as to quality, of which length of time in cold storage is absolutely no criterion.

The usefulness of labeling food products which have passed through cold storage would depend entirely upon the ability to carry to the actual consumer the information contained on the labels. The branding of packages in which goods are handled in interstate commerce would not accomplish this because in most cases wholesale packages are broken and their contents re-graded and re-packed for retail distribution. Hence the original labeling is of no value. To brand or label each article separately in a box so as to convey the information of length of storage period to the consumer would involve deterioration from handling, and the cost of doing this would be almost prohibitive in many instances; and in the case of restaurants and hotel patrons, who see the food only when cooked, it is difficult to conceive of any method of successfully conveying the information to them.

In view of the many difficulties, it seems an utter impossibility to devise any system of effective labeling on certain cold storage products. For instance, how can the date of the hen's cackle, when the several million eggs were laid which New York consumes daily, be conveyed to the ultimate consumer? It cannot be expected that the farmer will brand each egg. The huckster that gathers them and the shipper that ships them cannot give the exact date of birth of each unit. And the same is true of butter. Millions of pounds are made up by the farmer in rolls. These rolls are packed in tubs and the surplus production is carried in freezers. The product is used during the winter months. How can this butter be branded with date of production—each tub ocntaining perhaps a hundred birthdays?

The consumer is not so much interested in knowing the age of an article as he is in knowing its condition, and any law that does not guarantee wholesomeness as a basic condition fails in its purpose.

The Department of Agriculture has accomplished a great deal through its scientific investigations of proper methods of preserving by cold storage various articles, such as poultry, fruit, eggs and butter. The result of the department's investigations, however, do not show that any time limit for less than from season to season is necessary.

It would be impossible to rise from an exhaustive and careful study of the cold storage problem without realizing the danger of illy-considered and hasty legislation upon a subject so important to all classes of people. Every impartial investigator must be impressed with the folly of any burdensome regulations upon the handling of food products such as tagging and limiting the time articles may remain in cold storage. What the public needs and should have is protection against impurity and unwholesomeness in food products, and regulation or restriction which seeks any other end simply limits the quantity of wholesome foodstuffs available to the consumer and thereby creates a higher price.

Regulation by federal inspection before and after storage is the only logical solution. It is the only effective way of protecting the public against unhealthful storage foodstuffs, and any further requirements will only constitute a burden upon the public without accomplishing any good purpose.

TO A TOAD

THOU poor, half-living brother worm,
  Retreating from my path pell-mell
For fear my steps might crush thy frame:
Perchance from such condition came
  Immortal man, who dares to spell
The characters writ on thy form!
Perchance within this human brain
  There linger traces of the things
That make thee fit for earth's domain;
Perhaps thou, too, mayst feel the pain
  Of life hid in the joy it brings!

A silver moon is on the wane;
  A lonely star calls after it
For company,—do thy big eyes
Regard their movements with delight,
As though some great illumined kite
Were drawn athwart the purple skies,
  Its tail swung by a lantern lit?
Or do these wonders from thee pass
While thou art blinking at the grass?

—*Henry Dumont, in "A Golden Fancy."*

MUSICAL RECORDS FOR THE MONTH

By Frederick Hulzmann

MENTION has been made before in this department of the advantage of the phonograph in supplying the work of the best artists during the season when they are scattered in all parts of the world. Opera houses are closed in this dull season of rest and mosquitoes; the theatre doors are barred against light opera, and we are deserted save by the hurdy-gurdy man. Here, then, comes the talking-machine, which supplies not only opera, but particularly appealing songs and dances for our entertainment and diversion.

* * *

At last, after many weeks of expectation and anticipation, the Mary Garden records have been completed, and are appearing on the July Columbia list. This announcement alone has created a deserved sensation, and in itself speaks volumes for the initiative and aggressiveness of the Columbia Phonograph. Even those who have never had the opportunity to hear Miss Garden sing are familiar, through the press reports of the critics, with the story of her triumph before audiences both American and foreign. Her creation of the title role in "Natoma," Victor Herbert's new American opera, gained for her universal admiration.

Especial care was, of course, given to the recording of Miss Garden's voice, and the records are issued both in single and in double-disc form. The double-disc records call for strong endorsement—they are twelve-inch, and priced at three dollars. Two selections from "La Traviata" are listed on A5284; "Liberte" from Massenet's "Jongleur de Notre Dame" and an aria from "Herodiade" are given on A5289.

Lovers of opera will also be interested in the records by Pasquale Amato, hailed by the Columbia Company as "the world's greatest baritone." Amato has been a favorite at the Metropolitan Opera House for some seasons past, and the numbers listed this month are among his favorites. The records are ten and three-quarter inches, double-disc. All are rendered in Italian with orchestra accompaniment. The selections: F135, "Song of the Evening Star," from "Tannhauser" and "Listen, 'Tis I Shall Die," from "Germania," F136, "At Twilight Thou Dids't Come to Me," from "Germania," and "Sei vendicata assai," from "Dinorah." F137, "Eri tu," from "The Masked Ball" and "Urna fatale," from "La Forza Del Destino."

The vocal hit of "The Pink Lady," the waltz song, "My Beautiful Lady," is sung by Miss Idelle Patterson on double-disc record No. A1008. Facing this delightful solo is Harris' "Fairy Moon," rendered by the Columbia Quartette.

A summer number through and through is record No. A1011, a double-disc by Murry K. Hill. "Discourse on the Trusts" has a title which will ensure for it a heavy sale; "Father Was Out" also has possibilities.

Two good band marches are recorded on No. A1004, " 'De Molay' Commandery March" and "A Jolly Good Fellow March," both rendered by Prince's Band. Mr. Frank Coombs is singing "No One to Love" and "Lorena," and there are many other interesting numbers of many varieties.

* * *

No summer time news could be more pleasing than the Victor Company's announcement that George M. Cohan, the popular author and comedian, has recorded three of his own songs for the July list. Theatre-goers know Mr. Cohan, his plays, his music, his voice and his personality, and crowded houses have long testified to his immense success. The Cohan records for July are loud enough to furnish music for all the neighbors, and are calculated to put everyone within hearing distance in "the merry mood." Two of the numbers are ten-inch—"Life's a Funny Proposition, After All" and "You Won't Do Any Business If You Haven't Got A Band." "P. S. Mister Johnson Sends Regards," a favorite among Cohan enthusiasts, is twelve-inch, No. 70039.

The exclusive contract of Miss Janet Spencer, the contralto, will also interest many Victor owners. Miss Spencer is an American girl who has had great success both in New York and in London. Her records for the Victor are "Gae to Sleep," the old Scottish lullaby, in English, and Arditi's "Bolero" in Italian.

A warm welcome should be given Mr. Albert Reiss' excellent rendition of "Hexenritt," from "Hansel and Gretel." This song of the witch in Humperdinck's favorite opera represents difficult work. Mr. Weiss has succeeded admirably. He "squeaks" well, and the record is endorsed for young folks who require caution of "bogeymen" and witches whose business in life is to awe bad boys and girls. Mr. Weiss does excellent work, also, with Benozzo's song in Millöcker's "Gasparone."

The prelude to Mascagni's "Cavalleria Rusticana" is rendered by Vessella's Italian Band, whose work was introduced on the June list. A delightful solo, Brahms' "Cradle Song," is rendered by the Band's able cornetist, Signor Michele Rinaldi. The Victor Light Opera Company revives Auber's "Fra Diavolo" and Herbert's "Fortune Teller."

Seldom has a midsummer list revealed such a variety. The song hit from "Dr. De Luxe"; von Tilzer's "All Alone"; "That's Ever Loving Love," a Brice-King coon song; "Strawberries" and "Turn Off Your Light, Mr. Moon Man," Bayes-Norworth—all these are included, besides many delightful combinations on the double-faced list.

* * *

An acquaintance was asked, after hearing the July Edison list, what record had pleased him most. Summer songs, sentimental, light, funny-medleys, marches, folk-songs, hymns: "Down at Finnegan's Jamboree," he said firmly, and the merits of all the others fell upon barren ground, as it were, at least so far as comparison went. Now the tale of "Finnegan's" affair has been in the Standard portfolio for some ten years past; many an Edison owner knows No. 8146. Yet it was insisted that the charm of the new Amberol record 718 was not to be dissipated; it was even predicted that "Finnegan's Jamboree" would outsell anything on the July list. Be this as it may, the Edison people listed their Amberol "Finnegan" in a timely month; it will hold its own.

Cal Stewart is responsible for the annual Independence Day record, prepared especially for "The Fourth" celebration. Off to Pumpkin Center we must go with him, to hear "Uncle Josh's" story of the "doin's" up his way.

"Missouri Joe," one of Harry von Tilzer's comic songs, is well sung by Miss Sophie Tucker. Billy Murray, with chorus, is singing "Baby Rose," a darky love song which is already popular. Then there are Collins and Harlan in "The Mississippi Dippy Dip"; Edward Meeker in "Steamboat Bill," and Bob Roberts in "They're all Good American Names"—a trio of comic hits.

The National Promenade Band records "Huskin' Bee Medley," a first-class Virginia Reel. Mr. F. X. Doyle, the favorite tenor, sings Williams and Van Alstyne's late ballad, "Down in the Old Meadow Lane."

Band and orchestral numbers on the list maintain their usual standard. Kerry Mills' "Pawtucket Slide" and "Montrose March" are rendered by the New York Military Band, "The Spring Maid" waltzes by the American Standard Orchestra, "And I, Too, Was Born in Arcadia," by Sousa's Band.

CHICAGO'S NEW TERMINAL

With the opening of the new Passenger Terminal, Chicago, of the Chicago and Northwestern Railway Company, a worthy gateway is flung wide to the golden west.

The portico at the main entrance on Madison Street is supported on a colonnade of six granite columns three stories high. Back of the colonnade is the high vaulted vestibule with granite stairways.

In the big, low-ceilinged main lobby just beyond the vestibule the weary traveler may lay down his cares with the suitcase he drops on the brass baggage rest below the ticket windows. There is no chance for bewildering confusion even though all the nations of the earth go west at once, for there are thirty-seven ticket windows, each one with lettered designation above it. A telegraph office, drug store with travelers' supplies, and lunch room add to the general convenience.

The system of lighting adds to the attractiveness of the lobby. In the center of it all is the Information Bureau.

Facing the main entrance on Madison Street is the grand stairway, brass-railed and with treadlights to keep the unwary from stumbling. This leads to the main waiting room and train concourse.

The big waiting room is worth your leisurely observation. It is a great Roman atrium with barrel vault roof and pilasters and walls of dull finished Tennessee marble of a faint blush rose.

The room is lighted with clusters of incandescents on richly decorated bronze standards and in chandeliers, with thirteen globes in each group, and rows of half-hidden lights just below the ceiling.

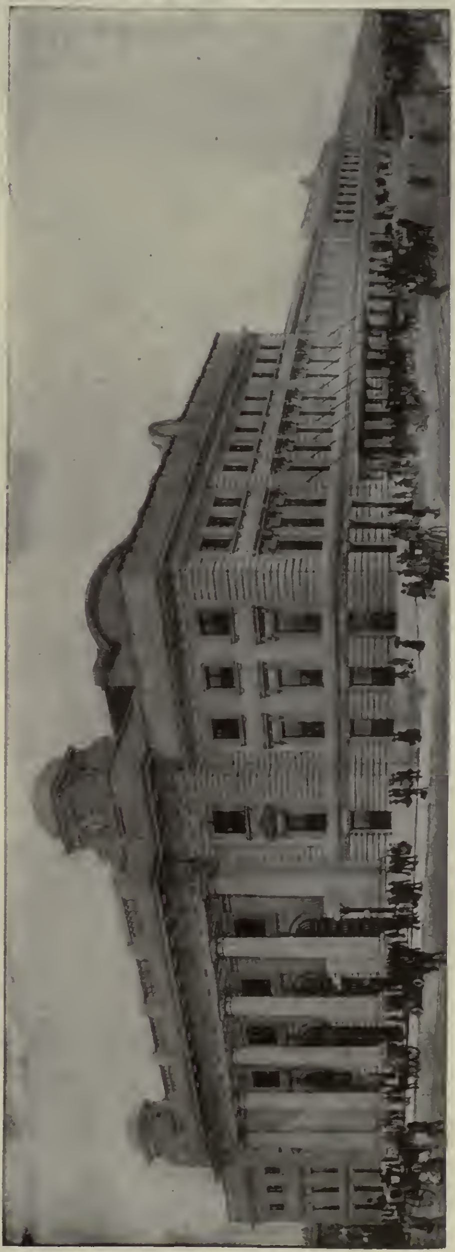
Opening from the main waiting room is the dining room with service equal to the best metropolitan cafes.

If the suburbanite is to join his wife in the evening for a box party or other formal function, he can check his dress clothes when he comes in in the morning, return to the station, and, before his wife's train is due, have a bath, a shave and a manicure, then dine with her and take a motorcar —all under the roof of the Terminal.

A feature of the new station is the complete post-office—sub-station U they call it—where there is a regular delivery.

The train-shed is specially constructed from a new design and is the only one of its kind in the West. Both shed and concourse are equipped with the latest methods of ventilation and light.

It is almost a world in itself.



NEW PASSENGER TERMINAL OF THE CHICAGO & NORTHWESTERN RAILWAY COMPANY

LET'S TALK IT OVER

ANOTHER illustration of the country boy who has "made good" and of the Westerner, by adoption, who has won his way to one of the most important positions in the world, is furnished by the life story of Lauren J. Drake, the newest member of the directorate of the Standard Oil Company. There is much in his career that savors of romance, but his advancement is due solely to his own efforts and to his adherence to the principles with which he started out in business. The news of his election to the board which directs the operations of the Standard Oil organization around the globe was followed by a flood of congratulatory letters and telegrams, addressed both to the company and to himself, and it was significant that most of them came from the West, where lies the strongest opposition to all large corporations, but, likewise, where Mr. Drake is best known. Many of them, of course, were from men who have been associated with him for years, but many more of them came from men who have no affiliations with the Standard Oil Company. In both their number and their character they bore eloquent testimony to the fact that Lauren J. Drake is an unusual man.

In that it may serve as an inspiration to other men of ambition, his career is worth a brief review. He was born on a farm near Boston, Erie County, New York. After leaving the country school he went to the new oil fields in western Pennsylvania and secured a position on the Oil Creek Railroad, running from Oil City to Corry. He started out by giving to his first job the best that was in him, which he made a rule of his life, and he was rapidly promoted until he became a passenger conductor. He saved his money and all of his spare time was devoted to a study of oil. In 1875, when he was still in his twenties, he decided that he knew enough about petroleum to go into business for himself, in a field where there would be wider opportunities. He went to Keokuk, Iowa, and opened a bulk oil station, selling only to jobbers. He succeeded so well that in two years the Consolidated Tank Line Company, which was a subsidiary of the Standard, bought him out, and made him its manager at Keokuk.

His opportunity came to him with that position. Up to that time the small dealers had been buying their oil by the barrel. The oil was shipped from Cleveland and there was considerable leakage, which the merchants had to stand. Furthermore, they were subjected to an additional loss by reason of the empty barrels. They were allowed a refund on barrels that were returned in good condition, but they were often left lying around until they became damaged, or, as often happened, knocked to pieces. The whole system was a source of annoyance, and, inevitably, of more or less loss to the dealers. Mr. Drake changed all this. He built large storage tanks in all of the important towns in southeastern Iowa, and at convenient distributing points for villages, and established a system whereby oil was delivered

Always Ready

Wise foresight should lead you to keep in the cupboard a half dozen or more handy packages of

Uneeda Biscuit

They won't get broken, musty, soiled or soggy like ordinary soda crackers because their crisp, clean freshness is protected by the moisture-proof, dust-tight package.

Never Sold in Bulk

5¢

In the moisture-proof package

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

to the merchants in tank wagons. The oil was shipped to the supply stations in tank cars and pumped into the storage tanks, from which it was turned into the tank wagons and they delivered it into the tanks of the retailer in whatever quantity was required. By this means the dealer paid for precisely what he received and did not have to touch the oil until he sold it; he was saved all loss by leakage and the trouble of looking after empty barrels.

Believing that the interests of the company and its patrons were identical, Mr. Drake kept in close personal touch with his customers and studied their needs. If the price of oil decreased after an order had been mailed, but before it was received, he gave the merchant the benefit of the reduced price. If, on the other hand, the price increased, the order was filled at the price quoted by the salesman. By these and other methods which showed an interest in their welfare he gained the confidence and friendship of the dealers, and as a natural consequence his volume of business increased from twenty-five to thirty per cent every year. After he had been at Keokuk for eight years he was transferred to Des Moines as manager for Iowa. He built supply stations and opened up wagon lines throughout the state, with the same results as to increased sales that he had previously shown. Two years later he was sent to Omaha, as general manager for Iowa, Nebraska, Kansas, Missouri and South Dakota. He was there for ten years, when he was moved to Chicago, where he had jurisdiction over the same territory, with the addition of Wisconsin, Minnesota, North Dakota, Michigan, Illinois and Indiana. He reorganized the business in all of the new states and put it in the same high state of efficiency that he had created in his old field. At Chicago he became acquainted with J. A. Moffett, president of the Standard Oil Company of Indiana. They became fast friends and have been close associates ever since.

In 1902 Mr. Drake was transferred to New York and placed in charge of the company's commercial business in New York state and the entire West. His methods were atttended with the customary satisfaction and success. In 1908 he was elected vice-president of the Standard Oil Company of Indiana. Last February he was made a director of the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey, which is the parent company, and also of the New York corporation. In March he was elected president of the Standard Oil Company of Kentucky.

LAUREN J. DRAKE

Wherever Mr. Drake is known there are two things in particular that people say of him: that his word is a synonym for unqualified honesty and that he never loses a friend. He is fond of work and gets through with an immense amount of it in the course of a day, for in all business matters he is direct and energetic. He is an intensely human man and his whole nature radiates good-nature. He is a keen judge of men, as is shown by the fact that though he has more than 3,500 subordinates, he has ordered less than half a dozen discharges in five times as many years. Some of his managers have been with him for twenty-eight and thirty years. And all of them swear by him.

* * *

THE American hog has not only been shut out from "the Flowery Kingdom" by home competition, but the new trade in pork between Chinese ports and England is altogether profitable and is based on such low cost that the American exporters have experienced the truth of

Victor

Victor
"HIS MASTER'S VOICE"
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

What you can do with changeable needles

Adding the Fibre Needle to the Victor is like adding a new group of beautiful pipes to a church organ. It gives new range and variety, as well as beauty.

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Learn how to use the changeable needles in playing the Victor, and you will find in it new charms and beauties.

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Victor Needle produces the full tone as originally sung or played and is particularly suited for playing records in large rooms, halls, etc., and for dancing.

Medium

Victor Half-tone Needle produces a volume of tone about equivalent to what you would hear if seated in the third or fourth row of the dress circle at the opera house or theatre—a splendid needle for general home use.

Soft

Victor Fibre Needle is particularly suited to the discriminating music lover, and reproduces Victor Records with all their clarity and brilliancy in a slightly modulated tone. With this needle your records will last forever. Victor Fibre Needles may be repointed eight to ten times and used as often as repointed.

For 50 cents and 22 cents for return registered postage, we will alter your Exhibition Sound-box so you can use Victor Fibre or Steel Needles at pleasure.

Or, on payment of 50 cents and 44 cents to cover cost of registered postage both ways, your dealer will forward it for you.

Always use Victor Records, played with Victor Needles—there is no other way to get the unequaled Victor tone.

Victor Talking Machine Co., Camden, N. J., U. S. A. Berliner Gramophone Co., Montreal, Canadian Distributors

And be sure to hear the Victor-Victrola

New Victor Records are on sale at all dealers on the 28th of each month

Bret Harte's "For ways that are dark and for tricks that are vain the heathen Chinee is peculiar."

* * *

SOME philosopher has well said that we cannot depend altogether upon the "scientific development of mankind" in order to progress. There must be good fellowship, a confidence and a mutual understanding, and familiarity with ethical or scientific knowledge, in order properly to promote trade and substantial progress.

The visit of a representative delegation from the Boston Chamber of Commerce to Chicago, two years ago, renewed and increased the good feeling between the two cities, an esteem which dates back to the days of the great fire and Boston's whole-hearted efforts to alleviate that terrible calamity. The Chicago Association of Commerce lately returned the visit, and the special train bearing one hundred and fifty delegates received a welcome to Boston that would have done justice to that bestowed upon a victorious Harvard football team. The visitors were entertained in a variety of ways. There were steamer trips down the harbor, automobile rides to industrial, commercial and historic points of interest, pop concerts and other features which showed that even staid Boston is a great place to come to for a "rare, good old time."

* * *

The visit gave expression to the good fellowship that results from an intermingling of the business men of two great cities, and has suggested a national organization of the country's different commercial bodies, which will effectually dissolve old-time sectional prejudices so that the Californian will know how business progresses with the old colonial families of the North, the first families of Virginia and the sons of distinguished men in the Middle West.

Then there will be no cases like that of the Boston man who some years ago went to Chicago expecting to find Indians in full feather and moccasin. When he found in that growing Western city evidence of all the things that he had believed were confined to the East, disappointment blended with his astonishment. He never gets over telling about that trip he made "West"—and when he heard people of the "further" West calling Chicago "East," then he re-studied the map. Everything beyond Albany had been "west" to him, but he has since learned a lot about the real West, and has never lost his admiration for everything whether north, south, east or west, within the boundaries of our great nation.

Comradeship is a part of the responsibilities of citizenship, and the commercial compass will always point to prosperity if business men will go forth and visit on a campaign of fellowship such as Boston and Chicago have so well inaugurated.

* * *

LAST year the United Fruit Company of Boston added to its fleet the steamships "Almirante," "Metapan," "Santa Marca" and "Zacapa" of five thousand tons each, and the twelve steamships of the Elder & Fyffes Company, all but three of which are of equal tonnage. The chartered fleet now numbers thirty-five, and its own vessels thirty steamships, only seven of which fall short of five thousand tons burden. All of the sixty-five owned or chartered by the company fly the British, Norwegian or German colors except three, the little "Admiral Dewey," "Admiral Farragut," and "Admiral Schley," which fly the American flag.

* * *

SIDELIGHTS upon the charities which claim the attention of the German society women are shown in the following excerpt from a letter received from Hon. Simon W. Hanauer, the American Consul at Frankfort, Germany:

"Some years ago public entertainments were held in Italy to raise money in aid of benevolent institutions. The mother of the present king of Italy was the patroness on that occasion, and in her honor the flower Marguerite (her namesake), a species of large daisy, was worn by all the participants and has since become the emblem of charitable and benevolent undertakings. In order to procure funds for the support of public establishments in Frankfort which care for suckling infants, public nurseries and places of refuge for infants, some time ago a day was selected for carrying out that purpose

FOR MORE THAN

300 YEARS

The Carthusian Monks Have Made

LIQUEUR

PERES CHARTREUX

—GREEN AND YELLOW—

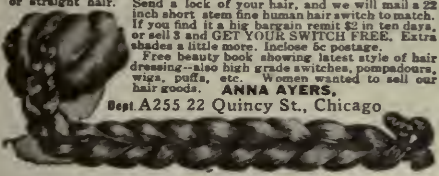
The World's Most Famous CORDIAL

At first-class Wine Merchants, Grocers, Hotels, Cafés.
Bätjer & Co., 45 Broadway, New York, N. Y.
Sole Agents for the United States.

I TRUST YOU TEN DAYS. SEND NO MONEY.

$2 Hair Switch Sent on Approval. Choice of Natural wavy or straight hair. Send a lock of your hair, and we will mail a 22 inch short stem fine human hair switch to match. If you find it a big bargain remit $2 in ten days, or sell 3 and GET YOUR SWITCH FREE. Extra shades a little more. Inclose 5c postage.

Free beauty book showing latest style of hair dressing--also high grade switches, pompadours, wigs, puffs, etc. Women wanted to sell our hair goods. **ANNA AYERS,**
Dept. A255 22 Quincy St., Chicago



A Skin of Beauty is a Joy Forever

DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL CREAM

OR MAGICAL BEAUTIFIER

Purifies as well as Beautifies the Skin. No other cosmetic will do it.

Removes Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth Patches, Rash and Skin diseases, and every blemish on beauty, and defies detection. It has stood the test of [illegible] years; no other has, and is so harmless we taste it to be sure it is properly made. Accept no counterfeit of similar name. The distinguished Dr. L. A. Sayre said to a lady of the *haut-ton* (a patient): "*As you ladies will use them, I recommend 'Gouraud's Cream' as the least harmful of all the Skin preparations.*"

For sale by all druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers.

GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL TOILET POWDER

For infants and adults. Exquisitely perfumed. Relieves Skin Irritations, cures Sunburn and renders an excellent complexion.
Price 25 cents, by mail.

GOURAUD'S POUDRE SUBTILE

Removes superfluous Hair. **Price $1.00, by mail.**
FERD. T. HOPKINS, Prop., 37 Great Jones St., New York City

A MAGAZINE of LAUGHTER

THE FUNNIEST OF ALL THE FUNNY MAGAZINES
Brimful of wholesome wit and humor. Join the campaign for One Million subscribers by sending **25** CENTS in Coin for **One Year** or five (5) separate subscriptions for $1.00. Foreign sub'ns, 25 cents extra.
THOMPSON'S MAGAZINE, Dept. A [illegible] 328 Federal St., Chicago

---

WE WANT A GOOD MAN OR WOMAN

— TO ACT AS GENERAL AGENT —

selling our new and winning meritorious household necessity. It is easy to sell an article that people actually need in daily life. Appeals to the housewife on account of being economical; repeats quickly and sells the year around. Yields large profits to the agent. We want to hear from applicants having a good standing in their community and those willing to hustle. The opportunity affords you a permanent and pleasant business. If you have the ability to sell goods send for full particulars. If you desire a sample send five two cent stamps for regular 25c package.

FAMOL PRODUCTS CO., 1236 Famol Bldg., Wash., D.C

ME-GRIM-INE

FOR ALL FORMS OF HEADACHE AND NEURALGIA

Write for a Free Trial Box

The Dr. WHITEHALL MEGRIMINE CO.
(Sold by Druggists) SOUTH BEND, IND.
Estab. 1889

and was termed 'Marguerite Day.' Extensive preparations had been made, for weeks before, by committees of ladies and gentlemen interested in the cause.

"The weather was propitious, sunshiny and warm. The schools were closed and school children, attended by bands of music, promenaded in procession along the leading thoroughfares, carrying banners and placards, all adorned with the Marguerite flower. Fourteen hundred girls and young ladies, representing the flower of Frankfort society, from early morn until late night, when they were escorted by gentlemen, thronged the streets, railroad station and tramway cars, selling artificial daisies to the public, the compensation being left to the liberality of the purchaser. It was a most beautiful sight to watch these charming young ladies, each carrying a little open basket filled with daisies, and at the side a fancy money box of tin which was striped red and white, the colors of Frankfort. Although most of the compensations consisted merely of nickel coins (a 10 pfennige, equal to two and one-half cents), the total amount of these street collections exceeded 86,000 marks (a mark equal to twenty-four cents.)

THOMAS JACKSON

The oldest Monotype operator in the world. Eighty-two years of age and steadily employed in Philadelphia

"Leading ladies of Frankfort were divided in small groups and visited stores, offices and private residences to collect money, whereby over twenty thousand marks was added to the common fund.

"A performance at the Opera House, in aid of the enterprise, netted about 3,700 marks. One of the daily papers, the *Frankfurter Nachrichten*, contributed the proceeds of a day's advertisements, which realized close upon five thousand marks. An entertainment was also given by the 'Women's Association' and helped swell the amount. After deducting expenses, about 112,000 marks ($26,880) remained as the net proceeds of the Marguerite Day. Another very gratifying result of that day's work was the kind, heart-warming feeling which prevailed among the workers and the donors. Even the recollection of 'Marguerite Day' cheers the mind of the Frankforter. This enterprise was conducted under the patronage of the Princess Margaret of Hesse, sister to the Emperor of Germany, who resides in Frankfort.

"The Empress Augusta Victoria of Germany had sent one of her ladies to Frankfort in order to study the arrangements and watch the proceedings, and a private telegram received this day from Berlin states that already a committee of leading people of that city has been formed and arranged a meeting for the purpose of inaugurating a Marguerite Day there next spring."

* * *

COMMENDATION of the NATIONAL'S policy is evidenced in the following strong testimonial:

The affirmative and constructive work of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE is a great relief from muck-raking and fault-finding and shallow cynicism.

It does one good clear down to his boots to find a magazine editor who does not assume to know more about politics and business than all the men who have given their lives to those matters.

(Signed) W. S. C.
Newark, N. J.

Few letters coming to the desk of the Publisher are more pleasing than those from the old friends who have been with us for years past—the friends and subscribers who know us as we feel that we know them.

I have had the pleasure of being a subscriber to the NATIONAL MAGAZINE since

I WILL MAKE YOU PROSPEROUS

If you are honest and ambitious write me today. No matter where you live or what your occupation, I will teach you the Real Estate business by mail; appoint you Special Representative of my Company in your town; start you in a profitable business of your own, and help you make big money at once.

Unusual opportunity for men without capital to become independent for life. Valuable Book and full particulars Free. Write today.

NATIONAL CO-OPERATIVE REALTY CO.
M652 Marden Building
Washington, D. C.

E. R. Marden, Prest.

WHEN IN DETROIT
STOP AT

HOTEL TULLER

New and Absolutely Fireproof. Corner Adams Avenue and Park Street. In the center of the Theatre, Shopping and Business District.

RATE $1.50 PER DAY

Every Room Has Bath
European Plan

L. W. TULLER, Proprietor

"The more women know about babies the better babies we will have" said President Wm McKinley

IF YOU LOVE A BABY

READ

"The New Baby"

The following are vitally interesting chapters. "The Expectant Mother," first symptom, proper diet, clothing, exercise, etc., by Thomas M. Acken, M. D.,—"Care Baby Needs," feeding and hygiene, by William L. Stowell, M.D.—"Baby's First Tooth" and the other thirty-one, by Stephen O. Storck, D. D. S.,—"Things You Can Make or Borrow," how to prepare for the new baby, by Sarah J. Keenan, a maternity nurse for twenty years without ever losing a baby.—"Schedule of My Baby's Day," showing just what to do, by Eva James Clark, a mother.

In addition are 433 illustrations of baby's clothes, toys, accessories, in fact everything for a child from birth to five years, and how to get them direct from the manufacturers, at lowest prices.

By special arrangement with the publisher, we can send you an advance copy of "The New Baby" if you will send us your address and 25c.— ADDRESS—

Home Editor
NATIONAL MAGAZINE
Boston, Mass.

GET THE GENUINE

Baker's Chocolate

Blue Wrapper — Yellow Label
Trade Mark on the Back

FINEST IN THE WORLD
For Cooking and Drinking

WALTER BAKER & CO. Ltd.
Established 1780 DORCHESTER, MASS.

Agents Wanted
$10.00 to 60.00 a Week

JUST now there is a golden opportunity for an energetic man or woman in every county in the United States to act as representative of the best-printed magazine in the world—THE FRA. As for the text, most of it is written by Elbert Hubbard ☙ Two Dollars a year. Address

The Roycrofters, East Aurora, N. Y.

BE A SALESMAN

Earn While You Learn!

Trained Salesmen make from **$1,200.00 to $10,000.00** a year and expenses. Hundreds of good positions now open. No former experience needed to get one of them. We will teach you to be a Salesman by mail in eight weeks and assist you to secure a position where you can earn a good salary while you are learning. Write today for our free book, *"A Knight of the Grip"* which contains full particulars about how to get one of the hundreds of good positions we now have open, also testimonial letters from hundreds of men we have recently placed in good positions. Address nearest office, Dept. 137

National Salesmen's Training Ass'n.
Chicago New York Kansas City
New Orleans Seattle, U.S.A.

the year our beloved President William McKinley was shot at Buffalo. Captain S——and I were sauntering along in the Fair Grounds and saw your booth with your magazine containing a sketch of the martyred president advertised for three months at twenty-five cents.

I left my name and am glad to say that it is still there and that the magazine grows better and brighter with each succeeding year. I think that the last number which I received yesterday is the best of the year, and am glad to send in my subscription for another year.

I have HEART THROBS and HEART SONGS and they are among the valued books of my library. I am glad to add my testimony to the hundreds of others you have as to the worth and beauty of the two books which seem a part of our home life."

(Signed) W. L. S.
St. Joseph, Missouri.

The following endorsement of "History Making" is especially gratifying:

To me "History Making" is the most valuable book I have seen from your press. It is worthy to be placed by the side of Bryce's "American Commonwealth," to which it is an admirable supplement for the student of this great Republic. I hope you will call the attention of teachers of American history and politics to this most helpful text-book, and that it will have the success which it deserves. You are to be complimented upon its excellent typographical appearance.

(Signed) G. R.
Boston, Mass.

A few of the sentiments quoted below in regard to the NATIONAL and the "Books the People Built," show the real American brevity which the business man employs in the bestowal of kind words.

I can't do without the NATIONAL MAGAZINE. Send me combination offers on all your books as published to this time. I want some more of them.

(Signed) H. F. S.
Burlington, W. Va.

HEART THROBS and HEART SONGS are top-liners in my library.

(Signed) R. C.
Toronto, Canada.

The collection HEART THROBS is extremely valuable and the book is a great addition to my library.

(Signed) A. S. M.
St. Louis, Missouri.

While I have had only a moment's opportunity to run through HEART THROBS I find it has in it many things with which I am familiar and to which I often desire to refer.

(Signed) J. F. B.
Wilson, N. C.

FOR years the old "Greenback" Rowell Newspaper Directory was as essential to the equipment of the publisher's office and the advertising house as the dictionary in the school-room. The name of George P. Rowell and his address at "No. 10 Spruce St." with the characteristic design that showed the old spruce trees themselves, are associated with the earliest days of the advertising industry.

It was a rare pleasure for the young advertising man to hear Mr. Rowell, in the latter days of his life, recount incidents of the period when advertising was in its infancy, and marvel at its wonderful development.

This first nationally famous advertising man hailed from the hills of New Hampshire, and after seven years of life in Boston, took an office on Congress Street to conduct an agency with Horace Dodd. The little room was up several flights, and its furnishings consisted of a table, a chair, a jute carpet and a waste basket. The young agents planned to do business through about a hundred newspapers in New England, inserting what advertising they could obtain from Boston merchants. The idea was the basis for the development of a large volume of business by one concern, made possible through advertising in many papers at the same time.

Business flourished beyond the most sanguine dreams of the youthful projectors, and the quarters of the real-estate man in the next office were leased. A New York branch was opened the following year, and shortly after Mr. Rowell went on to take charge of it. In 1870, the business, offices and good will of John Hooper, the oldest advertising agent in America, were purchased, and Mr. Rowell became president of the oldest American advertising agency.

The old Rowell agency has lately become the property of W. F. Hamblin & Company as successors, and the offices removed to 200 Fifth Avenue. The new firm consists of H. H. Walker, president, R. W. Snowden, vice-president, M. B. Smith, secretary, and W. F. Hamblin, treasurer.

The firm is not only the legal but the logical successor of the George P. Rowell Company, and may be justly proud of maintaining the laurels of the first advertising agency in America.

Win Profit and Prestige

as Local Agent for New Printype Oliver Typewriter —the Latest Wonder in Typewriterdom

On top of all the innovations that have given The Oliver Typewriter such amazing success and sales, we have placed the crowning improvement—PRINTYPE! The Oliver Typewriter now **typewrites print.**

To the first acceptable man in each locality where we have no local agent, we offer the **exclusive agency** for The Oliver Typewriter, which carries with it absolute control of all sales of Printype Oliver Typewriters in the territory assigned.

Think of the money-making possibilities of an agency which enables you to step into a man's office and say: "I represent the only typewriter in the world that successfully typewrites print!"

Overwhelming Public Demand for Printype

Printype, the beautiful new type face, unobtrusively introduced to the public by The Oliver Typewriter Company a year ago, is today the reigning favorite in Typewriterdom.

The beauty—the individuality—of Printype has turned the heads of some of the greatest business executives of the country.

Printype OLIVER Typewriter

The Standard Visible Writer

If you have not had the pleasure of an introduction to Printype ask for a copy of our pamphlet—

"A Revolution in Typewriter Type"

Printype is an adaptation, for the typewriter, of the regular book type universally used on printing presses.

An old friend in a captivating new dress—the last word in typewriter type-style. It is twice as artistic and easy to read as the old-style, sharp, thin outline letters and numerals used on all other typewriters.

Although The Printype Oliver Typewriter is worth a premium, we placed the complete machine on the market at the regular catalog price.

The effect was electrical. Inquiries came thick and fast. Demands for demonstrations kept our Local Agencies working at high tension. Sales jumped. Public appreciation of the innovation was so impressively shown in actual orders that today one-third of our total output of Oliver Typewriters are "Printypes."

Belongs Exclusively to the Oliver

The Oliver Typewriter Company originated "Printype." We control it. The Oliver Typewriter is the only writing machine in the world that successfully **typewrites print.**

This triumph in typewriter type, added to the numerous other exclusive features of The Oliver Typewriter, greatly increases the value of our Local Agency Franchise. It puts our great Sales Organization still farther in the lead.

It's Your Supreme Opportunity

We distribute Oliver Typewriters through a worldwide Agency System. Each Local Agent is given exclusive control of all sales of new Oliver Typewriters in the territory assigned, during the entire life of the arrangement. The demand for demonstrations of The Printype Oliver Typewriter necessitates a heavy increase in our force of Local Agents.

Every city, every town, every village must be quickly assigned, so that the vast number of inquiries that are pouring into the General Offices may have prompt, personal attention. This is undoubtedly the greatest business opportunity of your life. Ask for the details of our Exclusive Agency Proposition. Get posted on the profit-possibilities. Remember that a Local Agency Contract is an exclusive Franchise that entitles you to all the profit on every sale made in the specified territory.

"17 Cents a Day" Booms Sales

As local agent for The Oliver Typewriter you can offer the liberal, attractive terms of "17 Cents a Day." You can accept any make of old machine your customer may own, to apply on the small first payment.

We do not surround our Local Agents with annoying rules and restrictions. In the territory assigned them, they are given full control. Loyal, efficient service wins generous recognition. Exceptional ability is rewarded by promotion to more important positions in the Oliver Organization.

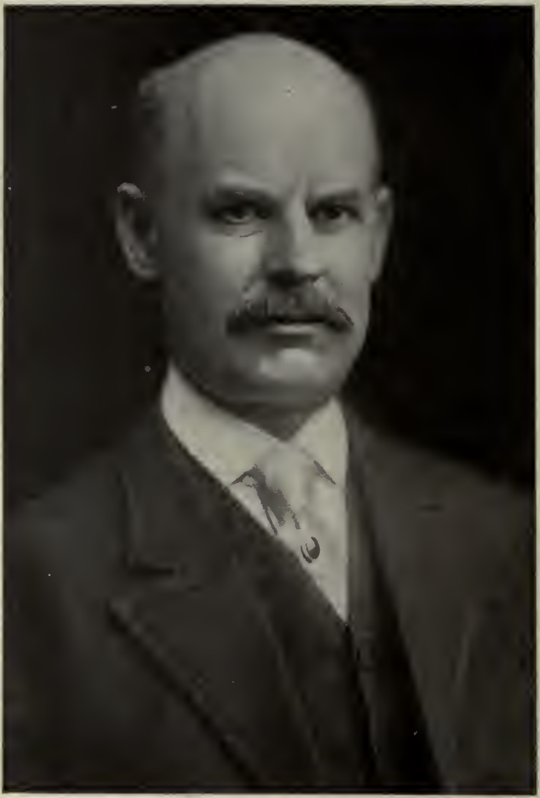
Whether you can give your entire time to the work or only an hour or two a day, you cannot afford to miss this wonderful money-making opportunity.

Rush Agency Application Applications should be mailed promptly, as the territory is being assigned very rapidly. Interesting literature, including the "Printype Book" and "The Opportunity Book," together with complete information regarding Local Agency Plan, will be sent by first mail.

Address Agency Department (107)

THE OLIVER TYPEWRITER COMPANY, 315 Oliver Typewriter Bldg., CHICAGO

THE attempt to put into numerals the value of discoveries brought about by electro-chemical investigators during the past twenty years shows a total so enormous as to be almost meaningless to the lay mind. Figures above the billion mark startle rather than convince and yet we have to comprehend beyond that point, if one would realize even the negative value (*i. e.*, the saving effected over previous methods) of discoveries applying to machinery, medicine, agriculture, fertilization, radiation, mining and invention itself.

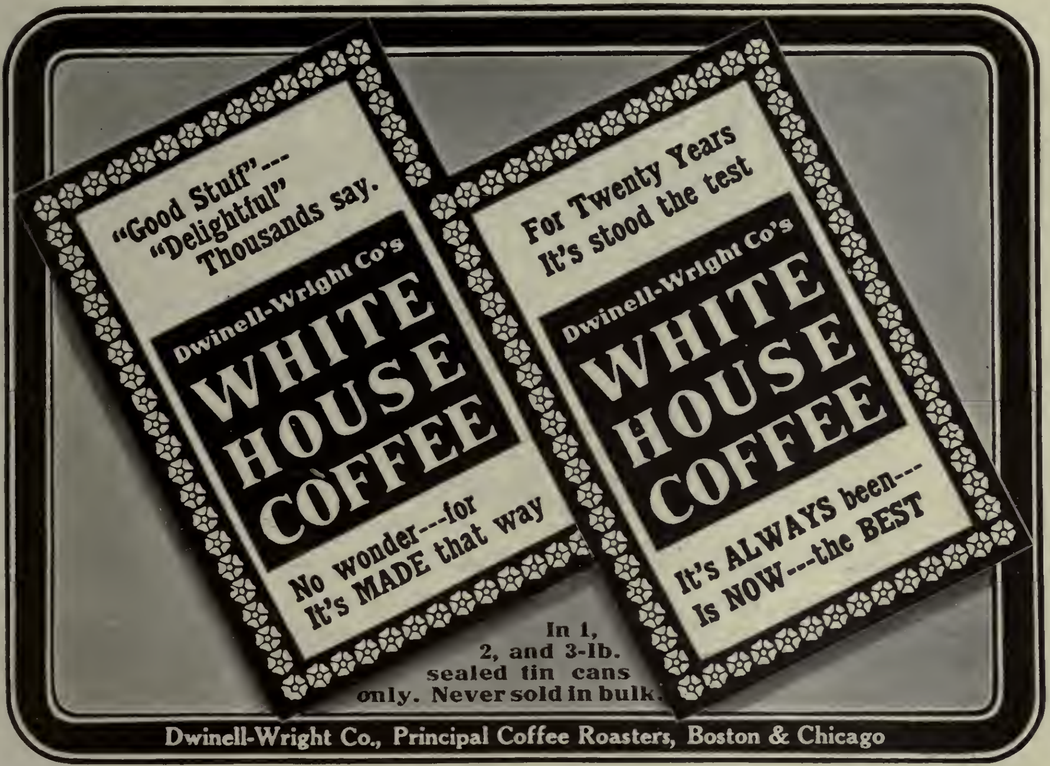


EDWARD GOODRICH ACHESON, Sc. D.
Electro-Chemist
Member A. I. E. E. Franklin Institute (Philadelphia), Royal Society of Arts (London); Past President American Electro-Chemical Society; Charter Member American Institute Chemical Engineers, etc.; Discoverer of Carborundum, Siloxicon, Egyptianized clay, Acheson-Graphite, etc.; who has just perfected a scientific lubricant which portends a saving of hundreds of millions of dollars in the annual bill for lubrication

Located in all parts of the civilized world there is an earnest, unselfish body of men bound together by similar aspirations and a concrete organization, who are devoting their lives and talents to unraveling the secrets of nature for the benefit of mankind. Prominent among them in this country is Edward Goodrich Acheson, of Niagara Falls, New York, charter member and past president of the American Electro-Chemical Society. An electro chemist is a man impelled by his nature to seek the means whereby true conservation can be attained, that is, not how the use of a resource can be restricted, but how it can be used to the best advantage, and if necessary supplanted. Dr. Acheson's attention was early in life directed to the two great basic needs of mechanics, viz.: Abrasion, to prepare the rough material for use, and lubrication, to make its work possible when in motion. Following this bent, after years of painful struggle against poverty, false friends, cruel intrigues and discouraging experiments, he in 1891 gave us carborundum, thus solving the first part of the problem. Now he is announcing to the world the method of producing and the principles of a scientific lubricant, the use of which would mean a reduction in the annual bill for that necessity of from fifty to seventy-five per cent. The cost to the world in 1908 for lubricants was not less than three hundred and fifty million dollars. This expense is tripling every fifteen years. What, then, does this discovery mean to us all? Dr. Acheson's ambition is really to benefit mankind. Has he not found the road of true philanthropy? And is it not possible that in the encouragement and development of this branch of science to its fullest extent lies the true secret of how to weaken the influence, or perhaps even to rid ourselves of the burden of criminal trusts?

* * *

Men living under simple and natural conditions are bound to be almost alike in all countries. Sincerity of life takes one form.—*Balzac.*



In 1, 2, and 3-lb. sealed tin cans only. Never sold in bulk.

Dwinell-Wright Co., Principal Coffee Roasters, Boston & Chicago

---

The Scientific Construction of

Bailey's "Won't Slip" Rubber Heels

Tread Surface

Heel Surface

has *proved* far *superior* to a *solid* piece of rubber nailed to the heel of the boot. The *tread* surface is *positively non-slipping* and more durable than if solid. The studs next to the heel of the boot give a permanent *double cushion* which makes them the *most resilient, lightest* and *longest wearing* rubber heel made. *Brains* were used in making them. They will save *yours* by wearing them.

Mailed 35c, Applied 50c per Pair

When ordering by mail give a correct outline drawing of the bottom of the heel of your boot, or your Shoe Dealer will obtain them for you. Do not accept any other kind.

100-page Catalogue of Everything in Rubber Goods Free for your Shoe Dealer's Name

C. J. BAILEY & CO., 22 Boylston Street, BOSTON, MASS.

THE HOME

ANN RANDOLPH is at our women readers' service on any subject that may come within the offices of the NATIONAL'S *Home Department. Replies to general questions will be printed unless otherwise requested; particular inquiries will be personally answered.*

HOW to keep guests entertained at a summer house party means much planning on the part of the hostess. Mother Nature solves the problem by providing outdoor recreation when the weather is fair, but on stormy days cards, checkers and other like devices seem hardly sufficient to amuse. A frequent contributor, Mrs. J. E. L., tells me of a plan which she tried out at her seaside cottage last season; the suggestion might be modified to suit many an occasion.

A heavy rainstorm had set in, and she was left to divert the minds of some twenty young people who were obliged to postpone a long-planned moonlight sail. Bridge was abandoned, the late songs were sung and cast aside. Half of the party ventured out on the wet veranda drearily to contemplate the condition of the tennis grounds the following day.

The practical joker of the party stayed inside, and delving far down into a pile of music, discovered a popular song of some three seasons back which he rendered with particular gusto. This was followed by half a dozen other forgotten "hits" of two, three and four seasons past. Soon the entire party had gathered about the piano, and old times were recalled as each selection was sung. When the bottom of the pile was reached, it was well past midnight, and as a very merry gathering dispersed, the hostess breathed a prayer of thanks that she had refrained from throwing the out-of-date music into the ash heap.

Mrs. L. adds confidentially that the "revival" of these songs, each bringing its memories, was the means of effecting a reconciliation of estranged lovers. I may add that the fateful ballad was "Some Day when Dreams Come True"—and the young dream—is it not five full years since "Some Day" had its season?—is now really to "come true."

* * *

CORDIAL thanks are tendered to "A Reader," who has been so kind as to send me a "desk motto." Its sentiment is that delightful one of Hubbard's—"What the World Needs is More Kindness," and I quite agree with "A Reader" that this should "have a place in every home."

New England
CONSERVATORY
OF MUSIC

Founded
1853

Year opens
September 21, 1911

Boston, Mass.

GEORGE W. CHADWICK, DIRECTOR

The Largest and Best Equipped School of Music

Located in the musical center of America. It affords pupils the environment and atmosphere so necessary to a musical education. Its complete organization, its imposing Conservatory building, splendid equipment, and the Residence Building offer exceptional facilities for students.

Every department under special masters. The reciprocal relations established with Harvard University afford pupils special advantages for literary study.

Owing to the practical training of students in our Normal Department, graduates are much in demand as teachers.

The free privileges of lectures, concerts and recitals, the opportunities of ensemble practice and appearing before audiences, and the daily associations are invaluable advantages to the music student.

A number of free Violin scholarships are available for 1911.

For particulars and year book, address

RALPH L. FLANDERS, Manager.

Do you know that you can make money selling the books of the

CHAPPLE PUBLISHING COMPANY

Drop a line to the Book Department,
944 Dorchester Avenue, Boston, Mass.
and learn the plan.

SEE THE SUN, MOON, STARS, ETC.

3½ FEET LONG

5 TO 10 MILES SIGHT RANGE POWERFUL LENSES

TELESCOPE FREE---3½ Feet Long

This is a special advertising offer to introduce Up-to-Date Farming into every home. A "Wonder" Telescope free to you. Every man, woman and child will get pleasure and profit from one of these big telescopes. Heretofore telescopes of this size have sold for $5 to $8. This is an opportunity to get a really first-class guaranteed instrument free with your subscription. Positively such a good telescope offer was never made before. These telescopes are made by one of the largest manufacturers of Europe. It measures, closed, 12 inches and opens out 3½ feet long, in five sections, circumference 6 inches. They are brass-bound, brass safety cap on each end to exclude the dust, etc., with powerful lenses, scientifically ground and adjusted. Objects miles away are brought to view with astonishing clearness.

No matter what you think about the price, you will be surprised with the "Wonder" Telescope. Everybody is. Send for one and be convinced.

GUARANTEED TO PLEASE YOU OR YOUR MONEY BACK

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Read Sample Reports

Looked at Price Mountain, which is 20 miles from here, and could see birds flying around it. My friends want to buy.—Merrill Ellis, Griffin, Ga.

It is far beyond expectations and exactly as you represented. I made light of your ad. at first, but am glad now I sent for telescope. I wouldn't take $5.00 for it if I couldn't get another.—O. G. Folk, Elk Lick, Pa.

I can say every time it is worth $10.00 to me. I can see cattle at 15 miles and can see a nickel at 600 yards.—Tervis S. Sepeda, Morgan Hill, Cal.

"Wonder" Telescope is a dandy. It is all you claim for it and then some. I trained it on the Buttes near Chadrow, 28 miles away, and they looked about 2 or 3 miles instead. I can count stock in farmer's yard 4 miles away. Tonight I watched him drive up his stock at sundown.—Chas. A. Storey, Ft. Robinson, Neb.

In every home, yes, "Reader," and I have taken it home. It is set up where in the morning and at night I may read it and become imbued with a kindly feeling toward the world. For those are the times when people can appreciate uplifting mottoes. My logic will be this: "What the world needs is more kindness. I am part of the world. I must be more kind."

But were it on my desk during the day, logic might lead me on a different tack. "The world needs more kindness—ye-es. I am part of the world—and *goodness knows* I need more kindness."

Therefore let me keep the motto where it will be understood. "A Reader" may say that I am cowardly. But has she ever posted philanthropic sentiments on her kitchen wall, to confront her when cakes are burning, when fires are out, or when her husband walks unexpectedly into dinner with half a dozen strange guests? This is a parallel. At such times, I aver, "A Reader," too, might misinterpret.

* * *

LAST month mention was made of the circular prepared by Dr. Howard, chief of the Bureau of Entomology, as to how to prevent, capture, poison and annihilate mosquitoes. Several readers ask, "Which prescription have you tried?" and "Which is best?" I am familiar only with the Nash compound, mentioned by Dr. Howard:

Oil of Citronella	1 oz.
Spirits of camphor	1 oz.
Oil of cedar	½ oz.

The citronella, of course, is objectionable because of its odor. A more pleasant mixture recommended is the following:

Castor oil	1 oz.
Alcohol	1 oz.
Oil of lavender	1 oz.

These two compounds, I think, will be found useful.

For those who are not near the drugstore, common tar mixed with vaseline is suggested. The mixture must be rubbed on the face and hands, but the brownish coloring washes off readily when soap and water is applied. I am assured also that the application will not injure the skin.

For the irritation caused by mosquito bites, Dr. Howard advises moist soap, which is merely to be rubbed on the punctures. Common salt is used by many old-fashioned folk. Dioxogen also is excellent and should be applied full strength.

Should any of our readers have occasion to use either prescription indicated, I should be glad to know the results.

* * *

OLD times were under discussion at a recent reunion of the "girls," and with most reminiscences of the academy pranks there was allusion to the faculty. Conversation turned upon the ward of dormitory A—the argus-eyed, omnipresent Miss Sharp.

The best-laid schemes for evading the "lights out at ten o'clock" rule crumbled to ruins under Miss Sharp's vigil. No government detective, no psychologist, ever had a keener intuition when wrong was brewing. But once the girls had the best of Miss Sharp. It was in the day of May Dane—of May, the school "terror." The Sophomore class had organized a secret society and elected May as Grand Exalted Mistress. A special meeting was scheduled for eleven o'clock one night—after Miss Sharp had retired. The meeting was in progress when a quick tap came at the door.

"Who is it?" was asked fearfully.

"It's me—it's Miss Sharp."

There was consternation on ten faces when the imperturbable Exalted Mistress spoke up:

"Go back to bed, you Freshman! Better learn your grammar before you try that! We can fancy Miss Sharp saying 'It's me!' "

There was a quick footstep down the corridor. "Hush," whispered one of the girls with ear at the keyhole, "she's gone to Miss Sharp's room. They'll be after us."

"We're safe enough from Sharp tonight," gloated the Grand Exalted Mistress. "That was the lady herself. And she'd rather we'd tear down the 'dorm' than to have it on her in a matter of grammar."

* * *

MANY of our boys and girls tell me that they have started their scrap-books of the Alphabet verses, and have set their hearts on the prizes offered. Master

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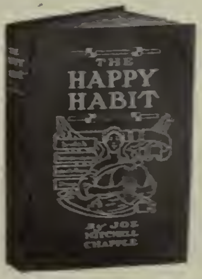

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William D. H.'s mother inquires if there is any "age limit." I hadn't thought of that very important matter—to be sure, there must be one.

Now suppose we divide the "contest" in two divisions. Our little folks may put the scrap-books together; our *big* little folk in grammar school may try their hand at something else—the art of illustrating.

Now you know that in a real book where real things are written about, there must be pictures. Publishers pay men and women large sums of money for the drawings in books. We want some drawings for our Alphabet book—and we want ideas from our own boys and girls. I know that some of our young folk must be future artists; here is their chance to show how well they can do, and how much they are like grown-up artists.

Every stanza of the Alphabet story, you will find, tells how Ketchum came upon some one letter—and how that letter looked. Read the lines carefully, think a while and then sketch out your idea to go with the verse. Paste the printed verses beside your drawings when you send them in. Your name, address, age and school must be written plainly. For the best five sets of drawings each month, five prizes of $1.00 each will be given. Any boy or girl in grammar school may enter the contest. Prizes will be sent every month.

Show just how you think Ketchum looked as he climbed the tree and found "C" wound around the limb. And then "D," who stood in Ketchum's way, and was put in the bag unawares.

With these two letters in his bag,
  Old Ketchum wanted three—
Just overhead hung 'mid the leaves
  A funny, old-time "C"
All curved around a limb just like
  A little squirrel's tail;
He climbed the tree and got it—
  Old Ketchum couldn't fail.

Now he was having such good luck,
  Old Ketchum laughed with glee,
And kept on hunting through the woods
  Until he saw a "D,"
Who got right in the black bag's way
  And would not move aside—
So Ketchum caught him up, and soon
  Bold "D" was put inside.

LITTLE HELPS FOR HOME-MAKERS

FOR the Little Helps found suited for use in this department we award six months' subscription to the National Magazine. If you are already a subscriber, your subscription mnst be paid in full to date in order to take advantage of this offer. You can then either extend your own term or send the National to a friend. If your Little Help does not appear it is probably because the same idea has been offered by someone before you. Try again. We do not want cooking recipes unless for a new or uncommon dish. Enclose a stamped addressed envelope if you wish us to return or acknowledge unavailable offerings.

A CLOSET HINT

Tie a strong string across the lower part of your coat hanger and after the coat is hung on fold the pants and lay them across the string, then fold the vest and lay it on the pants.

Hang a pole across your clothespress and hang it full of coat hangers and you will be surprised to see what a lot of clothes can be hung in your closet.

For Hand-run Tucks

If you want hand-run tucks, crease the first tuck as if for machine tucking and adjust the tucker, but do not thread the needle, then run the tucker, the needle will leave a distinct line along which to run your hand sewing; the marker also leaves a line for the next tuck, sew each tuck as it comes from the marker.

HANDY KITCHEN UTENSILS

By Mrs. Carrie Thomas

No. 1

Take a half-pound baking powder can, make perforations with a small nail and keep it half full of flour. It is one of the most convenient things I have ever used in cooking, in flouring the moulding board, steak and chicken and other meats. It is much easier than rolling the meat in flour.

No. 2

Another handy thing in the kitchen is a half-pound can with perforated top, in which to put all the scraps of soap, either toilet or laundry. Get it half full of hot dish water and shake well, which results in making a good lather. It not only utilizes the small pieces of soap, but you do not have particles of soap adhering to the dishes.

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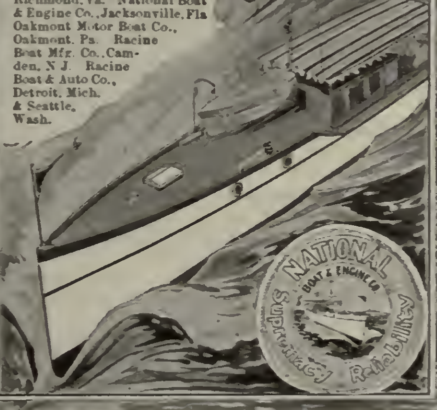

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IT is sad to see the wasted efforts of a man who has worked hard and failed to provide an adequate income for his family.

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MORAL: INSURE IN THE TRAVELERS.

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HOW TO BUTTON YOUR WAIST IN THE BACK

By M. A. W.

I want to tell the ladies of "The National" how I've overcome the difficulty of buttoning my waists in the back. I throw my waist over my shoulders, leaving my arms out, and button down the front, leaving the upper and lower buttons unfastened. Then I fold it up over my shoulders, turn it around, push my arms up into the sleeves, and lo, my waist is buttoned and no stretching, and no buttons missed either.

A Sweet Pea Help

For several years our sweet peas have been planted near our coal ash heap, those nearest the ashes always being first in bloom and more luxuriant, so we've used them as a fertilizer.

FOR HEAD COLD

By Mrs. R. W. Elliott

For cold in the head try this: Put six drops of spirits of camphor upon a teaspoonful of sugar, then put in a half glass of water; stir well and take a dessert spoonful every fifteen minutes until relieved.

To Mend Granite Ware

To mend granite ware, take a small piece of putty and press well into the hole, smooth it down and set in a hot oven till brown, then brush over with prepared enamel and let dry and your granite ware will be as good as new.

FOR AGATE WARE

By E. L.

When rust has eaten a hole in an agate or enameled ware foot tub, or other vessel of similar ware (not to be put on the stove), the hole may be covered by dropping in melted sealing wax; hot water does not affect the wax and when eventually it falls off it may easily be renewed.

For Mourning Veils

To freshen a twisted silk mourning veil, either short or long, spread out smoothly on a covered table and sponge off carefully with coffee; then press between newspapers with irons moderately hot.

TO REMOVE BLOOD STAINS

By Clara Douglas

A freshly laundered shirt waist is sometimes soiled by blood stains caused from a prick of a needle in doing a bit of sewing, these can be easily removed without impairing the freshness of the surface by taking cornstarch and mixing it with water into a soft ball and laying it on the stain for a short time.

WORTH KNOWING

By K. M. S.

In cleaning with gasoline, better results can be obtained by setting the gasoline in another vessel containing hot water. If salt is added, when used for cleaning spots, no ring will be left on material.

Frying Doughnuts

Grease can be removed from doughnuts by having a kettle of boiling hot water on the stove; as the doughnut is taken from the hot fat, dip into the water; as the doughnut cools, all trace of the water is gone; the result may be seen by amount of grease on top of water; it also makes them more digestible.

A STEP SAVER

By Mrs. C. F. Streeter

A wire shelf that hangs near the kitchen range is a great step saver. It is invaluable for cooling cakes and bread and upon its use the success of many a pie depends. The goodness of a crust in this form of a dessert is largely a matter of cooling very quickly.

To Kill Moths

Moths in carpets can be killed by the use of a damp cloth and a hot iron. Lay the cloth on the carpet and iron well, and the steam will destroy both eggs and worms. Brush up the nap of the carpet with a whisk broom as you finish ironing each section.

TO CLEAN A GREASY BOTTLE

By Miss Belle Taylor

To clean a bottle or jar in which oil has been kept, put a handful of cornmeal in, shake up until the meal adheres, let stand an hour or more, pour warm soapsuds into the bottle and shake, pour out the suds and rinse with cold water.

For Cold Feet

To keep the feet warm and comfortable in cold damp weather, make insoles of stiff paper, then using the paper insoles as a pattern cut flannel or other woolen goods the same shape and baste on one side. Place in shoes with woolen side up.

FOR BURNS

By Alice Elizabeth Wells

A member of our family was frightfully burned recently by a gas explosion; excruciating torture followed until an application of pure vaseline, soda and flour, in equal proportions mixed, was made to every burned spot, and all air excluded by swathing the parts with cotton batting.

Bandages were kept on until the healing process was complete, and not a scar remained to tell the tale of woe.

Vaseline also hastened the growth of eyebrows singed and hair burned off.

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If you are not able to get the magazine at one of these places, kindly advise the publishers and a free copy will be sent for your courtesy.

A NEW WAY

By Miss N. A. Deuell

Try Hamburg steak this way: Cook one heaping cup of macaroni in boiling, salted water twenty minutes, fry two large onions, butter a baking dish and put in a layer of macaroni, hamburg, onions and one cup of hot tomatoes; repeat and cook about a half hour in hot oven; salt and pepper to taste. This can be reheated and makes a good, hearty dish.

Ironing a Tucked Waist

Before washing a waist having Gibson tucks, run a basting thread along the edge of the tucks and when ready to iron the tucks pull out the thread, and it will save trouble in arranging the tucks before ironing.

Blacking the Stove

When blacking stoves use an old, long-handled broom to polish with instead of a stove brush; it is not as hard work. If a little soap is put in the water you use for mixing the blacking, you will get a better polish and it will last longer.

DISCOVERY

By E. M. T.

Any dough will drop cleanly from a spoon, if spoon is first dipped in hot liquid, or even hot water.

Dumplings

I never fail in making light dumplings, and the many friends I have told never fail in best results, if the simple rule not to cover the dumplings is remembered. My recipe is most simple and economical: For each cup of flour, a heaping teaspoon of baking powder and a little salt; moisten with milk or water, stirring as little as possible; drop a tablespoonful at a time in the boiling liquid and leave uncovered for twenty minutes. I turn them around or over and they remain light for a day or more.

Baked Milk

Put milk in a jar, covering the opening with white paper, and bake in a moderate oven until thick as cream, this may be taken by the most delicate stomach.

TO PROTECT FINE PLATES

By Mrs. C. W. Tilden

If it is necessary to keep fine china plates piled on top of one another get some large sheets of blotting paper and cut out round pieces a trifle larger than the plates, place these between each plate and you have a splendid protection.

Heated Knife-Blade

You can spread the hardest butter on the thinnest bread by placing your knife in boiling water each time before using the butter. New bread and cake may be cut evenly if the knife-blade be heated.

CREAM-PUFFS

By Mrs. David W. Jones

Most all of us enjoy eating cream-puffs, but few women know how they are made. I am submitting a recipe which I know to produce excellent results, and anyone following the directions can make better cream-puffs than any you can buy:

Take one-half cup of butter and one cup of water and boil together, when boiling stir in one cup of flour and let stand until lukewarm, then stir in three eggs, adding one at a time, divide into twelve parts and bake in oven; this is for the crust. The cream is made of one cup of milk, one egg, one-half cup of sugar, one tablespoonful of cornstarch; beat the egg and sugar together; dissolve cornstarch in a little of the cold milk, then stir all into milk while boiling and flavor with vanilla; make incision in side of puffs and fill with the cream.

FLY-SPECKED PICTURE FRAMES

By Miss N. A. Deuell

If in spite of screens the pretty gilt frames in your room have become fly-specked, just take the white of an egg and apply with a fine paint brush to the spots and they will vanish and the frames will look like new.

For Cold Feet

When retiring at night place a large, soft feather pillow directly over the feet, it will keep them warm on the coldest nights.

For Scorched Goods

If you should scorch any uncolored goods, such as linen, percale, etc., dip instantly in vinegar, than wash and rinse well.

Ironing Help

A rug under the feet when ironing keeps them from getting so very tired.

POP-CORN HINT

By Emily Rathbun

If your pop-corn will not pop, it may be it is too old; in that case, soak it in cold water a few minutes; drain and try again, and it will surely reward your efforts.

Hard-Boiled Egg Hint

To prevent hard-boiled eggs from turning black, place them in cold water for a few minutes as soon as they are taken from the boiling water.

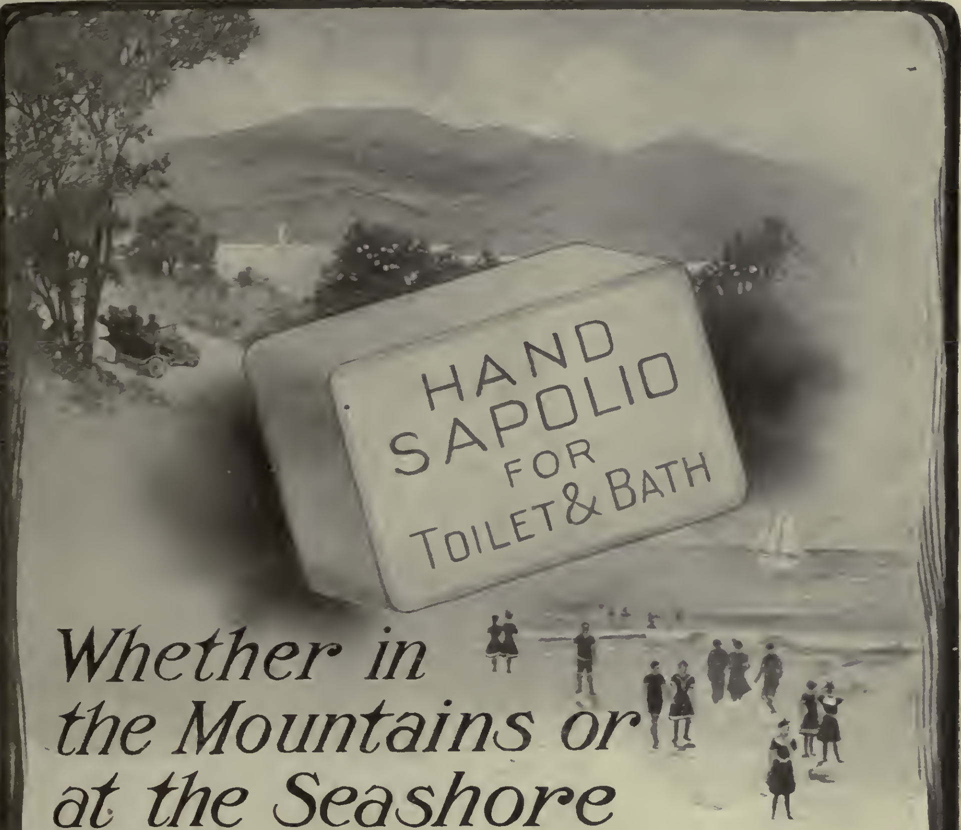
FOR THE RHUBARB

By Mrs. W. G. Wescott

Place a barrel with both ends out over the rhubarb when it first starts to grow and it will be large enough to use in half the time.

Grease Spots on Silk

To remove grease spots from silk, rub on the right side with flour.



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is a luxury as well as a necessity

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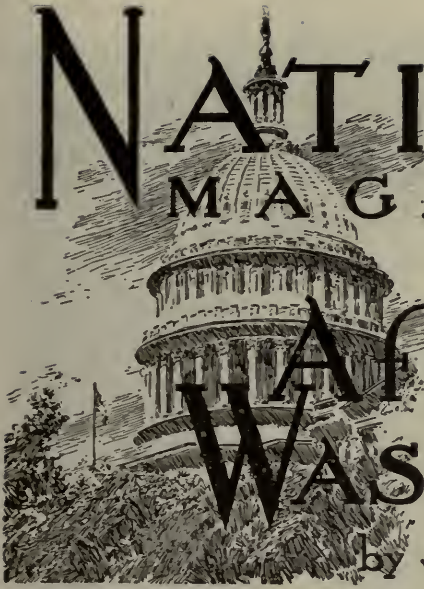
NATIONAL MAGAZINE

SEPTEMBER, 1911



Affairs at WASHINGTON

by Joe Mitchell Chapple

EXCITING discussions occur in Congressional corridors these days. The old eternal issue of the tariff, which has figured on the House calendar ever since the birth of the republic, still holds the center of the political stage, though with the scenery shifted now and then. In various forms and in its protean interpretations and enactments, it makes and unmakes the fortunes of presidential aspirants from generation to generation. From the tariff discussions, also, have come many of the bitter recriminations that fill the Congressional Record.

As autumn approaches, the committee investigation mill at Washington continues to grind for more political grist. Probes appear to be attracting more public interest than the official proceedings on Capitol Hill. It would seem that party lines must be re-surveyed, after repairs have been made on the fences that extra session cyclones have disturbed.

* * *

IN reviewing world politics and events during the past three months, one realizes that the summer has passed swiftly, and not without anxiety for the statesmen who have watched over the destinies of realms and republics. The dramatic climax of the reciprocity campaign came when President Taft, in the presence of Secretary Knox and newspaper men, signed the bill with gold-mounted pen. He repeated this final ceremony in dumb show in order that a suitable picture should not only emphasize his own satisfaction, but should preserve for posterity a reminder of the achievement of the greatest commercial agreement which has been the feature of his administration.

It was a simple picture: only the towering form of President Taft with the Secretary of State close by, when, with as little ceremony as would be used in signing an order for a ton of coal, the momentous though simple ceremony was enacted.

No heralds with tabard and trumpet made formal proclamation; no glow of beacon, thunder of cannon, no blaze of gay costume or gold lace gave medieval stateliness to the great formality. There was only a brief signature by the great republic's President, witnessed by a few plainly dressed journalists, and this sealed a pact that will make the commercial interests of two peoples of the same blood and race flow together with the limpidity of the ink which traced the President's signature.

UNITED STATES SENATOR KNUTE NELSON OF MINNESOTA
LOYAL TO THE GREAT GRAIN STATE, SENATOR NELSON OFFERED AN AMENDMENT TO THE CANADIAN RECIPROCITY BILL CONCERNING GRAIN AND FARM PRODUCE

LITTLE did I think when we entered the executive mansion occupied by Governor Hughes of New York one Sunday a year ago that we were standing in the room wherein the negotiations were begun between President Taft and Secretary J. S. Fielding, the Canadian minister of finance, for a measure that would play so important a part in this year's legislation of both Canada and the United States.

After a long debate, and many ups and downs amid the onslaught of insurgents, progressives and standpatters, the Reciprocity Bill, escaping all the tangle of invidious amendments offered, passed as originally proposed by President Taft.

The Senate's vote on this measure would be hard to analyze from a partisan standpoint, for the votes were as divided as the delegates at a D. A. R. convention. In all his public life no act has afforded more personal pleasure to the President than when, just before taking the train for Boston, he received the news from the Senate chamber that the Reciprocity Bill had passed. Soon congratulations began to pour in by cable and by wire from all parts of the world and from all sections of the country. The history of reciprocity is interesting. Following negotiations between this government and Canada, and the completion of plans the first of the year, the Reciprocity agreement was submitted to Congress in a special message by the President. The agreement was approved by the Sixty-first House, but failed to pass the Senate. The Sixty-second Congress was then called in session extraordinary, the bill was approved by the Democratic House, and finally passed by a Republican Senate, with the aid, however, of strong support from the opposing political party.

* * *

THE day of the final passage of the reciprocity agreement witnessed scenes not without a touch of the dramatic. The storms of the previous day had subsided, and the Senate convened an hour early.

UNITED STATES SENATOR LA FOLLETTE OF WISCONSIN
Who worked hard on a reciprocity amendment concerning both the wool and the cotton schedules

The proceedings of that fateful day were counted by minutes. The opening assault was made by smooth-faced, blue-eyed Senator McCumber from North Dakota. His free list amendment was voted down by sixty-four to sixteen.

Scarcely a minute later Senator Knute Nelson of Minnesota sent down the hall another amendment for grains and farm produce. But alas, this, too, was promptly voted down. Then came the gallant Simmons of North Carolina, with a plea for fresh meats, flour and cereals. When this had been disposed of, Senator Cummins turned on his guns, and in a voice of "Forward, the Light Brigade," brought in an amendment on iron and steel. Senator La Follette came next on the program with amendments on both the wool and cotton schedules, while Senator Bristow, true to his craft as an editor and printer, offered two amendments on type and type metals.

Photo by Harris & Ewing

SENATOR WILLIAM ALDEN SMITH
Who keeps track of the Smiths in Congress

For nearly two hours the amendments came thick and fast—the scene was like a ball game where the opposition club had them shut out on the score.

When the vote was finally taken there was little dramatic interest in the roll-calls as they rolled on, for every man gave his "yea" or "nay" in a predetermined tone. Three Democrats left the ranks of the party, and three insurgents left their little group. The bill was really passed by Democratic votes, and the President was prompt in his acknowledgment by giving the Democrats all the glory possible.

Now all that is needed is the approval of the Canadian parliament. With a majority of some sixty government members behind him, it is felt that Mr. Laurier can meet the emergency on the other side of the border.

* * *

ANOTHER name is added to the illustrious line of Smiths holding positions in the Sixty-second Congress by the election of Hon. Hoke Smith, Governor of Georgia, to the senatorship of the Watermelon State.

"Nine Smiths already here," exclaimed Senator William Alden Smith when the news was announced, and he pointed proudly to the Congressional Record, showing eight Smiths—three in the Senate and five in the House. Governor Smith's election makes an effective Smith quartet in the Senate roll-call.

"Smith," remarked William Alden, with his hands in his pockets, looking toward the ceiling, "is a remarkable name. Have you ever reflected that the world has never had a great contest with which the Smiths have not been prominently connected? Can you think of any telephone directory, no matter how small, that has not many representatives of that magic name of five letters?

"I tell you," he declared, "people do not realize the great strength of that name. We carry with us the brawn of the old smithy, the muscles of the blacksmith, the sinews 'strong as iron bands' that Longfellow wrote about.

"Yes, there are three Smiths from Michigan here now, and there are more left in Michigan to come yet."

It was whispered that a move was on foot to form a Smith Congressional Club and create a separate party that would be almost as strong numerically as the band of Insurgents which has been so potential in effecting as well as preventing legislation of a party with a strong majority in the face of election returns.

* * *

SINCE he served as Secretary of the Interior during Cleveland's second administration, the career of Governor Hoke Smith of Georgia has been interesting in the extreme, and by a queer round of political happenings he is about to gratify the greatest ambition of the average American statesman — to represent his state honorably and well in the United States Senate.

Upon the death of the late Senator A. S. Clay, Governor Brown of Georgia appointed his friend, former Governor Terrell, as Senator until the regular election. At that time, although Governor Hoke Smith had already taken his commission in office as governor, yet he was elected to the Senate in spite of holding the gubernatorial office.

The politics of Georgia for the past five years has been a race for the governorship, with a close eye, however, upon the much-coveted senatorial toga.

* * *

RAPID growth of the list of post-offices designated as postal savings depositories is making these printed slips of names to look like the blanket sheets of the old country weekly.

Up to June 20, 1911, more than three hundred post-offices had been designated, and the record of the savings thus far deposited in these banks has furnished exceedingly interesting information to the Post-office Department. The quick adoption of the plan by foreigners shows their confidence in the government, as many of them, ignorant of American business methods, are suspicious of private bankers.

According to the regulations as outlined by Postmaster-General Hitchcock, amounts of less than one dollar may be saved by the purchase of ten-cent postal savings cards. When the blank spaces on the card are filled, it is accepted as a deposit. Deposits are accepted only from individuals, and cannot be opened in the name of one person in trust or on behalf of others. Names of depositors must not be made public. The depositors are permitted to make deposits in sums of twenty, forty, sixty, eighty, one hundred or multiples of one hundred to five hundred dollars for United States registered and coupon-bearing bonds bearing two and one half per cent interest, both principal and interest payable in twenty years.

The information sent out by the Postmaster-General is printed in sixteen or seventeen languages, and the Department has been doing some very active exploitation work, to get the new plan into working order. It is felt that in a short time there will be in available circulation millions of dollars now hidden away.

The policy of the government has always been to stimulate rather than to interfere with regular savings banks, and the interest on government savings is so much less that any person having any degree of confidence in reliable banking or trust companies would of course prefer to deposit his savings in the regular fiduciary institutions provided by the government and managed by corporations or individuals.

POSTMASTER-GENERAL HITCHCOCK
Now that the postal savings system is in operation, Mr. Hitchcock will turn his efforts to the achievement of one-cent postage

The postal savings banks were established primarily for the purpose of providing facilities for obtaining United States government bonds by making small deposits. The Secretary of the Treasury, the Postmaster-General and the Attorney-General of the United States are the Board of Trustees of the postal savings system.

WHEN the flood of oratory begins to drag along in sessions of the Senate, up bobs the old question of reforming its rules to provide cloture. The United States Senate is the only parliamentary body in the world without a cloture rule, and there are always times when each Senator feels that the day is at hand when such a reform must be considered. But just then it seems as if some particular measure in which he has a deep interest depends upon unprotracted debate, and then the enthusiasm of earlier moments cools off perceptibly.

UNITED STATES SENATOR BORAH OF IDAHO
His objection to Senator Reed's "ten-cent per capita" amendment to the Campaign Publicity Bill caused the Senator from Missouri to modify the limitations

How well I remember when the sturdy veteran Senator Orville H. Platt of Connecticut insisted that the time must come when the filibuster in the Senate would be eliminated. The framers of the Constitution omitted reference to cloture because they feared hasty legislation, but they did not contemplate the use to which the privilege for unrestrained debate would be put.

The new Congress has thus far instituted many reforms, and it is felt that their next duty is to shake off the shackles of a legislation not conducted by the consent of the majority, but hampered by the necessity of "unanimous consent."

* * *

THE Senate has passed the Campaign Publicity Bill, which provides that in campaigns no candidate for either the Senate or the House "shall spend more money than it is lawful to spend under the laws of the state where he resides." No Senatorial candidate can contribute either directly or indirectly to procure the nomination or election of any member of the legislature of his state.

Publicity must be given to all preliminary expenditures, and general election expenses must be made public before the election. The most interesting feature of the bill is that relating to promises of political jobs. This is also made illegal, and will do much to check the tendency to prostitute public funds for gaining office.

A ten-cent per capita limitation on voters was suggested by Senator Reed of Missouri, but was modified at Senator Borah's argument that a Senatorial candidate in New

York could spend nearly two hundred thousand dollars under this provision, while a Nevadan candidate would be limited to spending only about a thousand dollars.

The bill was the direct result of the Lorimer investigation, and not alone the people, but prospective candidates have manifested more than the usual interest in framing legislation that will give the man without wealth a chance to be elected to the office of Senator, which was becoming impossible under the primary system so proudly heralded as an approach of the day of referendum.

* * *

IMPORTANT policies of an administration are often tried out, as theatrical managers "try" a play, in the speeches of cabinet ministers before a definite policy is formed. Such a plan was adopted at the meeting of the Minnesota State Bar Association of Duluth, one of the most important gatherings in the history of that organization.

President James D. Shearer of Minneapolis had provided for a program of unusual interest, and his address at the outset was the keynote of a meeting that was of vital moment to the lawyers of the Gopher State. His summary, showing the drift and tendency of state as well as national legislation for the past year, revealed many interesting facts.

Attorney-General Wickersham responded by taking an advanced stand on further federal regulation of corporations. He held that a government commission to regulate great industrial organizations, in the same way that the Interstate Commerce Commission regulates railways, was not only desirable, but that it might become absolutely necessary. He declared that the law of supply and demand no longer controlled prices in the United States, and added that the prices in many great staple industries have been fixed by an agreement between the principal producers and not by free competition.

One of Mr. Wickersham's statements, a suggestion of the views of "representatives of some of the largest combinations of capital"—"Better continued, co-operative life, even under a powerful master, than disseminated properties and segregated activities without constant governmental supervision," was loudly applauded.

If such an assertion had been made five years ago by a cabinet minister, he would have been declared a Socialist forthwith. The drift as indicated in this address was suggested in federal legislation inaugurated early in the Roosevelt administration, notably in connection with Pure Food and Railroad Rate legislation.

MRS. JAMES A. REED
Wife of the new United States Senator from Missouri. Senator Reed took a prominent part in framing the Campaign Publicity Bill

As the Attorney-General insisted, "These problems go to the very root of the continued prosperity of our people," and cannot be solved from a partisan basis. "I have not attempted," he declared, "to express a conclusion, but merely to state the elements of a problem which if wisely determined will 'scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,' and if unwisely dealt with, may paralyze the hand of industry that

RICHARD VICTOR OULAHAN
PUBLISHER OF THE NEW YORK SUN. MR. OULAHAN WAS FORMERLY IN CHARGE OF THE SUN'S WASHINGTON BUREAU

maketh rich with the distributed wealth which brings national prosperity and continued peace."

The Department of Justice, Mr. Wickersham points out, has been more intimately associated with the legislation and proceedings in Congress than any other branch of the government, for in this department has been vested the power to take the initiative in checkmating the tendency toward monopoly.

To my friend Joe Mitchell Chapple.
Jimmy Allison

JAMES ALLISON
Advertising Manager of the *London Daily Times*, who has introduced many innovations in the stately "Old Thunderer"

Mr. Wickersham has been engaged in some lively bouts with the delegate from Alaska who bears the same name, and in the activities of the Taft administration the Attorney-General has played an important part in advancing progressive ideas that would make even the most insurging insurgent sit up and shudder on a July day.

* * *

GREAT interest is always awakened in the newspaper world by the memories of Charles A. Dana of the *New York Sun*. No American journalist ever left a more enduring impress upon the profession he so highly honored. Mr. Dana's suggestion as to the library equipment essential for a newspaper man—the Bible, Shakespeare and a dictionary—has never been forgotten. Many newspaper men climb to the top floor of the French-roofed building which nestles among the skyscrapers and dives of Park Row, for the influence of the sturdy, be-spectacled patriarch who reigned here remains still the lively influence over the American newspaper that aspires to quality.

The new publisher of the *Sun* is Mr. Richard V. Oulahan, formerly at the head of the Washington Bureau. His long association with national affairs well fitted him for the responsibilities of conducting the paper whose motto reads "It's so." Mr. Oulahan as publisher maintains that sparkling piquancy and independent policy that has made the *New York Sun* one of the standard newspapers of the world, and especially a reflection of American ideas.

From the desks that nestle among the newspaper heaps of exchanges, in the *Sun's* editorial offices, have been graduated many men prominent now in the literary world. The style and character of the *Sun's* columns is distinctively literary, although objection would be made if this were even suggested within the walls of the old building where the great Dana himself shot split infinitives, mixed metaphors and redundant adjective mysteries with a blue pencil steeped in vitriol.

The star reporter is allowed to flap his wings every so often on a front page story, but in treatment of news the *Sun* man gets the facts and digs for the root of things. The epigram written years ago by Charles A. Dana on a bit of yellow copy paper, *"If you see it in the Sun, it's so,"* still remains a fundamental rule of instructions for the *Sun* staff, who make their work distinctive under the inspiration of the dauntless Dana.

* * *

WHILE popular interest this side of the Atlantic has been centered in the acts of statesmen and the outcome of the reciprocity pact, Mr. Jack Johnson, the colored prize fighter who put Jeffries in the pale of never "coming back," has been visiting England, and the dignified London press has displaced some of its political gossip to give proper attention to the world's heavyweight champion. It is worthy of notice that the stately "Old Thunderer," the *Times* of London, stops even amid the din of international complications to discuss Mr. Johnson's personality seriously and exhaustively.

The *Times* found Johnson "an amiable person, with a fund of quaint humor and a sportsmanlike trust in human nature." This reconciles them to his "golden teeth and the multitude of diamonds which cause him to resemble a starry night." They observe that Johnson loves music, and declare that he is, "despite his battered paws, a clever performer on the bass viol," which he was wont to play in the early days before he resorted to punching bags.

The *Times* writer discovered that Johnson was "a lover of many-jointed words, and related to the negro barber who called himself a 'cultured capillotomist.'" Johnson also loves ragtime, and the heartrending melody "Baby's Sock is in the Blue Bag Now" was feelingly rendered many times by the orchestra at the Oxford Music Hall, where Johnson performed.

HOLMAN F. DAY

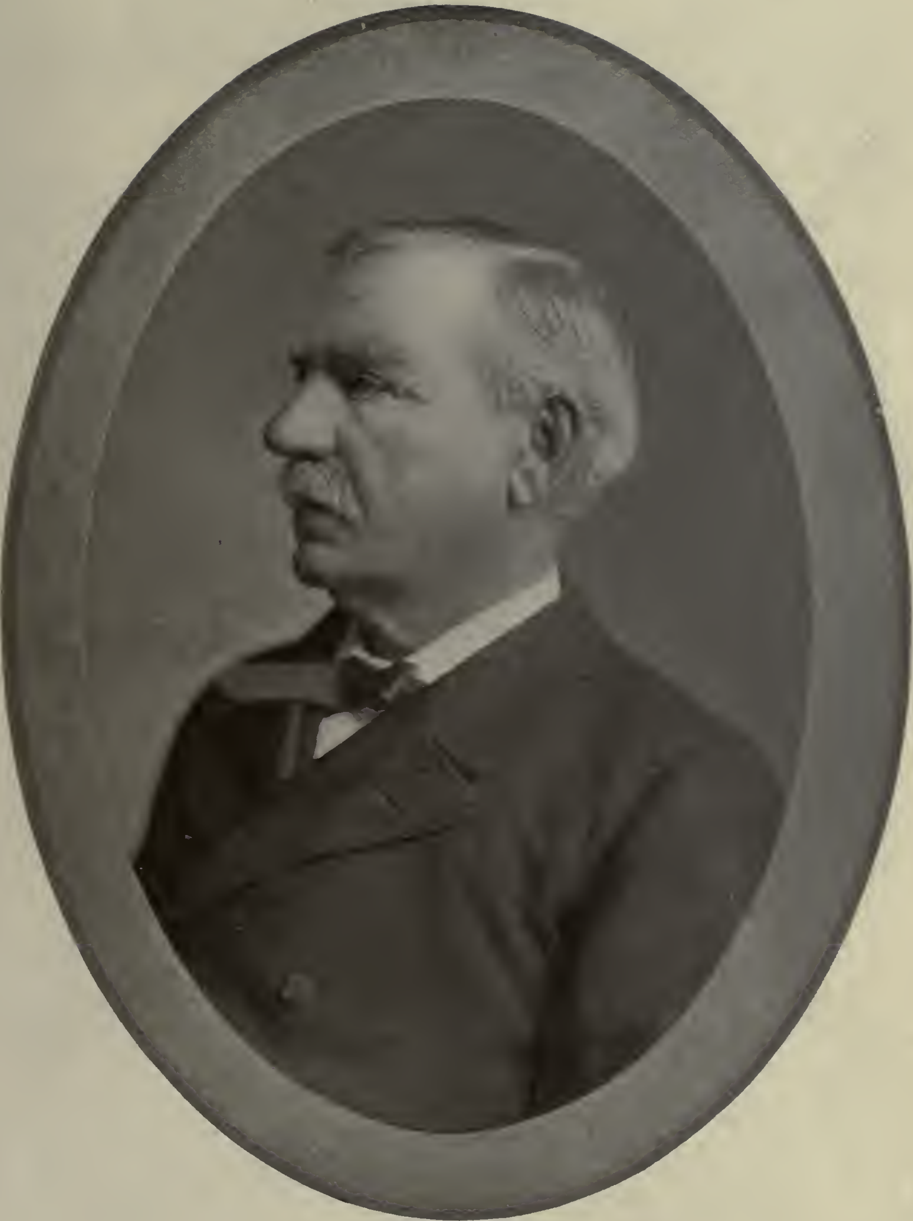
Whose stories of Maine life have made thousands know and love the "Pine Tree State." Mr. Day's late book, "The Skipper and the Skipped," is reviewed on Page 848.

England's love of sport has never been lessened because of the color of a man, and Champion Johnson has expressed himself as well pleased with his reception there, and the attention given him by the distinguished journalists of that country.

* * *

LEGISLATORS at Washington are looking up matters in which to make a special study, for a congressman recognizes that a legislator who does not introduce a bill of some kind is nameless. One Representative is looking up the National Insurance Bill introduced in the British Parliament by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, which is regarded as even more important than the old-age pension law, since it affects a far greater number of people. The bill is divided into two sections, the first concerned only with sickness, providing for insurance against loss of health and the prevention and cure of sickness. The second section deals altogether with insurance against unemployment. Provision is made for compulsory insurance and voluntary insurance under certain conditions.

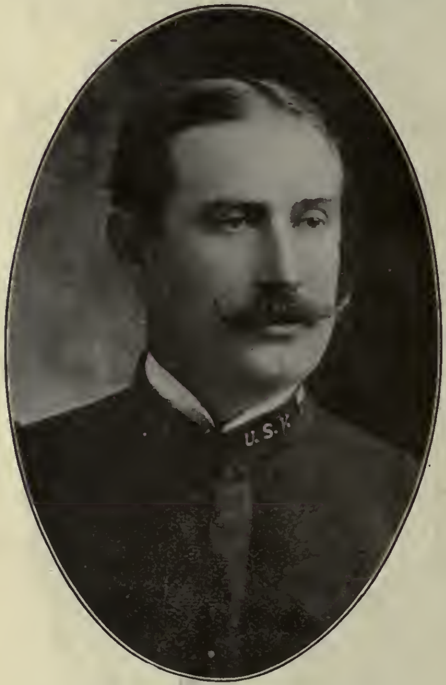
Part of the fund is to be provided by the employees through a compulsory deduction from the wages of all employees earning a weekly wage or whose earnings are under $778 a year. Soldiers and mariners are excepted, and school teachers are provided for in a separate bill. Eight cents per week is to be deducted from the wages of a man and six cents for a woman, except where a man's earnings are sixty-one cents a day or less when the deduction will only be six cents; where forty-nine cents a day or less, four cents; and thirty-six and a half cents, two cents. Board and lodging given in addition to the wages are not included in the above figures. When men are unable to contribute, owing to sickness, they are to be treated as if they had made payments. Benefits will be paid for a period not exceeding thirteen weeks in a year. Men up to the age of sixty-five will be allowed twelve months in which to join the scheme after it comes into operation, and men over fifty receive reduced benefits. All who join after twelve months pay at a higher rate or receive smaller benefits. The bill



THE LATE WILLIAM PIERCE FRYE

WHO DIED AT HIS HOME IN LEWISTON, MAINE, ON AUGUST 8. HE HAD REPRESENTED THE "PINE TREE" STATE IN CONGRESS TEN YEARS AND IN THE UNITED STATES SENATE THIRTY YEARS, AND FOR FIFTEEN YEARS WAS ITS PRESIDENT *PRO TEM* stipulates that employers shall contribute six cents a week for each employee and the state makes up the equivalent of four cents for each member.

It is estimated that the compulsory class will include thirteen million one hundred thousand persons, consisting of nine million two hundred thousand men and three million nine hundred thousand women. It is thought that the voluntary class will number, about six hundred thousand men and two hundred thousand women. There will be eight hundred thousand beneficiaries under sixteen years of age, making a total of fourteen millions even hundred thousand persons, or nearly one-third of the entire population of the United Kingdom. The sick allowance for men will be $2.43 a week for the first three months, to be reduced to $1.22 a week for three months further. If permanently disabled, this will be continued. Women are to be allowed $1.82 a week for three months and then $1.22 a week. Students in Germany and other European countries continue to make this subject a study with a view of equalizing the benefits of wealth and prosperity and minimizing the specter of want in sickness and old age, feeling that in this all the practical objects and claims of socialism will be met, under a system that still stimulates individual initiative and progressive effort.


HON. LARZ ANDERSON
Who was recently appointed United States Minister to Belgium

* * *

ON the afternoon of one of the warm days, the Secretary of a prominent Senator was in the reading-room of the Congressional Library looking over the files of the *National Era*, the anti-slavery weekly which published the immortal "Uncle Tom's Cabin" in serial form. The first instalment appeared in the issue of June 5, 1851, and ran for ten months. Attention was called to the fact that on the first page of this paper, below the title, the name of Mr. John G. Whittier, the poet, appeared as corresponding editor. In the old days the *National Era* was printed in Washington, on Sixth Street, just south of where the St. James hotel now stands.

The announcement of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was modestly made, and the title first given was as "Uncle Tom's Cabin, or the Man that was a Thing." The publication of the story did not begin until several weeks after the announcement had been made and the next title read "Uncle Tom's Cabin, or Life among the Lowly." The book appeared the following year, and the first edition of five thousand copies was soon exhausted.

In the files of the *Era* the secretary also found an editorial in regard to the open-air public concerts of the United States Marine Band, which were inaugurated May 23, 1851. The editorial states that "a very large congregation of officials, residents and strangers was present," and that "they enjoyed the occasion very much." Mr. Fred L. Fishback, who is the secretary mentioned, left the library in time to hear the rendition of "Tannhauser" by the United States Marine Band on the Plaza, and recalled the fact that when Wagner's music was first rendered by the government band sixty years ago the "congregation present" was not so large, nor, perhaps, as appreciative as in these days, and the people would not concede that the precision and chromatic chords of Wagner were aught else but an importation of "German noise"—that followed in the wake of the melodies of "dot leetle Cherman band."

* * *

OBSERVATIONS at Washington confirm the statement that the summer of 1911 has surpassed all records of average high temperature in Northern states. The terms "North" and "South" in the United States cannot be regarded as indicative of summer heat or cold, for in 1911, when the North was sweltering, the temperature was much lower in the South.

It has been said by doctors that the general health of the people is better in a continuous hot spell than during changeable weather. During the long, sweltering days the hot weather acted as an alterative, and the very perspiration in itself performed a function that gave the vital organs a vacation, as it were, and made the pores of the skin fulfill their proper functions.

Comment of this nature is complacently read after the warm wave has passed. Hot summer weather this year seemed to affect the business activities of cities and smaller hamlets. Great factories closed down, department stores "shut up shop" during part of the warm days; offices were deserted, building operations were suspended. The business and vacation spirit of the times was evident at the soda fountains, in the ice cream parlors or on excursion boats. The people of the North have relaxed more this year than ever before, and perhaps this means a storage of recuperative force and energy that will find expression later in the tingling activities of the autumn.

* * *

WITH staccato utterance, Mr. David Lloyd-George, British Chancellor of the Exchequer, greeted the parliamentary reporters at a recent dinner with the grim remark that he was facing the picadors in the old days of bull-fights, who played the part of maddening the furious animals.

The English custom of public men joining the press reporters at regular informal meetings has been the outgrowth of the Gridiron Club of Washington, where newspaper men and public officials come into the closest personal contact.

The relations existing today between public officials and great newspapers will hardly compare with those of the days of Blowitz, when the leaders of the "Old Thunderer" made and unmade European policies.

The focus and searchlight of the public press has made it impossible for the intrigues of the old days when Bismarck, the Marquis of Salisbury and other distinguished European statesmen were settling the boundary lines of European countries and creating a new map.

HON. DAVID LLOYD-GEORGE
British Chancellor of the Exchequer

Mr. Lloyd-George confessed that the sketch-writer had become the terror of parliamentarians, because he was so universally read; and that people depended almost entirely for their impressions of Parliament upon the sketch-artist. He insisted that the press gallery had greatly grown in power since he entered public life.

Like Disraeli, Parnell and other men who have risen to prominence in England, Mr. Lloyd-George's first speech in the House of Commons was anything but eloquent, but in practice and phrasing, the stuttering debater of the House of Commons soon developed greater ease and oratorical effectiveness and became an all-powerful government leader.

MRS. LARZ ANDERSON WHO WILL ACCOMPANY HER HUSBAND TO EUROPE, WHERE HE WILL SERVE AS MINISTER FROM THE UNITED STATES TO THE COURT OF BELGIUM

THE irresistible tunefulness of Sir Arthur Sullivan's "Pinafore" was greatly enjoyed at the star revival given recently in New York, which President Taft attended. The very name "Pinafore" is replete with memories for those of middle age and past. The lines of the opera subtitled "The Lass that Loved a Sailor" will always remain popular with those who lived in "Pinafore" days. Interest in the opera was revived by the recent death of W. S. Gilbert, the talented librettist, who with Sir Arthur Sullivan made international fame.

As the audience applauded the old lines, "What, never?" —"No, never," and "Well, hardly ever," and as Miss Marie Cahill sang the "Buttercup Song," a glance about the theater revealed the fact that memories surged through the minds of many present.

The performance recalled one production of "Pinafore" not recorded in the professional annals of histrionic fame. It was an amateur performance that took place years ago, where a deserted skating-rink was utilized for theatrical purposes. There were many rehearsals of "Pinafore" aspirants. The good-natured violinist kept them in key, and the plump little pianist played the songs and choruses over and over, at a nautical tempo, until the airs were as familiar as breathing.

Costumes were ordered and leased from "the city"—no matter if they didn't fit. Indeed, this was to be a *real* operatic production, with ships' mast, costumes, scenery, programs and footlights of true reflection.

Gorgeous was Sir Joseph Porter, who with chapeau and lace could not be identified by the villagers. Never can we forget Walter, who appeared as Dick Deadeye, with a patch over the drooping lid and an expression fierce and piratic. There was the Captain, singing to the moon as he thrummed on his guitar and looked above in the scenery to find the spot where the moon was located:—poor John died later under Cuban skies in the Spanish war. Sampson's bass voice rolled and pitched with the fancied motion of the waves—over the rail.

Oh, the tempo of those choruses—"Sailing the Ocean Blue," rendered very slowly, but with increasing force. The training of the chorus for hitching the trousers and for tripping the sailors on "deck" was a course of gymnastics, for many of the "sailors" had never seen ocean craft. The opening chorus had a real dash of brine, when tears came with just a little "row" among the members—(this row means "fuss").

Faces were recalled in the audience at the Casino, for where is there an amateur company which has not been bold enough to attack "Pinafore"? Where is there a chorus of "Pinafore," amateur or professional, that has not sung itself into the hearts of the people?

It all came to mind again as I looked on that photograph taken in stage array behind the little tin semi-circular footlights. The scenery and the wings may have been a little awry when the pictures was taken, but the happy look remained.

Looking into this faded photograph—for this was before the day of flashlights, and the old skating-rink was not prolific of sunlight, and has since done service as a livery stable—every feature and every costume was recalled with detailed exactness. An "all star" cast it was indeed, and the sailors truly looked as if they were "carefully tiptoe stealing."

The performers have scattered far and near since the day when "Pinafore" was produced in the village, yet I venture that everyone in that cast who looks upon that little picture of "Pinafore" will go far and near to see a revival of that dear old opera, which they can hum from memory.

There was no more interested spectator at the Casino than President Taft, and if I mistake not, there was a time when the President himself, with his gracious wife, was interested in taking a star chorus part in the production of a "Pinafore" in the good old days at Cincinnati.

* * *

PROLONGED sessions of the various state legislatures have accompanied the extra session of Congress. The Massachusetts General Court did not adjourn until about the first of August. Proceedings in the New York legislature continued long past the usual time, and when stopping off between trains at Albany the impulse to visit an evening session of the New York Senate could not be resisted. That part of the famous capitol which cost its millions that was recently afire is known as the "burned district," but the blaze did not damage the legislative quarters of either Senate or House.

HON. CHARLES PAGE BRYAN
Of Chicago, formerly American minister to Belgium, now promoted to the important ambassadorial post at Japan

Things were humming in the Upper House, and Senator E. T. Brackett, the Republican leader, and his minority hosts were engaged in a valiant fight. With the exception of Senator Grady, Senator Brackett has served a longer time in the New

York Senate than any other man, and the two veterans often cross swords in debate.

The Gittings bill had just passed, and an accumulation of important matters had crowded in at the closing hours. Speakers were held to their promises when they asked for ten or twenty minutes to discuss certain measures, and Senator Wagner, the minority leader, proved himself a veritable "flying Dutchman" in making things move with lightning speed.

HON. ALBERT ESTOPINAL
Member of Congress from the First Louisiana district

The influence of the national Congress upon the different state legislatures is becoming more and more marked each year, although the state bodies are resenting the tendency of Congress to usurp certain prerogatives that have belonged to them since the early days of the republic.

* * *

As a nation we have betrayed a certain snobbism in looking with scant favor upon our young musicians until Europe had first set its seal upon them. When a well-equipped young American pianiste whose preparation has been made entirely in her own country, as Miss Florence Larrabee, who has been heard in recital in Washington, wins the distinction of an appearance as soloist with the Boston Symphony Orchestra, then we say this is right, and all as it should be.

It is said that this honor has fallen to but one other American girl. It may not be generally known that Mrs. H. H. A. Beach of Boston, the foremost of women composers of America, has studied only in this country, a fact to which she confesses not without a certain pride. When eighteen years old Mrs. Beach first appeared as soloist with the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and again three years later, when she performed Beethoven's C Minor Symphony, playing her own cadenza.

Miss Larrabee is a product of the teaching of Carl Stasny of the New England Conservatory. From his studio have come forth two other American girls who have been selected to play with the large orchestras, Miss Laeta Hartley, who played the Saint-Saens G minor concerto with the New York Philharmonic Society last February, and Miss Edith Bly, who has been heard with the Philadelphia Orchestra in one of the season's concerts in Philadelphia.

Mr. Stasny's studio in Boston is a treasure room of autographed pictures, of letters and various mementos of his friendship with famous musicians. There are photographs of Liszt, with whom he studied two years at Weimar; of Clara Schumann, with whom he taught at Dr. Hoch's conservatory in Frankfort, and from whom he was privileged to acquire the true spirit and interpretation of Robert Schumann's works; of Brahms; of Rubenstein, whom he accompanied on his tours and who has transcribed across the picture the first bars of the "Melody in F"; of Sembrich, a girlish figure of twenty years; of Siegfried Wagner; of Saint-Saens; of Bulow; of Paderewski; of Richard Strauss, whom he visited the past summer; of Mottl; of Humperdinck; of Nikisch, the great conductor; and of Dr. Muck, who has inscribed the picture to "the great hunter," which gives new value to the superbly-mounted eagles and heads of deer which adorn the room.

At his home Mr. Stasny shows to the interested and fortunate musician a copy of the first engraver's proof of the score of "Siegfried," with Richard Wagner's corrections made in red ink in a fine, delicate hand.

Earlier in his career Mr. Stasny appeared as a concert pianist in many cities and countries of Europe, joining Sauret the violinist, and Popper the 'cellist in various tours, and making others independently. Since making his home in America, the demands of teaching have entirely consumed his time. The results already achieved are a rich harvest.

* * *

RUMBLINGS of the coming presidential campaign of 1912 are beginning to be heard. On Broadway in New York friends of Dr. Woodrow Wilson are already busy. It is whispered that a novel Wilson campaign will be conducted by professional men, and will be largely in charge of college men from all parts of the country. Governor Wilson's speeches on commission government and other public questions have been prepared in book form, and his idea on commission government, which is already in use by more than a hundred cities in the Middle West and Southwest, is expected to make many friends for him in those sections.

College men from the South seem to be very enthusiastic over Governor Wilson's candidacy, and believe that he is the man who will enable Southern voters to give the presidential chair once more to a Southern born man.

* * *

EVEN during the hot days there was no relaxation from the vigor of the political game enacted under the Capitol Dome. After Congressman Pickett had placed to his credit three notable speeches in the House, including a most forceful speech on the admission of Arizona and New Mexico, and an argument against reciprocity with Canada, he was rushing for the train, with fond thoughts of restful days in the bungalow out on the Cedar River. Here he is wont to spend his vacation days in fishing and in wandering through the woods.

The train was late, and the Congressman from Iowa told a story. A friend was building a summer home, which grew to alarming proportions. It began by rambling off into ells and wings; then it rose like a factory. A castellated feature was added to dissipate this condition, but the neighbors were alarmed. Was it an orphan asylum or an institution for the insane?

It remained for the ubiquitous insurance agent to put the question. "What," he asked, "what will you call the building when completed?"

CONGRESSMAN C. E. PICKETT OF IOWA

The owner looked him steadily in the eye. "What is your greatest risk in insurance?"

"A cooper-shop."

"Then call this a cooper-shop," he was told, "and let it go at that!"

* * *

ONE instinctively recognizes the judicial temperament of Senator James A. O'Gorman, Elihu Root's colleague from the Empire State. The father of this distinguished-looking new Senator landed at Castle Garden shortly before the Civil War from the County Limerick, Ireland. He and his wife bought a little home just outside the big city, where their only son, James Aloysius, was born the year before Sumpter was fired upon. He began his education in the public schools and remained until nineteen in the College of the City of New York, when he entered the law department of New York University, from which he was graduated when twenty-two. His colleague, Elihu Root, preceded him in the same law school seventeen years before. For a few years he was active in the Literary and Debating Society of Cooper Institute, which has turned out so many men who have since become famous.

HON. JOSEPH E. RANSDELL
Member of Congress from the Fifth Louisiana district

Early in his career as a young attorney, Mr. O'Gorman read Henry George's "Progress and Poverty." The book made a peculiar appeal to him, and he was much impressed with the single-tax platform, even though when he entered politics it was with the Tammany Hall organization.

As the years went on and his practice and fame increased, young O'Gorman had but one desire—that was to be a judge. His election as district judge came while he was in his early thirties, and six years later, while still serving on that bench, he was elected to the justiceship of the Supreme Court of New York for a term of fourteen years. Here he met three friends of the former Cooper Institute days.

But after having received a salary of $17,500 a year, Justice O'Gorman thrust this aside and accepted ten thousand dollars less, for the honor of representing his state in the United States Senate. Some say that the gracious lady whom he brought to visit Washington as a bride more than twenty-five years ago had much to do with the suggestion that they go back and have a good visit amid the scenes of their honeymoon. The Senator has a good old-fashioned family of seven children and is in every way a family man.

* * *

A FEW years ago, a young boy came to me, and in his frank and earnest way insisted that he wanted to go to West Point. He had just completed his studies in the high school and had worked hard, with this one object in view. Following the final preparation for a competitive examination, he picked out of his own volition, after an assiduous study of catalogs, the Army and Navy Preparatory School, located on a sightly eminence directly overlooking Washington.

A visit to the school reveals why the young aspirant for West Point was so desirous of taking his preliminary course under the guiding hand of Principal E. Swavely. Nine years ago, from a very modest beginning, Professor Swavely, E. E., M. S., came to Washington for the express purpose of establishing a practical preparatory school. His success has been phenomenal, for of the hundreds of candidates that have entered his school since its beginning, but one has failed in passing the entrance examination. And taking into consideration a recent article in one of the Boston papers, wherein many Senators and Representatives expressed themselves as having great trouble in filling their West Point and Annapolis appointments, because those chosen often failed in passing the entrance examinations, what better selection could my friend have made?

After one has mingled with the boys in the dormitory—a lively lot of bright-eyed, enthusiastic, energetic young fellows, and every one a gentleman—he can appreciate the good work being done by Professor Swavely. A young man himself, scarcely turned thirty-five, he has all the enthusiastic impulses that the boys have, and can understand their moods and feelings—the spirit of *camaraderie* existing between principal and student is an influence that makes the boys "dig in their toes" and work hard. What in some schools would be called "grinding" is to them a pleasure, for they look upon their chief as a prince and take great pride in showing him how well they can do. The seriousness during study hours is impressive, but at recreation time, bareheaded in the coldest days of winter, the Professor "goes out with the boys," and during the holidays he remains to give concentrated attention to those who are there for the final examinations.

Courtesy of Pan-American Bulletin

ANTOINE F. C. SIMON, THE DEPOSED PRESIDENT OF HAITI

Who met the same fate as President Diaz of Mexico and was compelled to leave his country in much the same manner. He is now sojourning in Paris

So day by day he works with his pupils, teaches them to think for themselves and to *know* that they know. He smooths away their difficulties, taking advantage of little incidents to point out to them the great truths of life. Thus to a boy who unthinkingly spoke of a "big problem," he explained that there is no "big problem," that every problem encountered, whether in mathematics or actual daily living, is simply made up of smaller ones, which, being easily solved separately and in order, eventually give the answer to the larger, and that to learn this axiom well is to possess the secret of sure success in every one of life's battles.

There is no crushing and cramming, as under the old method of tutelage, but simply a natural development. Not one point can be slighted by the student. It is as if each boy had a special instructor. Every minute of time is improved—not always at lessons, for there are the athletic and social features to be attended to, but these are so balanced that they add to and do not detract from the class-room work.

Though every detail of the requirements in the government schools is thoroughly understood, the purposes of the Army and Navy academy are not exclusively for entering those institutions. From gymnasium to laboratory the equipment and departments are complete and modern, but, best of all, is that close personal intercourse between instructor and student. In such true companionship, how keenly and earnestly the young men take up and follow along the practical and wholesome influences and instructions of Principal Swavely and his efficient faculty.

The young men, among whom may be found students from China and other foreign countries, are prepared for any one of the principal colleges and universities, and the small classes develop social, athletic and educative ideals, and a refined, forceful individuality. The boys work because they like it. There is not to be found a single worn-looking fellow in the lot, and still not one but says that a month at the Army and Navy Preparatory School is worth three months at any public school. It is, in fact, a specialty school for a special work, and Swavely knows just what each needs and he gets just that—the useless and superfluous are eliminated.

NEW BUILDING OF ARMY AND NAVY PREPARATORY SCHOOL IN WASHINGTON, D. C.

While the discipline develops trustworthy and manly young men, it is always reasonable, and never severe. A student's sense of honor and regard for his word are emphatically invoked, and the results of obedience to the rules are sure to develop honorable and courteous gentlemen, no matter what their life careers may be. As one of the boys remarked, "It seems as if even the busiest days of the school term pass too quickly; it all is like vacation time."

The environment, with the National Zoological Gardens at Rock Creek, and the United States Bureau of Standards close at hand, and the weekly visits with an instructor to the Capitol—a delightful walk for those in training for military service—is one of the best in the country. Nearby are located other schools, among them the Holy Cross Academy and the Chevy Chase School for Girls. The Washington museums, libraries and departments furnish unrivalled aids in obtaining a clear and lively conception of ancient and modern history, geography and applied science such as one would expect at West Point or Annapolis. What an inspiration it must be to a boy to step out upon the dormitory balcony at recess or at night and look down upon the great "City Beautiful," with the dome of the national Capitol looming up near at hand. No boy who has lived and studied in this picturesque spot amid the hills of Maryland could help but carry an affectionate interest in the Army and Navy Preparatory School into his future life.

DORMITORY OF ARMY AND NAVY PREPARATORY SCHOOL IN WASHINGTON, D. C.

Climate, location and capacity were all very carefully studied by Mr. Swavely before he decided upon a site for the school, and the great success which he has attained confirms his judgment. The number of pupils is limited, the number of teachers sufficient to ensure small classes, and the pupil's progress is guided largely by his own ability and application. The classes are never permitted to lag in their work, or to be retarded by backward students. There is a zest and spirit in every day's work from morning until night that continually remind one of the military promptness and naval efficiency of a group of regular officers.

Many of the generals and admirals who are at Washington are frequent visitors at the school, and the boys come into pleasant personal contact with the men who have achieved success in the line of their own ambition. The personal equation and individual development are kept constantly in mind, and there is always a lusty cheer as the boys, with their hair blowing in the wind, greet the successful hero as he arrives and departs.

The Kansas Congressman believes that printing undelivered speeches in the Congressional Record represents a species of fraud that should not be tolerated. The honest way, he declares, is to print a speech only after it is delivered, and he feels that it is time to relieve the long-suffering Congressional Record from pages which are not part of Congressional proceedings.

THE HUM OF THE HARVESTER HAS BEEN HEARD IN ALL PARTS OF OUR LAND FOR THE PAST THIRTY DAYS AND THE EVOLUTION OF THIS WONDERFUL YET EXTREMELY COMMONPLACE MACHINE IS INTERESTING. THE ABOVE ILLUSTRATION IS AN ACTUAL PHOTOGRAPH OF THE FIRST HARVESTER EVER USED

WHEN Congressman Victor Murdock of Kansas goes on the warpath, something is bound to happen, and he now jangles at his belt the scalps of those Congressmen who have been using the Congressional Record to make into history speeches never heard on the floors of Congress. The ubiquitous Victor insisted that he was going to exercise his right as a newspaper man to put the ban on speeches that had never been spoken, and to modify the liberties taken with that timeworn traditional label "leave to print."

Congressman Murdock's war, however, is not waged upon the exclusion of all matter not delivered before the House or Senate. What he objects to most is the insertion of the bracketed expressions "applause" and "laughter" on undelivered speeches, and his stand on this matter is upheld even by those who disagree with him upon the broader principle.

Mr. Murdock also holds that the "leave to print" should include a provision to cut down the "copy," and his friends have suggested that the blue pencil be put into his hands to begin work at once upon the much-needed reform.

Extemporaneous speeches can be readily distinguished from those prepared for publication from even the most cursory reading of the Congressional Record. Perhaps nowhere else is the difference between the styles of oratory and writing so clearly brought out. The orator uses his strongest point for a climax, whereas a writer must must place it well toward the beginning, and expand upon it as he continues. The extemporaneous speech often takes the form of a debate, which allows of interruption and interrogation. Debates are thus illumined and made interesting, but when a man reads a manuscript there is little room for wit or humor, or to see things from a different standpoint. Interruptions stimulate the mind and serve as a means of getting at the root of matters.

CYRUS H. McCORMICK
The inventor of the harvesting machine

The Murdock campaign has called forth many suggestions in regard to speeches, not the least popular of which is for setting a time limit on every speaker. The man who cannot explain an idea in an hour, it is held, will "be sent to the foot of the class" and labeled a bore, to be called upon only during the filibustering season.

A request was made by one of the old-time Congressmen for the initiation of a "Congressional Cannery." Webster's reply to Hayne, Patrick Henry's speech, and certain excerpts from the Declaration of Independence will be the first to get "canned," as they are drawn upon nearly every time a Congressman engages in a debate.

FREDERIC W. TAYLOR OF DENVER
Recently appointed Director of Agriculture for the Philippine Islands

Twenty years ago the proceedings of the Senate and the House did not begin to occupy as much space as today, and it is felt that the movement to keep the records down will result in a much more interesting and accurate Congressional Record for future generations.

* * *

THE appointment of Mr. Frederic W. Taylor as Director of Agriculture for the Philippine Islands, recalls the career of one of the most interesting personalities associated with the development of agriculture. For this is the same Mr. Taylor who made a world-wide reputation as superintendent of agriculture at the St. Louis exposition, and who has been prominently identified with the agricultural exhibitions at nearly every American exposition of any importance, from the irrigation of arid lands to the reclamation of the swamp lands of the South.

Mr. Taylor's appointment to his new post is especially merited, for few phases of agricultural development are unknown to him. A horny-fisted farmer himself, born in Iowa, he long ago established an enviable reputation as a most capable student and writer in the advancement of practical agriculture.

The government may well expect under his supervision a most substantial development of agricultural resources in the Philippines.

GLANCING over the following table, the farmers of the country will have a difficult problem before them to appreciate the full benefits of reciprocity. The old and the new rates are given:

Butter, six cents per pound; dressed poultry, five cents; live poultry, three cents; fresh fish, one cent per pound; now free. Eggs, five cents per dozen; potatoes, twenty-three cents per barrel; apples, twenty-five cents per bushel; onions, forty cents per bushel; peaches, five cents per bushel; cabbages, two cents each; free. Beef and pork, twenty-five per cent ad valorem; free. Bacon and ham, four cents per pound; now one and one fourth cents.

PRESENT-DAY HARVESTER IS TO THE FARMER A THING OF BEAUTY AND A JOY FOREVER
Scene taken in an Iowa field this month

"Looks like cheaper living and more Canadian produce," remarked a farmer from North Dakota, "but will it work out like the paradox of free hides and higher cost shoes?"

THE
TAUNTON PAGEANT

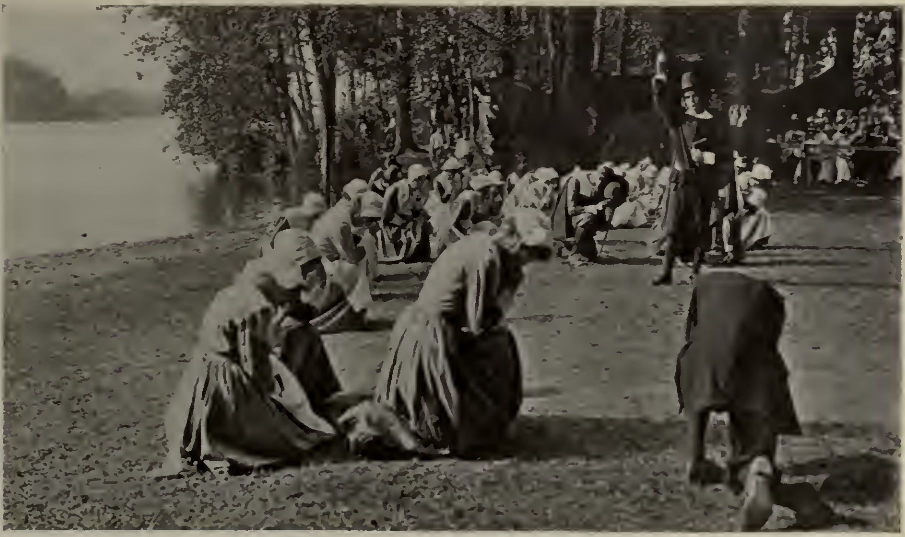
By

FLYNN WAYNE

THAT pageantry in America is not a lost art was demonstrated by the recent production, in the historic city of Taunton, Massachusetts, of the "Taunton Pageant." In ancient days, and especially in European cities, the greatest artists devoted all the resources of art to the production of this form of scenic drama, and immense multitudes came great distances to witness, in the great squares or suburban fields, the historic, tragic and comic scenes of costly pageants. The Twentieth Century "play" might seem an outgrowth of the old-time pageant, which now, in its generally accepted meaning, is usually a summer-resort carnival or a "parade" of artistic floats and fancifully attired paraders.

In America pageantry has of late been neglected, but this did not daunt Mr. Ralph Davol, who produced the Taunton pageant book. His sketch, dealing with important incidents in American history, enabled the Taunton players to represent these epochs in an effective and popular way which few of our most prominent playwrights have as yet succeeded in doing.

Mother Nature's co-operation did much to make possible the successful performance of the "Taunton Pageant." A natural amphitheater on the shore of an historic lake furnished an ideal stage for the participants while thousands of



THE FIRST PRAYER OF THE PILGRIMS IN NEW ENGLAND, LED BY ELDER BREWSTER
SCENE FROM THE TAUNTON PAGEANT

SINGING GREGORIAN CHANT, "AVE MARIS STELLA," UPON LANDING OF COLUMBUS. SCENE FROM THE TAUNTON PAGEANT

people witnessed the spectacle from the hill slopes above and around the natural arena between the bluffs of the lake.

* * *

The prologue shows Father Time coming down the hill. Fairies and wood-sprites dance about him as he chants:

I came, I know not whence: I go, I know
Not whither. Eye of things created ne'er
Upon my coming looked, nor shall it see
My passing. First and last of all things I,—
For I am Time.

Upon the whole of things that little man
Calls universe I looked, ere yet the hand
Creative wrought. I saw when Order out
Of Chaos came and suns and stars were born,
For I am Time.

I've seen the birth of man: seen how through strife,
And strain, and struggle man has doffed the brute
And donned the human: how with toil and tears
Man rises still and learns that he is soul,—
For I am Time.

And most of all I prize what noblest men
Of every age have lived and worked to gain,
And as the test of lasting good or ill
I ask: "What have ye wrought for liberty?"—
For I am Time.

As he crosses the arena, canoes are seen stealing up the lake, and a band of Indians land upon the rock. The chief calls a meeting and proceeds with due ceremony to give orders to his various sachems,

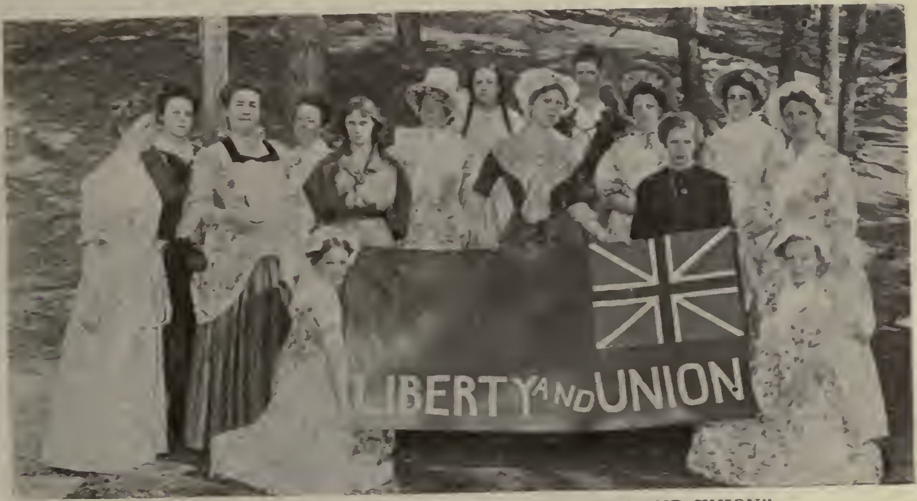
MISSIONARY TAKING INDIANS INTO THE CATHOLIC CHURCH. SCENE FROM THE "PAGEANT OF PATRIOTISM" AT TAUNTON, MASS.

PILGRIMS ON THE WATER COMING ASHORE FROM THE "MAYFLOWER"
They crossed the lake on seven skiffs and landed on an improvised "Plymouth Rock." Scene from the Taunton Pageant

An interesting glimpse of Indian life is afforded in this first episode. A cannon booming in the distance frightens the braves, who quickly embark as three shallops approach, and their occupants enact "The Landing of Columbus," a most striking scene that closely adheres to the story of the famous event as recorded in Spanish history.

The next episode represents a scene in Taunton, England, early in the Seventeenth Century. Taunton was a stronghold of the Puritans, and there is much amusement in observing the difference between the solemn Puritans and the light-hearted Cavaliers. The founding of the New England Taunton is shown in the scene that follows. The figures of Elder Brewster, Governor Carver, Captain Miles Standish, John Alden and Priscilla may be recognized as the Pilgrims preface their settlement by reverently kneeling in prayer.

The third scene represents Benjamin Franklin at the Court of King George III in London. Amid a flourish of trumpets, the king and queen ascend the throne as General Gage enters with his gallant redcoats. Franklin warns the mother country that in the colonies "the fiery spirit of independence is already hissing 'Don't tread on me.'" The archbishop attempts to calm the ruffled spirits, and wishes Gage a blessing as that pompous



THE FIRST FLAG BEARING THE WORDS "LIBERTY AND UNION"
Was raised on Taunton, (Mass.) Green, in 1774 at the suggestion of Robert Treat Paine, who signed the Declaration of Independence and Dr. David Cobb, who became Lieutenant Governor of Massachusetts. This flag was represented in the closing scene at the Taunton Pageant

general departs for America as governor of the Massachusetts Bay Colony.

Although the closing scene is local in character, showing Taunton on the eve of the Revolution, the conditions portrayed are general, and manifest the spirit of Revolutionary times. The flag of "Liberty and Union" is raised, and the Taunton Tea Party, which closely followed the world-famous "Tea Party" at Boston, is depicted. Robert Treat Paine enters after the Declaration of Independence has been signed, and at the call to arms, the Minute Men depart, cheered by the music of "The White Cockade" and the valiant exclamation of brave Sally Paine in behalf of the women: "Go, brothers, and defend your country; we will drive the oxen."

Upon this peg hung the Taunton Pageant. The arrangement of the scenes, the music, dancing and the sympathetic manner in which the difficult parts were interpreted are unmistakable evidence that although foreign critics may deride American opera, yet they cannot condemn the artistry of our pageants. No one who witnessed the pageant at Taunton can doubt that patriotism still lives in American hearts—lives and is as active today as during any of the crises of our country's history, so charmingly and effectively represented. And if an outline of such appeal can be written around the scenes of American history for an abandoned form of drama, who can say that these same incidents might not furnish the inspiration for the much-desired truly American opera?

HE KNOWS

By ROBERT D. BENEDICT

> "At the great palace of Magnificent Death,
> A thousand ways lead to his thousand doors,
> Which, day and night, are still unbarred to all."
> —*Nat. Lee.*

I KNOW not at which door
It will be given to me
At last to enter in.

I do not know which way,
Of all the thousand ways,
Will bring me to that door.

I do not know the day
When, at that unknown door,
That way shall find its end.

But in that unknown way
I know my feet are set,
And forward still I fare.

And way and door and day
Are all well known to Him
Who gave to me my life.

So forward still I fare
Each day in calm content.
He knows. What need I more?

He'll lead my failing steps
All that appointed way,
And ope for me the door.

PENHALLOW

A STARTLING STORY OF DISSIMILAR DOUBLES

BY RALPH HERBERT WHITE

CHAPTER I

MY STORY properly commences with the first client that ever entered my law office. I was but six and twenty at the time, and besides the sanguinity of youth I was well equipped for my task, for I possessed unbounded confidence in myself, a quick, eager nature, and a law library eight by six. In fact I had every requirement for success except clients, and a submissive conscience. However, I was of a philosophical turn of mind, a disposition I maintained in lusty vigor on a rather liberal allowance from my mother, who possessed some means, as things went in those days. My father was long since dead.

I sat very contentedly in my office day after day, smoking Havana cigars without stint, and indulging myself in the most extensive imaginative tours to all quarters of the earth. That eventually a client would present himself I had no doubt whatever, and meanwhile I thought it well to invigorate and divert my mind by foreign travel such as I have described and for which I had unlimited free transportation in the shape of a library card.

At last the day that I confidently expected would come, came. My door opened, and an old gentleman entered. Instantly I was struck with his remarkable appearance. He was tall and stately, slender but sinewy, although of a rather fragile cast. His carriage was erect and unhindered by age, although his years could not have been fewer than seventy. His hair was thick and wavy, snow-white, brushed straight back from his forehead, and was so long as to touch his shoulders; but his eye-brows and lashes were jet-black, and so delicate that they looked but the mere trace of an India pencil. His brow and cheeks were smooth, beautifully white, fresh and unwrinkled. His eyes were black, at least very dark, being of that property that baffles observation, but whatever their shade they were intensely luminous, earnest and unflinching. The most remarkable feature was his nose, which was extremely long and straight, and very narrow, denoting, as I thought, great elegance of taste. His mouth was very pleasing, yet nevertheless resolute, but resolute without being obstinate. Altogether I had never seen a man of such distinguished mien and port, so irresistibly prepossessing; and the latter quality oddly enough suffered no diminution later in the face of a most exacting dignity, I might almost say supercilious hauteur.

"You are a lawyer," he asked, or rather announced, closing the door behind him, but advancing no further.

"He must be blind," I thought, "not to see the fact expressly stated on my door"; but aloud I replied, "Sir, I am."

"And you are Mr. Remboth, Charles P. Remboth, Esq.?"

"Yes, I am Mr. Remboth," I answered, not a little nettled at his haughty bearing, but still more than half disposed to like him.

"Well, then, sir, I wish to employ you. Be so kind as to draw a chair beside your own. I perceive from here that they are dusty, and my hands happen to be ungloved."

This cool request and the domineering manner that accompanied it, coming from anyone of less potent personality, would have aroused my resentment instantly, but under the present circumstances it was only disconcerting, and then, too, the tone in which he pronounced the words "I wish to employ you" as if I had no voice or discretion in the matter whatsoever, but must undertake his business whether or no. I looked at him indecisively a moment, half inclined to send him to the devil; but I bethought me that I could not afford to risk offending my first client by any ill-humored pique or assertion of independence, and that my wisest course would be to conciliate his favor by complying with his directions, which I might manage to do without the appearance of truckling to him.

Accordingly I drew a chair beside my own and politely invited him to occupy it. Before doing so, however, he stooped, and shielding the skirts of his long coat with his arm, blew the dust from the virgin seat, and I took the occasion to observe those hands that evidently were too delicate to grasp ungloved the back of a dusty chair. They were like a woman's, white, extremely long and slender, and yet suggestive of tremendous strength of mind, as well, of course, as of fastidiousness.

"Now, sir," I said, "in what can I serve you?"

"I wish a will drawn. Be so good as to make your preparations. I will dictate it."

Still controlling my ire that his calm superiority of manner engendered, I did as directed, and he began, and not only dictated the nature of his bequests, but dictated word for word the exact legal phraseology required by the character of the document, a circumstance that impressed me considerably.

The sum and substance of the will was that to his daughter Evelyn he devised one hundred dollars, and to his son Leverett five hundred thousand dollars, real and personal, constituting the bulk of his estate.

It was now necessary to have the will witnessed, and I excused myself to call in three acquaintances, whose offices were adjacent to my own. I returned with them, and the formality was performed.

"You show a marked conversance with the law, sir," I ventured to respectfully observe.

"By avocation I am a student," he indifferently replied, "and I have a penchant for Blackstone and Coke."

That anyone could be fond of reading law for a pastime was beyond my comprehension, but as I recollected the starched, precise elegance of my client's exterior, I wondered not so much at his application to it. The very nature of the subject, I thought, was very congruous to his appearance, and would naturally be congenial to such a trained and logical mind as his own.

My client now drew a wallet from his breast, and without asking me the amount of my fee laid a hundred dollar bill on my desk.

"My fee is only twenty-five dollars," I said.

"I am accustomed to appraise the value of services rendered me for myself," he returned, and I thought I detected the faintest shadow of a smile. "I will now bid you good-day, sir," he added, and rising abruptly, though with tremendous dignity, he turned to the door.

"But you have forgotten the will," I cried.

"It will remain in your custody," he announced, and, laying a card on my desk, he was gone before I could overcome my surprise and utter another word.

After recovering from my astonishment, and making sure that the crisp, one hundred dollar bill was not a fiction of the eye by tucking it with a pleasant crackling sound into my purse, I took up the document I had just executed, and upon which the signature of my client was hardly yet dry. The penmanship was characteristic—a small, delicate, and concise, rather than a bold, flourishing hand. Aaron Penhallow was the name. It was quite unfamiliar to me. Without a single premonition of the remarkable disposition of events that was to connect me further with this family whose chief had so recently awakened my interest, I filed the will away, and after the lapse of a few hours thought little more of the occurrence.

On the following day when I was enjoying a particularly interesting trip to Algeria, taking the unfrequented, overland route past the site of old Carthage to the ancient Cyrenacia to Egypt and the Nile, my door opened again, and a diminutive young man, thin and cadaverous, with sparse, wiry, dark hair, and wearing spectacles, entered.

"I come to deliver this communication from Mr. Penhallow," he announced.

"Indeed " I half exclaimed. "Be seated, pray, while I read it. A reply may be required."

"Oh, no," he declared. "Mr. Penhallow has expressed his commands in the letter. No, there is no answer," and with that he, too, was gone.

"I wonder who the devil he is," I said to myself. "Commands! Humph! But the letter." I opened it, and read as follows:

"Mr. Aaron Penhallow desires the attendance of Mr. Remboth at his residence Wednesday evening at six o'clock precisely. A punctual observance of the hour will be appreciated."

"An extraordinary summons," I muttered. "One would think I had surrendered all volition, and held myself in readiness to gratify this old gentleman's every whim and caprice." Then I thought of the hundred dollar bill. With such munificent remuneration I could surely restrain my spirit of independence and indulge my client's idiosyncrasies, and after all, as is well known, an obscure lawyer must not have too nice susceptibilities and discriminations.

Accordingly on Wednesday evening, on the very tick of the hour appointed, I presented myself at the address given. The house was not, as might be supposed from the domineering assumptions of its occupant, situated in the fashionable part of the town, but stood in a quiet, dingy side street, the gutters paved with round stones, that, though it had once been within the purlieus of affluence and quality, was now on the verge of becoming what forty years ago was known as "shabby genteel." A few of the former inhabitants still clung conservatively to the old mansions of their forefathers, and I surmised that such was doubtless the case with Mr. Penhallow, inasmuch as he was eminently a man to be influenced by old memories and associations, and to survey with silent contempt the aspirations of a younger generation to make one in the glaring constellation of ostentatious fashion.

My ring was responded to by an elderly, matronly woman of homely and pleasing aspect, who smiled benignly upon me, and to my inquiry, "Is Mr. Penhallow at home? I come by appointment," replied, "You are doubtless Mr. Remboth whom Mr. Penhallow is expecting. Follow me, if you please, to his presence."

Had Mr. Penhallow been an exiled monarch this quiet-spoken domestic—such as I supposed her, and such she proved to be—could not have spoken with more deference and homage in her tones. It needed but a few Oriental trappings, a coiled hookah in the corner, and a glimpse of a houri or so peeping from behind the portieres to create the illusion that I was about to wait upon some sheriff or Bashaw.

I noticed, as I followed my conductress, that the house was commodious, and replete with that atmosphere of genial, old-fashioned comfort which modern construction so totally precludes. The furnishings and decorations had been, in their day, costly and elegant, and though the damask and silk-twill of the furniture were somewhat threadbare in places, and the hangings frayed at the bottom, their refinement was not diminished. Everything proclaimed a taste that revolted from the garish and gaudy. Nothing glared, nothing was painfully pronounced. All was harmonious and subdued.

The serving woman now stopped at a door, and after relieving me of my hat, gloves and cane—I wore no top coat, for it was summer—which she deposited on a polished bench, knocked and receiving a response, opened the door and stood aside for me to enter, after my doing which she closed it again.

Chapter II

The room, as I saw at a glance, was Mr. Penhallow's library. The walls were framed completely around with dark walnut bookcases, on top of which were several busts—a bronze one of Webster, a plaster one of Homer, besides a number of antiques of various description. Above them the walls were hung with etchings of notable men in Science, Theology, Law, and Literature, and reproductions of Greek and Roman ruins, such as the Pantheon, the Temple of Olympian Jove, the Coliseum, etc.

In an easy chair drawn close to the window sat Mr. Penhallow in a purple velvet house-coat that reached below his knees, with a wide, roll collar, and gathered at the waist with a cord and tassels. He was making some annotations on the margin of a leaf of the volume he had been reading, and which he now laid aside.

"I am indebted by your prompt compliance with my wishes, Mr. Remboth," he said, smiling urbanely at me. "Be seated, pray; we shall dine directly, meanwhile, perhaps, you will join me in a little whiskey, which I can promise you is both old and really excellent," and he rang a tiny, silver bell that was on a small stand beside him. "I have been wondering," he continued, "as to the derivation of your name. It is a very singular one. Perhaps you are unaware that originally the word Remboth denominated an order of monks independent of abbatical authority which flourished in the days of the early church, and of which," here he smiled, "the records are not very complimentary. Indeed, they were a sad lot. The whiskey, Celian," said Mr. Penhallow as the door opened and the same young man who had borne me his master's "commands" entered the room and immediately addressing me again, "I indulge myself, Mr. Remboth, with a thimbleful of liquor before I sit down to my meals. I find that after excessive mental labor a small quantity of pure, rich whiskey is beneficially invigorating. It induces the mind, as it were, into fresh channels of thought, and imbues the fancy with greener and more animated reflections than are suggested by dry tomes."

At this juncture the young man called Celian entered with the whiskey. Mr. Penhallow, in his courtly manner, tilted a drop of the liquor into his own glass, and then proffered me another glass and the decanter. I poured out what I desired, after which he completed his own quantity, and lifting his glass delicately in his long, patrician fingers, gravely drank my "very good health."

I had little or no opportunity of saying anything, and I was interested in knowing how my respectable and eminently decorous lineage should have come to be named from a parcel of dissolute monks, Mr. Penhallow continually making observations to which it was evident he desired only monosyllabic replies.

Dinner was shortly announced by Celian, who appeared to fulfill the composite functions of secretary, valet and butler.

With the most polished breeding Mr. Penhallow now arose and conducted me in his stateliest manner to the dining-room where Celian held my chair for me.

The meal was plain, but ample and excellently dressed and enlivened with a bottle of genuine old Leacock Madeira.

After we had eaten we returned to the library, and I sat down to an exquisite cigar, and to such business as my patron had in view for me.

Mr. Penhallow had thawed beneath the genial wine, and now as he smoked, became less ceremonious in his deportment.

"I perceive," he said, "that you are wondering why I sent for you."

His remark aroused me from the midst of vainly conjecturing how, in the first place, he had been led to employ me, an obscure little star in the legal firmament.

"Frankly, sir, I am," I replied.

"Since I availed myself of your legal acquirements the other day," he said, "I have thought that I left matters in an unfinished state. The will which you drew was, I suppose, remarkable in the disparity of the two bequests. It is now my intention to relate the circumstance which induced me to leave practically all my property to my son, whom, it is plain, you have been expecting to see."

His discernment was extraordinary, for I had wondered, indeed was wondering, where this remarkably fortunate individual might be. When Celian had entered my office I had for a moment taken him for Mr. Penhallow's son, but the manner in which he had spoken of his employer convinced me immediately of my error.

"My son, Leverett," resumed Mr. Penhallow, "is travelling. His tour embraces the world. He will return via the Pacific, San Francisco, and the West in about two years' time."

My envy for the young man so delightfully employed was increased. Of course, now-a-days half a million of dollars is no great fortune; but in the time of my story it was immense.

"My son, sir," went on my client, "is all any father could desire, dutiful, affectionate, of good mind and manners. Although he evinces my predilection for study in a degree as earnest as my own, he has not inherited the business acumen that has commonly been attributed to me. However, if he occupies his time devoutly, with less practical but more wholesome matters than mere laboring for dollars, I shall not complain. I shall be content to have him a vigorous worker in the world in any capacity, and this he bids fair to be as he gives no indications of indolence. On this head, then, I feel easy in nominating him as my only heir, confident that the possession of so much wealth will in no wise detract from his diligence and industry. If he develops into only the professed student of books and men his mind will profit, and one of my chief convictions is that no individual mind in this world can receive improvement without dispensing some benefit among mankind. We cannot all hope to converge in ourselves all excellencies; suffice it if we make the most of such parts as we are endowed with congenitally, be they few or many, mediocre or dazzling."

"You take a remarkably sensible and philosophic view, sir," I ventured to observe.

"Thank you," he condescended to reply, and, as I thought, a little disdainfully. "But to proceed. My daughter, Evelyn, by a course of wilful imprudence, to use no harsher term, has provoked my forbearance beyond all sufferance. She has aggravated a career of frivolity, folly and—and license, if I must say it, by recently eloping with a most disreputable young man, against whom I have repeatedly but vainly warned her. She persisted in her perverse infatuation, and met my strict injunctions against his future entrance into my house by clandestine appointments, which, coming to my ear, subjected her to my renewed remonstrances; but neither persuasion nor strictures had the slightest effect, unless, indeed, they accelerated the consummation of the union I had so much cause to dread. Certain of my refusal to sanction her marriage with the depraved object of her diseased affection, she left her home here, and fled with him. I know not where she is. It is needless to inform you that, of course, her husband—for doubtless they are by this time married—had no other object in view than bettering by this alliance his worldly prospects, which were contemptible indeed from his extravagant dissipation. My purpose you are now aware of—to frustrate the hopes of this mercenary schemer, and bring upon my headstrong child the penalty her unfilial conduct merits."

"May I presume to suggest, sir," I said, "that the penalty seems more than condign, especially if she has erred through lack of judgment rather than from deliberate abandonment?"

"Mr. Remboth," returned my extraordinary client a little drily but withal kindly, "be diffident in presuming to pitch the judgment of youth against the perspicacity of old age. My daughter erred through vicious propensities that were quite perceptible of correction had she chosen to make the effort. Had I arbitrarily expressed my desires, my commands if you will, her misconduct might then have found palliation in the very human disposition that ill-brooks tyrannical restraint; but, on the contrary, whatever my manner may be to strangers, it has been uniformly kind and pliant to my children. Sir, I am acting as I ought to act. My wealth has been scrupulously acquired; it shall not be dissolutely squandered. Now I have entrusted these melancholy family matters to your knowledge because I am an old man, and any day is likely to be my last, in which event you will be able to more intelligently fulfill my last wishes and guard against any efforts that may be made to thwart them. And now, sir, if you have any questions to ask, pray let me hear them."

"I should like to know the ages of your children."

"They are twins, sir, twenty-one years, and to a stranger who would be likely to compare their features only, wonderfully alike, though of course I, seeing deeper, and accustomed to note every expression of their faces, perceive a great difference. Physically speaking, they are perfect twins, except, of course, in the characteristics of sex. Mentally they are antipodal, divergent as the poles, remote as Heaven and Hell."

"Then, Mr. Penhallow, I will bid you good-evening, and with many thanks for your hospitality."

"A moment, Mr. Remboth. I have not yet discharged your fee," and again he withdrew his wallet, and was opening it when I ventured to remonstrate.

"Pardon me," I said demurringly; "but I am more than sufficiently imbursed already. I cannot possibly accept any more at present."

"How!" he cried, looking quickly up. "I thought you were a lawyer."

"And so I am, sir," I asserted, "though but an inexperienced one as yet."

"Your scruple is rather that of an honest fellow, such an anomaly as I was assured you were, though I doubted it, your being a lawyer; but evidently I was in error, an error one is very glad to make."

At this aspersion on my profession, which I maintain embraces many men of honor and probity, though I cannot deny but that the practice of law is calculated to foster whatever evil traits a man may have, and, in a good many instances, to unconsciously divert from thorough scrupulousness—I felt impelled to resent his words, but a glance at him could not but assure me that he meant no personal offence. He was observing me very steadily and kindly, and accordingly I commanded myself and said merely, though with dignity, "You were in error, indeed, sir."

"Very good. I am thoroughly glad of it. I wish I could make many more such mistakes," he declared. "But you will oblige me by laying your nicety aside, and accepting this note, if not in the light of remuneration, then in the light of a free and friendly gift, becoming one of my age and means to proffer, and, in the present instance, quite proper for you to accept. Sir, you will confer pleasure on me by complying."

The manner of his speaking, kind, considerate, benevolent, overcame my instinctive repugnance, and with as much gratitude as I could express, I took the money he extended, this time a fifty dollar note; but as I folded it into my purse I could not help remarking, "You are a most unaccountable man, sir."

He smiled. For an instant all his rigid hauteur vanished, and his face was as affectionate as if I had been a well-loved child.

"My young friend," he said, "so far as I can I like to help those most in need of it by such employment as I can give, instead of carrying my business to those who already have more than sufficient. As I said, I prefer to judge myself of the service rendered me, and to satisfy my conscience by bestowing upon the laborer the hire that I think is his due. And now good-night to you. Continue strict in your sense of honor, sir; it is a profession much grander than that of the law, though unfortunately it has few exponents in these days. Good-night, and success attend you," with which words, uttered in real earnestness, and not perfunctorily, and enhanced by a benignant smile, he rang the bell, and I was conducted out by Celian.

For several weeks afterwards my mind was constantly dwellng on the eccentricities and kindness of this man whom I came to regard more and more in the light of a benefactor than of a client; but impressions are elusive things in youth, and gradually my mind was occupied with the affairs of other clients who came to consult me, and I thought only casually of the odd circumstances attending my first stroke of law business.

CHAPTER III

After a while, some two or three months, as near as I can remember at this late day, I associated with me in my practice an old college classmate, who, of a tidier nature than myself, quite renovated the office, so that the chairs were no longer dusty. For several months we worked assiduously together, when, as May was drawing to a close, an opportunity came for me to combine business and pleasure by a sojourn in the West. My partner and myself had acquired some considerable practice among men engaged in mining, and as we both had become interested in this department of jurisprudence we began to make a specialty of it. The business really necessitated a representative in Denver, and I decided to take this expatriation upon myself, as I had fewer ties to be severed than my friend.

Accordingly to Denver I went, and established myself as well as might be, in a ramshackle building, the prevailing type of architecture then in the Queen City. The venture succeeded remarkably well, and our Western office was soon engaged in a large volume of very lucrative practice. There was abundance of variety in my life, and I was less confined to my desk than I had been in New York, being frequently called in consultation to diverse points in the state.

Leadville at that time was booming, a process in a western town similar to the effervescence of a seidlitz powder. In the camps of that day, as now, the saloon was the common club, and often a resort for the transaction of business, and to enter it cast no reflection on anyone. Roulette and poker were, of course, the chief diversions besides the "adjudication of water rights" at the bar. Naturally amid such an environment I was brought in contact with all shades and complexions of humanity—the shrewd, sober, plodding man of business, promoters and prospectors, tricky, obscure attorneys, prosecuting a precarious and pernicious livelihood much in the manner that a flea gains a subsistence on a dog, reckless, improvident speculators, miners, cattlemen, and cow-waddies, professional gamblers, etc. I found, however, that the old adage concerning pitch was not applicable in my case, for though frequently obliged to tip-toe over a pool of it, I experienced no difficulty in avoiding a smear. Very soon I became assimilated to the conditions around me, and found a pleasing excitement and activity in the variety of my new life.

It was about two years after I had taken up my domicile in Denver—a domicile occasionally interrupted by visits to my partner in the East—that a matter of some urgency called me to Leadville. Upon inquiring in the hotel for the persons I was to meet, I learned that they had not yet registered, but shortly after I had gone to my room, notice of their arrival was brought to me.

I hurried down to the office, and not finding them there, I entered the bar, where I discovered them in a corner. I was known to only one of them—there were three—the man upon whose request I had come. He was an old prospector, well versed in metallurgy, uncommonly successful, and a man of upright, pious character despite his vocation, which often threw him among a turbulent, unprincipled lot. I had executed considerable business at divers times for him, and a commission from him I always received with pleasure, experience having shown me that the old man never engaged in any equivocal enterprise requiring unscrupulous work, the juggling of technicalities, etc., such as was frequently the case in conveyances of ore property, claims, and such matters. There were many lawyers who fattened on the prostitution of their legal acquirements, safeguarding questionable transactions with cunning legal devices, and immuring from the penitentiary clients whose deeds would otherwise have speedily placed them there; but these men were generally ostracised by the better class of attorneys, and indeed by all respectable men in general, their status in the profession being analogous to that of quack doctors among physicians.

My present acquaintance, as I have said, had been extraordinarily successful. He never endeavored to exploit a mineral property that did not bid fair to profit those who invested in it. Thus, in a time when salted claims were daily unloaded on a gullible and avaricious public, the honesty of this man stood out strong and clear, and redounded to his advantage. He was looked upon with absolute confidence, and could command co-operation among a circle of wealthy promoters. He prided himself on the success of the mines he had discovered, and investors thought themselves lucky for a chance to embark their money in a venture endorsed by old Pebble Hicks, as he was called.

Of the other two in the party, one was an ordinary business man of moderate means, some Eastern merchant or manufacturer, I fancied, and the other was the most striking-looking young gentleman I had ever beheld. He might have been two or three and twenty, though even these few years were belied by the ethereality of his beauty. His hair was fine as silk, wavy, and pale gold in hue; his face was almost piquant, if such an adjective can be at all compatible with even the most refined masculinity; and his skin was as delicate as a child's. A beard seemed never to have started on his face, but he wore a very small mustache. Such a description would convey the idea of excessive femininity of countenance, but a noble brow, a pair of brilliant masterful eyes, together with an exceptionally long, slender nose, at once strong and sensitive, firm mouth, and compact, resolute chin, dispelled any such notion.

If his face was altogether remarkable, his figure was not less so. He was straight and slender as a young, lodge-pole pine, but without attenuation or suggestion of any disease. I noticed particularly his hands and feet; they were small, slim and elegant. Altogether the appearance of this young man, beyond all description, was so extraordinary that I stopped short to stare at him. A more strangely assorted trio I had never seen—the grizzled old prospector, rough, gnarled, and simple; the sleek, square-built, alert man of business; and this youth of another world, as it were. If honesty and kindliness beamed in the gray eyes of the bronzed and furrowed old man of the hills, if the policy of integrity was apparent on the composed features of the man of affairs, angelic sweetness and goodness gently animated every lineament in the face of the youth. But I rhapsodize.

I recovered from my abstraction and stepped briskly up to the table. Old Mr. Hicks greeted me warmly, and introduced me to his companions, Mr. Alonzo Swan of Pawtucket, Rhode Island, and Mr. Penhallow of New York.

At the mention of the latter name I started, looked with deep interest on the young man, and impulsively extending my hand, said cordially, "It would be strange, sir, if I knew your father, and if I do not, you bear a wonderful resemblance in form and feature to a gentleman of the same name whom I do know; but if you are, indeed, his son, and as I look at you I am more and more certain that you are, the initial of your Christian name will be L—"

"And the name itself, sir, Leverett," he replied with a charmingly ingenuous smile.

"This is, indeed, odd," I continued. "I should, perhaps, modify my expression of knowing your father; I am acquainted with him. Before I came West Mr. Aaron Penhallow entrusted me with the execution of some business. He informed me of your being abroad. I presume you are now on your return home."

"I have been returning home for some time," was the reply, "but I find it hard to break away from the mines. I am not much given to analysis, but there is a strange delight to me in the buried riches in these hills, and I have surprised myself by becoming enthusiastically interested in the mines here. I dabbled in them somewhat in Russia."

"Mr. Penhallow," interposed Mr. Swan, "was a mineralogist before he ever saw a mine, though he likes to give the impression that he is an amateur; but, gentlemen, I have but a scant hour before the east-bound train, and I am sure Mr. Hicks and Mr. Penhallow will excuse me if I seem importunate, and suggest that the business among us be attended to without delay."

"You are right," said Mr. Penhallow. "I shall have ample opportunity to indulge myself with Mr. Remboth's reminiscences of my dear father, after Mr. Swan is gone, so let us to our affairs."

The business consisted in drawing up an agreement between the three, whereby

Mr. Hicks, in return for an interest in several claims was to receive a sum of money from the two gentlemen to begin operations with. The matter required little time to consummate, and after some general conversation Mr. Swan betook himself to the station to await his train.

CHAPTER IV

I spent the evening with old Pebble and young Leverett, receiving from the latter a picturesque account of his world travel. He had stored his mind with a wonderful amount of information. He vented no glib, stereotyped accounts of Milan and Florence, or Cairo and Smyrna, of Japan, China and the Indies. Wherever he had gone he had been wonderfully assiduous in gaining from the people and custom sound knowledge and convictions. I could perceive the truth of his father's words, that Leverett was a close student of both books and men.

"You see, Mr. Remboth," he said, "I have been making a leisurely tour, looking at things a good deal with my eyes shut, finding that the mind sees better in darkness, figuratively speaking."

"You must have experienced rare delight," I rejoined. "I particularly envy you Mesopotamia. I think that land and the ancient corners of Persia to the East would hold greater interest to me than even Greece and the Bosphorus."

"It is a melancholy land," he replied, "barren, inhospitable, depopulated, with even its memories in decrepitude. Who thinks today of Nineveh, Babylon, Susa, and Ecbatana? Were it not for Sunday-schools our children would be unacquainted with even Babylon. In the West here I have mourned over a mountain forest laid low in ashes by man's carelessness; but there, on the Tigris and Euphrates, a teeming paradise is become a desert here and a swamp there, by sheer human folly. One feels ashamed of reason, and envies the well-regulated instincts of the beast that lacks the brains to stupidly abuse his birthright. If the world is so beautiful now, what must it have been before mankind attained to sufficient civilization to perpetrate whole empires of dreary ruins? Oh, that I had the industry of the beaver, the spirit of the stag, the providence of the bee, the honesty of the dog, the ambition of the eagle, and the soul of the dove! I think that thus endowed I might lead a profitable and appreciative existence, but alas, I am cursed with the intellect of a man, and am too refined to be content with perfection, but must, perforce, pervertly exert myself to improve the works of the Almighty. I fancy we would not rest content with pure air if we could compass some adulteration of it. Mankind has done pretty well so far; it but remains for him to get rid of the sunlight by putting a shingle roof over the world."

It was difficult to differentiate, if I may use a technical term, the seriousness, the levity, and the irony in the young man's speech. "Eccentric like his father," thought I. "Some day this race of Penhallow will ascend into genius, or degenerate into imbecility." Aloud I said, "And so you have become interested in mines?"

"The glitter of gold fascinates me when I see it shackled in rocks," he declared. "I despise it when it is minted. I have a theory of turning to account the low grade ores by a process of chemical extraction which seems to have been overlooked by investigators."

"A wonderful theory, too, and miraculous in practice," asserted old Pebble Hicks. "And Mr. Penhallow won't give himself any credit for it, and resents anyone else presuming to give him credit for it, or with any sense out of the common."

"You have seen the process applied then?" I asked of the old man with some curiosity, though privately skeptical, for I had often heard of such dreams.

"I should say I had, and Mr. Penhallow laughs at his achievement."

"But it's so simple," said the young man deprecatingly.

"It may be simple to a man of your learning, but it's way beyond comprehension of the most talented men in this country. Mr. Penhallow, sir," old Pebble continued, addressing me, "takes a chunk of low grade ore, ore that nobody else can get the gold out of except by an expense that's greater than the value of the gold extracted, and cleans up ninety per cent at a cost of seventy cents a ton. Ask him how he does it and he won't tell, and love, nor money, nor threats won't buy it of him."

"What, you don't intend to utilize your knowledge!" I exclaimed, beginning to regard the young man's announcement more seriously on the strength of old Hicks' belief in it.

"Mr. Remboth," he answered, regarding me amiably, "you must know that my father and I have whims. ("I should say so!" I thought.) We both pride ourselves on at least letting nothing harmful emanate from us. Frankenstein liked to experiment in producing life, and see what the world has come to by his letting his secret escape him. Now it is quite the fashion to be bringing monsters into the world. You see I don't think my secret of any benefit to humanity; it is a mere draught to produce satiateless avarice, as an aphrodisiac produces erotic desires, and I think mankind would be better off with the insitiency of a camel so far as gold is concerned. Why, my secret would make every dump of every mine in Leadville worth millions, and the Lord knows there's gold enough stamped and coined already."

"And I could raise a million among my friends tomorrow if he would reveal it!" cried the old man in a lachrymose tone; "but no, he shows us what he can do, tantalizes us by dangling the possibility before us, and then laughs in our faces."

I was now more than ever at a loss to understand the race of Penhallow. Here was a young man who had incalculable wealth in his grasp, and laughed at it in disdain.

"But why, then," I asked, "if you despise wealth to such a degree, do you invest money with Mr. Hicks? He is bound to render you a fat profit."

"Oh, no," was the quiet reply. "It is expressly stipulated between us that I shall not be forced to take any profit. I invest the money only as an aid to Mr. Hicks. Mr. Hicks, you see, is an honest man, and if ten thousand dollars of my money can afford him happiness by enabling him to develop his new properties, he is more than welcome to it. I am moved solely by a desire to promote the success that his labors and character deserve. I want to see Mr. Hicks, in his honesty, immeasurably surpass the scamps that abound here. I want to see one honest man exalted, for the good influence it will have on this irremediable locality. If the thought of personal gain were to enter into it, my pleasure would be gone."

"Now, Mr. Remboth, what do you make of his rubbish?" cried old Pebble derisively. "I tell him he ought either to be in Heaven or in Bedlam, for he sure ain't fit for this earth."

"I am wholly at sea," I replied. "If it were not for the indisputable evidence of this bar-room that I am breathing a terrestrial atmosphere, I should be inclined to fancy myself in a new Atlantis, or some such little sphere where altruism is the order of the day. For myself, if I had any such knowledge as Mr. Penhallow's, knowledge that would bring into my pocket a never-ending stream of wealth, I should take the very quickest advantage of it."

The young man laughed. "I find few to agree with me. I am going to bid you both good-night, and you, Mr. Remboth, good-bye, for I shall be up and away before you are stirring in the morning. I am going with a party to the hot springs 'way down on the Grand River. I am crowding every moment that I am here that I may see as much of the country as possible before I depart for the East."

"You intend returning home soon, then?" I asked.

"Within a fortnight," was the reply. "My father is wishing me greatly to be at his side. We are really two cronies, you know, and double-back the same lines."

"I shall be particularly obliged to you," I said, "if you will remember me kindly to him."

"I should be delighted, and I look forward to seeing you in New York on your next trip East. You know our address, and I shall depend upon you to look us up."

We shook hands cordially, and he was gone.

"If the Jews knew him," declared old Pebble, "they'd swear by the covenant that the real Christ was come at last."

"He is, by all odds, the most extraordinary young man I have ever encountered," my eyes still fixed on the doorway through which he had disappeared. "How did you get acquainted with him?" I inquired, turning at last.

"Through Mr. Swan, who knows him and his father well. Swan traveled with him some months in Europe, and was with him when he was studying them mines in Rooshia, and when the young man kept on Swan came home. They met again in 'Frisco where Swan was looking over some mining property on the Sacramento, and traveled this far together. They have been here six weeks while Swan was inspecting some claims here. Of course, I've known Swan for over twelve years, and I suppose that I've put him in the way of five times as many thousands of dollars. The youngster, as soon as he met me, looked straight into my eyes, and it was like being bored with a steam drill. He's a sharp one, and can, I believe, read what's going on inside your head. I'd take my oath he could see the very thought of a lie in a man's mind."

I thought eccentricity had culminated in his father, but having seen the son, I was of the opinion that they were twin stars on that zenith, and it was hard to tell which was of the greater magnitude. "The very strangest young fellow I have ever met," I soliloquized aloud.

"Yes; don't drink, smoke, gamble, swear, or even chew," was the responding comment of Mr. Hicks.

"Most immaculate. But how are things going with you?" I asked.

"Good. I've located some top-notch claims, and as you've seen tonight, Mr. Swan has backed me, and the young man has put in ten thousand. Of course, Swan will get the lion's share. I don't put my own money into the claims I discover; I merely locate 'em, depend on others to risk their money and dig the holes, and in the event of their panning out good, I take a modest percentage such as is my due."

"And this process of young Mr. Penhallow's," my mind reverting to the incredible pretensions of the young man; "you really think it a good, practicable thing, do you?"

"Why, Mr. Remboth, it's wonderful, simply wonderful. He went to some school of mines over in Sweden, and then studied chemistry with some great German scientific man. He calls himself a dabbler. Why, there isn't a chemist or an assayer in Denver, no, nor out to Golden, that's fit to be even his 'prentice. He's got a marvellous head, and there's no understanding it. He's open enough, but still you can't help but feel there are places in his mind 'way below the sixth or seventh level that are no more soundable than the quicksand over there in the old Dr. Jack-pot mine. And to think he won't benefit by his discovery! When he first showed us what he could do, and observed the genuine stupefaction on our faces, he just burst out laughing, and looking at us said, 'Aren't you ashamed of yourselves to be so greedy? Why don't you take pattern by me? Just look here,' waving the slip of paper containing the formula he had been consulting, 'you'd give millions for that, wouldn't you?' and with another laugh he popped it into the Bunsen burner. I just threw up my hands and groaned. 'Don't feel bad,' he said; 'that's only a few memorandums. The complete theory I keep safe by me in case I should some time be of the opinion that the benefit of the human race required the demonetization of gold. I can make gold in reality no whit more valuable than I deem it myself,' and he laughed again. 'We'd have to go back to iron money in that case, wouldn't we?' says he. 'Iron is a really valuable metal, but gold—pshaw! Why Catherine de (somebody, I don't remember the name) 'and Cæsar' (somebody else; there was no end to his learning) 'and Locusta, and all the quacks of Florence never had a poison equal to gold. They,' says he, 'could kill the body, but this gold shrivels up the soul if you ain't careful.' 'I'd chance it on my tough old constitution,' says I, and out he burst laughing again. Well, I must be off to bed. I'll shake hands in case I don't see you in the morning. You lawyers keep later office hours than I do. Good-night."

"Well," I thought, "it seems as if the Penhallows had already produced a genius. Demonetize gold! Well, I shouldn't wonder. He looks quite capable of it. Luckily, I haven't got much of the metal." I smoked a cigar and went to bed early, only to lie awake half the night thinking of this brand new variety of human nature I had encountered. Young Mr. Penhallow's idea of philanthropy was quite

"At last the day that I confidently expected would come, came. My door opened and an old gentleman entered."

contrary to the current notion—quite Lycurgian. Most men flattered themselves with good intentions in charitably disbursing huge sums; but here was a young fellow who, without one volt of effort, could acquire enormous, inconceivable wealth, wealth to which the fabled riches of Midas and Monte Cristo were but paltry, and yet who wouldn't lift one finger to gain it. He would retrograde to the ideas of Sparta, when some poor devil of a Laconian, who wished to buy a season's supply of provisions for his family, went to market with a wagon-load of money—iron money. "Two years ago," thought I, "I met his extraordinary father; tonight I have run across the perfectly bewildering son. I wonder what next?"

Chapter V

In the morning when I went down to breakfast, I found a telegram awaiting me from my office in Denver, appointing me to meet some gentlemen in Aspen before I came back. I disliked the thought of being delayed in my return, for the mining camps, after a day or so, always depressed me. There was so much unavoidable viciousness and depravity to be seen, in fact that was often thrust upon one, that I longed for my quiet little den in Denver, and the cozy evenings with my pipe and books; but a young lawyer, practicing in mining, must, like a physician, be accessible at all hours, and cheerfully take upon himself obnoxious journeys. Accordingly, assuming the best frame of mind possible, I started.

Before supper-time my business was completed, but it was too late then for me to catch a train. Some very good strikes had lately been made in the district, and the town was exceedingly lively. There was a dance hall there then—a notorious place—conducted by a woman as truly beautiful in person as she was vile in all other respects. I knew her as I did many other debauched creatures, both male and female, through the sometimes unpleasant exigencies of professional business; but this woman, despite her unsavory reputation, was interesting.

Wherever she had come from, she had known better days, and very much better days. When she was pleased to lay aside her camp vernacular she could express herself in excellent English, and was no mean proficient in French and Spanish. She was addicted to opium, and her moods and caprices knew no bounds. Often she would shelter some poor, homeless dog, fatten him, and pet him; she would again foster the bitterest animosities between two rivals for her baneful charms, until a "gun-play" ended in the death of one or both of her admirers. In this respect, as a sort of unofficial executioner, she served an excellent end.

Oddly enough she, who had respect for nothing, always assumed a demeanor of decorum before me, and on such occasions as I had come in contact with her she had unbosomed herself of all those futile regrets that, more often than is supposed, torment women of her class. Though cognizant of her reckless and dreadful life, I pitied her sincerely, and seldom visited Aspen without looking in at her place, and speaking a pleasant word, for I had found that often a smile of kindness is not misplaced even among such outcasts, that sometimes it is not wholly unprofitable to cast a few pearls before swine. To be sure, they have forfeited all desert, but in my profession I had seen so much of the doom that sin inexorably invokes of itself that I have sometimes been tempted to restrain my own condemnation in order with a cheerful word and a smile to strike some hidden spring perhaps not wholly unresilient with the rust of vice, if only momentarily. Perhaps we are sometimes too inveterate in our denunciation of sinners, too vociferous in our emotional expressions of outraged virtue. Never fear, they will come to their own without our lending an impelling impulse. Try sometimes instead of a shiver of revulsion, the efficacy of a humane look, a smile, a kindly word, that recognizes in them, however fallen, human kindred, for often you have to thank sheer good fortune that you, yourself, complacent perhaps arrogant, in your own well-displayed righteousness, are no nearer their own estate.

On this particular evening, then, I happened to think of this profligate woman, and I entered the resort to speak to her. She was seated, as usual, behind a little enclosed space at the end of a sloppy bar, behind which two desperate-looking fellows were shying glasses of laboratory whiskey from one end of the counter to the other. The usual concourse of belted miners, cow-twisters, gamblers, and other disreputable riff-raff were present, preparing themselves for the furious revels of the dance to come by dislocating every mental faculty with downright poison—poison at two bits a glass until you were drunk, after which the bartenders returned no change, and, in case of demur, why, there were two very obvious and ugly looking Colts on the shelf back of the bar, among the glasses, and when a drunken man was shot, the burden of proof rested on the corpse.

At the far end of the hall hovered a melancholy group, although they appeared vivacious enough. Ten or twelve women they were, from sixteen to nearly double the age, painted and bedizened in the most meretricious fashion. Occasionally some patron at the bar, with maudlin gallantry, would order a tray of liquor sent down at his expense to this abandoned crew, and when it reached them, raise his own glass unsteadily overhead, and leer at the one he hoped thus to propitiate in his favor for a night's hilarity.

I stood bending over the railing talking to the proprietress, inquiring after her welfare, and urging her to curtail the license of her place, as even the mining camps of those days had spasms of virtue, when my attention was arrested by a voice that, though impeded with intoxication, had a familiar ring. I leaned still further over the railing, so that I could look diagonally down inside the bar and catch a sweeping glance of the crowded revellers sprawling over it. Midway down I perceived a face that literally paralyzed me with amazement.

Was I dreaming, or had the foul, heavy fumes of the place disordered my brain? Surely I saw with no normal vision, for as I live, there, slouching half over the dripping counter, stood Leverett Penhallow! His pale, yellow hair was matted on his brow; his eyes lolled sottishly and bloodshot in their sockets; his jaw hung inertly, stupidly down; his mouth drooled; his face was smeared and smooched. Yes, it was Leverett Penhallow; but where was the soul of the man that had seemed to dwell upon his face? Where was the gentle sweetness mingled with the masculine firmness that had lent such extraordinary beauty to his delicate features? Where was the rich, softly modulated voice that had tinctured his most extravagant enunciations with persuasion? They were gone; his whole countenance was masked with drunken unreason—reckless, shameless, disgusting. His utterance was a turgid stream of ribaldry and defiant blasphemy. In all my life, I had never received such a shock.

"Set 'em up again, you cussed, scrub-bearded, bar puddler," he cried. "Open up the head gate of the whiskey ditch and turn her loose on the crowd. Stand up here, you fellows, every blessed mother's pap-sucker of you. Jump into your irrigating boots, and wallow in the red eye that Pen pays for," and he threw a handful of gold and silver onto the drenched bar, lurched against his neighbor, jumbled a string of frightful oaths, reeled against the bar, recovered his balance, and blinked half blindly around.

I was conscious only of a deluge of revulsion, of an irresistible impulse to shut out the repulsive sight of that besotted face and the sound of that horrid voice. Before I knew it I was on the street and hurrying away from the outburst of applause that had greeted the summons to free drinks. "Good Heavens," I thought, "is it possible? Can such a transformation take place in any human being? Can two such natures inhabit one breast?" and then I felt urged to return and drag the wretch from the den, to save him from further prostitution of that divine essence which I had been so sedulously taught was in every man; but I had a horror of ever again beholding such scenes. Oh, how I longed for the pure atmosphere of my home in Denver, of my quiet, cozy library with its wealth of ideals on the shelves, ideals so delightful and refreshing to contemplate after the daily hurly-burly of business life! Oh, that I could never again be even so much as reminded of such a thing as shrieking, trampling vice; that I could delude my reason and unbelieve that the world was not peopled wholly with good, kindly, noble men, and spotless, tenderly nurtured women; but alas, I knew full well that the eagle's plumage, the dove's demure pelisse, could be fashioned, with a little soot, to serve the stinking buzzard, that Bermuda's fairest flower needed but a paint pot to flaunt a spotted tiger-lily.

But go back I must, for his father's sake, for old Mr. Penhallow who had treated me so generously. "So," I thought, as I still tarried irresolute, "this young man of such fine promise is so enslaved to his passions that he has to contrive subterfuges for getting away from his acquaintances in order that he may indulge without restraint his vicious propensities."

But should we be harsh to the "weaknesses" of transcendent genius? In the marvellously chaste conceptions of the great architects, in the attainments of a Seneca, in the brilliant versatility of a Fox, or his analogue Alcibiades, or the conquests of a Marlborough, should we not condone their vices,—their debaucheries, tergiversations, and duplicities, excusing their "faults" in the glory of their work? Can it be doubted but that humanity is immeasurably the gainer by profligate genius than by virtuous mediocrity? Can any sane individual believe for a moment that genius, even though clogged with lust and corruption, is better than no genius at all? Should we not easily reconcile ourselves to the ravishment of our daughters, to the debauchery of our sons at the ballot-box, to the corruption of commerce, when such ample compensations as magnificent edifices and reputations, brilliant, if unprincipled, statesmanship, and ogreish colossi of finance are bestowed upon us? No, no; we must expect in vast intellects corresponding "defects," and though the obscure citizen is undoubtedly amenable to the sternest justice for infractions of our ethical code, we cannot but grant that the genius has earned the right of immunity, and is tacitly at liberty to promote his pleasures and his profits by the nicest proficiency in immorality. Do you not suppose that God welcomes a scoundrel to Heaven with open arms if he has left some pretty relics behind him on earth? After all, morality is a will-o'-the-wisp; it looks real quite often, and it is becoming to the dignity of age to discourse about it. We should all have a glib smattering of it, as of art, literature, and science; but, of course, we all know that it is a fiction, except in simple-minded, opaque people like ourselves, who are too dull-brained to comprehend why it should not be regarded as negligible. It is a matter in which we cannot be too discriminating. The masses should be taught that sin is only relative; that rape, theft, bribery and debauchery are highly immoral when they are not combined with great abilities. Let not the murmurers in their poverty imagine that because our great artists, financiers and politicians are not in durance that justice is blind and impotent, but teach them the truth that in the alembic of genius all evil seethes into lustrous virtue. So, hod-carrier—so, coal-heaver—so, ploughman—beware of infringing the decalogue until you shall have become so rich, or so famous, that it shall cease to be a sin; otherwise justice is alert and you shall surely suffer the penalty of your monstrous lusts, greeds and frauds.

"I will go back," I resolved. I was not yet out of earshot of the noisy merriment of the place, and now, as I retraced my steps, it grew louder and louder. Presently music broke forth, harsh and discordant, as if even instrumental harmony was impossible in such an atmosphere. Oaths and imprecations were wafted out on the night air, as the swinging doors were flung open to give ingress to some newcomer, or banged to on the reeling form of a drunken miner.

I was about to step onto the doorsill when a pistol shot rang out, and before I could recover from the icy thrill of apprehension that quivered through me, the doors were burst open again, and Leverett Penhallow bolted out, cursing and screaming like a madman, his face covered with blood. Instinctively I stretched forth a restraining hand, but he hurled me aside with a hoarsely muttered oath, and with no look of recognition, he was gone.

Anxious to know what had occurred, I entered. All noise and confusion had subsided with the echo of the shot. The drinkers at the bar had turned, their glasses suspended in their hands, and were dazedly looking at a motionless form,—a woman's form,— outstretched on the floor. A little to one side stood a tall, black-bearded, ferocious looking fellow, in the chaps, high heels and huge roweled jingling spurs, of the cowboy. A smoking revolver was clutched in his hand. Above his head a little cloud of smoke wreathed, eddied and dipped. The proprietress stood straining her body over the rail of her enclosure. The bartenders were out of sight behind the bar, and at the far end of the hall the group of women crowded huddling in a corner.

I soon learned what had happened. The tall, dark cowboy had beckoned one of the women to join him at the bar. She had approached and had been met with a torrent of gratuitous abuse by the young man I had started back to succor. The cowboy had thrown the words back in his mouth, and Penhallow had then struck the girl to the floor, but before she had reached it her reckless champion had snatched his revolver from his thigh and fired at the traducer. There was nothing more to learn. That the shot had taken some effect I was aware, but whether murder had been done was yet to be seen.

I hurried out intent on finding the son of him whom I remembered so gratefully as a benefactor, and of getting him out of town; but though I searched high and low I could find no trace of him. At length, wearied of my efforts and unstrung with the excitement, I returned to the hotel, to ruminate on the unfortunate outcome of young Penhallow's dissipation and consider what was best to be done under the circumstances. I quickly reached the conclusion that my duty to Mr. Aaron Penhallow imperatively demanded my informing him of the event, but I deferred writing until the morning should have brought me calmer and more discerning moments.

The letter I was about to write was not an effusion I could dash off pell mell. The communication of evil tidings is an invidious task at best, and I very much feared that the haughty spirit of Mr. Aaron Penhallow would resent my interference as unwarrantable and officious very likely, perhaps, flatly refuse me credence, for I had heard from his own lips his fond gratification in his son, against whom he would naturally be indisposed to believe evil; but I had a duty to my own conscience. I was firmly convinced, after the reflection of the night, that Leverett Penhallow was either an unmitigated hypocrite, or else little better than a maniac. In the former case it was due to Mr. Penhallow, Sr., that he be informed of the true scapegrace character of his son; in the latter case that he be acquainted with the young man's affliction, that means might be taken to prevent the sufferer from further irresponsible wanderings about the country, and for adequate restraint against a recurrence of his malady.

I composed several drafts and impatiently destroyed each one as soon as written. They all sounded so harsh to a parent's ears; but finally I achieved a brief letter describing the two occasions on which I had encountered his son, and deprecating the necessity which obliged me of all men to indite such painful and alarming intelligence. On second thought I added a postscript, suggesting that Mr. Penhallow himself forthwith come to me in Denver, and meanwhile I would use all endeavors to keep his son under surveillance, if I should succeed in discovering his whereabouts. I dropped this letter in the post, and after spending the remainder of the day in vainly seeking the depraved or unfortunate young man, as the case might be, I took the evening train for Denver.

CHAPTER VI

I might expect a reply to my letter, or even Mr. Penhallow himself, in seven or eight days, and I decided to occupy the interval that must elapse by returning immediately to Leadville and unremittingly seek intelligence of his son. I recollected that the young man had mentioned his leaving the morning following our first meeting, for the hot springs at the foot of the Divide. It was, I thought, barely possible that in this he spoke the truth, and that he might have temporarily left his party on the way to go to Aspen where, he undoubtedly knew, there were ample means of allaying his craving.

Granted this supposition to be tenable, I might then expect to gain some news of the party with whom he had associated himself, and by following them up perhaps find the object of my search, or else elicit tidings of him. The more I dwelt on this theory, the more plausible it seemed, particularly as I knew Aspen was readily accessible from the springs, and I forthwith permitted myself a grain of comfort.

Alighting at Malta, the small station on the main line from whence passengers were transferred to Leadville, about four miles distant, I looked quickly around, hoping perchance to espy the young man among the throng on the platform; but I was disappointed. Arriving at Leadville I immediately sought admittance within the office of the proprietor of the hotel, with whom I was well acquainted, and began my cross-examination. To my exultation I learned at once that Mr. Leverett Penhallow had, indeed, left the hotel the morning in question, in company with a number of gentlemen bound for the hot springs, now known as Glenwood Springs; and furthermore, that the party was, in all probability, still there.

Without delaying a moment, save to send a telegram to my office in Denver bidding my clerk to inform Mr. Penhallow, in case he arrived, that I was detained a few days in returning due to present business on his behalf; and to transfer my revolver from my Gladstone to my left armpit, I engaged a strong Democrat wagon and team and driver and set out. The railroad then was not through to the Springs. It was a long two days' jaunt, and it may be imagined how I chafed and fretted at consuming so much precious time in slewing and jolting over rough mountain roads, hardly worthy of the name, when had the railroad extended that far, I could have reached my destination in a few hours.

We stopped that night at the dinner station, a rough structure of spruce logs, chinked with quaking asp slivers and plastered with 'dobe mud. The proprietor was a cow-man as well as a landlord. He ran fifteen hundred head of cattle, or thereabouts, mostly cows, and had two or three cow-punchers on the range. It so chanced that one of these riders was at the house, having come in with two pack-horses for a supply of flour, bacon and potatoes to take back to the cow-camp up on the Roaring Fork, after he had sobered off from the customary drunk. I was greatly elated to ascertain from his incoherent account that the party I was in search of was still at the Springs, staying at a ranch across the river a little ways from South Canon, and that a young man answering to my description was of the party. There could be no mistake as to young Penhallow's identity, as I doubted if his counterpart existed in the whole earth.

The unsteady cow-puncher was enabled to supply these particulars from personal knowledge, as his employers' cattle were ranging all over the low country, a circumstance which frequently brought him to the ranch where the tourists were staying. I was so delighted with my good fortune that without a single twinge of conscience I proceeded to immediately aggravate my informant's condition by a fresh administration of whiskey, confessing my fault to his good-humored employer, and receiving absolution conditionally on my "joining all hands 'round on the house."

Sharp at daylight the next morning we were off again, rattling over the rolling stones of the steadily descending road. Encouraged by the bright prospect of succeeding in my endeavor, I was able to enjoy the ride, and the anecdotes of my driver, who prided himself on being the oldest settler, a boast quite compatible with no very advanced age in that new country. I had never been to the Springs before, but he had, and in the days, not so very long ago, when the Utes frequented them for "heap big medicine." But thousands now have experienced the salutary effect of the waters there, and of the remarkable steaming caverns, Nature's Turkish baths that far exceed in efficacy all those of human contrivance; but I must not diverge into writing a guide book.

Late that afternoon we pulled up at the Lazy T ranch, where young Leverett was supposed to be, and you may imagine my unbounded astonishment and gratification when there before my eyes, perched on the topmost rail of the corral, quite unconsciously watching some colts being branded, was the young man himself.

I had not stopped to consider that he had had ample time in which to recover from his carouse, and assume all his usual refinement of manner and appearance. I was expecting, if I saw him at all, to behold him as I had seen him that night, furiously drunk, shrieking curses and covered with blood; and now he was before me, so immaculate and debonair I scarcely knew what to do or what to say.

Could I, after all, have been mistaken? I scouted the idea. In the face of all denial I would still resolutely maintain—aye, swear—that the same gentle and refined young fellow I saw before me now was identical with him I had seen delirious with drink in the disreputable dance hall at Aspen; and yet as I looked at him sitting there, wholly unconscious of my presence, his face a perfect cameo of pulchritude and gentility, I was staggered. What my own eyes had beheld, my reason confuted. "Ah," I thought, "he was wounded that night, and unless he is some supernatural embodiment" (which in truth I began to think he was) "he will bear the marks of the bullet. Yet," I continued to reflect, "the shot might have grazed him on the scalp" (which I knew would bleed copiously) "and his long, thick, wavy hair will conceal the telltale blemish." However, I mustered up what assurance I could, and strolling forward, called him by name.

He turned, but not with the nervous start of a guilty man, and recognizing me, clambered down from his eyrie with frank and pleasing eagerness, and hurried to me with genuine cordiality, seized my hand and shook it with a vigor that would have surprised me in its delicate slimness had I not seen an evidence of its nervous strength in the prostrate form of the young woman he had so brutally felled to the floor. So captivating was his smile as he greeted me that I was seized with sudden abhorrence at the thought of any man so vilely depraved assuming such ingenuousness and innocence. Why, the proprietress of the dance hall herself lacked such a hardened effrontery—had she filled my ears with whining cant I could not have been more nauseated. Then flashed across me that, after all, he might be unbalanced, and utterly incapable of restraining himself, perhaps he was even ignorant of his actions while under the spell of his demon. My indignation vanished with the thought, and assuming as solicitous an air as I could, I inquired after his health.

"Excellent, as usual," he replied, still grasping my hand in his white, slender fingers, and with a smile that attested his genuine pleasure in so unexpectedly meeting me again.

"I am glad to hear it," I said, "but pardon me, I fancied you were looking ill, and is not your head swollen there?" and I raised my eyes to his temple, scrutinizing him closely the while.

"Swollen!" he exclaimed, instinctively removing his hat and running his fingers carelessly through his hair. "Swollen? Where? You arouse my phrenological curiosity."

"I must have been mistaken," I apologized; and verily I believed I was, for with the infliction of a recent wound, however trivial, upon such a tender part of the body as the head, not even a man of iron nerves could have handled it in such a haphazard manner. Eying him closely, but furtively, I fired my last shot, and was not at all surprised to perceive that I had again discharged a blank. "When did you leave Aspen?" I inquired casually.

"Aspen? Aspen?" he questioned. "Why, Mr. Remboth, I have not been to Aspen; in fact, I never was there."

I shuffled on my feet and looked around foolishly, disposed to believe *myself* crazed, and conscious that Mr. Penhallow was regarding me as if inclined to entertain the same view.

"I'll try him once more," I said to myself desperately; then aloud, "Mr. Penhallow, I am thoroughly fagged by my long drive—I have come from Leadville, you know—and I am going to implore you to show me where I can get some whiskey. Come, there's a good fellow. Stand me in stead now, and join me in a glass to our happy reunion."

"I can easily grant your first boon, but I must deny your second. I never touch alcohol in any form; in fact, I do not know the taste of it. But that need be no hindrance to your own indulgence. Let me guide you; they have a little bar here where weary travelers like yourself can regale themselves," and inserting his arm within my own in a manner expressing the best of fellowship he gently urged me on.

CHAPTER VII

If I had not needed the stimulant before, I certainly did now. I felt downright dizzy. I had prided myself on my adroitness in surprising the truth in a witness, but I was now chagrined at the thought that I was either wholly mistaken in my presumptions, or else but a gullible tyro in this clever young fellow's hands. In such a state of oscillation I think a man is justified in coaxing back his dignity by a little spirits.

I ambled along on young Leverett's arm to the little room where the stock of liquor was kept, and to the glass of clear mountain water which he courteously raised to his lips, drank his health in some very good Kentucky Bourbon. I then excused myself from my companion, ostensibly to seek my room, but in reality to resolve on my future course—to determine once and for all whether I should confute the evidence of my own eyes and charge myself with error, or to rely on my senses and still regard my amiable young friend as either an arch hypocrite of consummate assurance, or an extraordinary incidence of intermittent madness.

The conclusion that I reached was to the effect that I was not mistaken as to identity, for it was altogether impossible that there could be two persons in existence so exactly alike in form, feature and voice; and as for the total difference of expression and manner between the man of the dance hall and the man I had just left, the circumstance was well within the powers of John Barleycorn to effect. In all probability a veritable angel would be transformed by a quart of liquor into as sottish a beast as the Mr. Penhallow of Aspen.

This point of identity debated and established, I must now impute to young Leverett the most brazen mendacity and Pharisaical piety, or esteem him as a naturally amiable and brilliant youth unfortunately smitten with some congenital mental disorder which afflicted him periodically, and during the course of which he was wholly irresponsible and unconscious of his actions. I was not long in forming my opinion. I could not believe it possible that the face of Leverett Penhallow, upon which hovered no trace of evil passions—a face so serene and pure and yet resolute—could mask such horribly vicious propensities as I had seen given free rein at Aspen. No, no. The man was mad; normally a generous-hearted, virtuous youth, but under the sway of his recurring disease a dangerous lunatic, imbued with brutal appetites and furious violence, and, as is often the case in the dangerously insane with a vulpine cunning to evade capture.

"Poor fellow," I thought, "he knows nothing of what he has done. Conscious of his affliction, and after regaining his mental balance in some obscure hiding place whence his insane craft and dexterity have led him, what must be his humiliation, his anxiety, in knowing that he has just recovered from an interval of madness, and ignorant of what folly or crime he may have committed under its spell. He must live in an earthly hell, forever dreading discovery and exposure, and compelled to be constantly vigilant in his conversation to avoid any admission that might involve the disclosure of the truth. There is but one thing to do, and that is to persuade him to return with me to Denver, and never lose sight of him until I have delivered him into his father's hands. I must, too, endeavor to allay his suspicions, that my allusion to Aspen may have aroused. Hold! The pistol wound! How account for that and the apparent soundness of his head? It must have been a mere graze," I replied to myself, "just abrading the skin, and allowing the blood to flow," and this explanation seemed probable, for I knew that even a slight scratch on the scalp would bleed profusely.

Then I thought of the poor lad's father and of the grief and mortification that the discovery of his son's condition would bring to him. Aaron Penhallow had placed all the happiness of his declining years on his son. I had fancied that the high, proud features of the old gentleman would never reveal the anguish and disappointment in his breast, but that he would still be composed and reserved, smiling urbanely with unconquerable fortitude while the fox gnawed at his vitals, and die, as the West has it, "with his boots on."

And then I thought of his daughter, cast off and disowned. Ah, the old man in all his wisdom had been in lamentable error there, for what had been her indiscretions and follies but another outcropping of the disorder that tainted the race? And why, indeed, should not Mr. Aaron Penhallow's eccentricities be ascribed to the same cause only that in his case the disease manifested itself in a harmless manner?

"How extraordinary is heredity," I thought, "that from generation to generation the blood will carry its curse, its noxious atom that no microscope can define."

I had now come to a decision, and I determined to commence my espionage of young Penhallow at that moment, but I was by no means easy—I was haunted by the fear that at any moment he might erupt into an ebullition of wild, ungovernable frenzy, perhaps might hurl himself upon me on our way back in the carriage, perhaps in the gigantic strength of madness hurl both the old driver and myself over some fearful precipice that the road frequently skirted. However, I found some comfort in the seasonable reflection that more than likely his outbursts came on gradually, that he was aware of their approach, and that when he felt the fit fastening upon him he hastened secretly away till reason had again quelled the usurper of her sway.

Thus, somewhat composed, with my course of duty defined, I descended in search of my ward—for such I now considered him, investing myself temporarily with the functions of keeper. I found the young man again engrossed with the proceedings at the corral. Mr. Wentworth, the proprietor, was sending a fresh cavvy to his summer camp on the Roaring Fork in readiness for the calf round-up, and several young horses were being put through a preliminary course of having the devil taken out of them.

"Well, Mr. Penhallow," I said as I joined him, "what do you think of those brutes?"

"You mean the horses?" he asked, turning with a smile.

I smiled also, amused at the inference in his reply. "Why, yes, the horses," I said.

"I was just thinking how discrepant horse nature is from human nature," he observed. "I would doubt the efficacy of such treatment as those horses are receiving if applied to human beings."

"Yet my experience as a lawyer has tended to convince me that the means society employs to reform the outlaw man varies not much in harshness and violence from the methods considered necessary to subjugate the outlaw broncho."

"Are you in earnest?" he asked with a serious eye. "I had thought our prisons and jails no longer conformed to the traditions of Dartmoor and Newgate."

"That is hardly the question," I said. "The malefactors of those days were a more violent and inhuman lot than our modern criminals. Of course a Bill Sykes turns up occasionally, but as a rule our evil-doers are of a different order, depending less on the old time ferocity, and relying more on craft and address, and when actual violence is done, it is generally the result of sudden anger, or efforts to escape capture than premeditated manslaughter. In short, murder is no longer a trade. The point I make is that the treatment accorded criminals a century or two ago was no more inhuman in proportion to the character of the felons than it is today. Our penitentiaries, I assure you, are by no means the model institutions they are commonly, though erroneously, believed to be, and our jails and police headquarters frequently assimilate to the torture chambers of the inquisition; not that I am cognizant of pincers and red-hot irons except in a figurative sense as exemplified in the sweating process and the third degree. I have known ordinary pickpockets and female shoplifters led decorously through the city streets by detectives, and when behind the doors of headquarters, held by the throat against the wall with one hand and pummeled unmercifully with the other, or some other form of abuse. This mode of treatment, if not salutary to the prisoner, is considered efficacious from an economic point of view. It is highly conducive to a plea of guilty, and so saves the state both time and expense. Then again, I have known of women and young girls who have been caught pilfering meeting with dreadful preliminary treatment at the hands of the police."

"You surprise me, Mr. Remboth. Such being the fact it seems a good opportunity for my father and myself. We are both interested in social conditions. But now, what do you think of those swearing fellows there? I am disappointed in them. I thought a cowboy all that was chivalrous and fine."

"As so many misguided people have judged of the Indians," I observed. "I have had a good deal of experience with cowboys, Mr. Penhallow. They are a good deal like sailors in a way, only far inferior. A sailor combines with sporadic dissipation bravery often amounting to heroism, generosity, amenability to order and discipline; he is generally an honest fellow, and exceedingly modest, susceptible to female blandishments, it is true, but with a high regard for the sex, nevertheless, and he is immaculately clean and not at all irreligious. The typical cowboy is brave even to foolhardy daring, impelled to courage by vanity and the desire of showing off. He is generous with what he has, refractory to law and constraint, more frequently unscrupulous than otherwise, with a half contempt for women, lacking altogether a sailor's tenderness in his domestic life. He is filthy when as easily he can be clean; in his ignorance deriding education and refinement; inordinately conceited and vain; tremendously vindictive and prone to the most contemptible jealousy and envy of his fellows. Manly independence he conceives to be boorish rudeness. His master passions are drinking, gambling and the acquirement of an unspeakably ingenious vocabulary of blasphemous oaths and obscenity, and he is hopelessly ungodly. To a visitor whose nature is tinctured with credulous romance, the cowwaddy is all that is noble; to one who has met them on their own terms, to one who has associated with them in business as one of themselves, and toward whom they are under no necessity of restraining their natural tendencies, they are about as worthless, shiftless and drunken a lot as you could easily find. I have met some eminent exceptions that fully attain to the popular delusion—sober and industrious, fine fellows in every way, but they are few in comparison."

"I fear you have not exaggerated," said the young man, turning to regard the men in the corral again. "The most superficial observation of those fellows reveals a preponderance of evil over good qualities. They have none of the prepossessing qualities of the sailor, and yet one would think that here in these hills, where Nature reaches her sublimest mood, she would exert a wonderful influence for good, as the sea does over mariners."

"You see a parallel instance in professional musicians," I returned. "One would fancy that exquisite harmony would foster moral concord and excellence; on the contrary, where will you find a more dissolute, degenerate, sensuous lot? They would have thrived in the days of Tigellinus when pathics were in demand. Indeed I have never in my life seen a professional musician who is every inch a man. They are contemptible fellows. Again, you find the same thing true of professional horse fanciers. What nobler animal than a horse? What bigger scamp than a horse dealer?"

"Your strictures are severe, Mr. Remboth. My experience is not so great as yours, and my animadversions would be milder. I think perhaps I am prone to extenuate too much the delinquencies of my fellows, and I am afraid my judgment is warped when I tabulate the follies and vices of mankind. I can tolerate a Dick Turpin, a Paul Clifford, or even a Fagin better than I can a Barry Lyndon or a Lovelace. I am apt to be too lenient to all transgressors save profligates; them I abominate. My father is like myself—vulgarity and debauchery are more repugnant to him than downright crime short of murder."

And this, if you please, from a young gentleman who, but a few days before, I had beheld frantic from drink—brutal as only a man can be, and frothing with oaths and blasphemy; and not only this, mind you, but his words were uttered in real earnestness; there was no affected virtue or assumption of cant, he was expressing his genuine convictions, but the convictions of Leverett Penhallow sane, not of Leverett Penhallow mad.

It now occurred to me that I had not seen his companions anywhere, and also that I had neglected ascertaining from Mr. Wentworth by what subterfuge young Penhallow had left his associates and betaken himself to Aspen. "Your friends are up to the caves, I presume," I said.

"No," was the reply, "they have gone down the river to climb the Book Cliffs. They left yesterday and I expect them back tomorrow or next day. I have had sufficient mountain climbing abroad; I got my fill all the way along—the Pyrenees, the Alps, the Caucasus and Pamirs. If you will excuse me, Mr. Remboth, I will go to my room. Mr. Wentworth has one of his men going up with some mail, and I am anxious to write a line to my father."

I was on the point of inadvertently telling him that his father was in all probability now on his way to Denver, when I recollected myself, and Mr. Wentworth chancing to come out at that moment to look at the horses, and give some instructions to the men in the corral, I joined in conversation with him, and young Leverett sauntered up to the house.

Chapter VIII

"A very unusual young man, sir, and remarkably bridle-wise for a colt," observed Mr. Wentworth, following the retreating form with his eyes. "He's been well broke, I can see that, and he shows quality, sir, quality. No inbred Texas dogie about him; pure Hereford from shoulder to flank, *I* should say, though he don't show a Hereford's rustling qualities. A little shorthorn to give him bone and weight wouldn't hurt him, but he'd lose a little of his smoothness by it, and mebbe he's best as he is. He looks pretty shelly, don't he, like an old cow that's wintered out in the high country, but he ain't; he's deceivin', sir. That young feller's got a lot of strength in that slim body, and chain lightnin' strength, too."

"So I believe," I returned drily, likewise following the young man with my eyes. "But can you tell me how long Mr. Penhallow was away from his friends after they came here, or if he joined them here after their arrival?"

"Why, let's see. Hum-m-m. Two days, I think. His friends went to see the falls on Rifle Creek and he started off for the ones up at Shoshone, which ain't far from here, you know; but he got trapsin' around up there, examinin' mineral formations, and stayed out two whole nights. I was kinder anxious, too, for though he couldn't get lost if he kept to the canon, he might of if he climbed out of it and gone into the hills, or he might a got hurt. I was just about sendin' a couple of men out to hunt for him, when who should come along but himself with about forty pounds of rock, and white and shaky as if he'd seen a ghost. That's what I tells him. Says he, 'I'm not sure but what I have. I've seen some queer things up that canon,' and off he goes to the house, and since then not a word can we get out of him about his trip except that he got interested in minerals and forgot to come back. The Lutz cabins are up near the falls, so he didn't want for a bed and some chuck. Mebbe you'd like to see some colts I've got down here in the river pasture. I was goin' down to see if they was all right. I brand 'em next week."

Pondering over the intelligence I had gained I unconsciously assented, and walked along with Mr. Wentworth, wholly unmindful of his conversation, or at best but replying monosyllabically to his observations. "So," thought I, "that's the way he accounted for his absence—white and shaky, no wonder, and I can easily imagine he saw strange sights. Poor fellow, what a misfortune to be so afflicted! What a pity—so young and so handsome, so wonderfully intelligent and so enthusiastic! Well, I will not lose sight of him until I see him safe in his father's hands." Unthinkingly I had already lost sight of him, negligent when I thought myself the most unremitting. However, from this you must not expect that when I returned my bird had flown. It is an excellent opportunity to have him do so, but truth has no license like fiction, and many an occasion for the dramatic and mysterious must pass unavailed of in the narration of veracious annals.

Accordingly, on our return we were met by young Leverett, letter in hand. How fresh, buoyant and wholesome he looked, his fair delicate complexion just tinged with blood, his almost flaxen hair brushed carelessly back as if he loved to bare his brow to the soft breeze that came skipping along with the sunlight across the glittering river. In spite of what I had heard, of what I knew, of what I had seen, each time I encountered this extraordinary young man it became more and more difficult for me to realize that in such a debonair exterior dwelt a veritable ogre, a repulsive Proteus that from an archangel changed in a flash into a ruthless demon wallowing in lust, and revelling in violence; and when the reality did force itself upon me

I was conscious of regarding my charge as a being almost uncanny, as a sort of Peter Schlemihl—indeed, I believe I was guilty more than once of assuring myself that he cast his silhouette on the ground.

"You are a facile penman," I said as we met, "or else affection lends dexterity to your pen. Your envelope looks bulky, and yet Mr. Wentworth and myself have been parted from you scarcely half an hour."

"I do write rapidly," he replied, turning one of his rare smiles upon me, a smile radiant with perfect good-will to all mankind. "I have been writing my father an account of the springs."

Mr. Wentworth now left us, taking young Penhallow's letter to put in the mail pouch.

"And, I presume, of your expedition up to Shoshone Falls," I continued, observing him closely. "Mr. Wentworth has been telling me of the minerals you brought home, and also that your trip was not wholly devoid of adventure. Is the canyon a haunted glen, a defile of Parnassus? Does some spirit inhabit the cataract?"

"Would I could regard that place with the levity that you do, Mr. Remboth; but I assure you," and he spoke as if a sudden blight had depressed his mind, "that er—er—that I cannot—that I have every reason for recollecting that place with horror; but if you will be so kind, we will seek a different subject for our conversation," and I fancied that I could perceive in young Penhallow's face not a little of that hauteur that distinguished his father, a hauteur that seemed to rise naturally from a consciousness of immense intellectual superiority. One could presume to easy good-fellowship with this race, but at one's peril to officious curiosity.

I was disconcerted by the reply, especially by the manner of it. The intonation was somewhat frigid, but I was aware that my words could justly be considered as prying and impertinent. From his standpoint I had no business to intrude myself into his affairs. Very likely in his sight I might seem to be forcing myself upon him on the strength of a slight acquaintance with his father. I thought it probable, too, that the young man might well be curious as to my presence at the ranch. I seemed to have neither pleasure nor business in view there. Recollecting how sensitive and suspicious of everybody he must be, I must spare no pains to conciliate him, even to enduring a little humiliation at his hands, for if he became alarmed from attaching significance to my words or manner, he might easily give me the slip. Yes, though he should treat me a little cavalierly, I must not resent it. I could not reckon on the law to help me as yet, nor had I any right to violate it.

For the remainder of the day, therefore, I refrained from intruding myself upon him, though maintaining an almost ceaseless surveillance on his comings and goings. If I had given offence, it was apparently speedily forgotten by young Leverett, for that evening he joined me on a pile of cedar posts in front of the house, where I was seated, smoking my cigar, and watching the play of the sunset on the black, steep hillside, and upon the gorgeous coloring of the rocks which, in stupendous masses, formed the canyon of the Grand whence issued the river pell-mell and tumultuous, as if exulting in its freedom from the narrow, constraining gorge.

"It is too fine to be motionless, Mr. Remboth," said the young man. "What say you to a stroll up to the springs? It is scarcely half a mile to where the steam is rising yonder. Since I came here I have regularly taken the waters, morning and evening, and found it very salutary."

I assented readily, and we set out.

"My friends will return tomorrow forenoon, I expect," he informed me, "in which case we shall start back for Leadville immediately after dinner. Half a day there and I must be off home. I shall be glad to have you accompany me; there is room in my carriage."

This arrangement squared perfectly with my desires. I could send my driver back the instant I returned to the ranch with a telegram for him to send at Leadville to Mr. Penhallow, Sr., requesting his immediate attendance there. Thus I would gain eighteen hours and avoid being a day or two in town alone with my charge, where I might find it impossible to invent any expedient to retard his departure for the East until his father should have come;

and again, alone with him there without any authority, or even a plausible pretext for constraining him, it would be difficult to prevent his escaping my vigilance and leaving me, in case a return of his malady should prompt him to hurry off somewhere, where his paroxysm would be unknown. "It is excellent," I reflected, "the way it has turned out."

I accepted almost eagerly, and expressing my thanks said, "You have saved me from the infliction of a boring repetition of my garrulous driver's yarns. There lie the springs below us, I presume. They are a wonderful phenomenon, are they not? North of here, some hundred miles in the wilderness, up near Hahn's Peak, are springs still more singular than these. They are both hot and cold, and powerfully medicinal. There is a sulphur spring, an iron spring, one that flows white like milk, a soda spring, and one from which the collective name is derived, that bubbles up and through the ground with a puff, puff puff, very like a tug-boat. What a vast, seething laboratory the interior of the earth must be."

"A description equally applicable to the human brain," he observed.

"Very indeed," I returned briefly, struggling to conceal a tinge of significance in my voice, "and particularly of yours, poor fellow," I thought.

Chapter IX

We were now on the margin of the largest of the several springs. It gushed and bubbled out near the river, and its overflow was almost a river itself. The strong outrush of the water had formed a large and deep pool, perhaps twenty feet across, from which the steam rose in thick, sulphurous clouds. The water was not endurable to the immersed hand. Although the liquid looked clear as it flowed away, the pool was of a steely blue opaqueness, something like soapy water.

We sat down on some rocks near the edge, and I amused my young acquaintance with the account of a steer that had fallen into the boiling cauldron and had perished before he could be extricated. As I finished I turned my head unconsciously to the hillside that lay to my left. Instantly something caught my eye there—a movement of some kind. Attracted I gazed keenly, and to my surprise unmistakably discerned a man's head peering down upon us from behind a bushy and deformed cedar.

"Well," said I in surprise, "that's strange! If it were not that we are so near the ranch, I should be inclined to think that some gentleman from the 'Hole in the Wall' was intent on waylaying us."

Young Leverett turned with a start. "How! What!" he exclaimed.

I pointed with a stick I had been flicking pebbles into the water with, and said, "Do you make him out?"

My companion sprang to his feet and turned to the point I indicated, but the head had disappeared. "What was it?" he asked, and as he turned to me I saw his face was pale and scared.

Evidently the poor fellow's nerves were excessively sensitive to the slightest shock, that is, during his sane moments, for at Aspen he had been utterly bold and callous, evincing nothing like squeamishness. Had it not been for my knowledge of him, I should have felt no little contempt at discovering what otherwise would have appeared as a timorousness in keeping with his ethereal aspect; but as it was I felt that his apprehension was to be imputed rather to a highly wrought and delicately balanced nervous system than to pusillanimity.

"Just some curious fellow peering at us from up the hillside yonder," I replied carelessly; but now it was that I felt a throb of fear, for my eyes, accustomed to long vision among the hills, had perceived among the cedars a glint that I knew was the sun glancing on the barrel of a rifle or a six-shooter. The sun was set to us but its rays were still tilting up higher and higher against the dark, steep slope of the mountain. "A hunter most probably," I continued speciously, though I knew that at that season no game was to be found so low down. "They are like children sometimes, these natives, and love to gawk at a distance upon objects they are diffident of approaching; but come, fill your cup, Mr. Penhallow, and drink. We must hasten back to be in time for supper."

"I have half a mind to throw it in the spring," he muttered to himself in abstraction.

"Throw what?" I asked, "the cup? Nothing valuable, I hope, for you could never find it again in those smoky depths."

"I meant the formula," he said with an anxious look on his face. "Do you know that lately I have been haunted with fears of someone attacking me in order to possess himself with my secret. There are millions there, Mr. Remboth," he concluded with a forced smile and tapping his breast.

The occurrences that had amazed me in Aspen had completely driven from my mind all remembrance of the wonderful formula for gold extraction; but now the recollection returned with a bound, causing me to marvel that an unbalanced intellect could yet have periods of such lucidity as to grapple with scientific research and achieve such a monumental discovery.

"I fear you are morbid," I said soothingly. "Recollect, no one around here knows of your secret except myself, and I assure you I meditate no assault on you," and I smiled.

"I wish I knew as much to a certainty—that is to say, that no one knows my secret here but you; but I fear the contrary."

"Come, Leverett—that is, Mr. Penhallow, fill your cup, and let us be going. Dusk is already tumbling down these hillsides, and we shall certainly be late for supper. Come, let us hasten. Cheerful lights, the hum of voices, a sizzling steak, will dispel your gloomy fancies."

He stooped and filled his cup, and while he was doing so I searched the hillside again; but nothing stirred there now, and I began to laugh at my own fears. The young man sighed heavily as he finished his draught, and I was astonished when, as he rose, he instinctively put his arm through mine and leaned quite heavily upon me as we started off.

The sigh, the expression on his face, half sorrowful, half dejected, and the appealing touch of his arm that was trembling now, awakened my tenderest solicitude. Somehow I thought that he felt depressed and lonely, and cleaved to me as to a parent for support, comfort and protection. Unconsciously, as had been his own embrace of my arm, I stroked the soft white hand that nestled on my sleeve, and recked not of my act till I noticed him looking up at me with an ineffable air of gratitude and appeal. His eyes were luminous as a woman's. I felt almost embarrassed, as if indeed he had been a woman, and could find no words to say, and so we walked on.

This new insight into his extraordinary character was very pleasing to me, and I deplored again and again the calamity that in inexorable periods swept down upon him, changing all that sweetness, grace and excellence into loathsome insanity.

I had been so intent on allaying the trepidation of my companion aroused by the lurker on the hillside, and so predisposed to attribute all he said or did to the disorganization of his mind, that it had not occurred to me that, in case he had been indiscreet enough to mention in that wild country his possession of his precious document, his apprehensions were quite rational and well-founded. Throughout the hills were many evil characters, men who under cover of punching cows, prospecting, or hunting were ever on the lookout for an opportunity to "rustle" a few unbranded calves, steal a good horse, hold up a train, or, at a pinch, even an unwary tourist who ventured alone too remotely into the hills. They were a pest almost ineradicable in the thinly settled country of those days, and even now with ranches comparatively near together in the low country, with telephone wires crossing all parts of the region, even connecting with stations of the government forest reserves far up on the open range,—train robbery, horse and cattle stealing, and other outrages are still frequent enough to occasion no great stupefaction, and the perpetrators have excellent chances of making their escape to their Wyoming stronghold, where even a sheriff dare not venture. If, then, young Penhallow had divulged his secret, he might thank his stars if no attempt were made to deprive him of it.

"By the way, Mr. Penhallow," I inquired as we struck out through the sagebrush flat extending before us to the ranch where lights were passing and re-passing before the windows, "you have not told anyone here of your discovery, have you, or that you carry the paper containing it with you?"

He looked at me a moment indecisively, and then replied, but with a troubled face, "Not even my companions who have gone to the Cliffs are aware of it."

This did not satisfy me. In the event of his custody of such priceless papers having transpired, the circumstance of the man on the hillside became highly suspicious.

Here was mystery indeed; but then came the thought of the young man's mental state, causing me to reflect that his trip to Shoshone was, after all, but a subterfuge to cover his escapade at Aspen, or, if he was really in earnest as he seemed, a mere hallucination, but I had to rest content, merely admonishing him to be extremely careful.

We were now come to the ranch, and were soon seated at the table with Mr. Wentworth, his family and hired help; but the bountiful meal, the lights and chatter of conversation passed without the sedative effect on the young man that I had expected. His demeanor throughout was abstracted. He continually cast furtive glances about the table, as if momently fearing the presence of some unwelcome visitor.

At length when the meal was finished he rose abruptly, paused at the door indecisively, as if dreading to go out alone, then passed through, and I heard him walking down the long, dark hallway to his room.

Chapter X

Obviously my charge wished to be by himself, and as anxiously as I desired to keep him under my eyes until I knew he was safe in bed, I turned in the opposite direction as I heard his door open and shut, for I had not the slightest pretext for obtruding myself upon him, and entered the great living room where the laborers and two or three cowboys were grouped, rolling cigarettes before filing out to the bunk-house. I was mentally resolved, however, that so long as my self-imposed charge remained in his present state, which I feared presaged another ebullition of his madness, I would sleep with my ears open.

Mr. Wentworth now sat down beside me and lighted his pipe. He was a prosperous man, accustomed from early youth to the dangers and hardships of cattle-growing, and though he had received, perhaps, more than the rudiments of education his uncouth environment had neutralized its effects, and his mind, in consequence, was rough as well as his body. He was, however, a worthy, well-meaning man, and an entertaining companion, for he had been a cowboy in the Panhandle, and the length of the old Texas trail in the days, not very long before, when enormous herds of wild, rangey, long-haired cattle were put in motion in the South to be grazed along a dusty, interminable trail, to the virgin pastures of Colorado and Wyoming.

I sat with him some time when, ceasing his reminiscences, he proposed a toddy and bed. The toddy was a potent one, as was to be expected, and being imbibed after the soporific effects of a quiet evening of story-listening before a blazing pinon fire in an open stove—the evenings were yet chilly—disposed me powerfully for bed. We parted at the door of the store-room in which we had taken our "night-caps," Mr. Wentworth to inhale a few breaths of crisp air on the porch before making all snug for the night—the doors, of course, were never locked—and I to seek my room down the long, dim entry two doors past young Penhallow's.

I stopped when I reached the latter's door and listened. I heard the rustle of bed clothes and a long sigh. Poor fellow, he was lying restlessly awake. Proceeding, I entered my own room, throwing up the window to let the cool, clear air rush in, and dissipate my drowsiness. Hastily undressing, I got into bed, firmly resolved to lie awake awhile, and listen for any sounds from the room where my young friend lay, intending in half an hour to get up, steal down the passageway, and assure myself that he was asleep, and in no immediate danger of a seizure; but the very fact of my having so charged myself with vigilance rendered it the more difficult for me to keep awake, and, with the fast weakening resolution of a drowsy man, I was endeavoring to persuade myself to crawl out of my warm, snug nest and try again the efficacy of the open window in dispelling my somnolence, when I was startled into action by the sudden remembrance that I had completely forgotten to send back my driver to Leadville with the telegram to young Leverett's father.

Three hours had been lost, but it was not yet too late.

Arising hurriedly, I lit my candle, jumped into my shoes, trousers, shirt and coat, wrote the message, and without noise, opened my door and groped my way down the hall into the living-room, opened the outer door and stepped into the star-shot night.

My route to the bunk-house led me past the long, log wing in which my own room and young Penhallow's were situated. The candle light gleamed feebly from my open window, but from the young man's poured the stronger radiance of a lamp, a privilege accorded him that he might not be deprived of his accustomed lucubrations. I knocked up the inmates of the bunk-house and asked for my driver to step to the threshold for a moment.

As may be imagined, his temper, somewhat crusty with old age at best, was not improved by this extraordinary summons, and when I informed him that I required of him nothing less than to harness up at that unreasonable hour and start back in the dead of night over a rough and lonely road, he first regarded me with a stare of utter stupefaction, then blinked one eye and swopped cheeks with the quid of tobacco he had gone to sleep with, and then, like a volcano burst out irefully, "I'll be G— d— if I will!"

But I possessed a persuasion better than honeyed utterance or any sense of obligation incurred—I had treated him liberally on the way down—and I now exerted it. "I have a despatch of the greatest moment to be sent from Leadville as soon as horseflesh can get it there," I said decidedly. "I want you to start back instantly with it, and I'll give you twenty-five dollars in excess of your regular fare."

"That's a language I can savvy," he returned, mollified at once, and very eager now to be accommodating. He went back into the gloom of the bunk-house that was flaring here and there with spluttering gleams of profanity occasioned by a half dozen rough men being suddenly disturbed from sound sleep, and lighting a candle, returned to the door. "Now," said he distrustfully, "just let me see a page or two of that there book you quoted from; it sounds better to me than Scriptur', and I reckons a heap sight better for the body if it ain't for the soul."

I drew out my pocketbook and counted the proper amount of gold and silver into his shrivelled, eager hand.

"Now, neighbor, I'm goin'," was the satisfactory response, "an' for your sake I wish them sorrel mares had the devil behind 'em."

"I'm inclined to think that perhaps they have," I said with a dry smile.

He grinned. "Well, I'll make as quick a trip as I can, an' don't you never doubt it, for that there twenty-five dollars ain't worth nothin' 'til I get to Leadville."

To make sure of not being hoodwinked, for old age in the West doesn't always operate to improve one's scrupulousness but rather tends to quicken and perfect it, I accompanied him to the long, low range of stables intent on seeing him actually off, and stayed with him until he had "hooked" up and driven away, and even then I waited until I heard the pole gate creak that gave egress onto the road.

I heard the wheels roll over the hard, smooth stretch to the base of the steep hills and then rattle on up the stony ascent. He was off in earnest, there was no doubt of that, and I started back as fast as I could get into bed again.

The verbal pyrotechnics from the bunk-house had gone out, the distant sound of the wagon climbing up over the black, silent hills, and the swish of the river were the only sounds. It was a perfect Colorado night; the heavens clear and purple, resplendent with stars as thick as shattered grain upon a field. Millions and millions of them glittered, clear and distinct in that rarefied air that are invisible to the eye in low altitudes, and they seemed to hang scarce a hundred yards overhead. To the south was the Milky Way, dotted with stars, stretched across the bosom of the sky like some great marshal's decorated scarf. It was all so fathomless, so sublime, so vast with ordered motion, so awfully silent, that, accustomed as I was to such scenes, I paused to drink it in, feeling my whole being loosening itself for the moment from the sordid environment of life, and respond with thrills of freedom to that glorious, indisputable evidence of Supremacy. How petty and mean my strivings and my ambitions seemed. I was conscious then of a soul; I could feel it dilate and delight. I yearned to get nearer that Omnipotence demonstrating so clearly Its goodness in such an inconceivable perfection of the beautiful, and for a moment I was seized with a frantic desire to contemptuously fling from me my sordid and mundane aspirations, to lift my being from the slough of trivial daily life, and strive, struggle and pant to know the Deity, to feel Him, to lay myself before Him, not in grovelling worship, but in grateful reverence, with perfect confidence and serene elation. Ah! better than home, better than friends, better than lightning fame, better than inordinate power and the most dazzling worldly success was the great Power so obvious everywhere in that wonderful night, that Power I saw not, that I could reach out and touch not, and which I felt that I knew not. I no longer marvelled at the gratification Socrates found in life, for verily I then felt that I would rather endure poverty with a smile from the Almighty than revel in riches a stranger to Him. Alas for human nature! It was cold; I was thinly clad; I began to shiver, and the discomfort of the miserable body dispelled the brief interval of intellectual manumission. I shivered again and became—hopelessly a man.

On I strode. There gleamed the little light of my candle, separated from the broad shaft of my young friend's lamp by a spire of thick blackness. Suddenly from out the shadow separating the two reflections, directly into the lamplight, stepped a human form. It turned for an instant toward me, and I almost recoiled as I recognized Leverett Penhallow—recoiled! ay, shrunk back in horror, for he was haggard, unkempt, and, in the distortion of the light, ghastly! Like a vanishing apparition he disappeared in the gloom.

For a moment I was too startled to move; then I tip-toed after him, determined to come up to him, and constrain him by actual force if he should seem bent on leaving the premises. For a minute it seemed as if I could detect the sound of his feet, and once or twice I thought I observed his figure where it loomed blacker than the shadows, but he quickly vanished, and I knew not which way he had gone. I followed several directions at random until I was some distance from the house, and then, disheartened and heavily oppressed with a vague uneasiness that seemed to envelop me like a gloomy cloud, I turned back.

On passing Penhallow's room I fancied I heard a sound within. I stopped and listened. Yes, I heard a few steps, and then the creak of the bed as someone got into it. I breathed a sigh of relief. "He has returned, after all," I thought. "Poor fellow! Irritated no doubt by his inability to sleep, he probably climbed out of his window fearing lest he disturb someone passing down the hall, to stretch his legs and breathe in the fresh air, hoping it would restore his composure. Doubtless he was upset by the circumstance at the springs this evening; it requires, I know, very little to distress one so susceptibly constituted. He will probably sleep now, and I had better get my own rest, too."

Chapter XI

It was six o'clock when I awoke. My room, facing the east, was alive, dancing with sunlight, but its cheerfulness entered not into me. I was thoroughly in the dumps, and, unable to ascribe my condition to any adequate cause. I was also irritable. Of course, the excitement of the night before and a rest more or less fitful in consequence, were enough to cloud one's humor a little; but why did I feel downright melancholy, nervous and troubled with vague unrest? I lingered in bed until, in sheer desperation, I sprang out, intent on a brisk walk before breakfast, hoping that activity would restore my equanimity. The air was too keen for a dilatory toilet. I jumped into my underclothes, had just raised my spluttering face from the basin when, clear and distinct in that diamond air, came the sharp report of a rifle, not exactly near, yet sounding so.

There was nothing remarkable in this rifle shot—a coyote, a chicken hawk, half a dozen trivial occasions might have drawn a shot from one of the numerous men about the premises; but the report had come from the direction of the springs and instantly associated itself in my mind with the mysterious individual on the hillside of the evening before. My composure, which the souse in the hard, cold water had somewhat revived, now expired, figuratively kicking up its heels. I was seized with a sudden, unreasoning alarm, and a succession of dire forebodings.

Finishing dressing as hastily as if I was in the cabin of a sinking ship, I hurried out into the corridor and knocked insistently on Penhallow's door. No reply. I hurried on into the living-room. No one was there, Mr. Wentworth being around the stables or corrals at that hour, probably, and his family engaged in the kitchen. Recollecting that Penhallow had mentioned his habit of drinking the water regularly night and morning, I decided to walk to the springs, hoping to meet him, and to reassure myself that the rifle shot to which I was attaching so much unreasonable dread, had no connection whatever with him.

I had crossed the threshold when I bethought me that I had left my revolver swinging in its shoulder-holster over the back of a chair in my room. On such an occasion a six-shooter is sometimes more efficacious than a prayer, and I returned to get it. Some impulse led me to knock again on the young man's door, and receiving, of course, no response, I turned the knob and swung it open, craning my head into the chamber. The bedclothes, evidencing his good training, were thrown orderly over the foot of the bed to air. A Gladstone valise lay open on the table and other objects indicating the temporary stay of a traveler were about. I turned now to go back when my eye fell on the boards at my feet. A dirty slip of paper lay there. Stooping, I picked it up and turned it over. There were a few words inscribed upon it, and apparently, like a palimpsest, some original writing had been erased to provide sufficient surface on the one fairly clean side for the sender's message. I read the following: "I want to see you again; come in the morning."

Of course, I instantly connected this scrawl with the occurrences at the springs, although there was no reason to do so, for the note might allude to the meeting with someone weeks before in Leadville, or elsewhere, perhaps some mining man or prospector, and nothing was more likely than that young Leverett, on discovering it, perhaps, in his pocket where it had been lying forgotten, had carelessly tossed it from him. It was somewhat crumpled, as if crushed in the hand, as one would naturally do before throwing it away, and this seemed to substantiate the supposition. Again, it might not belong to the young man at all, but to some previous occupant of the apartment, perhaps had been found by Leverett in a drawer and tossed carelessly away; but, of course, in my present pessimistic and perturbed state I was resolved beforehand against all reasonable explanation, and bent on fastening to it the most dread and mysterious import my ingenuity could devise. I tucked the slip of paper into my pocket, shut the door and was off again.

Half way to the springs my heart gave a great bound of relief. Leverett Penhallow was coming along the road toward me. He was walking leisurely, and apparently in deep abstraction, his hands thrust into his hip pockets, his head bent down. He did not see me, so engrossed he was, until the tip of my shadow lay beneath his eye, and then he looked up with a start and an exclamation—I could almost have thought, with an oath.

As he lifted his head I involuntarily recoiled. Great Heavens, his madness was in full force upon him! I beheld the man of the dance hall in Aspen. With the exclamation he had uttered I had caught the strong, reeking breath of whiskey. His eyes glittered malignantly; his form shook and trembled as if with the ague; his face was more than white—it was ghastly and cadaverous; but what astonished me most was the end of a livid scar that, in his excited state, seemed to twitch with the pulsing of his blood, just showing beyond the hair of his temple. There, then, was the mark of the bullet, rendered visible now, no doubt, by the violent suffusion from his heart, and because his hair, matted with perspiration, no longer curled light and fluffy over the wound.

My mind acted rapidly in that moment. I must exhibit no surprise, manifest no nervousness, but cool, tranquil and apparently indifferent, endeavor to calm his excitement, to pour oil on the seething, whirling vortex of his mind and by the utmost concentration of my own mental faculties, seek to subdue and govern him.

"Well, Leverett," I said in a casual voice, "have you been having your customary morning draught? You deserve great credit. I cannot force myself to stomach that vile stuff; it tastes to my palate as sewerage smells."

The young man regarded me intently for a moment, his eyes opened wide, and then he broke into a reckless laugh, a laugh that sounded derisive and insolent, but, of course, it did not affront me. "It is pretty rank," he said, his mirth fading into an impudent grin, "and I think it will taste worse with time. But how do you find yourself this morning, pardner? I must not allow your solicitude for me to render me negligent of a reciprocal courtesy, and so, neighbor, howdy? You seem to have an aversion to good, honest, purifying sulphur, such as the springs contain; but I have deemed it wise to accustom myself to it, ay, even to nurse a penchant for it, in case of any disappointment in my future destination, you know. The wise man prepareth for all contingencies. I drink sulphur to fortify me against the next world, and whiskey to fortify me against this, as Antiochus the Great exempted himself from poison by the habit of daily swallowing antidotes. Perhaps, old pal, you'll excuse my not calling you by name, but by all the little shimmering angels in Heaven, I'm damned if I've ever met you before; perhaps, if you won't drink the water, you'll take a pull at this," and he drew a bottle from his breast.

I deemed it wise to humor him, though his flippant and blasphemous utterance shocked me, and accordingly I just tasted the liquor and handed the bottle back.

"Well, we shall soon be back in Leadville," I said, for the sake of saying something. "I suppose you're very anxious to be traveling eastward to your father, after so long an absence."

"Oh, very!" was the sarcastic reply. "You know I love and honor Father Aaron next to dear Jesus Himself, so much so, Mr. What's-your-name, that I shall be off for Leadville inside of an hour. I have an important engagement to keep there."

"Within an hour!" I exclaimed. "Surely you won't disappoint your friends by starting off before they return from the Cliffs."

"I'm really afraid I'll have to," was the drawling reply, and he gave me an impudent leer; "and so I'll just bid you good-day, my dear friend, and hope to meet you hereafter—if not in this world why then in the next. And take a friend's advice, old fellow, and dose up on sulphur at the springs there, so that, if ever the day should come, you can disappoint the devil. Good-bye to you," and he started to pass on.

I laid a detaining hand on his arm. "You had better wait and go with me, Leverett," I said.

He gave a start and turned on me furiously. "Who in the name of Hell are you?" he demanded.

"As you know well, Leverett," I replied softly, though I winced at his words, "I am an acquaintance of your father, and I hope also a friend of yours."

"Hope springs eternal in the human breast," he said mockingly.

I tightened my grasp on his sleeve. "Come, come with me, Leverett," I said persuasively; and the next thing I knew a very pretty little nickel-plated revolver was poked directly into my face.

"Hands off, dear friend," was the command, accompanied by a dare-devil look.

Considerably crestfallen, and not a little alarmed, I instantly complied.

"Now I will again bid you good-bye," and leaving me utterly disgruntled by this turn of affairs, he started off post haste. I turned and watched him. At the junction of the Leadville road with the path from the springs to Mr. Wentworth's ranch, he entered the former, going east. Apparently he had no idea of returning to the house at present. I dared not follow him. In his present demented state there would be no second of reflection between the drawing of that glittering little popgun and a press of the trigger. He was beyond distinguishing friend from stranger. Did madness ever before, I wondered, assume such a guise of cool, truculent effrontery?

"I will walk on as far as the springs," I said to myself, "and collect my thoughts before returning to the ranch," and so saying, I proceeded.

Mad men, like drunken men, are proverbially immune from accident. The mysterious taint in the blood, or some trifling but erroneous convulsion of the brain, in the one case, or the fumes of alcohol in the other that engulf the mind in chaos, apparently exert some tutelary influence over the helpless body; but I doubted if much reliance could be placed on such a theory if young Penhallow strayed off into those precipitous wilds, into that wilderness of hills which after a bit look all alike and indistinguishable, a maze of Nature far more complex and intricate than the fabulous labyrinth of Crete. And then I was brutal enough to suggest to myself that perhaps, after all, an accidental death in those craggy solitudes, with none but buzzards and coyotes to take cognizance of his fate, would be more merciful than the plan I was attempting to prosecute, namely, of delivering him into the hands of his father to be incarcerated in some retreat, and relinquished to the tender offices of human vultures and jackals, for I was skeptical of there being much humanity behind those grim walls where men abandoned by reason are remitted to the charge of those not sufficiently removed by breeding and education from the temptation of little minds to play the tyrant over their fellow-creatures.

Men of delicate, humane sensibilities find the bloody slaughter in the killing beds of the great stock yards really uncongenial, not to say repugnant, and decline the remuneration to be obtained there. Those who are employed there are debarred from the privilege of jury duty on the ground that their occupation tends to brutalize them; yet the jailers and keepers of our public institutions who have the correction and treatment of insanity, are but little better endowed with understanding and compassion. The complacent public is unaware of this, but the victims are quite convinced of it. The herding and grazing and slaughtering of half wild cattle makes men brutes; the herding of half wild men makes them devils.

Chapter XII

I was now arrived at the springs. Unconsciously I walked around its margin, observing a coyote's track in the soft earth, and thinking it a little remarkable to see there, for the water was undrinkable for an animal. I sat down on the rocks where young Penhallow and myself had lingered on that memorable evening. The ground around was saturated with alkaline exudations, powdery like discolored slack lime, and the whole atmosphere was heavy with the mephitis from the springs. Firm-looking, it was soft and yielding beneath the tread. As I seated myself on the rocks a stain of different hue, and more pronounced, met my eye. It was dark red, and directly at my feet. "Iron," I thought, and bent over to grasp a handful of the tinctured soil, curious to examine it.

It was wet, and as I shook my hand free of it its dye remained steadfast behind. I shuddered; it suggested blood. Involuntarily my mind uttered blood. I scrutinized it more closely and reason pronounced it blood. I shuddered again and instinctively cried out in horror; a sudden nausea seized my throat. The man on the hillside, where was he? I looked around, my imagination running riot, and teeming with all sorts of dreadful suggestions. Everything was sunny and peaceful; the air silent save for the hum of flies. Blood! Whose blood! How came it there? And then I laughed, laughed heartily. "Well, I declare," I said to myself, immensely relieved with the solution that came to me, "I'm fast getting as timorous and credulous as a child frightened by ghost stories at dark. Why, of course, there are coyote tracks, and I heard the rifle shot, and here is the coyote's blood." The man of the hillside began to assume very innocent proportions.

I rose and started on my way back, carefully scanning the black cedar slopes in quest of the demented young man, but not so much as a shadow betrayed him. I reached the junction where he had turned into the road toward the mountain and glanced up it. There, not a hundred yards ahead was the fugitive, astride a buckskin horse, trotting unconcernedly off. I shouted out his name; he turned and waved his hand derisively, spurred his horse and was off at a gallop.

"Well, I have done my best," I said to myself dejectedly. "He's away on another mad spree and doubtless will return when it's over. Nevertheless I shall keep on to Leadville when his friends get back. He's as likely to turn up there as anywhere. Now I will go back to the house and get ready to leave with the return of the Cliff climbers. I will explain the circumstances and request a passage from the other occupants of Penhallow's carriage."

At the first gate I met Mr. Wentworth. "You are out early," he said.

Too profoundly interested with the matter in hand to reply, I initiated my own line of conversation. "Did Mr. Penhallow say where he was going?"

"Going? How do you mean?" asked Mr. Wentworth in surprise.

"When he set off this morning," I explained.

"Set off! Do you mean he's gone away?"

"Why, I just now saw him galloping up the road."

"Galloping up— Oh-h-h, Milt!" he shouted to a man who was engaged in bracing a fence corner a few yards away. "Did Penhallow take a horse this morning?"

"No, not that I know of," was the reply. "I see him settin' off afoot as usual to the springs. He ain't come back yet."

"Are you sure it was him?" persisted Mr. Wentworth addressing me.

"Positive," I replied. "I spoke to him."

"What sort of a horse was he on?"

"Buckskin with two white hind feet."

"Know any buckskin horse with two white hind feet around here, Milt?" called out Mr. Wentworth to his man.

"Some feller up to the cabin has got one; stranger hereabouts. I see him up to Speck Baker's last Sunday—tall, light-haired feller."

Mr. Wentworth looked at me. "Kind of a mysterious young man," he said drily.

"Oh, I don't know," I replied, disinclined to render Mr. Wentworth privy to the truth. "A little peculiar, no doubt; but he comes honestly by it. I'm acquainted with his father—a very rich and most excellent, but very eccentric man."

"I'm a little suspicious of rich men's sons who come idlin' out West here," said Mr. Wentworth.

"It is strange how a man with any means should care to tarry out here, but young Penhallow is only passing through from two years' foreign travel."

"Yes, so he said; but how about this here horse?" continued Mr. Wentworth tenaciously. "How should Mr. Penhallow on his way home from Europe be ridin' a horse belongin' to a stranger up at the Lusk cabins?"

"Why," I said, "you know he was up the canyon; perhaps he got acquainted with the owner up there, and chancing to meet him this morning, borrowed the animal for a spin."

"Well, mebbe, but it don't sound likely to me," was the incredulous reply.

How, indeed, should Leverett Penhallow be riding a horse belonging to a mysterious stranger hanging out up in Shoshone canyon when, according to my presumptions the young man had never been there at all, merely pretending to have been in order to account for his lapse of sanity in Aspen? "Unless," I thought, "he did actually go there, and went from there to Aspen, which he might readily have done on horseback, perhaps on the very horse he now bestrode."

Bidding Mr. Wentworth good-morning, I returned to the house a little belated for breakfast. I now began to wait anxiously for young Penhallow to come back, hoping against hope that his attack would not outlast the morning, and his friends' arrival from the Cliff and departure for Leadville. In any event I determined not to await him, for his effects were still in his room at the ranch, his bill as yet unpaid, so that he must return there first before following us on to Leadville, which, of course, he must do in order to get the east-bound train. Meanwhile I was anxious to join his father and have him by my side when next I encountered his insane son.

Shortly before noon the tourists from down the river arrived. They were not a little surprised at the absence of their companion. I could see that they were annoyed; they were not disposed to delay their own departure on account of him. To my request for permission to accompany them, they very graciously accorded me a seat in one of the vehicles.

An elderly gentleman in the party persuaded his companions after dinner to wait an hour in the hopes of Penhallow's return; but the time came, and still he was absent. The two carriages were then brought around to the door, and we climbed in and drove off. I had arranged with Mr. Wentworth to send me instant word to Leadville by courier in case young Leverett, on coming back, evinced no immediate intention of following us to Leadville.

(*To be continued*)

A CONGRESS OF PUBLICITY

by

JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE

IT WAS more than a convention—it surpassed in ability, enthusiasm and catholicity the bounds of a mere assembly; there was too much enthusiasm, originality and individuality to call it a conclave—it was indeed a renaissance of the spirit of 1776 and the early Continental Congress, wherein men met together devoted to the common interest, and without conventional forms or traditional observance, to give expression to mutual sentiment. The genius of the age was never more graphically personified than in the congress of Associated Advertising Clubs of America, assembled during the first week of August in Boston.

The proceedings as distinctively reflected the thought of the nation as the fiery decision and action of the Tea Party in 1775. Several days before the time of meeting, delegates began coming from the several states, towns and cities, of every section of the country, all aglow with civic and national patriotism. Two thousand men and women of live-wire energy, keen and clever in observation, witty, incisive and effective in comment and conversation, formed cohorts representing the aggressive publicity forces of every section of the great republic.

* * *

How fitting it was that the opening meeting was held at Faneuil Hall, and certainly the scenes and events of that August morning will long remain an impressive memory with everyone present. Delegates from every section, North, West, South and East, entered with reverence and took their places in the very seats wherein auditors have listened to the fiery yet convincing appeals of Samuel Adams, James Otis, John Hancock, Daniel Webster, Wendell Phillips and Edward Everett. Gaily adorned with badges, and with flags and banners proudly displayed, the delegates from the various states entered the historic old hall, with that sober sense of civic responsibility that here created a nation and now keeps its spirit alive and undying.

At the very outset it was evident that this assembly was to strike the keynote of a notable international gathering—a congress of the nation to deliberate upon the greatest forces that have marked the progress of civilization and prosperity in modern times.

The gavel of President Dobbs was powerless to restrain the enthusiasm when the English delegation marched in and were given seats of honor at the right of the rostrum in the hall, in which the neglected children of the mother country had assembled, remonstrated, warned and defied until it became indeed a "Cradle of Liberty." The delegates from Toronto, clad in the storied garb of "Auld Scotia," followed soon after, bearing aloft a banner emblazoned with the word "Reciprocity." This one scene did as much to illuminate the spirit of that treaty as the deciding vote at Washington.

The old platform from which so many eminent men have spoken was decorated with flowers and shrubs. In the rear hung the famous painting of Webster, uttering the imperishable sentiment "Liberty and

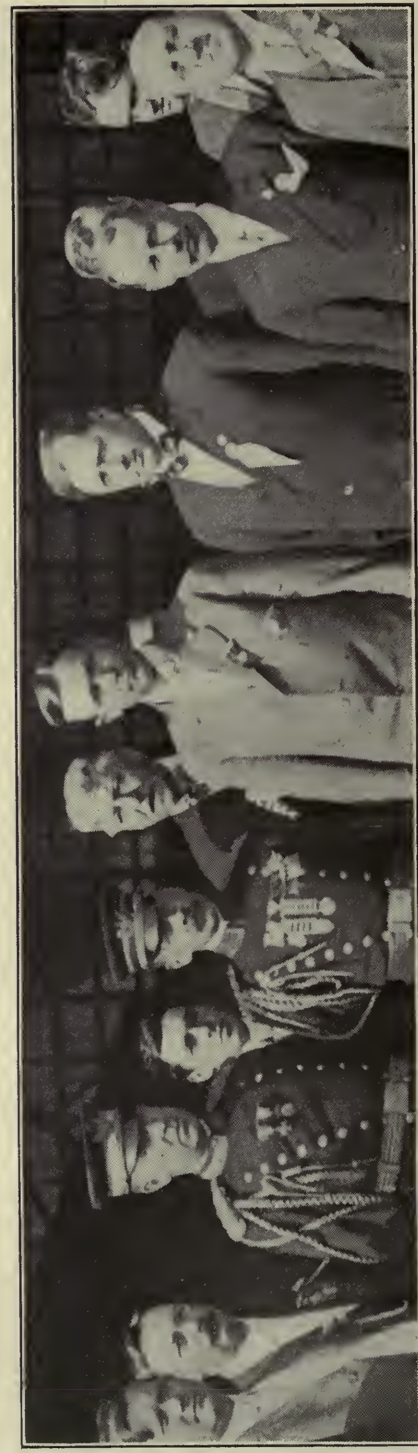


Photo by H. J. Darley Co.

GREETINGS BEING EXTENDED AT THE SOUTH STATION

Governor Eberhart of Minnesota (center) and the Minnesota delegation were met at the South Station by the Governor's staff of Massachusetts and Acting Mayor Collins

Union, now and forever, one and inseparable."

The portrait of Peter Faneuil, descendant of Huguenot refugees, who originally gave the hall to the city of Boston to serve forever as a forum of free speech, seemed to smile in the sunlight, while the band played national airs and the old-time favorite songs. Everybody instinctively joined in the chorus and the English delegates rose and cheered as the audience sang "God Save the King," mingled with the words of "My Country, 'Tis of Thee," for one tune sufficed to blend the sentiment of both peoples. The Pilgrim Publicity Association of New England, the hosts of the occasion, opened the fireworks by introducing the Glee Club, who sang the thrilling chorus of "My Hero," adapted to the following appropriate words:

Come! Come! A song for Boston,
  Our hearts are true,—
Come! Come! Our voices raising
  We'll sing it through.—
Come! Come! Naught can efface her.
Our voices blending now to praise her
  Beyond compare!
Rise! Rise! A toast to Boston,
  Hail, Boston, fair!

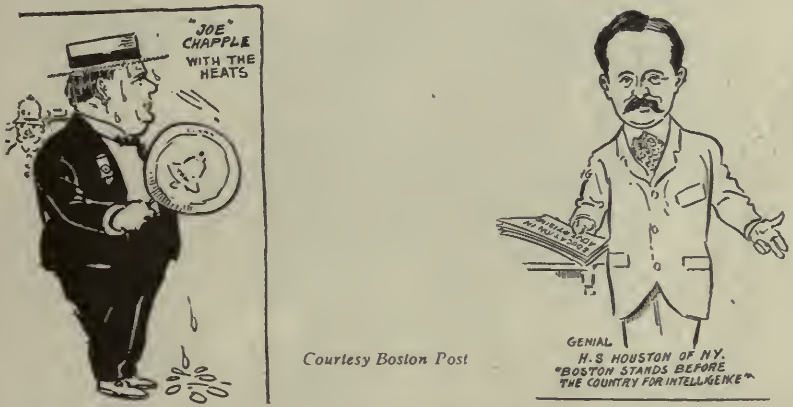
They sang a Boston greeting and arose *en masse* when the word "rise" was reached, and with uplifted hands gave the grand, hailing sign of greeting as they sang "Hail, Boston, Hail" and the splendid climatic chords of that chorus rolled out under the roof with militant fervor. The welcome was rendered in expressive words to the tune of "Put on Your Old Gray Bonnet." The chorus was sung with particular zest:

Just put your badge on, stranger,
And there'll be no danger
  That you'll miss our welcome, loud and strong;
For we're here to greet you,
And we're glad to meet you
  And we won't be strangers long.
The Missouri men have shown us
That they really must have known us,
  And Atlanta does the same.
Though the distance was terrific,
Yet a band from the Pacific
  Comes to add to Boston's fame.
And we hail with great elation
All the New York delegation
  And the club that comes to us from foreign shore—
And we're gratified to tell 'em
That the town of cerebellum
  Is one great wide open door.

The power of song to sway the people was most vividly verified as the various city and state delegations burst forth with their responses.

* * *

There was an inspiring address of welcome by Governor Foss of Massachusetts, followed by one from Acting Mayor Collins. President Dobbs gave a brilliant *resume* of the work of the clubs, which had been most heartily endorsed in the letters from President Taft and Colonel Roosevelt. A brilliant and witty address by Senator Lafayette Young of Iowa was in unison with the great occasion, and welcomes by President Coleman and Chairman Humphrey of the Pilgrim Publicity Association made everyone feel at home.


"JOE" CHAPPLE WITH THE HEATS
GENIAL H.S HOUSTON OF NY. "BOSTON STANDS BEFORE THE COUNTRY FOR INTELLIGENCE"

Courtesy Boston Post

THE NEWSPAPER CARTOONIST TOOK LIBERAL SNAPSHOTS WITH HIS PENCIL POINT

The clock in the rear of the hall had not yet recorded high noon when President Dobbs called a magazine editor from the floor to "kick off" the fervor of the occasion. His instructions were: "Let the flag of two nations wave and pull out the feathers of the eagle fast and furious."

To illustrate how a real "Cradle of Liberty" speech reads, the five minutes of fervor is here given as stenographers caught it when the speaker hurled out the words:

"Under the inspiration of this galvanic gathering the future unfolds to us in Faneuil Hall a vision of the Great Parliament of Man. Through the spectrum of publicity focussed unerringly, the great reforms of the age are wrought, for the light is falling in dark places, and Truth, unveiled at last, in all her sublimity stands forth! The dreams of the brotherhood of man seem nearer realization because of the electric limelight of the times, for exploitation in its broad sense has brought about adjustments between man and man, equities between rich and poor, and an uplift for welfare that would have thrilled the forefathers, who heroically wooed liberty under the sacred roof that shelters us in this imposing, opening scene of this convention.

"This occasion marks an epoch in exploitation—the administration of President Samuel C. Dobbs has witnessed a wonderful revolution in the standards of advertising. With the flush of a crusader on his cheek, he has gone up and down the length of the land heralding principles as fundamental as the foundation of the republic. This farmer boy of "Dixie Land," whose first speech on advertising included a tender tribute to his mother, touched the heart well-springs and that nobility of sentiment, without which all movements must fail. We have grown to love Sam Dobbs in his devotion to the duty taken up at Louisville with a prayer on his lips for guidance and help that consecrated a sincere and enduring purpose.

"Aye, let the old rafters of this hall ring today with song. Among those airs that carry its message of unity afar were the stirring strains of 'Dixie.' These songs reflect the heart of a great nation that has lived to fulfill the immortal words of

PILGRIM PUBLICITY ASSOCIATION GLEE CLUB WHO MAINTAINED THE REPUTATION OF BOSTON AS THE MUSICAL CENTRE IN AMERICA

Daniel Webster emblazoned on that wall—'Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable'—reflecting the spirit of the Associated Advertising Clubs of America. The fulfillment of its ultimate purpose is to solve problems of distribution, establish a permanent union of mutual interest, 'each for all and all for each,' exemplifying the 'one and inseparable' spirit that breaks the threatening war clouds and has already chained the war dogs tugging at their leash in Europe, and will ultimately establish universal peace 'now and forever.'

"The future unfolds a glimpse of Old Glory radiant in the colors we love, saluting the great rainbow, prismatic with the colors of all nations, presaging good will and the pledge of no more floods of brother's blood, no more of war's carnage. This arching herald of the heavens shines forth in the vaulted space of blue, which only the good God of all time controls, for the glory and welfare of mankind. In the noonday splendor of this glorious August morning, with the clock now striking the hour of high noon, Boston bids you welcome in that same free and hearty spirit that clings to the memories and traditions of these historic walls."

Soon after the clock struck twelve it was felt that a fitting overture to one of the most important conventions ever held in the historic old city of Boston had taken place. Through the winding streets of Boston the delegates marched, laughing, chatting and singing. Out of "Pie Alley" and from famous corners of the old streets poured forth wondering people to look upon the delegation from Texas, headed by "Alkali Pete," upon Baltimore's gay levies with streaming banners and a lusty chorus of "My Maryland," and the Iowan concourse with its ditty on "Style all the While," which was one of the most popular airs of the convention. Every city and delegation had its slogan, and on the march leading directly over the spot first baptized with American blood at the Boston massacre, they passed up by the old State House to Tremont Temple, where the great company partook of a luncheon given by Mr. E. A. Grozier, publisher of the *Boston Post*. Tremont Temple, with all its historic associations, never contained a more enthusiastic gathering. Two thousand people ate and chatted together, singing betimes with an exuberance of spirit that must have pleased the cordial Boston hosts. From the galleries and choir loft rolled out song and response that bespoke the good cheer of a notable occasion in Boston.

Courtesy Boston Herald

MASSACHUSETTS GREETS MINNESOTA
Governor Foss, Governor Eberhart and Acting Mayor Collins

With the opening exercises in the afternoon at Ford Hall, now known as the "Cradle of Fraternity," the regular business of the convention was begun.

President Taft's letter of regret at not being able to attend the convention and to entertain the delegates at Beverly as planned was read:

White House.
Washington, July 31.

My dear Mr. Coleman:

I am very sorry that the protracted session of Congress has made it impossible for me to accept your courteous invitation to attend the convention of the Associated Advertising Clubs of America, or to receive the delegates at Beverly, as I had hoped to be able to do It affords me pleasure, however, to extend to the convention through you my best wishes for a most successful meeting.

Modern advertising plays a very important part in our everyday life, and the members of the profession are to be congratulated on the progress they have made in a comparatively few years.

Sincerely yours,
(Signed) William H. Taft

Then followed greetings from ex-president Theodore Roosevelt, further emphasizing the importance of the work of the organization. Urging cleanliness and decency in advertising, the Colonel went on to say that he thought that the advance along those lines in the past few years had been praiseworthy. So emphatically did it express the spirit of the Associated Advertising Clubs, that it called for re-reading, and was most heartily applauded, after which there were three rousing cheers for "Teddy."

Mr. H. S. Houston of New York made a comprehensive report for the Committee on Education. Then came forth Editor James Schermerhorn, the matchless Michigan speaker. This genial Hibernian-looking Hollander, whose message, sounding forth the tenets of truth and decency in advertising, has been heard far and near, shoots arrows and bouquets with the same breath. He spoke in a right-to-the-point manner and comprehensively discussed all phases of the great purposes of the convention as sounded at Faneuil Hall in the morning. Quotations, historical, biblical or literary, he rolls into epigrammatic capsules that "work."

In the discussion of advance ideas for advertising, Mr. Bert M. Moses, president of the Association of American Advertisers, delivered a most forceful address. His allusion to his career as a printer's devil and his experiences in a country printing office touched a responsive chord in the hearts of many advertising men who have also known the odor of benzine and washed the forms and bathed the rollers, to say nothing of the masterly motions of planing a form.

Every number on the program was put through by President Dobbs on schedule time, as if he were operating a train despatcher's office. At 5.30 the badged delegates were wandering around the cowpath streets of Boston, made immortal in the late Sam Walter Foss' poem, trying to find their way to Rowe's Wharf by circumlocution.

The few of those who did not reach the wharf can now look back upon the incident with a smile, but the awful words they said then are not considered proper upon all occasions. The delegates wandered to all points of the compass and even baffled the serenity of the Boston policeman. The street cars marked "Elevated" dove into subways, and "Subways" soared on aerial tracks, while the "Surface" seemed to go anywhere and everywhere and both ways in the same direction—as if bent on baffling strangers.

Courtesy Boston Herald

ENGLISH ADVERTISING MEN

Who attended the Convention and who also presented the Pilgrim Publicity Association of Boston a silver loving cup. in appreciation of their royal entertainment

More than fifteen hundred of the delegates, however, managed to find Rowe's wharf, and the great steamer "South Shore" was filled fore and aft with jolly people, singing and chatting as the music divagated from symphony records to plantation rag-time furnished by real Georgia coons. It was one of those occasions when everyone was just happy and joyous. Picnic luncheons had been prepared by the ladies, and with a genuine salt-air hunger the delegates commended New England cooks by repeating Meredith's lines:

We may live without friends; we may live without books;
But civilized man cannot live without cooks.

The "offerings" in dainty boxes, with Moxie and Pureoxia to drink, made a delightful luncheon.

The steamer ploughed her course over the very spot where the waters had engulfed the tea dumped at the historic Boston Tea Party, and there were many "Ohs" and "Ahs" as the fireworks proceeded. There was a glimpse of the Navy Yard and the old "Constitution," and along the deck resounded Holmes' lines, "Aye, tear her tattered ensign down," which showed that the advertising men hadn't forgotten what they learned at school.

The cruise continued into the real ocean down past Boston Light, and revealed at close range the twinkling lights of Nantasket, Hull and Pemberton. Many of the delegates were enjoying their first trip on salt water. They felt before the return that they were becoming truly "nautical," and will long remember their salt-water trip down Boston Harbor.

Courtesy Boston Herald

THE OLD AND NEW PRESIDENTS

"Sam" Dobbs, retiring president, shaking hands with "George" Coleman, the newly elected president, with the admonition, "Let George Do It"

* * *

Now an ancient saying is paraphrased thusly: "You may write the songs of an advertising club, and I care not who makes the speeches." Every club came with a song on its lips. The Boosters of Cedar Rapids had their song characteristically written to the tune of "There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight." The delegates from good old Missouri wore on their hats a simple band with the message "Show Me," and utilized the refrain of "Old Kentucky Home" for setting forth the glories of Missouri.

The St. Louis quartet charmed everyone. They had a regular portfolio of special songs for the occasion, and "Hello, Boston Town," to the air of "Goodbye, Betty Brown," proved among the most popular.

ISAAC H. SAWYER
Who headed the St. Louis delegation at the A. A. C. of A. convention in Boston and brought on the famous Knickerbocker quartette

Chorus

Hello! Boston! Hello! Boston town!
We would see this place of great renown.
With your skies and your ocean blue,
And Faneuil Hall, we want to see it, too.
Of old Massachusetts you're the crown.
You'll cut a "figger" as a bigger town,
'Way down upon Boston Common,
Hello! Boston town!

The quartet was brought on by Mr. I. H. Sawyer, vice-president of the Brown Shoe Company, an active and enthusiastic member of the St. Louis club since its organization. The delegation presented the Pilgrim Publicity Association with a loving-cup, and were the recipients of hearty congratulations for the splendid work they had to their credit.

Mr. Sawyer's efforts in behalf of the association were more gratefully appreciated than he could well realize. Mr. Sawyer has made the "Buster Brown" shoe famous from coast to coast, from lake to gulf. No man is more thoroughly in earnest, heart and soul, with the great objects of the Association in all its phases than Mr. Sawyer. He was one of the earliest enthusiasts concerning the Boston convention, and no one was more pleased with the great success of the occasion.

Baltimore came in gallantly marching and singing "Maryland, My Maryland"; Syracuse brought along plenty of proof that there was a real live city north of New York. The Atlanta delegation arrived late on their special boat. They wore flapping straw hats, and with streaming banners and gorgeous buttons, bearing the warning, "Atlanta Will Get You Yet," they quite captivated the city.

There was Portland, Oregon, with its suggestions of "The Garden of Roses," and San Francisco and California came with flowing ribbons of orange hue.

There was the Chicago Admen's Association, one of the liveliest organizations in the country, and Kansas City, with badges and literature to show the activities of that town on the Missouri River.

You just thought of furniture in looking upon the delegates from Grand Rapids, Michigan. Montgomery, Alabama, with memories of the giant electric key, carried badges that indicated the charm of that state. Richmond, Virginia, Fort Worth and Charleston fully sustained their reputation for courteous and enthusiastic originality.

Among the delegates Master Jerry Moore, the fifteen-year-old boy who has the distinction of raising 258 bushels of corn on one acre, came with the thirty advertising men of South Carolina, and with Mr. Hartley M. Ayer of the *Florence Daily Times*. Theirs was a jolly party, and Mr. A. W. McKeand, secretary of the

Charleston Chamber of Commerce, impressed all who met him with the possibilities of development in the Southeastern states.

Cincinnati had a strong representation, and dear old Milwaukee, enthusiastically as ever, sounded their State University cry.

The Louisville delegates brought along souvenirs of their state's popular product. The Town Criers of Providence came fifty strong, and the party included many of Little Rhody's most popular men.

Among the Omaha delegates were many of the hosts of the previous year, and Nebraska carried miniature cowbells which tinkled as they marched over the Common and suggested again the lines of Sam Walter Foss.

With the delegation from Omaha came the invitation to attend the next carnival of the Ak-Sar-Ben. The gallant knights of this organization were all ready to go to Beverly in a carriage of state and deliver the message in person, but unfortunately Congress was not as polite as it might have been, and did not permit the President to get to his summer headquarters and receive the delegation as he had hoped.

ST. LOUIS ADVERTISING MEN'S LEAGUE
AML

I. H. SAWYER'S "BUNCH"
The St. Louis delegation "having their picture took"

The Nebraska delegation had several songs which they sung *con amore*. The one to the tune of "Suwanee River" seemed to be the favorite:

Way out in dear old Nebraska,
  Far, far away,
There's where the wheat and oats are waving.
  There's where the corn crops pay,

All up and down the whole creation
  Vainly I roam,
Seeking some place or occupation
  Equal to farming at home.

Chorus

Oh, the farmer is never dreary,
  As over his fields he roams,
We toil in soil but never weary,
  In our Nebraska home.

The New York Clubs, staid and sedate, had the largest delegation. London delegates wore modest button badges with true English dignity.

Then there was Texas, with its stirring cowboy yells, the like of which no college boys can equal. They never marched without singing their favorite verses:

Texas Ad men came to Boston
  To get the great convention
Down to Texas in 1912
  Without the least contention.

Whoop it up for 1912
  Whoop it up for Texas;
If you fail to come down then
  You certainly will vex us.

"Alkali Pete" was with them. There was no alkali in his hair, because he was a real cowboy, and multitudinous Boston gamins never wearied of following him around to see how he carried his shooting irons. In one of the restaurants en route it was said that the waiter was slow in bringing his order, when Alkali Pete announced that he would "shoot up" the place if not served at once. It was amazing to see how the darkeys hustled in his direction. The Texas delegation had souvenirs of the guns carried by Alkali Pete, and everyone wanted one to take home. Beautiful Texas roses were presented to all guests who visited the headquarters of the delegation. In fact, every locality seemed to vie heartily in just reciprocating the spirit of hospitality and good-fellowship expressed by the Boston hosts.

Courtesy Boston Herald

ST. LOUIS AD MEN

"Seeing Boston" with a stop at the front door of the Boston Herald where the latch string was out

Dallas, with its lone electric star shining forth from headquarters, showed from the first that it was ready to welcome the Convention in 1912. To the tune of "What's the Matter with Father?" the Dallas boys kept up a campaign that continued until next year's convention was safely landed.

* * *

The Iowa delegates wore bands about their hats, and the sweet refrain "I-O-Way" seemed like the call of the sweet voiced plover to its mate.

They had come a hundred and fifty strong on a special train. An awakening siren whistle attached to the locomotive kept everybody awake en route. They were entertained at Detroit, Battle Creek and Niagara Falls, and found Boston the fitting climax of the journey. Many had never visited the Hub before, and every spot of historic interest was vigorously searched. It was impressive to see an eleven-year-old little miss from Iowa stand reverently before the tomb of Paul Revere in the Old Granary churchyard, reading and rereading the inscriptions on the tombs with an avidity usually bestowed on the chapters of a continued story. To Westerners everything with the hoary age of a century is regarded as a shrine.

The Des Moines club won the silver cup from *Printer's Ink* for having achieved the most for their city. The Hawkeye State may thank Mr. E. T. Meredith, publisher of *Successful Farming*, for the splendid showing made at the Convention. He personally contributed two thousand dollars for the special train, and his state never had more effective advertising. The advertising men of Iowa are determined that they will not have to explain the figures when the next decennial census is taken. The Des Moines Advertising Men (D. A. M.) published a daily paper en route, with the classic title of "Dambazoo," which contained a stunning chronicle of events. The Iowa delegates were happy because they captured the first vice-presidency for the Hon. Tim Le Quatte, and carried home again a prize silver cup as they did at Omaha.

The personnel of the delegation included a remarkable representation of American democracy. There were governors of states, mayors of cities, and people of every degree of wealth and social status, but the spirit of the occasion did not regard any invidious mark of distinction or recognition of superiority.

One of the most prominent figures at the Convention was Governor Eberhart of St. Paul, Minnesota. Some time ago the governor was inoculated with the virus of the Admen's Convention, and he made some stirring addresses. He is one of the leading authorities on state advertising, and was tendered a most hearty reception on his arrival. He promptly fell in with the spirit of the occasion, and joined the Minnesota delegation in inviting next year's convention to St. Paul. Very few speakers are more forceful and direct than Governor Eberhart; he seems to comprehend the advertising spirit from a broad public point of view, to which few public men in the country have as yet attained.

Courtesy Boston Herald

THE KNICKERBOCKER QUARTETTE OF ST. LOUIS

Ted Westhus, Earnest Collins, Wallace Niedringhaus and Glen Eastman, who won the hearts of Boston and her visitors by their superb singing

The discussive and deliberative work of the Convention in the eleven departments began on the second day. All phases of advertising methods were taken up in true Boston style, with lectures, comment and discussion.

The departmental meetings were a veritable compendium of advertising knowledge. Every phase was touched upon, and one of the English delegates remarked that nowhere else had he ever received so much information concerning the details of advertising, its spirit and underlying principles. Not only was the commercial life of the country reflected, but the public life of the nation itself was revealed and the trend of international relationships was thrown upon the screen through the searchlight of Publicity. The dreams of an international peace are made possible, the adjustments of difficulties between man and man and the better distribution of wealth among the people, all looking toward the ultimate solution of many problems that were believed only soluble by socialism on one side or cut-throat competition on the other.

Courtesy Boston Herald

AN IOWA CROWD

E. T. Meredith, Mrs. Meredith, Mrs. T. W. LeQuatte and Miss M. S. Greenbaum of Des Moines

Fifty speeches—think of it! These and more were delivered at the departmental meetings, at which everything was in tune with the keynote struck at the general mass meetings: the one great word "Truth"—dependable and clean advertising.

It was truly a gathering of experts. There was every sort of a specialist in every phase of advertising ready to tell his story and join the general discussion which had the spirit of an old-fashioned New England town meeting.

* * *

The general advertising agency branch meeting was held in Ford Hall, with Mr. Frank Presbrey of New York in the chair. The question "Whether Advertising Agents should have House Organs" was opened in the affirmative by John Lee Mahin of Chicago, and the proposition "Whether an Advertising Agent is a Professional or a Business Man" was then discussed. A paper of notable interest was read by Mr. E. W. Sells of Haskin & Sells, public accountants, New York City. Mr. Sells proved how advertising results were a determinable asset. It seemed as if every problem that comes to the advertising man was brought right out and placed in full view for debate, and able and spirited discussions were a universal feature of these meetings.

The meeting of National Advertising Managers was held in Kingsley Hall, right under the shadow of Beacon Hill. Mr.

William H. Ingersoll, of Robert H. Ingersoll & Brother, New York, presided over a meeting of unusual interest. There was a round-table discussion, and many matters of lively interest to advertising managers were considered. The discussion of "What the Advertiser Wants to Know about Circulation and Influence" was especially able and interesting.

The daily newspaper experts held their sessions in Lorimer Hall, and the discussions were conducted by Mr. Louis Wiley of the *New York Times*, taking the place of Lafayette Young, Jr., of Des Moines, who was not able to be present. Mr. William C. Freeman of New York talked about "Clean Advertising," and Thomas B. Dockrell of New York spoke enthusiastically on the subject "Newspapers *vs.* Magazines." Mr. Wiley insisted that the newspaper was the start of nearly every man's daily work, and its importance could not be too thoroughly emphasized, and that the newspaper office was the veritable hub of the world. The high character of the modern daily, he declared, had a wholesome influence over the advertiser.

"Outdoor Advertising," with all its freedom and variety, was discussed at the City Club. Mr. E. C. Donnelly of Boston was the chairman, and Mr. E. F. Trefz carried on a lively discussion on "Billposting." Mr. E. Allen Frost of the Associated Billposters took up the subject in a manner that would dissipate the most rabid objections to bill-boards. "Bulletin Sign Advertising" was the subject assigned to Mr. O. J. Gude of New York, whose imprint is seen on so many signs that emblazon the Great White Way. When it comes to street car advertising, there are few experts who know more about this particular phase than Mr. A. E. MacBee of New York. His most interesting paper was followed by a discussion, and then the subject of "Electric Signs and How to Utilize the Starry Heavens" was ably handled by Mr. L. B. Gibbs of the Edison Electric Illuminating Company of Boston.

Courtesy Boston Herald

"ALKALI PETE"

Who was the center of attraction in the Texas delegation. He "held up" the convention and gave it to Dallas for next year

The power and potentiality of technical trade and class publications was duly considered, with Henry G. Lord of Boston chairman of the meeting. Mr. F. R. Davis of the General Electric Company, Schenectady, referred to the problems of trade-paper advertisers. Dr. E. Edwin Lewis

Courtesy Boston Herald

GEORGE W. COLEMAN OF BOSTON
NEWLY ELECTED PRESIDENT OF THE ASSOCIATED ADVERTISING CLUBS OF AMERICA
WHOSE WONDERFUL SUCCESS IN HANDLING THE BOSTON CONVENTION
RESULTED IN A STAMPEDE FOR HIS ELECTION TO OFFICE

spoke for the Associated Medical Press, and the grocers were represented by Mr. W. H. Ukers of the *Tea and Coffee Trade Journal.* Mr. Wallace Richardson of New York represented the farm journals. The speakers very carefully outlined what had been done along these lines of co-operative advertising, and told of the benefits which had accrued. The discussion on "Directory Advertising" was led by Mr. W. O. Foote of Atlanta.

The periodical meetings were held in Chipman Hall, Mr. David G. Evans of New York presiding. There were some lively three-minute speches following the address on "The National Advertiser and His Responsibility for the Sins of Advertising." The matter of "Financial Advertising" was taken up by Mr. H. D. Robbins of N. W. Halsey & Co., New York, and by Mr. H. S. Houston of the Doubleday-Page Company.

The question of "Improving the Position of the National Advertiser with the Consumer and the Trade" was handled by Mr. William H. Ingersoll of New York and by Mr. Charles M. Wessels of Philadelphia, whose addresses are always replete with fascinating facts.

* * *

Ben Franklin himself would have been delighted with the printing, engraving and business literature sessions held in Social Hall, Tremont Temple, where Mr. F. E. Johnston of Dallas presided. The fifteen-minute lectures on "Custom" by Mr. W. T. Frisbie of Syracuse, and on "Abuse" by C. R. Lippman, the well-known special writer of New York, were most interesting. Mr. W. V. Crawford of Waco, Texas, and Mr. K. L. Murray of Lincoln, Nebraska, followed with remarks on appealing letters, and a lively talk on mailing lists followed.

In the Novelty Department, under the direction of Mr. Lewellyn E. Pratt of New York, the program of specialty advertising was a revelation. Dr. H. S. Bunting of Chicago, the publisher of *Novelty News*, Mr. John Hall Jones of the Sperry & Hutchinson Company, and Mr. Marquis Regan, formerly the advertising manager of Yawman & Erbe Company, made the discussions of great interest. A fitting

Courtesy Boston Herald

WAITING FOR THE CARS

In front of the headquarters at the Lenox Hotel waiting for cars and autos for one of the afternoon jaunts into historic grounds climax to a most interesting program was "Am I My Buyer's Keeper?" a remarkable paper on the responsibility of the specialty salesman to the advertiser, by Mr. L. H. Bulkley of the American Art Works, Coshocton. The place of the novelty in advertising was the subject of an address by Mr. W. W. Van Ness of Whitehead, Hoag & Co., Boston. "Trademarks" were thoroughly exploited by Mr. Clowry Chapman of New York. Altogether the specialty men felt that they had a program worthy of thoughtful treatment in their best style.

* * *

The prosperity of agricultural publications was indicated by one glimpse at the sessions presided over by Mr. T. E. Le Quatte in Gilbert Hall. Mr. W. A. Whitney, the live-wire manager of the Phelps Publishing Company, opened one of the sessions with a characteristic address. The dealer's standpoint was most ably discussed by Mr. D. B. Sharp, of the De Laval Separator Company. When it came to the "Effect of Advertising upon the Farmer Himself," Mr. Walter D. Ross of Worcester was found equal to the subject. Mr. E. T. Meredith of *Successful Farming* and Mr. P. V. Collins of the *Northwestern Agriculturist* soon had an animated discussion. The importance of the agricultural paper to the farmer was summed up by Dr. C. William Burkett, editor of the *American Agriculturist.*

The growth of cities was a live subject at the meeting of the State Publicity Association, of which Mr. Thomas F. Anderson was chairman, held at the Twentieth Century Club. Mr. George S. Lenhart was there from Atlantic City to tell how the "Three Hours from Broadway to the Boardwalk" sign had succeeded in drawing thousands to that popular resort by the sea. Mr. Granville M. Hunt, who has been responsible for so many conventions at Washington, D. C., told how it was done. Mr. A. W. McKeand of Charleston, North Carolina, who has been stirring things up at a lively rate in the southeast, told how things were going down his way and of successful plans in city-building. Mr. Ernest L. Waitt of Fitchburg, Mass., followed with a paper of thoughtful suggestions. Municipal publicity was a subject the discussion of which

Courtesy Boston Herald

LADIES' RECEPTION COMMITTEE

The wives of well-known advertising men of Boston who worked long and hard to make the convention a success for the lady visitors

O. J. GUDE OF NEW YORK

THE "BILLBOARD MAN," HAS CREATED REALISTIC EFFECTS IN ELECTRIC SIGNS
"THE GREAT WHITE WAY" IN NEW YORK WAS CONCEIVED
AND WORKED OUT BY MR. GUDE

indicated the great interest that exists in every municipality and state throughout the country.

* * *

Every woman who reads the advertisements in the Sunday papers would have been interested to see the gathering of the retail advertising men. Mr. F. W. Tully, advertising manager of the William Filene's Sons Company, gave an impressive talk, followed by Mr. Joe Appel of Wanamaker's with a most entertaining address on "Creative Advertising." His experience has made him familiar with conditions that struck home to every woman who was present, and the ladies agreed that Mr. Appel had delivered a most comprehensive review of the whole situation. "The New Thought in Retail Organization," by Mr. Frederick W. Aldred of the B. H. Gladding Company of Providence, was of vital interest to advertising and sales managers.

The trade press associations of the United States also held their meetings at the same time, and Colonel J. N. McLean spoke enthusiastically on the subject of reciprocity. In fact, reciprocity seemed to be the spirit of the occasion whichever way one turned, and as a Western delegate remarked, "This convention is like a seven-ring circus—there's so much you want to see and hear all the time." The splendid program with all its festivities and intervening entertainments being carried out in four short days is one of the marvels of advertising brevity.

* * *

In all the convention there was little personal "shop talk." Every speaker and every conversation seemed to be directed to the general subject of exploitation, proving again the favorite theory that the spirit of the age is business, and that the spirit of business is exploitation.

Courtesy Boston Herald

ON THEIR WAY

"Uncle Harry" and the rest of the Iowa boys on the way to visit the National plant

This grouping of the various interests of the great phalanx of advertising enabled the convention to focus attention upon the various subjects of uppermost interest and the addresses form a veritable encyclopedia on publicity. It was an experiment never made before, and seemed to enhance the interest of the mass meetings. The convention was more than a meeting of men interested in commercial or advertising lines. The crystallization and cohesiveness manifested among the live interests representing exploitation in its broadest sense, indicated the recent but exceedingly pronounced trend toward concentration and centralization in all lines of effort.

The jollity and exuberance of delegates indicated that those who use every ounce of gray matter in the keen competition for business, relaxed with the same intensity and vigor with which they pursued their work, and this natural native energy and enthusiasm easily explained why these men were successful.

THE NEW "NATIONAL" BUILDING
The scene at the laying of the corner stone of the new Chapple plant at Boston, where a hundred people from the old home state of Iowa were present

* * *

One afternoon was given up to auto rides in and around Boston.

Shortly before two o'clock, while the bands were playing, the throngs were gathering near the Boston Public Library and the Lenox Hotel to form auto parties and take part in car rides. But a trip to Lexington seemed to appeal most strongly to the delegates, and a party, three hundred strong, set off to follow the route over which Gage's first foray marched to Lexington and Concord and Percy's reenforcement battled with the minute men on the retreat. It is difficult for Boston people to understand the almost sacred reverence in which most visitors from other states hold these historic spots.

There was plenty of music. The band kept up the "Old Gray Bonnet" and the patriotic airs. But before leaving Boston the cars kept up Huntington Avenue, through Dover Street and through Dorchester Avenue, South Boston, until the office of the NATIONAL was reached. There the party were shown through the office, where the great presses and all the machinery was busy and fluttering flags decorated the press deliveries and the flying pistons of the monotype typesetting machines. It was a scene of whirring activity, and many of the printers said it was one of the handsomest offices they had ever seen. All the workers were there with badges and buttons ready with a cheery word and smile of welcome. One department store manager said as he passed through, "If I could have those

OFFICERS OF THE PILGRIM PUBLICITY ASSOCIATION

(*From left to right*) Henry B. Humphrey, Chairman Directors: D. N. Graves, Treasurer; Carroll J. Swan, Secretary; George W. Coleman, President; Arthur B. Harlow, Second Vice-President; George B. Gallup, First Vice-President people in my store, my trade would increase." Each guest was presented with a copy of "Heart Throbs," and their grateful expressions of appreciation were most inspiring.

Down where the band stood playing the crowd followed, and found the masons busy at work on the NATIONAL's new home. The men stopped a moment while the editor mounted the threshold and made a brief and hearty address of welcome. The audience sang the stirring strains of "America" with the band. The flagstaff in the center of the building was filled with streamers; everybody wore the colors of the NATIONAL that day.

EN ROUTE TO LEXINGTON ALONG THE WAY OF PAUL REVERE'S RIDE

Mr. H. B. Keister, of Waterloo, Iowa, who hails from the birthplace of the Chapple boys, made a most eloquent address, referring to the old days when he remembered the "boys" making mud pies on Big Creek—and how little he thought then that he would see them again laying bricks, helping to build a better and bigger Boston. After his address he asked everybody to turn to page 178 in "Heart Throbs," and then and there the three hundred people sang every word of that good old tune "Auld Lang Syne." It was remarked by many of the delegates that they had never heard of any assembly that sang "Auld Lang Syne" *ev'ry word* from beginning to end.

The delegation was then carried to the scene of the battle of Lexington, along the route of Paul Revere's famous ride. The impressive ceremonies on the historic battleground will never be forgotten. In the twilight, the band first touched the historic green, playing "Yankee Doodle Doo." The company then marched around the monument—the first soldiers' monument ever built in the United States.

The St. Louis quartet sang "My Hero," with megaphones, a thrilling song for the occasion, and everybody joined in singing "America."

An address was made by the host, calling attention to the thrilling scenes enacted on the spot where the delegates stood. From here John Harrington dragged himself to the threshold of his house on the corner and died in the arms of his wife, and an American home was baptized with the first blood of the Revolution.

Who that was present can forget the scene in the twilight as the company crossed the battlefield singing the martial hymn "Onward, Christian Soldiers," led by the band?

* * *

On the famous old historic Puritan road leading to Beverly many delegates made their way, and the honking of autos made a merry scene. There were some who lost the others—but the good-natured farmers—descendants of the Minute Men of '76—would lean on the pitchfork and explain how to get back on the "main road." The visitors had an early start and a good opportunity to visit all the points of interest along the North Shore. There was a stop at the old Inn at Sudbury where Longfellow wrote his famous "Tales of a Wayside Inn," and the return trip along the coast, passing by Swampscott, Marblehead and Revere Beach, gave the delegates an opportunity to appreciate the extent and beauty of Boston's park system.

* * *

Classic Copley Square was the scene of an event never to be forgotten. Underneath the shadow of the campanile tower of the Old South Church, more than two thousand people gathered on the triangular green in front of the Boston Public Library and enjoyed one thousand Georgia watermelons. They were the famous Watson melons, raised by the expert who has made the Georgia Rattlesnake variety famous. They were picked in person by the grower and had been kept on ice, and arrived in Boston fragrant and cold with the Georgia dew still glittering upon them. Darkeys sang plantation melodies, while two thousand people ate the aqueous fruit with all the zest and love of the colored person for a watermelon. Thousands gathered about the square with watering mouths. Bands were playing and speakers were speaking while everyone was eating, chatting and singing. In the corner young ladies were trying to eat watermelon in boarding-school style. Across the way the shadows of Trinity, Phillips Brooks' church, mingled with the glimmer of the electrics. The melons were cut in long, luscious slices and sitting on the city lawn, fork in hand, the guests found themselves erelong on a sward dripping with the juice and seeds of real Georgia watermelons. Copley Square green was showered with the luscious juice. The kilted and bonneted Highlanders made a successful attack on the "hollow" square where the watermelons were cut, not less spirited and effective than the charge of the Scots Grays at the battle of Waterloo.

THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE PARTY
Advertising men before the monument on the battleground at Lexington. The monument was built in 1799 and was the first soldier's monument erected in America

Of course the Georgia quartet was there, and the Pilgrim Publicity Association gave them the "skyrocket cheer" with their S-Z-Z-Z-Z-Z-Z-Z-Z-Boom, Boom–ATLANTA. Mr. Fred Houser of Atlanta was master of ceremonies, and said the final good-night through a megaphone. The idea was originally suggested by Mr. St. Elmo Massengale of Atlanta, and Atlanta was never more effectively advertised than by the glorious and memorable watermelon party at Copley Square, which, after the feast was over, was so promptly cared for that the next morning it looked as spick and span as if nothing had happened. Hundreds of pigeons were busy devouring the seeds, and they and the aggressive little sparrows hugely enjoyed the aftermath of the Georgia delegation's hospitality. It was a night long to be remembered.

* * *

The English guests and many others were taken in a special train to "Dreamwold," the famous country home of Mr. Thomas W. Lawson, "down in Egypt." The famous prize stock of that splendid Scituate county seat were thrown open to inspection in a most hospitable way, which was greatly appreciated. "Dreamwold" and its prize stock are famous far beyond the confines of this country, and the generous and kindly host is widely known in both hemispheres.

It was a Texas boy who rode Mr. Lawson's prize bull, "Flying Frissigie," and demonstrated how the animal can act his ferocious role and still be as docile as an office cat. The affection between him and his dog friend, "Chicago," is a romance in animal life. The spirit of the animals at "Dreamwold" is a story in itself, and the English guests declared that "Dreamwold" made them think of the famous estates of the old country—the most flattering compliment in their power.

ATLANTA
ONE OF THE GEORGIA SONG LEADERS-
JOSEPH W HILL WHO WAS KEPT BUSY SEEING THAT EVERYBODY WAS HAPPY
AN ARRIVAL FROM TORONTO
SCENE ON COPLEY SQ - WHERE EVERYBODY WAS SERVED REAL GEORGIA MELONS
We Interview the Milwaukee Delegation
Our Greenish-Yellow Sporting Extra
SPECIAL POSTSCRIPT SUPPLEMENT
ALL ABOUT IT! EXTRA!
HORRIBLE DETAILS CAUSE PROMINENT CITIZENS TO BUTT IN

Courtesy Boston Post

THE WATERMELON FEAST

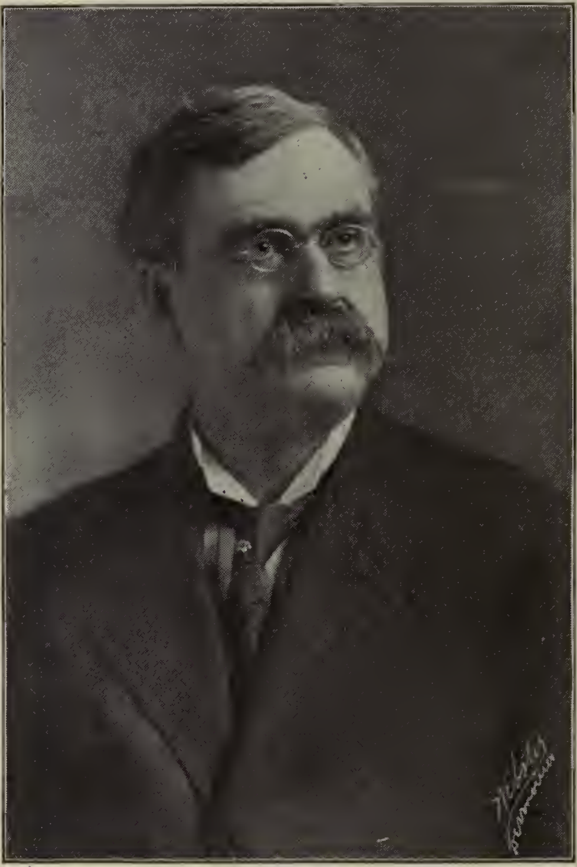
Boston could hardly believe its own eyes when Copley Square, sacred for generations to "Keep off the Grass" monuments, was the scene of the largest watermelon feast ever held in America—the real old Georgia kind

An ever-present and beautiful feature of the convention was the almost universal iteration of the necessity of making "truth" the basis of all successful advertising. The keynote struck by Mr. Schermerhorn was splendidly supplemented by Rabbi Fleischer, whose closing words fittingly express the spirit of the convention: "Make advertising a personal agent of the truth."

One of the most striking addresses was that of Reverend George Wood Anderson of St. Louis, whose subject was "Advertising and Human Nature." The address by Harriet Chalmers Adams of Washington, in reference to "Advertising and Export

Trade in Relation to Latin America," revealed the observations of one who has closely and intelligently studied the remarkable developments of the Latin-American republics.

At the general meeting at the Boston Opera House Thursday afternoon, Mrs. Helen Mar Shaw-Thompson ably discussed "The Household and Economic Phase of Advertising from the Consumer's Standpoint." The artistic crimson decoration of the auditorium made a favorable impression upon the advertising men. The closing address of Professor Charles Zueblin was most entertaining and as heartily enjoyed as the "Tales of Hoffman."



FORMER SENATOR LAFAYETTE YOUNG
One of the distinguished Iowa visitors to the convention

The audience, representing men and women from all sections and many diversified interests, were imbued with a sparkling *verve*, homogeneity, spirit of tolerance, enthusiastic consideration and mutual esteem seldom witnessed in so large a single gathering.

The convention illustrated the fact that advertising is not only of interest to those directly connected with the art, trade, science, or whatever one may choose to call it, but that every man, woman or child who buys anything has an interest in the subject of how best to buy it. At every session a great question-mark could have been hung out, as the chief topic of the occasion. Everybody just wanted to know something. There was a general onslaught of investigation, and many delegations expressed the idea "How fortunate it was that Boston should have been the place for the convention."

The enthusiasm of the men from St. Louis, from Texas, from Nebraska and the Pacific Coast—everywhere there was the spirit of enthusiasm. The letter written by a prominent Boston man to the Georgia delegation expressing his appreciation of the convention as a private citizen, was most gratifying. He insisted that had the North and the South known each other and mingled together for a few days, as during the convention at Boston, there would have been no Civil War, no bloodshed, for who could conceive of the guests and representatives ever carrying away with them aught but an affectionate friendship which nothing could ever disturb? Who could conceive of delegates meeting face to face with muskets? He said that truly the days of the millennium were approaching when men of all sections and all states could gather together in good-fellowship at such an occasion.

The gathering of little groups about the halls and in the lobbies of the hotels, the hearty handshakes and social features of the convention was perhaps more distinctive than that of any other convention that has ever visited Boston.

Each delegate had his name printed on his badge, and after a handshake, eyes were angled on that bit of ribbon to be sure it was Jones, Smith, Brown of Figgleswitz.

The attractive little program books were faithfully carried about, for to be seen without a book of some kind did not seem proper in Boston. Many of the delegates made notations as the different proceedings were attended.

* * *

On the beach at Point of Pines, with an advertising display of fireworks illuming the heavens and casting a glow across the mirror-like Atlantic, while martial and familiar strains lent their witchery to the scene, more than twenty-seven hundred delegates enjoyed for the first time in their lives a real, old-fashioned Yankee clambake. There was sweet corn with that rich toasty taste, lobsters and chowder and potatoes and then there were clams—and more clams. Fish and lobsters all came from the great steaming pile. There were perch, steamed clams, fried clams, crabs and clam broth—and if there is any known article in the annals of fish and shore dinners that was not served that night, it has not yet been discovered. A carnival of song reigned supreme at Revere Beach, and the visitors made bold to feast of deep sea food with all the relish and spirit of an old Cape Cod salt whose life has no other tang than the breezes of the briny deep.

Courtesy Boston Herald

IT WAS SOME CLAM BAKE

Under the open skies and beside the cool shore at Point of Pines, twenty-seven hundred visitors "went the limit" on a real New England clam bake

The splendor of the scenery on that grand sea-kissed crescent of Revere with its myriads of many hued lights and thousands of people gathered to enjoy the ocean, all within a five-cent fare of Boston, and a half-hour's ride, was in itself an object lesson to every lover of the beautiful and to all students of city-building, showing that the needs of a growing city must include a near-at-hand summer resort.

* * *

Alone and unaided, many brave strangers "saw" Boston, not without sundry misadventures, although there was no lack of courteous direction. Policemen and street-car men honored the badge, and even the hurrying pedestrians offered the consoling assurance that if one walked long enough he would reach the spot started from. The delegates tried to learn the measure of distance peculiar to the Hub, when they were told that the desired location was "two minutes' walk" this way, or "five minutes' walk" that—the problem was, what was the proper pace? After they had been "seeing" Boston a few days, they concluded that Bostonese distances were measured at a rapid stride, for said they, "Say, Boston is setting us an awful pace to keep up"—and they winked at a Dallas delegate.

To the registration quarters at the Hotel Lenox the delegates carried many bulky parcels containing books that demonstrated the advantages of Boston; badges in gorgeous array adorned the breasts of the "fair women and brave men," as the Southern delegates were wont to quote from Byron. The Hub's welcome was feelingly and appropriately expressed in literature—there were books on New England, books on Boston, and even dictionaries—what more appropriate offerings could be presented to delegates when visiting the "town of cerebellum"?

The delegates kept exclaiming, "Can this really be cold Boston?" Such hospitality had never been surpassed; it seemed as if all wants were anticipated, and if there was an unoccupied moment in those four happy days, it has not yet been "made a note of," as Captain Cuttle would say.

JOHN LEE MAHIN OF CHICAGO
One of prominent speakers of the convention

As the badged visitors walked up and down, or rather "around" the streets, no matter whether they had met before or enjoyed a formal introduction, there was a salute that indicated the *camaraderie* of the advertising cohorts. The red badge was enough.

The newspapers at Boston opened wide their columns. A convention daily was published and convention extras came forth. Page after page of "convention copy" filled up the dailies until the typical Boston citizen looked over his spectacles in amazement and wondered what was coming next.

Mr. Leigh Mitchell Hodges of the *Philadelphia North American* wrote a most interesting series of articles to the country at large, that they might be fully informed of the lively days at Boston town.

An interesting article on "Judicious Advertising" concerning "Greater Boston," with an accompanying map which resembles a lobster finding its way across a sandy beach, is indicative of the wonderfully concentrated retail market of "Greater Boston," with its three hundred thousand homes. It shows Boston proper and forty suburbs, all within ten miles of the State House. This population welded into a unit as a market is represented as forming one of the greatest commercial and population centers in the country, outside of New York itself.

* * *

The thoughtful and businesslike preparation made for the convention had much to do with its success. On January 19 last the program was sent out by Mr. Henry B. Humphrey, chairman of the committee, and this program was practically carried out to the letter. Every detail indicated the thorough organization of the Pilgrim Publicity Association, and everything else was made subordinate to the comfort and entertainment of the guests. While many new features were added because of the largely increased number of delegates, the "Pilgrims" were equal to the emergency, and it is safe to say that guests and hosts equally enjoyed every minute of those pleasant August diversions which were not decided upon until due consultation of the farmer's almanac and the weather bureau.

An expression of President Dobbs in behalf of the organization insisted that the Associated Advertising Clubs had forever wiped out the old fallacy "cold as New England," and he declared that Southerners would need to look to their laurels, for instead of "Southern hospitality" as the standard of the future, it might be Northern hospitality.

As one delegate remarked, Boston had been thoroughly dynamited and thawed out. The people everywhere were most courteous and kind to the bewildered strangers who were visiting the Hub for the first time, and everyone was determined to show that New England hospitality had nothing to learn of the South and West.

* * *

Under the leadership of Mrs. George B. Gallup, the Ladies' Committee of the Pilgrim Publicity Association made memorable again New England hospitality. There were more than three hundred and fifty ladies in the visiting delegations, and if they had an unoccupied moment, it was not discovered by the Pilgrim ladies. The festivities under their management closed with a banquet at the Hotel Thorndike, which it is needless to say lacked nothing in comparison with the banquet given by the gentlemen at Symphony Hall, and as a spectacle was incomparably more attractive. The decorations, the menus, and the costumes of the fair banqueters, the music and the brilliant speeches and addresses, made up a symposium of creature comforts and good *camaraderie* which will not readily be forgotten. The reception given Miss Edna Dean Proctor, the beloved poetess of New England, whose verse has given her high rank in the brilliant galaxy of New England poets when she recited her world-famous poem, "Columbia's Emblem," was an inspiring moment.

There seemed to be no lack of features and original methods in any of the proceedings. When the chairman of the committee on awards to the various clubs, came upon the platform, he began searching for his "report." Just then someone picked up his hat from the front seat, and out of the hat yards and yards of tape were drawn, until it seemed as if it would never end, but at last the final ell was reached and with it the desired report. Then out of the same hat came a silver cup and the twin flags awarded to the London Club for having traveled the longest distance. Then came a prize for the smallest club, of one member, who traveled from Roswell, New Mexico, and the final tribute was paid to the New York Club when a crowing rooster hopped out of the hat amid the wild plaudits of the audience.

The hundred-dollar prize offered by the city of Memphis for the best essay on the subject "Why the Associated Advertising Convention of 1911 was a Success," was awarded to Mr. G. Grosvenor Dawe of Washington, the well-known secretary of the Southern Commercial Congress. The prize was awarded by Mr. A. C. Floyd, chairman of the Memphis delegation, and as the bit of paper on which the amount was written fluttered from the rostrum, it looked like a genuine and substantial reward for advertising wit.

T. W. LeQUATTE OF DES MOINES, IOWA
The new Vice-President of the Associated Advertising Clubs of America

* * *

There were a few moments of tense excitement at Ford Hall during the election of officers, when Boston and the Pilgrim Publicity Association was honored by the selection of Mr. George W. Coleman as president, but it was soon all over and made unanimous, while the rollicking and jovial spirit of the convention went on.

HENRY B. HUMPHREY

CHAIRMAN OF THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE OF PILGRIM PUBLICITY ASSOCIATION

HE SAW THAT EVERY DELEGATE RECEIVED A CORDIAL WELCOME TO BOSTON

On the last evening the hosts gathered within the music-revered walls of Symphony Hall for the closing banquet. General Charles H. Taylor of the *Boston Globe* was toastmaster, and his happy and felicitous comment and dignified presence made the occasion most gracious and memorable.

There were presentations of loving cups from the English delegation to the Pilgrim Publicity Association, and the toast responses were especially inspiring as Mr. O. J. Gude of New York offered the toast on the entwined flags (see opposite page).

Mr. George E. Stembridge, of London, responded very happily to the toast with a delightful sentiment of international amity that evoked deafening applause. Mr. John Kendrick Bangs, Mr. Elbert Hubbard and Mr. W. M. McAdoo, who constructed the New York tunnel, made appropriate addresses. The presentation of an automobile to Mr. S. C. Dobbs, the retiring president, by Mr. E. F. Trefz was a touching and tender tribute in the good-bye hour. The new president; Mr. George B. Coleman, rang the dinner bell like a Swiss bell-ringer to preserve order while the *bon mots* and repartee was flowing. The quintet sang "The Rosary" and "Under the Southern Moon," followed by an all-join-in-chorus of "Old Kentucky Home," making a farewell scene never to be forgotten. The delegations lingered about until late in the evening, saying good-byes and loth to part, as if they were friends of years instead of a few days.

Following in the very wake of the convention of the Advertising Men came the most favorable reports of business conditions throughout the country. Optimism, backed by statistics, inspired glowing statements of the harvests and business activities close at hand. In spite of tariff agitation and all other conditions that have affected business, reports from all parts of the country agreed that cotton crops were good and that other staples would show results aggregating the totals of 1910 or little less.

The wholesome comradeship of the convention has never been surpassed. The assembly was a study in national development and revealed what a jolly and kind old world this would be if everybody was always in the entertaining and being entertained mood. It proves how inspiring it is to mingle with others in the good old-fashioned primitive way. It demonstrated that if everybody thought of one another's happiness there would be little misery in life. Out of boundless heartiness of their hospitality, Boston did things because they were delighted to entertain. This was reciprocated by a hearty response from the guests because they appreciated the spirit in which they were received.

What a glorious world this would be if all were a convention time, when there would be nothing else to think about except to crystallize the spirit of good-fellowship exemplified in the repeated handshakes and those little conversations and visits that so illumine the memories of the occasion for years and years to come.

NEW HOME OF THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE NOW UNDER CONSTRUCTION

Toast to the English Visitors:

"THE ENTWINED FLAGS"

Proposed by Mr. O. J. Gude, of New York, at the
Associated Advertising Clubs' Banquet, at Symphony Hall, Boston
August 4th, 1911

Here's to Britain's Flag and Uncle Sam's, Stars and Stripes and Union Jack, folded and enfolded, wrapped and entwined, caressing each other in joyous intermingling.

Each Flag the pulsating expression of the loftiest ideals and noblest patriotism of the individual, summoning from the soul's depths all that is best, purest, and most holy.

Here's to their everlasting intermingling, and may similar aspirations—by the millions of England and America—the recognition of common kinship—carry a thought to the great Beyond that will bring benediction from above on this sentiment.

And, in the name of reciprocity—the commercial handclasp of nations—we all here voice earnest hope that no special interest or combination of interests may at this time, or in any time, these Stars and Stripes and Union Jack unentwine.

The Advertising Man

By NIXON WATERMAN

WHO is it makes the wheels go round and keeps the paper going?
Who is it makes "Good Times" abound, their golden gifts bestowing?
Who is it fills the busy hive with happiness and honey?
Who makes the publisher to thrive and lines his purse with money?

Oh, think you 'tis the poet who his measured line rehearses?
"They say" he couldn't feed a cat on what he gets for verses.
Oh, think you 'tis the writers of the essay and the story?
No, such as they could hardly make a paper hunky-dory.

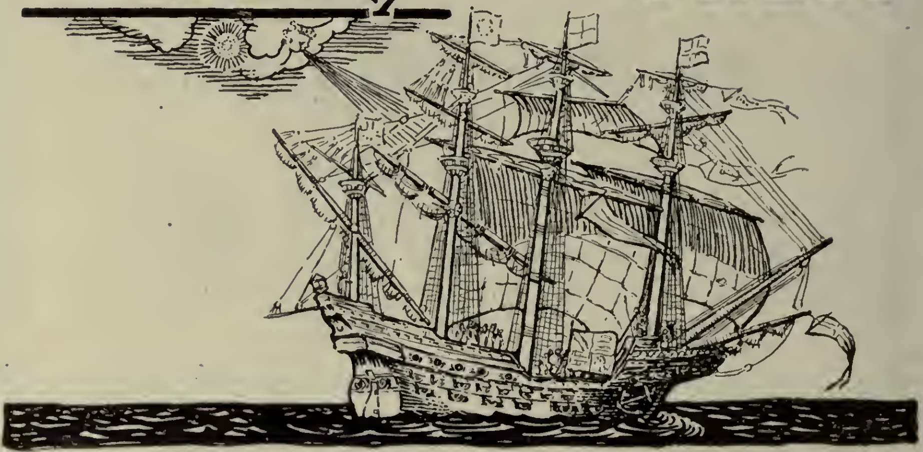
Alas, ye writers grave and gay, ye funnymen and solemn,
Who seem to like to spread yourselves o'er column after column,
'Twere well for you to bear in mind, ye namby-pamby quillers,
That all the many things you pen are simply used for "fillers."

But oh! there is a fellow who holds others in his power;
An "Ode to Spring" he sidetracks for an ad. for shoes or flour;
The publisher who pays the freight, your themes but lightly prizing,
Bows down before this splendid man who brings him advertising.

And so, good writers, one and all, if 'tis your lofty mission
To see your stuff in big, bold type and a "preferred" position,
Your chance for winning wealth and fame on "literature"—don't risk it,
But hustle out and get an ad. for beans or bonds or biscuit.

Christian Science Monitor

The Nobility of the Trades



THE MERCHANT FROM THE TIME OF THE DISCOVERY OF AMERICA UP TO THE TIME OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION

By Charles Winslow Hall

WHEN, in 1500, the Portuguese Cabral discovered Brazil, and continuing on his course founded Portuguese settlements in India, he established Portugal for a time at the very acme of prosperity. Unlike the Spaniards, the Portuguese were not slow to settle and cultivate the rich lands of Brazil and to profit by their almost absolute monopoly of the riches of India.

In Brazil there does not appear to have been such an Indian population as that which in Spanish America was so barbarously enslaved and exterminated; but the African slave trade, begun by Numo Tristan in 1442, was given new life by the needs of the Brazilian planters. The west coast of Africa, for nearly four centuries, became the hunting-ground of Portuguese slavers, and, alas, of many others, whose dealings in human flesh have been a reproach to the Spanish, French, English and American names.

Spain, when it was discovered that Indian slave-labor was unprofitable as well as wholesale murder, also drew heavily on hapless Africa for servile labor. How out of this traffic and her own presumptuous claim to exclusive sovereignty in the New World grew the enmities and ravages that led to her downfall will later be apparent. A similar selfishness and cruelty led in due season to the decay of Portugal and her final absorption by the Spanish crown.

For nearly a hundred years Portugal enjoyed a practical monopoly of Asiatic commerce with Christian Europe, and under Emmanuel the Fortunate (1495–1521) reached the zenith of national prestige and prosperity. Lisbon became the great *entrepot* of Asiatic trade and her warehouses fairly overflowed with Asiatic staples and luxuries, exceeding anything that the ancient caravan trade, in all its immensity, had ever brought to European marts.

These included the whole list of condiments and spices; rare drugs, such as benzoin, frankincense, galingal, mirabolans, Socotrine aloes, camphor and opium; silks in variety of damasks, taffetas, sarcenets, imitation cloth of gold, raw China silk, crepe, white figured Cyprus lawn (a cobweb lawn or silk muslin); calicoes (surnamed of Calicut), including book and lawn, unbleached and bleached, white and coarse, broad and brown calicoes (probably woven of brown cotton); also rich canopies, rugs, carpets, towels, bedspreads and embroidered novelties; the costly Oriental perfumes, musk, civet, ambergris and sandalwood; pearls, rubies, emeralds, diamonds, turquoise, and other gems, with ivory, gold, silver, brass and Chinese porcelain, cocoanuts, hides, ebony, rare feathers, skins and curios—treasures whose magnificence and value made Lisbon the admiration and envy of the world.

The Portuguese viceroys established conquests all over littoral Asia. Francisco de Almeida (1505 and 1509) planted many new colonies and agencies besides those at Calicut and Goa, the most important being that of Tabrobane (now known as Ceylon). In the last year of his vice-royalty a fleet and army of Venetians and Arabians sailed from Suez against the Portuguese settlements and nearly overwhelmed them, but were finally utterly defeated. Alphonso d'Albuquerque, who succeeded him, took Goa by assault and made it the center of government and trade. In 1511 he took Malacca, where ships from the east and west then met to exchange cargoes—as they do at Singapore today—and plundered it of great treasures. He occupied factories at the Moluccas and later at Ormuzd, the island-metropolis of Arabia. In 1518 Portugal established a sphere of interest at Macao, China, and in 1542 was by treaty admitted to the ports of Japan.

This trade was for generations a perfect monopoly. Portuguese government vessels alone were allowed in the Indian Ocean, or if occasionally a trader was given privilege, no trade was permitted in spices, metals and arms. Every year a fleet of royal vessels, called "carracks," sailed from Lisbon for Goa, keeping well off the west coast of Africa to get the advantage of the trade winds, but after doubling the Cape of Good Hope, commonly hugging the east coast and passing inside of the Island of St. Lawrence (Madagascar). Many vessels were cast away here on the dangerous coral banks, known as "the Shoals of India," for the Portuguese, like the Spaniards, were timorous sailors, and the pride and idleness of their officers and the servility and hardships of the common seamen, made their marine service much inferior to the bold mariners of other nations. The great *Madre de Dios* (Mother of God), captured in sight of Flores by Sir John Burroughs in 1592, was a typical East Indiaman of that era, measuring about sixteen hundred tons burden, carrying thirty-two pieces of brass ordnance and about seven hundred souls. She was one hundred and sixty-five feet over all and one hundred feet on the keel by forty-six feet ten inches beam, and drew loaded thirty-one feet aft. She had seven decks, her mainmast was one hundred and twenty-one feet long and measured ten feet seven inches around at the hounds. Her mainyard was one hundred and six feet long. The value of the cargo then divided was about $730,000, equivalent to about $3,000,000 at the present day.

Such a vessel would carry from Cochin China about 512 tons of pepper, beside other goods, equivalent in value to from three to four million dollars today. Nearly all the pepper was paid for in cash to Asiatic rulers who controlled its collection and sold it to the Portuguese "farmers," who advanced all the capital. The King of Portugal, who found the ships, was entitled to buy the whole crop in Lisbon at a set price, about sixpence sterling per pound, giving the adventurers about thirty per cent gross profit on their money. As the pepper was appraised in England at two shillings per pound, the king's revenues were enormous.

Generally speaking, the Portuguese were content to let other countries manufacture all the goods sent to India by merchants, who were not interested in the restricted trade, nor did her vessels distribute in Europe any considerable quantity of the valuables which the wealth of the Indies poured into them. Forests of masts lined her piers, but in her most prosperous days, chiefly English, French, Flemish, Dutch and Norse banners announced their nationality.

After the death of the Viceroy Ludovico de Ataida, in 1581, dissensions and revolts, overweening pride and pampered degeneracy, and after the union with Spain, under Philip II, intolerance and the evil prominence of the Spanish Inquisitions made Portuguese commerce the prey of many enemies, and a constantly dwindling factor in Asiatic and European markets.

Spanish ports and factories profited by the change, but the Hollanders and Flemings, at war with Spain, attacked the Indian and American colonies. In 1602 the Dutch East India Company was established, which eventually succeeded to all the Portuguese, African and Asiatic dependencies except Boa in Hindostan and Macao in Cochin China. A little later the Dutch West Indian Company captured Brazil and held it until 1654.

Later the alliance between Portugal and England, in 1703, secured to her the insignificant remnant of her once great possessions, and during the Napoleonic regime Brazil became the sole refuge of the exiled dynasty. After the return of King John to Europe, the establishment of the Empire of Brazil was of benefit rather than injury to Portuguese commerce.

For nearly two centuries her Brazilian colonies was the chief source of supply of the ever-increasing demand for sugar, but after the failure of Spain to control the trade of tropical America, few of her ships were found among the great fleets needed to convey the immense yield to Europe. Since she became the largest producer of coffee (about 800,000 tons yearly) and of rubber, over 2,000,000 tons of shipping are required to transport the passengers and freights of a republic which in the days of her power Portugal held as a colony of little account.

Her great errors were the expulsion of the Jews, the failure to build up home manufactures and a merchant marine, and in leaving to other countries the distribution and manufactures of those precious raw materials which for a time she monopolized against all the world. Also four centuries of slavery and slave trade planted in her provinces a large population of negroes and half-breeds, whose admixture with the already brunette Celtiberian races have tended to intensify racial characteristics and have not added to the energy and self-reliance of her people.

* * *

Spain for some years after the discovery of America received more benefit from the sugar plantations and vineyards of Madeira and other Canary Islands and the younger settlements of the West Indies than from the search for the precious metals. These products, shipped to the port of Antwerp and other Nanse towns, supplied the needs of Northern Europe, and her valuable fisheries added greatly to her wealth and were the cradle of her naval power and great marine transportation interest. The greater part of the Indians of all Spanish America were exterminated in war, fanatical zeal against their "heathen" worship, or swiftly decimated by servitude under the lash, in the mines and on the plantations of Hispaniola, Cuba and New Spain. In the first half century of the rule of "Christian Spain," from ten to twelve million Indians perished.

It is scarcely necessary to recapitulate the hellish career of Cortez, who, landing at Tabasco, Mexico, in 1519, conquered the country in three years, causing the captivity and death of Montezuma, the destruction and plunder of his kingdom, the torture and execution of the brave Gautmozin and the destruction of a civilization and government which, in many respects, was a model for Spain herself.

In 1524 Diego d'Almagro and Francisco Pizarro invaded Peru, forced Atahualpa, the reigning Inca, to surrender his crown and be baptized, caused him to collect an immense ransom of gold and jewels, and while he was awaiting the arrival of a still greater treasure, put him to death with a cruelty which was only equalled by its folly; for the great caravan of a thousand llamas, laden with gold, was at once dispersed in the mountains, the animals driven away and the gold hidden in secret caverns and deep waters, where much of it remains unto this day.

The silver mines of Zacatecas in Mexico were opened in 1532. Those of Potosi in 1545 were discovered by an Indian hunter who, while pursuing a llama on a steep ridge, caught at a bush to save himself from falling and exposed under its roots a solid mass of almost pure silver. This peak, 15,981 feet in height, appears to be a veritable silver mountain and is by no means exhausted.

An immense territory was rapidly colonized and governed by a "Council of the Indies," centered at Madrid, which appointed three viceroys—those of Mexico, Peru and Terra Firma. Under these, captains-general eventually held a delegated authority in the principal provinces. An ecclesiastical council, also in Spain, managed the great religious hierarchy. San Juan d'Ulloa, or Vera Cruz, the port of Mexico, was founded by Cortez in 1519; Cumana in 1520; Puerto Bello, at the Isthmus, in 1532, and later Cartagena, Caracas, Veragua, Lima, Panama, Valparaiso, La Conception and Buenos Ayres.

The Spanish sovereign claimed one-fifth of all the precious metals and burdened the New World with repressive exactions and restrictions. Under Ferdinand and Isabella, the domestic animals and many useful grains and plants were introduced, and cochineal, indigo, cacao, tobacco, cinchona bark, vanilla, logwood, mahogany, sugar and hides were brought back into Spain, with considerable quantities of gold, silver, pearls, emeralds, opals, magnificent birds and plumes and many curious animals.

Only Spaniards sent out from Spain could exercise authority, nor could these while holding office become citizens of the new country. Spaniards, born in the Americas, were equally shut out from all official preferment, with the meztizoes and mulattoes born of the admixture with the Indian and negro races. These latter, both of the whole and the half-blood, were not allowed to spin, weave, dye or tan leather, but had to sell the raw materials and buy cloths and clothing imported from Spain.

Only in Peru and Chile was the cultivation of the olive and vine tolerated, and even here only for home consumption, by the producer himself, who was severely punished if he sold wine or oil. All foreigners were excluded from Spanish ports in the New World, although most of the goods landed at Seville and Cadiz were carried out again in alien vessels.

Two royal squadrons sailed yearly, or sometimes every other year for New Spain, stopping *en voyage* at Havana or Hispaniola; that of "the twelve galleons" for Cartagena and Puerto Bello supplied the markets and carried away the commodities of Central and South America. The "Fleet of Fifteen Ships" rendezvoused at Vera Cruz, Mexico, and great fairs were held on the arrival of both fleets. All were large vessels, armed and convoyed by men-of-war, and in the last half of the Sixteenth Century, the "Mexican fleet" had increased to sixty or seventy and the "Puerto Bello fleet" to forty or fifty ships. At both ports disease and revelry, immense riches and deadly pestilences presented strange and awful contrasts. Puerto Bello especially was known as "The Grave of the Spaniard," and except for about three months of the year was almost deserted. Mule trains, files of laden Indians and vessels gathered the riches of the Pacific Coast at Panama, whence in due season it was sent overland or by the Chagres River to Puerto Bello or Nombre de Dios, while a considerable amount came down the Magdalena River and across horrible mountain trails to Cartagena "on the Spanish Main."

Wholesale prices at the ports were determined by the admirals of the fleet and the Spanish viceroys, the first it is said being easily satisfied with a profit of three hundred per cent, but the latter, having absolute power of life and death, adopted the rule, not entirely obsolete at our day, of "all that the traffic will bear."

Subordinate dignitaries in the more remote districts determined the quantity, kind and retail price of goods for the Indians under their control, with a like disregard of any interest but their own, and exacted the most extortionate profits. If it were not for the tyranny of the procedure, the Spanish regime of retail trade had many ludicrous features. The poor Indians were compelled to buy things for which they had not the slightest use and could return or exchange nothing. Practically serfs, they were compelled to buy silks and velvets, costly mirrors, ornamented snuff-boxes, etc. A beardless race, they bought thousands of the cheap razors of Toledo, to "protect the infant manufactures of Spain." Laces, ribbons, buttons, books, brandy, which latter at first they refused to taste, were forced upon them. These being paid for, they were allowed to buy what they really needed; but all at equally exorbitant rates.

SIR FRANCIS DRAKE
Circumnavigator, Discoverer, 1549-1596. He opened the New World to English settlement and trade sea fighters

In Spain, beyond a moderate interchange with Portugal and the short coasting voyages of the Mediterranean trade, Spanish shipping was principally occupied with the needs of her colonies. The Netherlands, when a province of Spain, built up its commerce on this neglect. Antwerp's Flemish seamen carried the manufactures of Flanders to Cadiz, Seville and St. Lucar, and exchanged them for gold, silver and other American exports. Even England, during the reign of Mary, profited much by the failure of Spain to export in her own merchant marine the immense tribute of her American dependencies.

In 1566, Charles V, after a reign of forty years, retired into a monastery, "that Atlas might have rest," weary of the task of attempting to rule such enormous territories and unable with all his wisdom and authority, to develop to his liking the manufactures and other industries of Spain. He had prevented their utter decay; Segovia's thirteen thousand operatives still made her woolens a great staple, and the damask and silk factories of Granada and Andalusia, the ancient paper mills of Cuenca and the armor of Toledo, with the versatile and exquisite skill of a million Moors, still made a showing of real prosperity. Barcelona turned out arms and cutlery in immense quantities, but nevertheless steadily receded from her medieval importance.

Charles was succeeded by his son, Philip II, whom a medal struck at his accession still eulogizes as "Philip of Austria, the emperor's son, a new hope of the country, the love and joy of the human race," a morose, arrogant, bigoted and merciless tyrant, under whom millions of people of various races, lineage, pursuits, temperaments and surroundings were ruled by a scepter of iron and the narrow conceptions of an intolerant egotist. His father had allowed the persecution of Jew and Morisco in Spain and had begun in the Netherlands that active interference with heretical belief which was to cost his son and Spain all the glories and prestige of her European pre-eminence. "Free Frisians, as long as the wind blows out of the clouds and the world stands," had been the boast of the mother race of Holland, sturdily fighting the resistless sea and the feudal invaders from generation to generation, not intolerant themselves, and disposed to tolerate much latitude in religious belief in those with whom a good bargain could be made. But they would think for themselves; and when Philip sent his great general, the Duke of Alva, to extirpate heresy with desolating conquest and the executioner's axe and fiery stake, he destroyed the right arm of Spanish commercial prosperity.

Philip II directed his crusade against heresy mainly against the Jews in Spain, but English and other aliens domiciled in Spain or captured in the illicit trade in American waters, also suffered as "Lutheran heretics." But when Netherland vessels were no longer available, even English vessels were perforce tolerated, until with the death of Queen Mary, surnamed "the Bloody," Queen Elizabeth extinguished the fires of persecution and gradually ended all friendly relations with Spain.

Then began that remarkable era of English reprisals on Spanish commerce in America, while a nominal peace existed between the countries at home, which arose from the general resentment against the Spanish pretensions to the sovereignty of the entire New World, the cruelties of the Inquisition, the barbarities of the Duke of Alva in Holland and the smuggling and buccaneering profits, which afforded immense rewards as well as immense hardships, dangers and possible torments and death to ambitious and desperate men. The smaller West Indian islands and a multitude of havens and rivers on the mainland became the settlements and hiding places of smugglers, buccanneers and pirates, who preyed almost wholly on the hated Spaniard.

But the chief enemies of the Spanish race were the English mariners who, about the year 1511, had already become competitors for the "Turkie trade," sending ships of from 160 to 300 tons burden to Sicily, Candia, Scio and Cyprus, and even to Tripolis and Beyrout in Syria. Indeed, until 1554 this trade was not only continued, but a regular factor was established at Scio, employing to some extent the Mediterranean craft of the Candiotes, Ragusans, Sicilians, Genoans, Venetians, Spanish and Portuguese.

Of this class was Sir Richard Hawkins of Devonshire, England, who had probably sailed with his father, William Hawkins, to the Brazils in his youth, and in October, 1562, sailed with three small vessels and about one hundred men to Sierra Leone, Africa, where he procured about three hundred slaves, touching at Hispaniola, where at minor ports he exchanged his slaves and goods for hides, ginger, sugar and other products sufficient to load his own three vessels and two more, all of which arrived safely in the fall of 1563.

The next October he sailed with the famous "Jesus of Lubec" of seven hundred tons; the "Solomon," one hundred and forty tons, and the "Tiger" and "Swallow," barks of fifty tons each, to Guinea for negroes, with which he sailed for the Spanish Indies, touching at the ports of Cumana, La Guayra, Rio de la Hacha and some smaller places, at all of which his attempts to trade were at first refused.

But Captain Hawkins was not to be thwarted, and partly by intimidation and partly by the hope of rich reward, the Spaniards finally purchased his negroes and English goods, paying for them in hides and other produce, as well as gold, silver, pearls and like valuables. He returned into England in September, 1565, having lost twenty men out of one hundred and seventy Englishmen.

The profits of this voyage were so great that it excited great interest in England, and no less alarm at Madrid, so that measures were taken by the Spanish ambassador to prevent a repetition of the adventure the following year, it not being the policy of the English crown to come to any open rupture with Spain at that time. It is claimed, however, that although he gave bonds in £500 not to go himself, he was interested in another successful voyage.

But in 1567 he sailed for Africa from Plymouth with "Jesus of Lubeck," the "Minion," "William and John," "Judith," "Angel" and "Swallow," and three or four hundred men and procured some four or five hundred negroes. As before, he entered the Caribbean Sea, passing near Trinidad, and traded at the Margaritas, Rio de la Hacha and other points, being met everywhere with a notification that trade with the alien was strictly forbidden, but nearly completing the sale of slaves and goods. At Cartagena alone the governor, strongly fortified against him, utterly refused any attempt to promote a "secret trade." So Hawkins decided to sail for England before the hurricane season set in. A furious storm off the west end of Cuba badly damaged the "Jesus of Lubeck" and separated from the fleet the "William and John," which safely made her way to England. The other vessels, including a caravel taken at sea, "The Grace of God," making in all five, were forced by another storm to take refuge in Vera Cruz, the only safe harbor on that shallow and dangerous coast. Here Hawkins found twelve ships awaiting the arrival of the "Mexican fleet," having on board treasure to the value of $2,000,000, and at once sent a dispatch to the viceroy of Mexico, explaining his enforced entrance of the principal haven of Mexico. On the very next day after his arrival "the Mexican fleet" of thirteen great ships appeared off the port, then only protected by a small island less than half a mile long, to which the ships must be anchored bow on and side by side, with anchors out astern, so that friend and foe must choose between this dangerous propinquity or sure destruction outside.

Hawkins at once realized that he must either refuse the Spaniards entrance to their only safe harbor in time of peace or run the risk of their notoriously bad faith when dealing with a heretic rival or enemy. He had already manned the island water-battery and could, with his ships, keep the Spaniards at bay until a gale of wind should destroy them or force them off the coast. He decided to make a covenant with the new viceroy, Don Henriquez de Martinez, on board the fleet, and desired permission to obtain food and make repairs, to sell such goods as were necessary to pay for the same, to take and give ten hostages on either side, and hold Island Battery until he sailed away. This was duly ratified, and the English vessels lay side by side at one end of the long line, and the Spaniards filled the rest of it, each head to the on-shore breeze and kept from grounding or fouling her neighbor by her stern lines. The English hastened to repair the "Jesus" and secure supplies, and the Spaniards began unlading their cargoes, estimated to have been worth about $9,000,000. But on Thursday, September 23, the Spaniards, having secretly recruited their ships with many men, broke the truce, attacked and killed most of the men at the Island Battery and sought to throw some hundreds of men on the decks of the "Minion," which lay nearest the Spanish line. But she was drawn out of the post of danger by her stern fasts leaving the greater "Jesus of Lubeck" to bear the brunt of the assault, which was with difficulty repelled. Then the "Jesus" also got clear of the island and opened her heavy batteries upon the Spanish vessels, sinking the Spanish "Admiral" and another and setting the galleon of the vice-admiral on fire. The "Swallow" and "Grace of God" were taken at their anchorage; the "Angel," sinking under the guns of the battery, was deserted by her crew, part of whom got to the "Minion," which, after fighting nearly all day was drawn under the side of the greater "Jesus of Lubeck," which was no longer seaworthy, so that the English might send on board their treasure, and with the fall of night sail out of Vera Cruz. But the Spaniards, improvising two fire ships, sent these down upon them, at which some on the "Minion" set sail and deserted the Admiral, who, with some of his men, had just time to leap aboard, while others fell short and were drowned. Captain Francis Drake, in the "Judith," of fifty tons, also escaped.

Hawkins had on board two hundred and fourteen men, one hundred and fourteen of whom, with their own consent, he landed at or near Tampico. Most of these perished or fell into the hands of the Spaniards and were taken to the city of Mexico, where after some debate, for it was evidently at first intended that all of Hawkins' men should be exterminated, the gentlemen hostages were sent to Spain and the common men allotted to the gentry as servants. These were well treated until in 1574 the Inquisition was established at Mexico, and at the first *auto da fe* seventy-one Englishmen, having been previously "questioned," tortured and clad in San Benitos, were paraded in the market-place and publicly whipped or condemned to the galleys, while three were burned alive before their helpless fellows. Previously at Seville the ten hostages, who had taken no part in the fight, were turned over to the Inquisition, and Robert Barrett, master of the "Jesus," and several others were burned at the stake.

Very many of Drake's and Hawkins' men perished on the voyage home, and the treachery of the Spaniard made both mortal foes of Philip II, who paid dearly for their losses and sufferings. Hawkins made a claim in the Admiralty Court for about thirty thousand pounds sterling ($146,000 in American money) but equivalent in purchasing power to four or five times that amount today. Later, in 1571, with the connivance of Lord Burleigh, he treated, through Mary Queen of Scots, with Spain, offering to raise a fleet to assist in setting Mary upon the throne, through which scheme Hawkins appears to have secured the release of the surviving hostages and compensation for his losses, besides revealing the plottings of Philip II with Elizabeth's rival queen.

PROGRESS OF THE KING OF BANTAM FROM VOYAGE OF CAPTAIN JOHN MILWARD IN THE SHIP "THOMAS," 1614

Drake, failing to secure any redress, made two voyages to the Indies in 1570 and 1571, in which he appears to have laid careful plans for a raid on the treasure trains, bringing bullion into Cartagena, or from Panama to the head waters of the Chagres River. In pursuance of these, in 1572 he sailed with the "Pasha," of seventy tons and forty-seven volunteers, and the "Swan," of twenty-five tons and twenty-six men, under John Drake, his brother, and in due time hid his little fleet in an unfrequented harbor on the Panama coast, some hundred miles east of Nombre de Dios. Here, putting his own three pinnaces together, he was joined by a Captain Ranse with thirty men, and set out to take Nombre de Dios, at that time full of treasure awaiting the galleons from Spain, having in four pinnaces seventy-three men and no more. He surprised Nombre de Dios, and took possession of the Governor's house, in which he found a pile of silver bars, seventy feet long, ten feet broad and twelve feet high, but the gold and jewels were in a stone treasure house, nearer the water side. But as this was about to be broken into they were recalled to the pinnaces by the appearance of great re-enforcements, and having repulsed these, were forced to take shelter from a terrific cloudburst, which threatened to wet their bow-strings and powder. They were about to break into the treasure house when Drake, who had concealed a wound until now, fainted from loss of blood, upon which his whole ship's company, in spite of his entreaties, preferred to take him to the ship's surgeon to securing the immense treasure almost within their grasp. After this attack, in which only one man was killed and a ship loaded with wines and other spoil taken, Drake attempted a like enterprise on Cartagena, but the whole coast had been alarmed, and for some months Drake concealed his ships and prepared for an attack on the Spanish treasure trains between Panama and Venta Cruz on the Chagres River, near the line of the great canal. With only eighteen English and thirty Cimaroons, he penetrated within a league of Panama and was only prevented from securing the lading of a great treasure-train by the drunkenness of one of his men, who was discovered by a Spanish cavalier. Drake secured only a small amount of booty, but with small loss he fought his way back through Venta Cruz and reached his pinnaces.

DESTRUCTION OF A PORTUGUESE CARRACK ON THE INDIAN SEAS, 1616

Several other promising adventures brought him comparatively little profit until the time came round when the great Spanish fleet was expected at Nombre de Dios, landing at Rio Francisco, with twenty Frenchmen, fifteen Englishmen and his Cimaroon allies. He marched through the woods to the road between Panama and the treasure city, and on April 1, 1577, attacked and captured one hundred and seventy mules laden with about thirty tons of silver and some gold, and guarded by forty-five Spanish infantry. Burying and otherwise concealing what he could not carry away, Drake got back to his boats, having secured some fifteen tons of silver, besides gold and jewels, a man of the Cimaroons being killed and several wounded. Later, another visit recovered some of the buried silver and gold, and with this booty, a large sum in those days, Drake returned into England, having put the whole Spanish Main and Mexico in awe of him and of the English mariners. Later he sailed around the world in the "Pelican," capturing much treasure along the western coast of South

America and taking the great "Manila Galleon," which once a year sailed from the Philippines for Panama. On his return he was knighted by Queen Elizabeth, and his ship, drawn up on shore at Deptford, was a famous hostelry as long as her timbers held together.

Thomas Cavendish followed Drake's course around the world in 1585–86, alarming the whole coast of South America, capturing many vessels and finally taking the great "Santa Anna," a Manila galleon of seven hundred tons, and loaded his ship with silks and other treasure, returning into England just in time to learn of the utter defeat of that great Spanish Armada in 1588 by Lord Howard and his admirals and captains, among whom Drake and Hawkins, Grenville, Frobisher, Fenner and other *ci-devant* adventurers were prominent actors.

Ten years later, after this crushing defeat, Philip II died, in 1598, to be succeeded by Philip III, who hastened to expel eight hundred thousand industrious Moors, who carried their fortunes and their hatred of the Spanish name to Morocco. He also closed his ports to all aliens. A law of entail kept the land in the hands of the church, the nobility and great corporations, one of the latter, called "La Mesta," having rights of sheep pasturage over the whole of Spain, with power to turn the arable land into pasture, and even to use a right of way two hundred and forty feet wide through any farm, when driving flocks from winter to summer pasture.

These and other "vested rights" carried Spain down to the level of Portugal, and every attempt to improve the commonwealth was blocked by tradition, entailed estates, royal charters and government tariffs and necessities. Up to 1740 Cadiz alone could send out galleons to the New World, and not until 1769 was this privilege granted to every port of enfeebled and impoverished Spain. In 1713 England was allowed to send one cargo annually to Porto Bello, which in the war of 1740–42 Admiral Vernon captured with six ships. In 1742 he led a great fleet against Cartagena, but failed, losing an enormous number of men, chiefly by disease. In 1651 Panama itself was captured and pillaged by Henry Morgan and his buccaneers.

Costly wars with England and France, the loss of Mexico and all her South American colonies (1816–1826) and later still of Cuba and the Philippines in 1898, have shorn Spain of almost every colonial dependency. Her history is a constant and pregnant reminder that greed and privilege may fill a country with treasure and yet insure its impoverishment and degradation.

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When the Netherlands were a part of the Spanish empire Antwerp was at the height of her prosperity, and when she fell under the displeasure of Philip II, had nearly two hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants. She welcomed new citizens by easy conditions and increased trade and business by moderate tariffs. The Fuggers and Weisers of Augsburg, the Spinozas and other great merchants of Genoa and Lucca; Turkish adventurers who came by way of Marseilles and Bordeaux; English, French and German fugitives from religious persecution all "brought their honor and glory into it." Weavers of wool, linen, silk, tapestry, fustians and carpets numbered by myriads, were famous throughout Europe, and the glass-blowers of Holland rivalled those of hitherto unrivalled Venice. Her tanners and sugar-boilers excelled all others in number and output, and her arms, armor, jewelry and metal work had no superiors. Her shipping and the industries incident to navigation employed a large part of her population, for a single "Company of Merchant Adventurers" had thirty thousand employes in Antwerp and twenty thousand more in other parts of the Low Countries. Five hundred sail entered the port in one day, and from two to three thousand craft, big and little, thronged the docks and crowded her moorings at one time.

Two hundred thousand bales of English cloths and fabrics were imported yearly, and bulky cargoes of cotton, rice, sugar and hides came through the Portuguese trade with India and the Spanish importations from the West Indies. Antwerp was also the great European exchange for the carpets, leather and hardware of the South Netherlands. Fine woolens, Flanders linens, costly laces and splendid harnesses and leather work of Brussels, in fact, the products of the whole world found their greatest European emporium at Antwerp.

It was this great city that gloomy and fanatical Philip II of Spain gave up to carnage and destruction rather than suffer her citizens to differ from him in religious opinions or enjoy any municipal freedom. The Duke of Alva was made Governor of the Netherlands and during five years of his merciless rule one hundred thousand Dutch and Flemings became exiles from their native land and eighteen thousand perished under the sentence of his "Council of Troubles."

The non-conformist, if a man, was consigned to the axe; if a woman, to the faggot and stake; and all informers were rewarded with half the property of a heretic victim. On April 5, 1566, a national remonstrance was presented to the Viceroy at Brussels, the petitioners, to avoid any commotion, going on foot. A haughty Spanish officer, noticing their humility, said, "There can be nothing to fear from a troop of beggars." The crowd took the saying and cried, "*Vivent les geueux*" ("Long live the beggars"), a phrase which soon became a national war cry.

Later, in 1570, Alva declared that the Crown would levy taxes without the consent of the states-general, and the Dutch became even more stubborn in their resistance. Ships manned by "the beggars of the sea" preyed upon the Spanish shipping and gained enormous booty; and as their power increased, animated by the deadliest hatred of the Spaniard, deprived Philip of both ships and colonies.

Enraged by these losses, Philip fitted out three hundred ships-of-war, intending to crush the Netherlands at once and forever. A pestilence broke out when the ships were almost ready to sail, and more than half of fifteen thousand troops on board died within three weeks, and the expedition was perforce abandoned. The same vessels, in 1858, under the name of "The Invincible Armada," were defeated by the English and almost destroyed by storms. Notwithstanding all his losses, Philip persisted in his course of destruction. "Better," said he, "that my subjects be beggars than heretics," and at the capture of Antwerp, by the Duke of Parma, three thousand citizens were massacred in cold blood, and rapine and pillage desolated the city.

Philip had destroyed a harbor wherein forests of masts were wont to be seen, and laid desolate the streets of the city which had enriched his revenues beyond estimation. Before this time the North Netherlands had declared themselves independent of Spain, as the United Provinces of Holland; and the inhabitants of Antwerp settling at Leyden and Amsterdam carried thither their courage, skill and commercial abilities.

Amsterdam, in her policies, resembled her great rival, Antwerp, but a great cattle-raising and dairy interest and immense fisheries added large revenues to those of manufactures and commerce. At the end of the Sixteenth Century there belonged to Holland seventy thousand small craft, some six hundred herring vessels of from one hundred to three hundred tons burden, and nearly a thousand ships, ranging from two hundred to seven hundred tons each, while the shipbuilders of Holland constructed more vessels than all the rest of Europe combined.

Philip II, having closed the ports of Portugal and Spain against the Hollanders, compelled them either to give up this trade or to seek it in spite of him among the Portuguese and Spanish colonies. At first, in 1594–1596, the Dutch attempted to reach India through the Arctic Ocean, but thrice failing in this, attempted to sail thither by the southern route.

Cornelius Houtman, who had made the voyage from Lisbon to India several times, was sent (1590) with four ships to open direct trade with the East. He returned after an absence of eighteen months, with but two ships and a third of his men, having found the inhabitants hostile at every port visited.

Another fleet of eight vessels, under Admiral Van Neck, returned in 1599 with valuable cargoes. At the same time attention was turned to American discoveries, and in 1601 eighty vessels sailed from Holland for the Indies, Africa and America. Eight of these in the Indian seas defeated a Spanish fleet of thirteen vessels, and driving off another fleet of eight ships from Bantam, formed a settlement there and took charge of the trade of that country. Beaten at sea, the Portuguese and Spaniards charged them with being pirates, a charge the Dutch disproved by paying the natives better prices for spices, indigo and silk.

Selecting their goods with great care, they impressed the native princes with their honesty and fair dealings and carried into Europe envoys who should observe and report upon the truth of their statements and the real conditions and character of their countrymen.

In 1602 the Dutch East India Company was chartered for twenty-one years, with a capital of 6,500,000 guilders, subscribed by the merchants of the chief cities of Holland. Its council had the power of declaring war and peace, but the States-General reserved the right to share in the profits and if necessary to nationalize the undertaking and take control.

Its treaties were always signed in the name of the States-General of Holland, and its charter could be renewed only on petition and the payment of a fine. During the forty-four years between 1696 and 1740, 3,360,000 guilders and eight twenty-four-pound guns were paid to the state for the renewal of the charter and the redemption of customs duties. The revenues of the Company were immense; shares costing three thousand guilders rose in price to eighteen thousand, and the profit on the cargoes of forty-three ships out of forty-six which sailed during the first six years was estimated at two hundred and thirty tons of gold, or more than thirty-two millions sterling, nearly $156,000,000.

After the first renewal of the charter the average profit was three million ducats yearly, and for a whole century, beginning with 1620, the profit ranged from twelve and one-half to fifty per cent per annum.

The Dutch did not overrate the value of gold and silver production, but found it easier and more profitable to transmute spices, drugs, sugar, coffee, rice, indigo, cotton, silks, camphor and the precious woods and ivory of Asia into gold and silver through the magical influence of trade and manufacture. The diamond mines of Golconda indeed gave them for a while a practical monopoly of diamond cutting, which certain Jews, banished from Lisbon, introduced and thus founded an industry which remains unrivalled unto this day.

Their principal headquarters in Asia were at Bantam, Java, later removed to the new town of Batavia, which became the residence of the governor-general and attained a population of 160,000. Subordinate governments were established at Celebes, Amboyna, Banda, Ternate, Macassar, Malacca, Coromandel and the Cape of Good Hope.

They failed to take Macao from the Portuguese and were expelled from Formosa by Coxinga, the son of a Chinese pirate, who led an army of one hundred thousand men to avenge his father's execution, and ended a Dutch regime lasting from 1624 to 1662. They still held Canton, and for nearly two centuries had a monopoly of Japanese trade. In 1619 a treaty with the English West India Company compensated the English for injuries received and provided for mutual concessions and the common defense. But the Dutch commander at Amboyna the very next year charged Towerson, the chief factor of the English settlement, with conspiracy to overthrow the Dutch rule, and having obtained a "confession" by torture, executed Towerson, with ten English and as many Japanese conspirators. War between the English and Dutch companies followed, in which both suffered heavy losses, but under Cromwell an indemnity of one million guilders ($413,652.50) was paid to England.

In process of time the military power of this great monopoly became greater than that of the state, and at the height of its power it owned one hundred and fifty ships of from twenty to sixty guns each, and an army of corresponding magnitude. But its increasing difficulties with the natives and rivals made it necessary to seek the aid of the States-General, and while individuals acquired immense fortunes, the Dutch people were burdened with ever-increasing taxation.

In 1621 the success of the East Indian Company inspired the formation of the Dutch West India Company, which for twenty-four years was to have the exclusive right to trade on the west coast of Africa, the whole of America, and the Pacific lands as far as the Spice Islands. Its capital of 7,200,000 guilders was easily contributed in twelve hundred shares of six thousand guilders ($2,481.30) each. At first a moderate contraband trade with Cuba and San Domingo was carried on, but a policy of conquest was soon adopted. A fleet of thirty-six vessels captured, in 1623, San Salvador, the capital of Brazil; privateers multiplied, and in within five years (1623–8) the company had fitted out eight hundred vessels and made prizes of five hundred and forty-five Spanish and Portuguese merchant men. In 1628 they took one of the great silver fleets, with treasure estimated at fifteen million guilders ($6,203,780), and in the same year plundered the Cuban settlements, securing a very great booty. The profits of this corporate war beggared the incomes from even monopolized trade; dividends of twenty, fifty and even one hundred per cent were annually declared, and "Dutch West India" stock was the highest sold on the Amsterdam market.

In 1629 sixty Dutch ships captured Pernambuco, Brazil, recaptured San Salvador, and returned to Holland laden with plunder. The company held Brazil until Fernandez de Piera, a Portuguese by descent, began a revolution in 1645, which he maintained for ten years, until in January, 1654, the Dutch gave up the country. Guiana, Essequibo, Demerara and Berbice were all more or less prosperous colonies. The rocky islet of Curacoa, less than nine miles in extent, was taken from the Spaniard in 1634. Rocky, surrounded by deep water and with safe, easily defended harbors, it became the heart and refuge of an immense contraband trade and more or less piracy. St. Eustatius, a volcanic cone rising from the deep sea, contained fifteen thousand inhabitants, largely engaged in smuggling. Colonized in 1697, Lord Rodney captured it in 1781, with prizes valued at $19,466,000. The failure of the Dutch to hold their New York territories was due rather to their indifference to the moderate results of legitimate trade than to any disability to hold and extend them.

The Portuguese were expelled from Angola, Arguin and Goree in Africa, and a great trade in slaves, gold, gum arabic, palm oil, ivory, heron and ostrich plumes, ambergris, etc., fell into the hands of the Dutch. But England, France, Portugal and Spain contested their monopoly, and in 1648 the carnival of pillage and contraband trade ceased. In 1694 the great company became bankrupt, and a second which succeeded it collapsed in 1790. Warned by the fate of its sister company, the Dutch East India Company abandoned its policy of conquest and prospered in legitimate, if partially monopolized, trade. In 1772 the value of its imports was estimated at twenty million guilders ($8,273,040).

In the Eighteenth Century it was estimated that Holland had loaned to foreign governments $1,240,957,500, and a vast amount of stock jobbing had become a feature of Amsterdam's business life. In 1634 the mania for owning and speculating in rare tulips possessed all the principal cities, and a rare species not only brought an immense price but became a feature of the stock market. A "Semper Augustus," only two bulbs of which were known to exist, was sold for forty-six hundred guilders ($5,865) and a carriage and pair. Soon it became a mere speculation, in which rare bulbs were quoted as stocks are today. Immense sums were won or lost on the supposed value of a few bulbs, and the collapse of the mania produced a veritable panic.

At the close of the Eighteenth Century Holland had lost her pre-eminence in the carrying trade and commerce of the world, but in the Napoleonic wars and the rest of the Nineteenth Century made great progress in her ancient and legitimate callings.

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France made little progress in commerce until after the discovery of America. Francis I attempted to withstand the claims of Spain to all the Americas in 1524, but his defeat at Pavia closed all attempts at French settlement for that century, unless we except the Huguenot founding by Rebault and Rene Laudonniere of Fort Carolina on the Saint John's River, Georgia, in 1564. Taken by Pedro Menendez the following year and its entire garrison massacred to a man, the lesson of Spanish assertion and cruelty was sufficient to deter the French from similar attempts in North America, until the power of Spain had been crippled and she was sorely put to it to hold her own and more valuable domains. Under Louis XIV his great minister Colbert (1661–81) did much to encourage French manufactures. After his death, in 1681, the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, which had tolerated the reformed religion, ended in the self-exile of half a million refugees to England and other countries, while those who remained were burdened with monopolies and the severe administration of laws favoring these and other "vested rights." Colbert had attempted to build up a navy and a merchant marine and established an East Indian and West Indian company and others for "the northern ports" and the Levant. Newfoundland, colonized in 1598, was abandoned two years later; St. Croix and Port Royal (Annapolis, N. S.) were founded in 1604; Champlain planted Quebec in 1608, and from these other Acadian and Canadian settlements were extended. In Labrador and Hudson's Bay and in the northern and western wilderness of Canada, a great trade in furs, etc., was established. In Labrador, the town of Brest, strongly fortified, had in summer over a thousand inhabitants and nearly every harbor was visited by fishing vessels during the season. The Hudson's Bay Company finally drove out all French and other traders and vessels not in its employ in 1682–8. Newfoundland, taken from England in 1708, was restored in 1713, the French being awarded fishery privileges on the west coast. Louisburg, in Cape Breton, founded in 1712, was fortified at a cost of many millions. In summer four hundred and fifty to five hundred ship manned by thousands of fishermen from Normandy and Brittany rendezvoused at this port. A constant menace to New England safety and prosperity, it was taken by a militia force under Sir William Pepperel, a Maine merchant, aided by a small fleet under Sir Peter Warren, in 1745–46 and again by General James Wolfe in 1758.

Louisiana was colonized by the Sieur de Iberville in 1698–99, ceded to England in 1763, returned through Spain in 1800 and sold to the United States in 1803.

Guiana, settled in 1663, became notorious for its penal settlement at Cayenne—"Devil's Island," where Dreyfus was incarcerated.

San Domingo, that half of Haiti conveyed to France in 1677, contained in 1779 five hundred and ninety plantations, cultivated by twenty thousand negro slaves. Its coffee, sugar, indigo, cacao, cotton, hides, silver, etc., amounted to $38,932,000. It was lost (1826) to France through a servile insurrection. Guadeloupe, acquired in 1635, and still under the French flag; Martinique, famous as the birthplace of Josephine, wife of the first Napoleon; and settlements in Africa, at Senegal, 1674; Gambia, a little later; Madagascar, 1605; Bourbon, now Reunion, 1642; and Mauritius, 1712—all are still under French protection, but the French West Indian Company is a thing of the remote past.

Colbert's East India Company, chartered in 1665, made but one settlement, at Surat in Hindustan, and went to pieces within five years through extravagance and peculation. Pondicherry in the Carnatic, was the center of French influence in 1746, when La Bourdonnais, governor of Mauritius, captured Madras and refused to bend to the authority of Governor Dupleix, for which he was recalled and imprisoned. Under Dupleix the French re-occupied Madras and attacked Trichinopoly, the capital of Mohammed Ali, the only remaining ally of the English in India. Robert Clive raised the siege, defeated the French army, and later when Calcutta was taken by Suraja Dowlak, recovered the city, and at the Battle of Plassy, 1767, drove the French from Bengal. In 1758 the Count de Lally, with a considerable force, revived French prestige for a while, but he was defeated by Sir Eyre Coote in 1760, and French influence in India became a negligible quantity.

At home the ameliorating efforts of Turgot to encourage manufactures and abolish monopolies and restrictive regulations ended with his dismissal from office in 1776. France grew more hopelessly impoverished, and in 1788–89 there was an actual scarcity of bread, and much suffering. Four years later (1793) came the revolt of the French people, in which were swept away, as by the release of an imprisoned river, the mass of monopoly, caste and official privilege and other burdens, which had made the people of beautiful France poor amid their prosperous neighbors and hopeless of release from oppression. There were plenty of warnings and no lack of philanthropists who tried to diminish the burdens and lessen the strain on the social fabric, but all in vain. Vested rights, royal charters, ancient privileges and the like must be sustained by the civil power, and the church could only counsel patience and the hope of a better life hereafter.

So the ancient barriers went out with the flood, amid a carnival of blood which testified to the gathered hatred of a long-suffering and vengeful people.

It was a terrible price to pay, and followed by wars against the allied princes of Europe, which covered many a broad plain with dead and wounded men from Lisbon to Moscow; but the France of the Twentieth Century has no rival today in the independence and comfort of the mass of her people.

* * *

The prosperity of England as a manufacturing and commercial nation undoubtedly began with the Elizabethan Era, for until that time whatever progress had been made by a few bold adventurers had been hampered by Spanish influence, which, in Queen Mary's time, had become predominant. Beyond the limits of "the narrow seas connecting Seville and Lisbon with the ports of northern Europe, men must venture into uncharted oceans, wherein a jealous exclusiveness added to the perils of the seas the certainty of warfare and the possible fate of the pirate or the tender mercies of the Inquisition. It was the adventurous trading voyages of John Hawkins and Francis Drake and their vengeful cruises against the Spaniard, in revenge for the treacherous attack at Vera Cruz, followed up as they were by Oxenham, Barker, Cavendish, Grenville, Raleigh and other famous or forgotten worthies, that made it possible for our own ancestors, who well knew the great debt that they owed these men, to plant and occupy in safety from the cruel and merciless Spaniard Plymouth, Boston, Jamestown, and indeed every other ancient settlement of North America. Indeed, as one looks back to the days of the Southern colonies, it is only too evident that if it were not for the "piracies" of the men of Devon, every colony along our coast would have been swept out of existence by the fleets of Spain.

Certain it is, however, that their demonstration that man for man the Spanish sailor or soldier was no match for the Englishman, and that the average Spaniard and Portuguese was not averse to buying English linens, Kerseys, pewter dishes, cloaks, arms, etc., when he could safely do so, aided greatly in inspiring that spirit of enterprise and courage which made the Elizabethan era the beginning of that ceaseless voyaging and colonizing which has girdled the globe with English-speaking nationalities.

At first Queen Elizabeth deprived foreign merchants of their privileges, shut her harbors to foreign traders, granted numerous monopolies "to encourage home industries," and in short taxed her people at large for the benefit of the few. Patents were granted for the sale of almost every article of trade and manufacture, and the prices of iron, lead, coal, saltpeter, oil, vinegar, starch, yarn, skins, leather and glass became so unreasonable that a tumult seemed inevitable. But the House of Commons protested and the Queen revoked the patents.

When Philip of Spain remonstrated because Drake and other adventurers were received with honor, she replied that Spain had no just claim to the Americas, either as a gift from the pope or on any other pretence, and refused to recognize any exclusive right to the seas, "which neither nature, nor public use and custom gave to any nation or private person."

Failing to reach India by sailing around the north of Europe, Ralph Fitch, in 1583, tried the old route through the Mediterranean and across Arabia to the Persian Gulf, but was imprisoned by the Portuguese at Ormuzd. James Lancaster with three ships rounded the Cape of Good Hope in 1591, but failed to reach India, and brought back only seven out of all his ship's companies.

On the 31st day of January, 1601, "the Governor and Company of the Merchants of London, Trading to the East Indies" was incorporated, and Captain Lancaster, with five ships laden with merchandise, made the first voyage to Java and Sumatra, established settlements and factors, and returned with freights of immense value. The defeat of the Armada in 1688 had greatly lessened the desire of any Spanish or Iberian ship-master to attack English ships, and the capture of some of the best ships extant, with the suggestions of experienced mariners, rapidly increased the number and improved the models and outfits of the English ship—in those days both a ship of burden and a warship.

Thus the "Jesus of Lubeck," Sir John Hawkins' ship, carried fourteen brass and fifty iron guns, and the men of his fleet were furnished with seventy corselets, two hundred and fifty "jacks," two hundred and fifty pikes, fifty "calivers," or matchlocks, forty partisans, two hundred brown bills and one hundred bows and one hundred sheaves of arrows. It appears from this, and also from Captain Drake's account of his several skirmishes, that the Devonshire archers were especially feared by the Spaniards, who on their part seemed to have shot handfuls of buckshot, or bullets cut into slugs, in their great matchlocks. It was over two hundred years before the merchant ship "of the long voyage" went to sea without ships' guns and an armory of muskets and cutlasses.

Companies were chartered to send fleets thus armed to Turkey, the Levant, Africa, the Baltic and the East Indies, and twenty years later many ships were employed in carrying colonists and all their stock and gear to the "New Plantations" from Virginia to Maine. Many merchants acquired great wealth, among them that Sir Thoms Gresham who, during the brief reign of Edward VI, the child king of Mark Twain's "The Prince and the Pauper," as merchant and banker, visited Antwerp forty times to relieve the government from costly loans and transfer the public debt to English investors. Later he built the first Exchange building, and Queen Elizabeth having knighted him and opened the new exchange in person, he was ever afterward known as the Royal Merchant. He was the originator of that elemental financial doctrine still known as "Gresham's rule." Edward Osborne, a London cloth worker, living with his master on London Bridge, leaped after his master's daughter who had fallen out of the window and into the river and saved her with great difficulty. The girl later refused the Earl of Shrewsbury and other noble wooers and married Osborne, whose descendants were of the ducal house of Leeds.

After the death of Elizabeth the accession of James Stuart revived the monopolies, whose sale fed the avarice of the impecunious king, who actually sold to one patentee the exclusive right of letting out sedan chairs. During his reign and that of Charles I civil war and royal neglect again gave the Netherlands, Portugal and France the largest share of foreign and much of the home trade. During Cromwell's administration the English Navigation Act was passed (1651), which for two centuries provided that the products of Asia, Africa and America could be brought into British ports only by ships built in England or a British colony. Ships engaged in foreign trade must be owned and at least two-thirds manned by English native-born subjects. European ships coming from foreign ports must bring only such commodities as were produced in their own countries. No foreigner could trade in any port of the British empire without forfeiting his stock in trade. A three years' war between Holland and England followed, and later the Dutch made great inroads on English trade with Russia and Greenland, the herring fisheries and the Spanish wool trade and trade with India. Cromwell also established a government postal service, forbidding all conveyance of letters by private post. A postmaster-general was appointed in 1666, and the government established its right of search, at that time a needful precaution, yet still in force today.

Roanoke, North Carolina, colonized in 1585, was abandoned in 1586; re-established in 1587, but was left unvisited during 1588 owing to the coming of the Spanish Armada. When the relieving vessels arrived, the settlement was deserted. What became of the settlers was never certainly known. Jamestown, Virginia, was settled by the London Company (1607), but for twenty years little gain was made in that section. Plymouth, Massachusetts, was settled by Pilgrims from Leyden in 1620, the great nation of the Massachusetts having been destroyed by pestilence a few years previous. The Massachusetts Bay Colony was founded in 1630. Rhode Island and Connecticut were settled from Massachusetts, and New York from Holland in 1613. Maryland was founded by Lord Baltimore in 1634, and Pennsylvania, as an independent government, by William Penn, 1681–82. General Oglethorpe founded Savannah, Georgia, in 1733. Jamaica, captured under Cromwell in 1655, was always a great military and naval depot. Canada, after many years of warfare, became a part of the empire in 1763, while the thirteen American colonies, alienated by many wrongs, became the republic of the United States in 1783.

In Africa in the Eighteenth Century England held factories at Senegal, Sierra Leone and Senegambia and the islands of St. Helena and Ascension. The East India Company, chartered by Elizabeth in 1600, realized from two voyages nearly one hundred per cent profits and upon the third two hundred and thirty-six per cent. It rapidly acquired factories at Surat and points at Coromandel and Malabar, Masulipatam, Calicut and Delhi, Ormuzd, taken from the Portuguese, Bombay, Calcutta and Madras. The constant wars in Europe and elsewhere increased the price of saltpetre, and with other profits the value of the shares, which had fallen to £60, rose to £245, £260, £360 and even £500. Its monopoly was maintained by fleets and armies, insomuch that in 1702 a rival company opposed a renewal of the charter and was admitted to its privileges. After the Mogul dynasty became extinct in Aurumgzebe, the company would have been driven from India had not Clive annihilated the French power. In 1799 Tippoo Sahib, son of Hyder Ali, rajah of Mysorewas, was besieged in Seringapatam, his capital, and slain in the assault that reduced his territories to a fief of the company.

The union of Scotland with England gave a great impetus to her fisheries, commerce, cattle trade and weaving and her coal, salt and iron works. Ireland became noted for the linen made by her French refugee weavers, and wool yarn, provisions, butter and grain were largely exported. Protestant French workmen produced silk, woolen and linen fabrics in great perfection and glass, paper and hardware showed a like improvement. The potteries of Staffordshire became noted for fine and artistic wares. During the War of the Revolution England suffered severely from the private armed vessels which she had used so effectively in her own wars, but the great Indiamen of "John Company" suffered little from these light-armed vessels. Birmingham and Sheffield founded their immense hardware and cutlery trade after the invention of the puddling furnace, in which coal and limestone are used to reduce and clear the metal. The invention of the steam engine by Watts, the Whitney cotton gin and the spinning jenny mule and power loom by Hargreaves, Arkwright, Compton and Cartwright, with the greater supply of cotton from America, left England at the close of the Eighteenth Century unrivalled in commercial and manufacturing prestige.

The succeeding article will deal with the "Merchant in the Twentieth Century."

THE POET

THE poet's lips have ever stirred,
Shall stir forevermore,
Hoping to frame the lovely word
The world has hungered for.

—*Henry Dumont, in "A Golden Fancy."*

The
TRAGEDY OF "HAYES"

Pre-Revolutionary Home of Samuel Johnston

NO ONE can imagine, unless upon the immediate scene, how dreadful was the desolation and despair in North Carolina during the period, say from December, 1864, until the last surrender of Confederate troops in the fateful spring of 1865. The mere thought of that dreadful time simply stuns the mind. Yet amid all the horror and the fear there was bravery, loyalty and justice, and this is to be a story about a fine blending of these three altogether admirable qualities.

The grandest mansion in North Carolina is that known as "Hayes," taking its name from the famous home of that greatest of all knights, Sir Walter Raleigh, to whom North Carolina owes so much and whose memory and name this commonwealth has so supremely honored in the title of its capital city. Here at "Hayes," hard by the fine old colonial town of Edenton, there occurred a tragedy than which none of all the host of them during the bitter years of the Civil War was more ghastly.

Many a long year before the war of the Revolution was even dreamed of, "Hayes" was the estate of Samuel Johnston, who was really the ninth Earl of Annandale, but who did not take that title because, as he put it, he preferred above all things to be an American gentleman. Devoted admirer of Sir Walter Raleigh, he named his place for that of the great knight. It was this Johnston who became one of the front figures in the Revolution and he entertained under his hospitable roof John Paul Jones, the young friend and protege and namesake of Willie Jones, another great spirit in North Carolina; urged the claims and presented the merits of that young man to his devoted friend and townsman in good old Edenton, Joseph Hewes, who as the head of the board of naval affairs, was really the first secretary of the United States navy. Honors fell thickly upon Samuel Johnston, whose beautiful sister Isabella became the fiancee of Hewes. She died before their marriage, but he, never happy after her death, soon followed her to the grave.

Years passed, full of honor and pleasure for "Hayes" and its occupant. Stout old Samuel Johnston passed to his reward and was laid to rest in the stateliest cemetery in North Carolina, and his son, James C. Johnston, succeeded him as the sole heir to the vast estate. At "Hayes" King William IV, then a midshipman in the royal navy, was entertained, and he danced at a great ball given in the courthouse at Edenton, this being then and now one of the most beautiful public buildings in the state, its second story containing the ball-room, a copy of a noted one at Bath in England, this room being now used as a Masonic lodge and containing the chair occupied by George Washington when Worshipful Master of the lodge at Alexandria, Virginia. "Hayes" witnessed gatherings of the patriots during the second war with Great Britain, and its owner and his friends drank success to their country in its war with Mexico.

On the eve of the dreadful war between the states, James C. Johnston was the richest man in all the South. He owned more than 3,000 slaves and more than 40,000 acres of land, most of it lying along the Roanoke River; his own vessels traded near and far along the coast, from New England to Cuba and the West Indies generally, and his sales of corn alone at the one port of Charleston, South Carolina, in 1860 totalled more than $100,000.

In the days of the war Edenton occupied a singular position. The Federals had very early in the great conflict obtained control of the waterways in all that part of the state, and their vessels came and went at will, but the Confederates had control of most of the land, and so it came about that one day a Federal gunboat might lie at an Edenton wharf, in view of "Hayes," while the very next day a troop of Confederate cavalry might be in the town, then as now quaint to the last degree; full of houses and grounds typical of the Colonial period; a place where there are door-knockers instead of bells, and which by common and tacit consent on the part of the men in blue and the men in gray was a neutral ground like Mt. Vernon, the home of Washington. "Hayes" had been in the possession of father and son, Samuel and James, for one hundred and five years in 1865. Its owner sat in the library at his home one rainy night in April, almost entirely paralyzed, reclining there in his father's big easy-chair, with the faces of great men of England and America looking at him from the walls, in portrait and in bust, and with all of his former multitude of slaves, only three left, faithful, devoted to him and with him as the center of their every thought and act and word. The night was windy and rainy and the old man sat there, in the silence of his stately home. What must have been his thoughts! His memory must have gone back to the splendid days of his boyhood, to the great men who were his friends and guests, with Daniel Webster one of the greatest of these; and Henry Clay, another prince and flower of orators, whose debts, amounting to more than $40,000, were paid by Johnston with a check sent in a most affectionate letter; Clay sitting at "Hayes" for the last and best portrait ever made of him. Johnston must have thought of the outbreak of the war, and how he, a bachelor and without an heir, literally the last of

Photo by Grant

"HAYES." THE HOME OF JAMES C. JOHNSTON

Edenton, North Carolina; front view on the left being the library where the robbery occurred his race, had begged James Johnston Pettigrew, his well-beloved namesake, brilliant student, himself of a great family, to give up his idea of entering the Confederate service and become the heir to "Hayes" and all its millions, for Johnston was a Union man to the very core, as his father had been, and saw only ruin and failure in secession. But Pettigrew rejected the offer and Johnston wept at that rejection, saying that the greatest of all his plans had failed.

Through that brain of his all these things must have passed in review that gusty and rainy night in April, 1865, but suddenly there came a knocking at the door, a thunder of knocking, and as the servant opened the door there entered seven men, renegades every man of them, foul creatures, natives of the old town of Edenton, led by a shoemaker, who took advantage of the condition of the owner of "Hayes" to enter a door which in other times they would never have dared to darken. They knew he was alone except for his three faithful blacks, and they had come to plunder and if necessary to add murder to the other crime. At their pistols' muzzles they threatened him and his servants and with an iron bar forced open the strong-box in the library and took from it exquisite jewelry, once the pride of the family, and other treasures, emptied these into their pockets, and then demanding on pain of death the keys to the wine cellar, went through the silent rooms of the great house, careless of the memorials all about them, and entered the cellar, where they speedily became drunk on rare old brandies and wantonly smashed bottles of priceless wines. Upstairs the old man sat, long past anything like fear, with nerveless hands on the arms of his easy chair, his snowy hair crowning his pallid and strikingly aristocratic face, while beside him were two of his faithful black retainers. One had

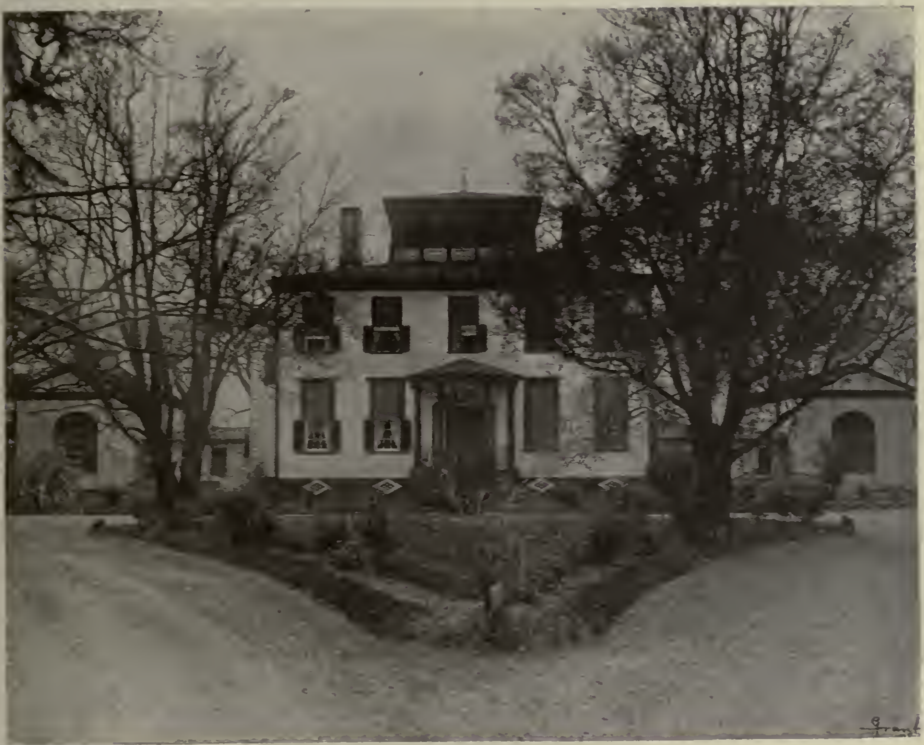


Photo by Grant

REAR VIEW OF THE HOME "HAYES"

All the grounds are laid off in triangles like those of "Hayes," Sir Walter Raleigh's home in England departed, running to Edenton and looking for help. He found it in a singular way. At a wharf lay a United States gunboat, which had arrived late that day. An officer had just stepped ashore when the bareheaded and almost frantic negro met him, with a look and gesture which appealed, as he said, "I'm old Harry, sir, and my master is Mr. James C. Johnston, sir. The Buffaloes are at 'Hayes,' sir, and they have robbed the house and threatened Marse James and all of us, and they are now drunk in the wine cellar, sir." Every Federal officer in those waters knew of Mr. Johnston; knew him as a Union man; knew he had great friends in the North as well as in the South, and this officer lost not a moment. "Run back to the house," said he to old Harry, "and we will follow you." Then, ordering a detail to report immediately to another officer, he directed the party to make the utmost speed to the place, to take the robbers and to make such disposition of them as was thought best and to make a verbal report to him on what had been done. In a minute away went the well-armed party at the double-quick. The renegade whites, who really blew hot and blew cold, now for the Union and now for the Confederacy, as either might serve their turn, were locally known as "Buffaloes," and when caught with arms in their hands or engaged in depredations, got but short shrift at the hands of the Confederates, while, though they were the tools of some of the Federals, the latter felt no little contempt and distrust as to them.

The bluejackets were quickly at "Hayes," found old Mr. Johnston there and all three of his blacks, loyal to the last, and they could hear the cursing, the shouting and the breaking of glass in the wine-cellar, into which they dashed, quickly dragging out the seven wretches, mere rags, limp from drunkenness. Very few words were said, but the pockets of the looters were emptied and the contents given to old Harry, to be put back in the wrecked strong-box. Then old Harry was called to show the officer a place where he could best dispose of the "Buffaloes." Old Harry led the way to a gloomy place in rear of the great mansion, where wide-spreading liveoaks stood, gray moss swinging long and low from their branches, and there the huddled wretches became the targets for the fire of the bluejackets. It

Photo by Grant

THE OLD BOND HOMESTEAD

Edenton, North Carolina; built in 1758. It was always known as the "house with a cupola" was retribution swift and sure, and the place of atonement was well chosen, on the banks of a bayou and near one flank of the long line of slave houses, known as the "quarter line," but then untenanted and with wide-open doors, the former occupants having all become "contrabands," which was the then name for negroes who entered the Federal lines.

Old Harry went back and no doubt told his venerable master of the justice meted out upon the robbers. The officer and his bluejackets returned to Edenton and their vessel and gave a verbal report, doubtless short and to the point, which formed the only record, if record it can be termed, of the affair. Death soon came to Mr. Johnston and his great estate passed into other hands, but faithful old Harry lived there, still trusted and trusting, loving and loved, and when death took him no doubt the last of his thoughts and recollections were about "Marse James," to whom he was so truly devoted and who trusted him as he would have trusted one of his own blood.

BEYOND THE WOOD

By CORA A. MATSON DOLSON

THIS little dooryard plot is mine,
Mine are the garden and the wood;
I hear the wind sing through the pine,
The thrush in forest solitude.

I know the dark-green wildwood ways
Where lace-fern and the jewel-weed
Line down each path on summer days,
While far and near the sheep-bells lead.

Beyond the wood the Squire's wide lands,
The house by deep verandas hemmed;
But here the work of my own hands,
The little dooryard blossom gemmed.

The Squire's young daughter's face is fair,
Her eyes like violets by the brook:
But oh, my Laddie's sun-bright hair—
Our life with home-task and with book.

This little dooryard plot is mine,
Mine are the brown hives of the bees;
An autumn promise crowns the vine,
The plums turn in the sun-sweet breeze.

O Laddie, Laddie, once my child;
But head and shoulders past me now—
The Squire's high barns with grain are piled,
The new hay crowds this sheepfold mow.

I hear the tinkling homebound bells;
Yet feet of youth were meant to roam,
And Strength its hope to Beauty tells—
Hush, mother-heart, 'tis Love makes home!

Will Levington Comfort and War

By *John Nicholas Beffel*

IF YOU are an advocate of peace among the nations you doubtless know that Will Levington Comfort wrote a book bearing the title of "Routledge Rides Alone." For the chances are ten to one that you possess a copy of it, or have borrowed your neighbor's copy and have read it. The story of the man must be the story of the book; and perhaps no other printed work in ten years has had so great an influence upon the thinking people of America. A great fiction drama, with a world background, it portrays the awfulness of war with the brush of a master. Skilfully and forcefully does the author show the inner side of world-conflict; ably does he compel one to realize that the man in the ranks always gets the worst end, and so pitifully often that he doesn't even have a sentiment to enthuse over. The story is a gigantic protest against the sacrifice of the many for the selfish ambitions of the few.

It is to be believed that Comfort's book has been a mighty stimulus to the cause of international peace. It has been diagnosed and discussed before the country's every social and civic organization that stands for disarmament. Interest in the book has swept through the women's clubs of the land, and the club-women have read it, not as a fad, but with a serious desire to learn "the other side" of war. Edwin Markham, writing in the Hearst newspapers, has said that Comfort deserved the next Nobel peace prize for his work. Andrew Carnegie read the story many weeks before he announced his gift of ten millions to aid in bringing about universal concord.

"Routledge Rides Alone" is a tale of the word-painters of war. It deals with the newspapermen who followed the late struggle between Russia and Japan. Routledge, an American journalist, who always rides apart from his fellows, drinks deeply of the horrors of the conflict and tells the world through the printed page of the hideousness of it all. Not only does the book depict the grim strife between the Land of the Great Bear and the Isle of the Rising Sun, but it takes one into the famine-stricken vastnesses of India, and throws the spotlight full upon the causes that lay behind the black picture there. It shows that England is the cruelest burden of all the heavy loads that India carries upon her bent and burned shoulders. Again, it affords glimpses of guerilla-fighting in the thickets of the Philippines, and of scenes that center about the British War Office in London.

It is never wisdom to attempt to tell in a few hundred words the plot that is contained in a book. One could not do justice to "Routledge Rides Alone" in such a limited space. It is enough to say, however, that Comfort has painted well the picture of war, and that the story is a romance which grips the interest of red-blooded folks and never lets go until the final page is reached. There is a girl, of course—Noreen Cardinegh, who is the daughter of Jerry Cardinegh, the dean of the war-correspondents, and who instantly

WILL LEVINGTON COMFORT AT HIS DESK AWAITING THE MUSE

steps into the place of your own ideal of womanhood and effaces all the images you have possessed of that ideal.

The keynote of the book is summed up forcefully in the words that Routledge utters as he parts with Rawder, a missionary, near the Leper Valley of India, on the eve of the battle of Liaoyong.

"I see my mission clearly tonight," says Routledge. "It is to scoff at war before men; to show what a monstrous activity it is for *men*; to show how black is the magic of the ambitious few, who dare to make cannon-meat of God's multitudes. I, the watcher of many services, who am supposed to bow before their battle-lines, and carve my career from their triumphs and defeats, shall laugh at their untimely and ridiculous manifestations. At the last, I shall paint war so red, so real, in all its ghastly, abortive reality, that the nations shall shudder—as at the towering crime on Calvary—shudder to the quick of their souls, and sin no more!"

One cannot read the story of Routledge without feeling that it is the story of Will Levington Comfort's own career. Every instinct impels the belief that no man could deal so intimately with world-concerns had he not looked upon these things with his own eyes. One pictures Comfort, khaki-clad, alone, gazing down on that vast field of slaughter at Liaoyong and crying to the winds: "I see my mission clearly tonight. It is to scoff at war before men." For the author, then journalist-errant, "covered" the Russian-Japanese war—as he had covered the previous military activities in the Philippines—for a mid-west newspaper syndicate. And he had been a soldier himself and had seen fighting with rifle and sword and cannon at first hand.

Not long ago I talked with Comfort about his book. We were sitting in his "work-shop," as he calls the study in his comfortable home in Detroit, and he had been putting a few finishing touches on the proofs of another novel, "She Buildeth Her House," recently published by the Lippincotts, of Philadelphia, who also produced the Routledge narrative.

We leaned across a paper-strewn table and delved deeply into the great past that Comfort has stretched out. And he said to me then:

"That is just where I live, and I don't know where to begin nor where to stop. It really is arduous, and I can't get away from it. I don't want to get away from it, of course, for the Past is a mighty Urge that dominates my every waking hour. It surges through my veins, and it drives my fingers over the keys of the typewriter. It parades past my eyes like a vast panorama that changes ever and has no end."

And truly this man has encompassed in his thirty-three years enough experiences for a dozen ordinary men. He has lived overtime, his days have been crowded with events, and now he is content to sit back and let the world run by while he thinks it over, looks back at the wonder-pictures of the Yesterdays, and writes about the things that his big, frank eyes have seen.

I asked Comfort if, after all the fierce excitement through which he had passed, it did not sometimes grow monotonous for him to remain within the confines of civilization, and have a real roof over his head and subject himself to the danger of being compelled to attend violet teas and other perilous pastimes of the social world. And he replied that the Future lay rose-colored before him, and that he had much work to do. Too, he told me, the Memories, piled vivid and gleaming before him, were too powerful a tonic to permit ennui to enter into his life for even a single day.

And chief among the memories are those which impelled him to write the story of Routledge—the blood-pictures that have come before his vision at Liaoyong and Peking and in Luzon.

"The thing preyed upon me," Comfort said. I had followed his zig-zagging pencil across a map of the Liaoyong battlefield, and he had told me the finer details of the "end-run" by which Kuroki was enabled to slaughter General Orloff's army. "It preyed upon me with the need of becoming a fiction classic. The thought followed at my heels wherever I went. It pursued me back to the States. It was ever at my elbow until I began writing the Routledge story and until the final page of manuscript was finished.

"I carried out that thought to the best of my stage of growth when I wrote of Routledge. I wanted to make the world see the real side of war. I wanted the people who stay at home to forget for a moment the phantom glory that hovers above the rows of polished gun-barrels. I wanted them to take their eyes away from the trappings and to deafen their ears to the sound of martial music, and to look upon the other side of the conflict. I sought to strip imperialism to the green corrosion of its sounding brass. I wanted my country-folk to see what it means to the men in the ranks, and what a preposterous thing war is for men to indulge in."

Comfort was a trooper in the Fifth United States Cavalry during the Spanish-American hostilities and for six weeks was held captive in one of the old prisons of Porto Rico. In 1899 he went to the Philippines to ride as a newspaper correspondent, and saw nine bits of action—two of them important enough to be called "battles"—in Southern Luzon. Later, under cable orders from his home office, he sailed to China and watched the Legations in the giant cauldron at Peking. And he saw General Liscum go down to death on the Tien-Tsin Wall.

In 1902, when the terrible volcanic eruption of Mount Pelee buried thirty thousand dead "in the white paste" within three minutes, Comfort hastened to Martinique, and wrote newspaper stories about the catastrophe that ought to go down into history among the masterpieces of description that this age of letters has produced. Most of the stories appeared in the *Chicago Tribune*. And after Comfort returned to the States he wrote a big fiction-story for the *Tribune* entitled "The Wrath of Pelee."

Four or five years ago Comfort wrote a magazine-novel called "The Whited Sepulchre," the activity of which was likewise set in the fire-mists of the great Vulcan of the West Indies. It was romance with a grim background. I remember how I marveled at Comfort's vivid descriptions when I read the story, how I sat amazed at the man's remarkable command of word-colorings, and how I read "The Whited Sepulchre" again, and for a third time.

WILL LEVINGTON COMFORT IN HIS WORKING CLOTHES

Comfort smiles at mention of that story now. He was just getting into the running when he wrote it, he says—and he has "written rings around it" in the new book, "She Buildeth Her House," in which the "white paste of Pelee" is again used—this time as a setting for the climacteric period of the narrative and this time to more wonderful advantage than ever. "Written rings around it" is not Comfort's own expression. I borrow it from a letter written to him by a well-known American fiction-writer, who was permitted to read the manuscript of "She Buildeth Her House" in advance of its publication.

It is no part of this story to detail the adventures which Comfort encountered during the Russo-Japanese war. It is worthy of record, however, that he "made good" in his work afield and that he was one of the two newspaper correspondents who managed to see portions of the great campaign of 1905 from both Russian and Japanese viewpoints.

One likes Will Comfort instinctively. His is a rugged, strong face, and the eyes are blue, with a great power in their depths. He smiles easily and often, yet beneath the good-natured humor that is his, one senses an undertone of seriousness—even of melancholy—in his make-up, that perhaps must always be a part of those who delve deeply into life's realities and who are conversant with the woes of the world.

If you are a dauntless being, and have the courage to disturb authors when they are building future-great books, you will find Comfort in his study, seated at a rough deal table, hammering out manuscript on a "latest improved visible" typewriter, or correcting sheets of "copy" with a fountain pen containing green ink.

Here in his work-shop is disorder—"picturesque disorder," as the Sunday feature-writers would call it—and your eyes will discover many things to keep them occupied if you possess the very human attribute of curiosity. Numberless sheets of paper are strewn about the second table, which, with the typewriter stand, forms a letter "L," and there are several pipes and two or three tobacco boxes. Comfort likes to season pipes. He doesn't collect steins nor rare paintings nor butterflies nor tailor-bills nor autographed poetry, but he does find keen enjoyment in making pipes grow old before their time—and in horseback riding. And it goes without saying that he is a lover of the open.

The journalist-author has read much. He has a working knowledge of almost every writer you can mention. The philosophies of the world—ancient and modern—are as an open book to him. He has looked far back into history: The religions of all times have passed before him in review. His research into the sciences and the arts has been vast in scope.

His is the gift of expression. He paints pictures with his words. He turns an X-ray into the minds of men, and lets you look upon their motives. He gave much to humanity when he wrote the Routledge tale. And humanity may expect much more from him, for he has a most wonderful equipment—and the glowing, ruddy-cheeked health of a farm-boy.

The four walls of Comfort's work-shop speak graphically of his career. All about him are newspaper clippings, many of them covering full-front pages with seven-column spread-heads, with which his journals decorated his stories of the war. And there are photographs, made from films often smuggled through the lines to the nearest post-station at the risk of somebody's life or liberty. These pictures form a weird panorama of the Far East in time of war and famine. The dead on the field—the armies in action—the almost fleshless denizens of the famine-festered lands of India—all of these things and more are there, and they force upon one the appalling story of The Other Side of The World.

Comfort grew up to manhood with a liking for war rather than a hatred for it. He read Carlyle's "French Revolution" and Tom Watson's recital of the same world-crisis and all the other literature he could get on the subject of strife among the nations. He looked upon war as a glorious thing. And it was natural that he should enlist to fight Spaniards in Cuba, and that he should follow the same struggle to the Philippines.

But the images that had towered above him while he read in books of chivalric days and combats of honor were to be shattered into fragments. The iridescent veil through which he gazed upon war was torn away. Men, brave-blooded and bronzed of face, died before his eyes. On the field and within leaky tents emblazoned with a Cross of Red, the boy who had thirsted for the glories of battle, watched while the souls of his race-brothers sped into the Unknown.

His viewpoint toward the killing of human multitudes changed. And finally, as the stage was set amid the rice fields for the great drama of Liaoyong, the book that has caused the thinking American public to sit back and think more deeply about the realities of war was born in his brain.

Once, in the story, Routledge, in telling Noreen Cardinegh something of himself, says: "Why, I am but a dealer in war-stuff—the most godless of all matter, Noreen."

To which Noreen gives reply: "A dealer in war-stuff—to make the world see the farce of it! Oh, don't think I have failed to see the import of your work, nor failed to contrast it with the ponderous egotism of certain other English war correspondents, who build their careers upon wars—with their dull studies of tactics, their heavy handling of tragedies—so comically like a child panting with heavy stones. Do you think I did not see, in spite of your brilliant description how the Japanese caught and held the van at Tien-Tsin, the real picture of your whole story—that of a cruel, ruthless nation of insensate boys—running to jaw instead of to mind?"

Then, again, the book says:

"There had been a skirmish that day in upper India. The British columns which had campaigned for months apart telescoped with frightful sounds of gladness. Her Majesty's foot-soldiers, already tightly knotted about their supper-fires, hooted the cavalrymen who were still struggling with halter-shanks, picket-lines, and mounts that pounded the turf and nickered sky-high for the feed-wagons to come in. Every puff of wind bore a new smell—coffee, camels, leather, gun-reek, cigarettes, saddle-blankets, and nameless others. Tomorrow there would be a mile square of hill-pasture so tainted by man and beast that a native-bullock would starve before cropping there until the season of torrents had soaked it sweet again."

WILL LEVINGTON COMFORT TAKES GREAT DELIGHT IN HORSE-BACK RIDING

And, in another part of the story, one reads: "The Review invariably kept a second man at the heart of things to cover the routine, so that Routledge could follow his inclinations for hard-riding and bring in his wondrous tales of far chances, night attacks, the enemy at first hand, the faces and valor of the few who hearkened to the swish of the Reaper, the scream from inert flesh as the spirit leaves it

—the humor, the horror, the hell of the clash.

"It is an axiom of the craft that in a platoon fighting for its life there is all the grip of human interest that appals in a collision of fifty-mile battle-fronts; and Routledge played the lesser game to the seeds. It was said of him that he could crawl into the soldier's brain and watch the machinery falter in full blast and break down. Always you felt, as you read him, that he had a great pity for the ranker, and a great hate of the system that used him."

There is one passage in the book that must hold keen interest for every American who is watching the course of the present agitation for war. Hear the words of Routledge:

"Japan has the health of a boy, heals like an earth worm, and blazes with pride in possession of his first weapons. Like the boy again, he is blind to the intrinsic rights of women. Shamelessly, he casts his women out over the seven seas to fill the brothels of every port—breeds human cattle to feed the world's lusts, and knows no prick of pride—but watch him run hot-breathed to the rifle-pits if so much as a bit of humor from an outside nation stirs the restless chip upon his shoulder!"

In this article I have talked of Comfort himself. I have mentioned, beside his age and the color of his eyes—facts which biographers must never overlook—a few of the high lights of his eventful life. I have omitted reference to Mrs. Will Levington Comfort. I have not told you of the part that the war-correspondent-author's wife plays in his work of Now, nor of the great inspiration that she brings to him. That, as one Rudyard Kipling would insist, is another story. Suffice to say that if you have read the Routledge book you have already guessed that part of Comfort's biography. For you will recall that the book was dedicated "To the Lady of Courage Whom I Married."

Some months ago I had occasion to review "Routledge Rides Alone"—then in the very limited boundaries of four hundred words. Let me repeat in substance what I said in that brief critique. I offered the book in candidacy as "the great American novel" on the plea that it was a great book written by an American about an American who does world-swaying things. I said that the story was well worked out and better written, perhaps, than any other book which had appeared in a decade.

And I said in conclusion:

"It is a significant thing—this story—coming as it does when certain vast commercial interests are pulling the wires which create wars. *If it could be read by every American newspaperman who today transcribes or edits the wild statements of men in public life who say that Japan and America will clash at a near day, that war would never come!*"

CLOUDS AND RAIN

By CHARLES C. BROTHERS

THE moon shone bright during the night.
But the clouds are weeping this morning,
All lives must have their clouds and rain,
While love and peace should be our adorning.
Whether clouds and rain shall long remain
In the spirit world around us,
Be cheerful and bright, thro' day and thro' night,
And God's peace will ever surround us.

The Legislative System *of* Switzerland

by Joe Mitchell Chapple

THE moment the train crossed the Swiss frontier, visions of the referendum and the history of the little European republic came with a glimpse of the great Alps. One looks instinctively for the spirit of William Tell in the tiny nation that has held Europe at bay during tumultuous centuries of warfare and conquest.

On the train I met a merchant from Basel—a true Swiss and an officer of the reserve militia. Passing his tobacco pouch hospitably, he remarked that Americans always interest the Swiss people as a big young brother who has gone away from home and has achieved things of note. Strangely enough, the Basel merchant placed great stress upon the military organization of his country, which is a part of the civic life. Every man in the cavalry has his horse at home to do ploughing when not "militiating." The government-owned horse is paid for by the citizen soldier on the installment plan, but horse and man must be ready to respond for service at a few hours' notice. The militia of each canton is officered by men from distant cantons to prevent favoritism or popular influence. The basic purpose of Swiss life is to prevent any one individual from gaining too much power in any line; the old Roman ideal of democracy must be preserved. There is no guard house at the annual militia encampment. In the cases where one would be necessary, the culprit is taken to his own home for imprisonment, so that his neighbors may know of his disgrace.

MARC EMILE RUCHET
President of the Swiss Republic

Switzerland is two-thirds German and one-third French and Italian. Despite this variety of race and language, there seems to be a peculiarly effective homogeneity in the tiny republic, where race against race holds a balance of power that is difficult to explain. The very weakness of Switzerland has been its strength. Since the United Federation withdrew from Austrian rule, centuries ago, it has been called the "balance wheel of Europe"—an appropriate metaphor when applied to the Swiss nation of watchmakers, whose work has been in itself an industrial inspiration for centuries past.

* * *

The one thing which most interested me in Switzerland was the legislative system—where, indeed, long before our republic was established, popular democratic legislation was in vogue. So in that aimless day I walked first around and about the government buildings high on the crest of the bluff overlooking the river at Berne. Impressive indeed it [illegible] was to look in upon the *Nationalrat*, the popular branch, or House of Representatives, of the Swiss legislative bodies. The members are elected by direct vote of the people, and one representative is chosen for every twenty thousand inhabitants. The desks in the *Nationalrat* are arranged in a semicircle, much as in the House of Representatives at Washington, with the press reporters' galleries on either side. The room is finished in light wood, and in the rear are seats for the members of the upper house

SCHOBINGER
Member of the Swiss Cabinet

The *Standerat*, or Council of the State, has forty-four members—two from each canton, as our states are represented in the Senate.

The regular sessions of the Swiss Congress begin in June and December, and last only about a month. Extra sessions are very rare. As one member remarked, the idea is to have as much real legislation done among the people as possible, while the duty of the legislative bodies is officially to record public sentiment as expeditiously as possible.

The proceedings of the Swiss legislature are extremely interesting to an American. Discussions take place either in French, German or Italian, according to the inclination of the legislator addressing the House, and a colloquy may embody all three languages. Formal readings are in French, but discussions are usually in German.

The Supreme Court is elected jointly by both houses, not by vote of the people, and the terms are short, so that no "recall" is provided other than regular impeachment proceedings. The justices are elected for a term of six years, and the court is divided into three sections. At that time the courts were deliberating upon matters somewhat similar and quite as momentous in their country as the "trust cases" on the Supreme Court calendar of the United States—the ownership and rates of the St. Gothard and other railway lines, which always has been a most vital question to the nation.

In company with Mr. Laurits S. Swenson, then the American minister at Berne, but lately appointed American minister at Christiania, Norway, a visit was made to President Ruchet. Ushered into the simple executive office by an imposing gentleman with side-whiskers and a great seal on his breast, there was little of official formality, for the president's office is the same as the other rooms. President Ruchet was seated at his desk going over the last budget, which concisely and in a few pages tells the story of Swiss finances. He spoke German, although he comes from a French canton, and is a member of the radical party, which, having been in power for about seventy years, is still holding a strong majority. As he told of the progress being made, as shown in the budget, the President smiled with the consciousness of a man who has done his full duty. A copy of the budget was presented with a graceful bow, as he remarked that, after all, figures were the most eloquent story he could tell of the Administration. The budget is the work of the Department of Finance. Affixed to each copy is a pink slip with the President's name, showing its official accuracy.

President Ruchet has twinkling, humorous eyes, wears a stand-up collar, is deliberate and optimistic—a true type of the Swiss lawyer that he is. He talked interestingly concerning Swiss authors and poets, and feelingly discussed the work and accomplishments of the government and the people, explaining that it was first the purpose to hold in check any great movements for personal power. This, he said, might explain the lack of great personalities in public life.

J. M. FORRER
Vice-President of the Swiss Republic

Switzerland possesses at the present time many writers, of which only a few of the most renowned have become appreciated outside their own country. The three languages in Switzerland make it difficult to name a list offhand. Among writers in the German language are J. V. Widmann, dramatist and critic, M. Lienert, J. C. Heer, E. Zahn, K. Spitteler, the poets, J. Dierauer, the historian, R. von Tavel and O. von Greyerz, authors of note in the Bernese dialect, and the poetess Isabelle Kaiser, who has written both in German and in French. Among the authors in the French language it is hard to choose: The criticisms on art and literature of Ph. Monnier, Gaspard Vallette, Ph. Godet, Paul Seippel and Baud-Bovy might be cited, as well as sketches and poems of V. Rossel, J. P. Porret, B. Vallotton, Sam Cornut, F. Ramuz; the dramas of Rene Morax; the historical works of Arthur Piaget and B. van Muyden. In the Italian and Roman languages is also found some literature of note. There are authors of great merit, such as the Tessinois Chiesa, the Grisons Camenisch and Carnot.

On the bookshelves about President Ruchet were the records of Swiss legislation. In the Federal Council Room, near at hand, were the seven desks of the members of the Council, covering each department of the government. The executive power of the nation is initially vested in this council which consists of the President and his six colleagues, who are much more powerful than mere members of a cabinet. The Council makes elaborate reports and suggestions to the legislators, and its members often appear in person in the legislative bodies. In this respect the Council of Switzerland more nearly resembles the presidential cabinet of the United States than that branch of any other European government.

The members of the Federal Council might be called a rotating presidential body. The man who sits at the head as president takes charge of the foreign affairs for one year, and is usually transferred to his former department after that term, so that while the President of Switzerland serves only one year, the administration may not change in a generation.

Only one of the seven councillors spoke English, Mr. Schobinger of Lucerne, in charge of the Department of the Interior.

The portfolio of the Department of Post and Railways is held by M. Forrer, and it is a difficult one to handle at this time, for the government has had serious problems to meet in solving the railroad situation under governmental ownership. The insistent demands for betterment and for additional facilities cannot be all met, because the earnings of the railroads have not always kept pace with the increase of expenses. The absorbing local problem at that time was the ownership of the St. Gothard line, in which Germany and Italy have large interests, and which Switzerland now desires exclusively for its own protection in rates, although outside foreign capital assisted substantially in its construction.

* * *

One of the most active organizations in Switzerland is the Salvation Army. The benefits conferred by it in assisting to solve the sociological and charitable problems are much appreciated by the government officials. In the canton of Schaffhausen the government acknowledged its indebtedness to the Army, even though this canton has no regularly established Army headquarters. In the town of Lucerne the authorities expressed their appreciation and said that the work of the Salvation Army up to the present had been crowned with good results. In the canton of Aargau the fight of the Army against the drink habit has gained the hearty gratitude of the officials, who say that the influence of the Salvation Army has much to do with the general welfare, and although the organization has no semblance of official authority, yet its co-operation with established charities seems everywhere to be acknowledged and commended. In Zurich, a Protestant canton, twenty thousand francs were contributed to aid the Salvation Army work. The government controls the alcoholic revenue, and appropriates one-tenth of the amount collected to curb the evil effects of liquor.

BRENNER
Late member of the Swiss Cabinet

* * *

The chief aim of the Swiss government seems to be the preservation of an equality among its public men. Once an official thinks he is indispensable, he is promptly relegated to private life. The recent death of Dr. Brenner, a member of the Swiss Council and twice President of the Swiss Confederation, reveals the modesty of Swiss public life. Only brief mention was made of the event, illustrating the conspicuous obscurity of many of Switzerland's eminent men. Many Swiss citizens did not know the name of their President, and some could not recall their local representative in the *Nationalrat.* This is counted the direct result of a primary system which deals with issues and does not encourage initiative or forceful leadership from any individual.

* * *

It requires only fifteen minutes to elect a president of Switzerland, and it is not done by direct vote, but by joint ballot of both houses of the legislature. The members of the *Standerat* take their seats in the rear of the *Nationalrat* assembly room, cast their ballots and march out with not even the suspicion of applause. The country receives the news of a presidential election with less excitement or interest than a country town in the United States would manifest at a good roads meeting. This seeming indifference is but the natural result of the fact that every member of the Federal Council is for one year President of the Federal Council, and as such is President of the confederation. As the representative power is embodied in this council it is quite natural that some people may at times not remember just who is President.

There is no problem in Switzerland as to what shall be done with ex-presidents.

They either retire to private life or keep on rotating to different places in the Federal Council.

The line of cleavage in Switzerland is between radicals and conservatives. Although the referendum, as practiced in Switzerland, is said to be a success, it has smothered individual initiative and does not appeal strongly to American observers on the spot, no matter what previous notions they held, because the physical, to say nothing of the sociological conditions, of the country are so different.

At a distance Swiss methods seem more ideal than when one comes in close contact with actual conditions. A system repressing individual initiative is not likely to suit American notions. The Swiss peasantry's sturdy spirit of independence, handed down from the days of William Tell, is impressive in these days of scientific experiment which bows to the caprices of public fancy and which institutes governmental "notions" that are bound to keep pace with fads in science, literature and art.

COMTESSE
Member of the Swiss Cabinet

Dear old Berne! The tourist first looks upon the old clock that stands out in the historic thoroughfare, where fountains in the center tell the story of Switzerland. As the hour approaches the cock crows, then the jester begins his antics with bells, and finally the merry procession of bears passes by. And though for centuries this clock has thus struck the hour, an interested throng always gathers to watch and enjoy the quaint scene.

The tourists were thronging into the city from St. Moritz and other famous Swiss resorts, where winter sports were at their height. Young people with cheeks aglow from the Swiss air entered the hotels after a spirited contest of "bob" racing. Behind a pompous "bob" was Richard Strauss, the famous composer of *Electra* and *Salome*, a strongly built, burly-looking man, whose physique little suggested to the casual onlookers the poetical splendor and beauty of his classic music.

The Swiss country is dotted with knitting and silk mills and many factories of all kinds, where the work is taken after having been begun at home. Thrift and industry are evident everywhere. Zurich is, next to Lyons, the greatest silk market in the world. There are many other prosperous industries in Switzerland, such as the machinery and watch business, the production of cheese, condensed milk and chocolate. The exports amount annually to $240,000,000, and the imports to $350,000,000.

The "playground of Europe" is the very appropriate name bestowed upon Switzerland. In the summer time tourists come from all parts of the world and fill the hotels—the best organized and best kept of any in the world—for the Swiss are a nation of hotel-keepers. The statement of the Chocolate Soldier, the hero of Bernard Shaw's "Arms and the Man," that his family had a home with three hundred rooms, fifty servants, twenty cows and so on, sounded like a baronial tale until he explained that he was the son of a Swiss hotel-keeper. Now they have turned the long and severe Swiss winter to advantage, and even when the great, blue lakes are frozen and the snow mantles the lower hills, the tourist still raves over the varied beauties and grandeur of the Swiss scenery and the many delights of her mountain hostelries.

Another experiment with a continental

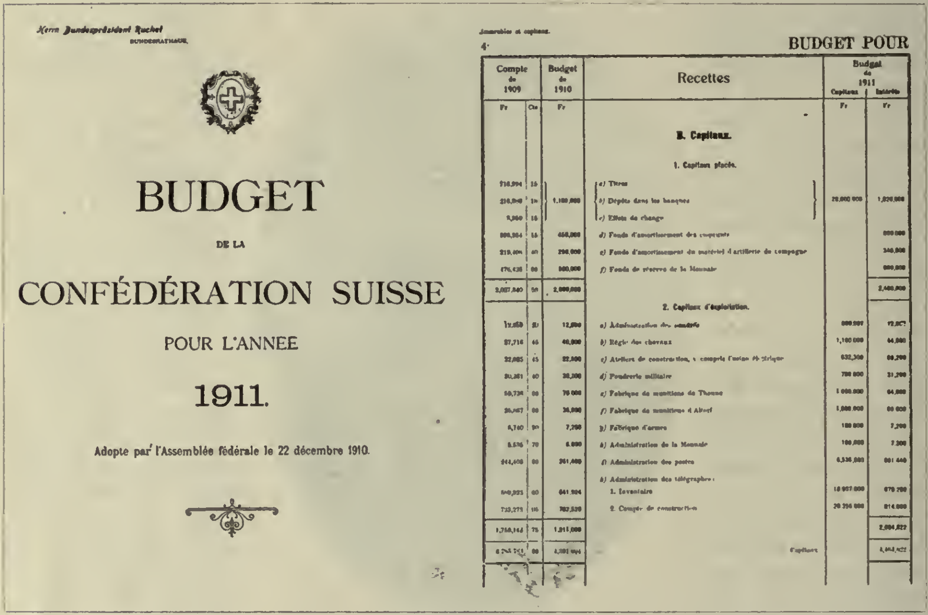
sleeper was made on a night train from Berne to Frankfort. The snow was falling, the engine shrieking, and it was a wild night without on the Bernese Alps. The railroad men carry lanterns on their breasts and the great slant-eyed switch-lights in the yards look like the almond eyes of celestials.

After checking our baggage and "paying" freight—all baggage is charged for in Switzerland—a man whose hat was emblazoned with the title "Thos. Cook & Son" came along just in time to save another international altercation, for he "spoke the language," whatever it may have been.

The lonely foreigner must depend upon platform signs outside, for a picked-up school knowledge of German is dangerous. My Swiss friend burst with laughter when I asked him how large a town was "Abort," which was the only word distinguishable in the platform array of words and signs.

The sleepers in the "Continental" are arranged in sidewise compartments—because of the side-joggle of the cars, we were told. There were all sorts of contrivances—washstands, fitted out with cakes of soap about the size of a penny, and with towels not much bigger than a pocket handkerchief. The fat German porter seemed not over-anxious for our comfort, and the "attendant" informed us when the berths had been made up by an obsequious wave of the hand.

Many signs are posted in the Continental sleeper. One above a button read "Hellding"; there was no clue as to whether it meant heat or light, both of which were hopelessly beyond call. I turned on the switch. Perhaps it was the wrong button, for at once there was a buzzing like a planing mill—the electric fan went off. The cool blast struck a shivering fellow-passenger in the neck. "Hellding!"—though *ding* sounded like *dang*—he burst out, "these cars are draughty." I looked innocent and turned back the button, and we talked about Pullman cars back home and of the incomparable "Gawge," who at least could make up a berth, even if he did extort many an unearned quarter. During the night the water tank overflowed in the sleeper, and after having been flooded out, even a more fervent tribute was paid to



Herrn Bundespräsident Ruchet

BUDGET

DE LA

CONFÉDÉRATION SUISSE

POUR L'ANNEE

1911.

Adopte par l'Assemblée fédérale le 22 décembre 1910.

BUDGET POUR

A FAC-SIMILE OF THE DAILY CALENDAR OF THE SWISS LEGISLATURE
(REDUCED IN SIZE)

the American Pullman. The railroad service in Europe is far below the American standard. Foreign efforts to adopt American improvements are handicapped by lack of public appreciation, and by the objection of the people to interference with long-established customs. It might be suggested that the over-zealous advocates of certain Swiss governmental methods would perhaps find these as impossible of adoption in America as our railroads appear to the European public. Conditions vary; and the more one travels the broader grows his toleration for the customs of other races and nations.

Every day in Switzerland, whether in winter or in summer, is a day of pleasure for pleasure-loving tourists. An important business of the country is to make traveling in Switzerland agreeable to foreigners. The sturdy Swiss guards his home, his citizenship and his business with the same zealous spirit that his forefathers have manifested for six hundred years when the historic "Perpetual League" was established, which bids fair literally to live up to its title, and to remain an inspiration for the democracy that has created the great and enduring republics of today. A personal study of the Swiss federation is a fascinating revelation.

A PHANTASY

IN far-off time, in other clime,
Where blows an incense-laden breeze,
There dwelt a youth who sang in rhyme,
Whose voice was like the distant chime
Of silver bells through whispering trees.

No words of mine could e'er define
What sweet and melancholy ring
Lay in his song. Like heart of vine
That gives its song when pressed to wine,
His sore-pressed heart would sadly sing:

O land where grows the lemon tree,
The lily and the vine;
Where golden shafts illume the sea
Like amber dropt in wine,—
Thy charms were once my melody,
Thy heart was once my shrine.
But now my harp, once tuned to thee,
To sad notes must resign!

And all day long his mournful song
Fell mute on Nature's mindless ears.
'Twere better far had he been strong
And able to avenge his wrong,
Than thus to melt in futile tears!

—*Henry Dumont, in "A Golden Fancy."*

Salicia's Man of Clay

By

Katharine Kingsley Crosby

SALICIA BATES was a schoolmarm, and her exact age was a matter for discussion in the little village where she had lived—oh, years! The place was a second edition of Cranford, in that men were conspicuous by their absence; a beautiful edition, bound in purple hills and laced with silver streams. Beautiful, but retired.

Folks thought it strange that Salicia had "kept her youth so long," because there had never been a man in her life to help. But little they knew! Even in old-maidenhood Salicia was an incorrigible dreamer of dreams. The fairy prince of her girlhood had evolved himself into an almost human being, endowed with all those qualities which Miss Bates admired in the heroes of her favorite romances.

He was a model to mankind, this man of dreams; temperate, equable, just, intellectual, upright, kind to animals, moderate in speech, beneficent in word and act and thought, chivalrous to women—a gentleman without reproach. His only fault indeed was his very over-perfection. Salicia realized this and tried to introduce some redeeming vice. In vain she tried to induce him to smoke a fine black Havana—out on the front stoop, of course—but he refused even that, and remained serenely impeccable.

Miss Bates was proud of his creation, but secretly she was bored by his company. Alas for human fallibility! Salicia was growing weary of the Man and his terrible goodness. How weary she did not realize until the new minister came to town and showed himself to be a living exemplar of indispensable virtues.

When he first arrived in town the little teacher was drawn into the general scramble for frivolous new gowns and massage creams. His attentions—he walked home with her quite often after prayer meetings—and the pains she was taking with her appearance resulted in a tardy renewal of her youth, and also in the final downfall of Perfection. The reality proved infinitely worse than the dream.

One gray spring day when it was almost raining, but not quite, and the streams were running high and swift, Salicia took down her rod and creel and set out for her favorite haunt. On the way she met the Man of Many Virtues musing benignly on the beauties of nature. As an experiment she asked him to go fishing with her.

An expression of pain crossed his intellectual face. Unfortunately, he never fished. It was such an unkind sport, you know—the poor worms and the little fish—perhaps he was over-sensitive, but the thought of their agony took away any pleasure he might have experienced. If dear Miss Bates would excuse him—"Oh, gladly!" said dear Miss Bates tranquilly, and swung off across lots from his protestations.

There was a pool, with crooked old willows growing about it, their twigs still bare of foliage; austere young birches stood between, yet held themselves aloof. The water sucking at their roots was black and languid, like molten ore. It lapped softly about the pebbles at the shallow before it slipped over and hurtled down across the valley like a changeling child. An overhanging boulder, lichen-covered, cast deep shadows on the water where furtive trout should lurk. Salicia installed herself well out on the rock, a not unpleasing figure in spite of rough tweed suit and rubber boots. Her head was bare and the soft bright yellow of her hair shone out against the dull background of trees and sky like a pale young sun.

She hooked a beauty at the first try. As her reel sang beneath her hands she thought scorn upon the minister and his pasty ilk, wherein she included the creation of a lifetime's patient dreaming—none other than the Man of Dreams himself. Her peace was rudely shattered, however.

"Reel him in there, confound you! Can't you see what you're doing? You'll have him all snarled up in my line in a minute!" And an irate and very red-faced man appeared from among the bushes up-stream, gesticulating wildly with his rod. Salicia looked at him briefly, considering what sort of man he might be. Then she dropped her eyes and reeled in.

Her prize when landed proved attractive, and the man—whoever he might be—came around to appraise it. Salicia preserved an offended silence and baited her hook with a wriggly worm. The man appraised her method of doing that also and nodded approval.

"My line fouled on bottom, and I spoke abrupt—as usual," he explained; "hope you don't mind a little English as she's spoke. My name's Higsbee."

"No," Salicia decided after a pause, "I don't mind—English. My name is Bates." Now this was rank treason, for the Ideal Man always spoke so precisely and never used "English" stronger than Jove—that only on extreme provocation, too. But of course the stranger could not know this. He remained where he was—without asking permission—and cast boldly out into midstream. Presently—again without asking permission—he drew forth a pipe and began to smoke. The Man of Dreams had scorned a black Havana; what would he have said to a pipe with "Bull" Durham? Salicia's imagination balked.

"Smoke's a comfort on an empty stomach," Mr. Higsbee commented at this juncture. Salicia remembered some sandwiches in her creel and produced them diffidently.

"I'm afraid they're rather jammed," she apologized.

"Well, you are a sport!" Her companion reached out a grubby hand. (The Ideal Man had always been *so* careful about his nails!) Salicia rather liked being called a sport, particularly in the way Mr. Higsbee said it. Despite his rough and ready manners he interested her strangely. In fact, he interested her so much that, being of New England extraction, Salicia decided she ought to be going home.

"Where's home?" demanded the big man, standing up with a grunt beside her, "over there in Shut-up-tight-ville?" Salicia nodded. Fordhan Village always went no-license.

"I teach school over there," she explained, as one stating the worst. Her companion accepted it as such.

"Hard lines," he said, "but you don't show it much. Fish often, do you?" Something in the question brought the girl suddenly to life.

"Quite often," laughed Salicia daringly, as though to a challenge, and departed.

Friday night Salicia stayed in school till long after five because Willie Robbins was a naughty boy and had to be kept after. He had gone at last, but his teacher still sat at her desk in the late afternoon sunlight, considering seriously what the minister had said to her after prayer-meeting the night before. He had carried his likeness to the Ideal Man to the point of confessing an undying regard for Salicia Bates, in spite of her willingness to agonize worms and little fishes. The proposal for her hand had been exquisitely rendered, a finished literary production. Her own English had seemed very paltry in contrast as she meekly asked time to consider his very generous offer.

A heavy knock on the door interrupted her reflections, and the now fairly familiar personality of Mr. Higsbee appeared on the threshold.

"For the Lord's sake, woman, why ain't you out fishing?" he demanded; "sittin' here mewed up in this ungodly hole—"

"It's too late to go fishing," objected Salicia with spirit.

"It is now, yes; but come along and go to walk, anyhow. Oh, I've got a card with me this time." He produced it in form. "Moreover—as I've maybe omitted to mention before—I'm not married. You're the only one in town who hasn't asked me, consequently the only one I've told." As they walked out into the golden afternoon Salicia wondered if this information added to his respectability or otherwise; single men were always looked at rather askance in Fordham, partly perhaps because of their rarity.

Down the old church road they met the minister, very appropriately. Something in his expression at sight of them seemed to interest Mr. Higsbee.

"Friend of yours?" he inquired carelessly.

"Yes," said Salicia, "he's my Ideal Man."

"Look me in the eye a second, will you?" requested her companion, drawing out his pipe; "I thought so." A flicker of mirth sprang into his eye and caught fire in hers. For no apparent reason they both laughed. When they had walked on a bit in friendly silence Mr. Higsbee began to explain himself.

"Well, I'm no Ideal," he confessed; "plain John H., that's me. Never went to Sunday-school, or college, or Stratford-on-Avon. Earned my living since I was ten, and no better than the next fellow, 'cept that I'm square, which he—sometimes isn't. That I will say, I'm square. But no frills or extras. Maybe that's why I don't appreciate them proper in others." They stopped behind a sheltering bush that he might light his pipe. The ceremony completed, Salicia was moved to tell him of her man of dreams, and his fall from grace. Her escort listened with complete understanding.

"You're a lonely little soul, ain't you?" was his only comment, after a long and smoke-filled interval. Again there was something in his voice which brought back the girl to Salicia's heart. But this time she did not laugh; instead she trembled at its presence and retorted fiercely:

"I'm not. I'm a sentimental old-maid schoolmarm. Why don't you say that?"

"Because you're not. You're just starved, like—like a heap of other folk. Why, woman alive, I had an ideal girl once—honest! Gee, but she was choice. Great big longin' blue eyes and fluffy-ruffly hair, and a mouth—yum-yum! That was mine. But when you get to know a few of the kind—well, it's like your ideal man, I reckon. Plain folks give the most satisfaction in the long run. Huh?"

"Like—you and me?" queried Salicia dubiously.

"That's what I was thinkin'," returned her man of clay. "Any objections?"

"No," said Salicia, "no. On the whole—I think you're right." And then they turned into the homeward road and followed it through the afterglow.

THRENODY

SO many children left to live
When my child had to die—
Forgive in pity, Lord, forgive
My grief that questions *why*.

So many gardens spring to bloom
Beneath a smiling sky;
My posies blossom on a tomb—
My poor heart knows not *why*.

—*Harriet Lake Burch.*

JOHN HEWITT

WHO MADE POSSIBLE THE GREATEST ADVANCE IN THE ART PRESERVATIVE BY HIS FORESIGHT AND HEARTY CO-OPERATION WITH THE PRINTERS OF THE WORLD

WHEREVER a two revolution printing press whirs to promote "the art preservative of all arts," the personality of John Hewitt is felt by the printer's craft.

When the Miehle Printing Press and Manufacturing Company passed under his control, Mr. Hewitt found a long and hard row to hoe in introducing his machine, which has completely upset old-time notions concerning flat-bed printing presses. As president and treasurer and having full control of the company for eighteen years, he led by his intrepid courage and strong personality to success and prestige and won at the same time the unreserved respect of the trade. His recent retirement from business, due to advancing years and failing eyesight, has occasioned much regret to thousands of printers throughout the country, many of whom have sent sincere and hearty expressions of appreciation to one who has done so much, by wise counsel and a sympathetic interest and confidence, to build up the printing business to the high standard of today.

Born near Grimsby, Ontario, Canada, Mr. Hewitt learned the sadler's trade in the early days, but later he took up the machinery business, for which he seemed to have a natural aptitude. The success achieved by him in putting his presses in the printing shops throughout the world has never been paralleled. Go where one will, either in the United States or in any foreign country, the Miehle press has stood in the front rank in the estimation of printers of every race and language.

The basic principle of Mr. Hewitt's business career has been to make his press do the work a little better than any other, in order that it might merit the praise of all printers and be worthy of universal adoption. Mr. Hewitt's faith in his work has never swerved.

In business relations, Mr. Hewitt maintains the same dauntless spirit of integrity that has always characterized his personal dealings. He was one of those men at the head of large enterprises who believe in the human equation as a basis for business credit. Hundreds, perhaps thousands, of young men were encouraged and started in business because of the faith that John Hewitt has always had in young men. He took as much interest in their plans and purposes as if he were just starting in business hinself again, with his patrons as partners. His advice, ripe with the years of actual experience, has guided many printing firms to success, and in almost every town in the country there is at least one thriving concern from whom the mention of John Hewitt always brings forth encomiums of honorable and grateful appreciation.

Month after month and year after year in his Chicago office, no small part of Mr. Hewitt's time has been spent in keeping closely in touch with the young men starting in business. His influence has had much to do with making the banks of the country recognize the printing business as a substantial manufacturing enterprise entitled to credit rather than as a vocation which either called forth sneers or sympathy for "poor printers." He demonstrated that the printing business was a productive and a profitable enterprise worthy of the credit accorded other manufacturing lines.

During all the eighteen years of his

active administration, Mr. Hewitt's personal attention was continually given to the developnent of his business. While keeping in the background he showed himself possessed to a remarkable degree of that intuitive sense that knew what was needed to answer every requirement of the printer's business, whether large or small, and he has helped to make the small larger, and the large still greater.

Throughout the engrossing years Mr. Hewitt's play-time was enjoyed back home at Grimsby, whose beauties he now enjoys to the full. After a visit to this rare Canadian spot, named for the historic old English haven whose hardy fishermen have for years drawn tribute from the stormy sea, one can understand the reason of his enduring affection for the scenes "back home." The great slope, nestling under "the Mountain," is within a half hour's ride from Hamilton, by way of the Grand Trunk. An electric line runs parallel through the valley a distance of twenty-three miles.

JOHN HEWITT

From this section comes year after year the choicest fruit to be found in both American and English markets, for Grimsby is located in the heart of the famous Niagara orchard belt.

On one of the beautiful Grimsby farms, Mr. Hewitt prunes and cultivates the trees of his peach, plum and apple orchards with characteristic thoroughness. On the crest of the mountain, there is a maple grove which he has developed into a fine maple-sugar plant. What a delight it was to go with him to the sugar-bush and to watch the sap being converted into golden maple syrup. In the days of the French occupancy of the Dominion, the story of "trees that bore sugar" was an inducement to the emigrants whose children and children's children had no other source of supply for generations. Some of the large trees were filling three or four pails of sap at one time, revealing the profuseness of nature and her bounties. Nearly fifty gallons of sap are required to make one gallon of syrup, and Mr. Hewitt makes these operations one of his farm amusements.

On the farm, the rail and stone fences have given way to strong wire enclosures. He has a large deer park located in the face of "The Mountain," where an ever-increasing herd roams in freedom and safety.

It was an object lesson in itself to go with the host through his orchards where he superintended the pruning. He was careful to see that the dead limbs and too luxuriant growth at the tops were cut off and that the healthy trees were kept, so that the blossoms would not simply burgeon to be blown away, but would set healthy and beautiful fruit close to the ground for packing. As he tersely remarked, "It's fruit we want, not wood."

The village of Grimsby claims Mr. Hewitt's ardent interest, and the Grimsby Village Inn was constructed by him for the benefit of the town. It is erected on the popular automobile route from Ontario. It was felt that the town needed a harbor, and Mr. Hewitt promptly supplied a commodious one. Whatever there is to be done for Grimsby, he always does it with good judgment and untiring energy.

The beautiful little Canadian hamlet, then abloom with the blossoms of early springtime, made a picture the like of which no artistic genius has ever been able adequately to reproduce. The delicate colors, and above all the magnificent fragrance, defy portrayal either by the brush or by written description.

Here is Mr. Hewitt's home, replete with tender and sweet memories. Great orchards surround him, and in front of his residence, amid the stately old trees, the velvety lawn and the great gardens, nestles an old-fashioned flower bed, the special pride of the devoted and charming wife, who but recently passed away, leaving behind her the rich heritage of a noble and beautiful life. In such an environment and among the old friends of a lifetime, Mr. Hewitt now spends his days, and the doors of his home and the gates of his orchard are at all times open to his old-time friends of the craft, who have occasion to pass through Grimsby on the Grand Trunk or in their automobiles, en route from Niagara to Toronto and western Canada, and who are always welcome to visit him and to partake of the fruit in which he delights.

The Canadian village, on Ontario's lake, is proud of its son who has now come home, after many active years, to spend his days amid the blossoms and fruitage of the fair land of the maple leaf, rich in the affectionate regard and esteem of all with whom he has come in contact, and entitled to the consciousness of having made still greater the powers of the printer's craft, in the important part it plays in the progress of the world.

THE BIRTH OF A MAGNET

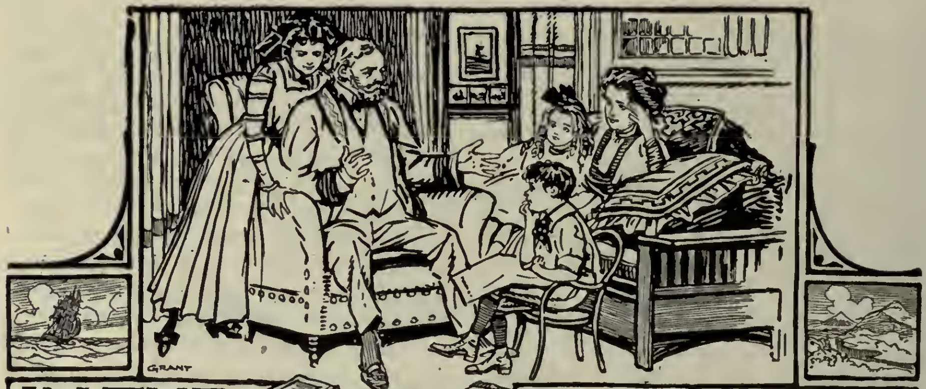
By NATHAN HASKELL DOLE

A BAR of ductile iron, horse-shoe bent,
Gleams sparkling-crimson in the Bunsen flame.
Then, suddenly, 'tis plunged, its ire to shame
In icy water. Its rage of heat is spent;

But oh, how changed in inmost temperament!
Its nature nevermore can be the same;
Now firm and strong, before so soft,
As if new substance with its mass were blent!

Then flash ten thousand amperes through its curve—
Henceforth it is a magnet with a will
That never leaves it, that can sway and swerve.

So with a man: Love sends its potent thrill
Through every tingling, palpitating nerve
And now new powers that man's whole being fill!



IN THE COSY CORNER

MOTHER'S FIVE-DOLLAR BILL

BY FLORENCE A. LEE

TREASURED most highly among my childish possessions was a little old trunk which had been my mother's. Inside its cover, in lieu of other decoration, had been pasted a very good imitation of a five-dollar bill, which I innocently believed to be genuine and had long coveted. Plans to remove it were often formulated, and one day as I watched my brother remove postage stamps from old letters, I conceived the idea of soaking the bill loose with hot water.

One afternoon when my mother was busy entertaining friends, for hours I bent patiently over the trunk, unconscious of burning hands and strained muscles. I was delighted to find the bill loosening little by little, and when at last I held the coveted prize in my hand, I could scarcely refrain from screaming with joy.

The first thing to do was to get it changed into silver money, so away I ran bareheaded and untidy to the nearest store. In tremulous tones, I asked, "Mister, will you please change a five-dollar bill?" Laying the five shining cartwheels on the counter, the store keeper reached for what I had to give in exchange. Then he said, not unkindly, "My dear little girl, this is not money—it is only an imitation of a five-dollar bill."

In that moment all my long-cherished hopes were dashed to the ground. With a shamed face and sinking heart I quickly turned away. Scalding tears ran down my cheeks, as I slowly and reluctantly moved toward home, and I was not comforted until I had poured out the whole story into my mother's sympathetic ears.

* * *

ADVENTURE WITH ALLIGATORS*

BY CACY ROBBINS

"O JIM! Come here, I've something nice to tell you," called Cacy Wendall one day to her brother.

As Jim reached her side she exclaimed joyfully, "O Jim, we're going camping with papa and stay a whole week!"

Cacy and Jim lived on a farm in Texas before the war. All the next three days they were busy packing for the "great encampment," as they called it. They pitched near a river and after the tents were put up and supper had been eaten, the party went to bed.

During the night Jim awoke and lay thinking about something he had left some distance away. He quietly slipped out of the tent and was about half way to the place, when to his amazement he saw eight alligators gathered around the camp! They were asleep, and Jim hoped to pass without awaking them, but on his return he stumbled upon one and fell sprawling. The alligator bellowed and instantly the others rose up and made after Jim, who ran and ran on as fast as possible. Reaching a tree, he climbed up and screamed for help. When those in camp heard Jim they rushed out and drove the alligators back into the water. Afterward they rescued Jim, who was indeed "pale and trembling."

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* This little tale, which is a true story of adventure, was written by a tiny miss of eleven summers.

He told his story and the next day the party moved to another spot. Neither Jim nor Cacy shed any crocodile tears when they left.

* * *

BIBLICAL BESS

BY MRS. W. H. SIMKINS

HOW three-year-old Bessie did enjoy a romp with a friend of the family, whose coming was always a signal for a general onslaught by each of the little flock. One day Bessie thought she was not having quite fair play in the engagement, and freeing herself from his embrace, she ran to the table for the Bible and standing before him, gravely read, "Mary had a little lamb, with fleece as white as snow," then said, "Now will you be good?"—She thought that if she read something to him from the Bible it would make him good.

* * *

A SIEGE IN DIXIE

BY ALICE ELIZABETH WELLS

IT WAS the Sunday night before Christmas in 1888, with a steady downpour of rain as it falls only in Texas. I was reading aloud from an antiquated history (everything was antiquated there, then), John lay on the couch and Ned on the floor with the cat in his arms.

"Hello! Is yo' all's dawg tied?" a voice questioned, as John opened the door and saw a man on horseback outlined against the heavy timber surrounding our clearing.

"The dog is all right, come in," John responded.

"Cawn't; been hunting cattle in the bottoms and got lost from the other fellahs; wisht yo'd show me out of this."

"Better come in and wait for daylight," urged John.

"Wisht I mout, but I promised to report tonight."

"Don't go, papa," whispered Ned, and my heart echoed the thought, though I gathered and lighted a torch of fat pine while John drew on raincoat and boots. I *was* afraid and with reason. During our four year's sojourn there, we had learned that "a Virginian who had 'fought agin the cause' had no business living in the South unless he'd keep his mouth shet." Our hoisted Fourth of July flag had been taken as intended insult; stock had been scattered; three horses had mysteriously died; threats of shooting had been indulged in at the recent election and now this—what *could* it mean? John came back whistling, however, and we laughed at our fears. Just as we were fairly settled to our lounging and reading that same "Hello" sounded again, this time at our very door. Supposing the stranger had been driven to shelter by increasing rainfall, Ned replenished the fire and I brought out another chair, while listening to the following colloquy at the door:

"Got lost agin; the old hoss wouldn't keep the trail."

"Got lots of room, you're welcome to stay all night."

"Thanks, but I jist must get back or lose my job."

"It's woods all the way; you'll get lost a dozen times."

"Not if I onct get to the big road."

John yielded, and lighting the remainder of Ned's kindling, they were off and Ned and I went to the woodpile for more. Suddenly, the sound of gun-firing and cursing yells made us drop our wood and rush frantically to the house. Just as we reached the steps we heard John call: "open the door" and saw his wavering torch swiftly approaching. In an instant we were all inside, lights out and doors bolted. None too soon, for horsemen surrounded the house, shooting, swearing and howling:

"Come out of there, you G—d d—n

nigger lover; we've had enough of your d—n interference," etc., etc.

Clubs, pistol-shots and stones peppered the house, and the vile threats were kept up for an hour or more. Just as the clock struck twelve, the noise subsided; receding horse-hoofs followed a low consultation, and we were left alone.

"Reckon they'd have killed yo' if they'd a-wanted to."

"Reck'n it was meant for a Christmas joke" was all the explanation investigation brought to light.

Lacking relish for such jokes, we soon moved back to the "Land of the Free."

* * *

LUCILLE DIDN'T SEE THE JOKE

BY MRS. L. MOREHEAD

ONE day at the dinner table we were talking about the different religious denominations, when Lucille, our tiny visitor, spoke up and said, "Before papa and mamma were married, papa was a Baptist and mamma was a Methodist, but when they got married they gave up their religion and joined the Congregational Church." She was very much surprised when we all laughed.

* * *

EXPLORING A CAVE

BY MRS. AGNES GWIN

IT WAS a very warm day in August some twenty years ago, when nine of us (five boys and four girls) with overcoats, shawls and lanterns started to explore a cave in southwest Missouri. We could not stand upright in the entrance, and were obliged to take but a few steps at a time until we became acclimated to the cool air within.

After a time we came to a room or hall that looked unfinished, with ceiling so high that our lights were too dim to reach the top; the floor was a spring seemingly without a bottom. The boys made a bridge of their feet and held our hands while we walked against the wall on the bridge. We went on and on until we came to what seemed to be the end, but on looking up we discovered a hole. We assisted one another through it and moved on until we came to a large room to our right. Some distance further on we reached another large room which we found to be alive with snow-white bats. Where the end was we did not know; people said that rooms branched off each way, for miles, but I have never explored it further.

* * *

LITTLE RUTH APPLIES SCRIPTURE

BY MRS. W. H. SIMKINS

WHEN LITTLE Ruth was about three years old she was much interested in Bible stories. One day when told about Nebuchadnezzar and that God punished him, she asked, "What did he do, Aunt Eva, did he say—gosh?"—the last word in a whisper as too wicked to say aloud.

She learned many passages of Scripture which she quoted very aptly on all occasions. One day when she had lain down to take her afternoon nap, mamma went to call upon a neighbor, and papa, coming in, found her playing instead of sleeping. He gently chided her, and as she lay down again she said, "When my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up."

Another time when papa was very tired and she was actively engaged in keeping him awake, he protested somewhat, when she earnestly replied, "But, papa, Jesus said, 'Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not.'"

* * *

OF COURSE, WHY NOT?

BY MRS. M. J. MILLSPAUGH

NOT many miles from New York, last Christmas morning, a village minister was giving a ten-minute talk to the assembled Sabbath school children. Asking the children whose birthday they were celebrating, and if they ever had any birthdays of their own, and receiving prompt and correct replies, he then asked the question: "And what does your mother give you on your birthday?" What was his astonishment to hear a shrill, clear voice heard all over the church, piping with enthusiasm, "A spanking!"

BOOKS of the MONTH

FEW heroes will captivate more hearts than Ralph Stanton, the reckless automobile racer of "Stanton Wins."* Miss Ingram handles this down-to-the-minute story with the skill that marked her former novel, "The Game and the Candle." The suspense regarding "Jes" Floyd, Stanton's mechanician, increases as the story moves swiftly on, and as the scene shifts from east to west in the direction of the automobile race-track.

The little book is bound, printed and illustrated in a striking manner that will irresistibly appeal to the summer reader.

ILLUSTRATION FROM "STANTON WINS," BY ELEANOR M. INGRAM

* * *

TO the thousands—nay, millions—of men and women who are battling against what the pseudonymous William Carleton forcefully calls "the middle class hell," the book "One Way Out"** must make an irresistible appeal, must offer a suggestion, if not a solution—it must, above all, make these people *think*.

Carleton tells his own story. With the ancestry, education and prospects of a typical middle class American, he "holds down" a clerkship in a city corporation. At the time of his marriage he is receiving thirty dollars a week. He rents a trim little cottage in a middle class suburb, joins "the club," and lives the conventional hand-to-mouth life of his neighbors. The birth of his boy brings a thought of the future; he and his wife look tentatively ahead to confront the problem of his education. Carleton banks his hopes on the position of "the man ahead" at the office and sleeps in peace of nights. Many who read these chapters must find themselves saying, as did Emerson when he read Montaigne—"It seemed to me as if I myself had written the book, so sincerely it spoke to my thoughts and experiences."

The climax of "One Way Out" is told with true American terseness:

> "One Saturday afternoon, after we had been paid off, Morse, the head of the department, whose job I had been eyeing enviously for five years now, called me into his office. For three minutes I saw all my hopes realized; for three minutes I walked dizzily with my whole life justified.
>
> "Carleton," Morse began, "I've got to cut down your salary to five hundred dollars."
>
> It came like a blow in the face. I don't think I answered.
>
> "Sorry," he added, "but Evans says he can double up on your work anP offers to do it for two hundred dollars more."
>
> I repeated the name Evans over and over. He was the man under me. Then I saw my mistake. While watching the man ahead of me I had neglected to watch the man behind me.

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* "Stanton Wins." By Eleanor M. Ingram. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. Price $1.00 net.

** "One Way Out." By William Carleton. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. Price $1.20 net.

"Well?" said Morse.

I recovered my wind.

"Good God," I cried, "I can't live on any less than I'm getting now!"

"Then you resign?" he asked quickly.

For a second I saw red. I wanted to take this pigmy by the throat. I wanted to shake him. He didn't give me time before exclaiming:

"Very well, Carleton. I'll give you an order for two weeks' pay in advance."

The next thing I knew I was in the outer office with the order in my hand.

All this is but the introduction; the peg on which the real story hangs. How Carleton faced the situation and how he solved the problem is told step by step, in detail. The story, someone has said, "rings true."

EDNA, THE HEROINE OF "THE HIGH HAND," BY JACQUES FUTRELLE

It may be said that Carleton is too radical; that his "way out" is rather impossible of general adoption. But the book itself remains virile, trenchant, to the point. It demands of its critics as full an explanation of another "way out."

* * *

SOME folks may think that the mariner resigns all activity and interest when he takes up his residence on *terra firma*, but not so Cap'n Aaron Sproul, late skipper* of the "Jefferson P. Benn," whose civic career begins when he assumes the tollgate duties of his deceased Uncle Jerry at Smyrna, Maine. The Cap'n's marriage follows closely upon his incumbency, and after having proved his ability to best his indomitable brother-in-law, "Kun'l" Gideon Ward, various honors are thrust upon the "Cap'n," who lacks no energy either as fire chief or as first selectman of the town.

Mr. Day has written a capital farce.

* * *

THAT sub-titles have rightly fallen into disuse is again proven in "Sadie, or Happy at Last,"* a Southern story of much action and unexpected development.

The authoress, after having assured us that the beautiful heroine upon her marriage to a grim doctor has "at last found her other half-soul and a congenial mate," makes us doubt if, after having loved another through all her young life, she could really be so "happy at last."

Miss Shepherd is obviously a new writer, and plot, descriptions and characters seem to be creations of a mind that still views life and life's problems in "the color of rose."

* * *

ALL the characters for a lurid melodrama are provided in "The High Hand,"** from the impetuous and imposing hero to the trusting maiden who helps to untangle the plot and who in the last chapter falls into the arms of her knight after the manner of well-conducted heroines.

Although one may admire the courage of Jim Warren, the stalwart mill-man who, single-handed, undertakes to clean house in high political places with the ultimate aim of occupying the Governor's chair, where he may more easily work out his plans, yet he can hardly sympathize with the code of ethics that permits Warren to "double cross," at the earliest opportunity, the hireling who makes possible for him his first entry in the political field.

"The High Hand" is as readable and as interesting as any other of Mr. Futrelle's stories; the series of "thrills" shows the careful and logical planning of the trained newspaper man.

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*"The Skipper and the Skipped." By Holman Day. New York: Harper Bros. Price $1.50.

*"Sadie, or Happy at Last." By May F. Shepherd. New York: Broadway Publishing Co. Price $1.50.

**"The High Hand." By Jacques Futrelle. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. Price $1.50.

LOVERS of the horse will welcome Mr. Moore's "The Gift of the Grass,"* the autobiography of Hal, a famous Tennessee racer. Threads of two romances run through the book and add to the interest of Hal's account of his interesting life and many achievements.

"Great horses," says the author by way of preface, "are like great men; they achieve greatness because greatness is born in them"; and the reader cannot but appreciate the deep respect and reverence that inspired this tribute to the "family of unbeaten Hals," to whom the attractive volume is respectfully dedicated.

ILLUSTRATION FROM "THE GIFT OF THE GRASS"

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"THE great names in Russian fiction are now, as they were forty years ago, Gogol, Turgenev, Tolstoi and Dostoevski"—so states Professor Phelps in concluding his "Essays on Russian Novelists."** Following an outline of the "Russian Character in Fiction," the author discusses, in his clear and forceful way, the principal novels and character creations of these four great masters of Russian fiction. Especially touching tribute is paid to Turgenev, whom Mr. Phelps deeply admires. The last chapters are devoted to sketches of Gorki, Chekhov, Artsybashev and Andreev; the comment upon Gorki is particularly vigorous and amusing and is well worth reading.

PROFESSOR PHELPS
Author of "Essays on Russian Novelists"

The author's wholesome convictions are manifested at many points; he believes that the pall hanging over Russian life and art, so faithfully set forth by its great writers, can be lifted only by "closer personal contact with the simple truths of the New Testament." This and this alone is the remedy if we read the author's meaning correctly.

The volume not only gives the reader a working knowledge of a great country's literature, but it is written in a most delightful manner, and must inspire a thirst for closer acquaintance with masterpieces whose force and individuality have but just begun to be appreciated by readers of Russian literature.

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* "The Gift of the Grass." By John Trotwood Moore. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. Price, $.150.

** Essays on Russian Novelists." By William Lyon Phelps. New York: The McMillan Company. Price, $1.50 net.

A Shakespearian Rhapsody

(IN A FLAT)

Our little burg is noted fer its doins, fer and wide,
Fer its enterprisin' spirit, fer its push and fer its pride.
And its s'prisin' what's bin doin' in the last few weeks or more
By the men who've j'ined together in a club "to strike a score."
These men have built a deepo, and surrounded it with trees,
They're bringin' fact'ries every day, and they're full of new idees.
They've paved a part of Main Street—and that's surely goin' some,
And with the wimmen's help—they've built a good gymnazium.
But when you've dun and sed it all—the wimmen ain't so slow,
And if the men folks want to win—they've surely got to go.
We're certainly doin' big, but to beat 'em—there's the rub—
We ain't got nothin' to compare with the wimmen's litry club.
The wimmen are great on jinin' and this club was organized
So's they could git together and git their names immortalized
As the leadin' lights in literature—and they're doin' it up brown,
Fer they're the learnidest lot of wimmen that's a livin' in our town.
Since Maria jined the club our house is run by "Robert's Rules of Order,"
We hev parlimentary practise til I'm like a phonograph recorder.
Maria makes the motions—and I usually seconds um,
(Fer that's the easiest way to git along with the wimmen folks—by gum!)
I used ter love to talk to Maria—she and I
Would set and talk and talk beside the kitchen fire—
But sence she jined the circle—she's so all fired particuler
That I hev to hev a dictionry when I want to talk with her.
They've bin a readin' Shakespeare, and I guess from what I've heard
That Shake was quite a charactoor—though there's others I'd preferred.
I haven't got the hang of the story very well,
But ef you'd like to hear it, I'll see what I kin tell.
As near as I kin figger out—Bill run a meat shop once,
And when it cum to advertisin'—Bill wan't no man's dunce.
A "Merchant in Venison" was what his signboard read,
And in the art of carving meat Bill Shakespeare always led.
He got so nigh perficient he could carve a pound of meat
Without the weight of a hair too much—he sliced it off that neat.
He had "Ham to let" "Just as you like it," the best you ever ate.
"Measure fer measure" was his rool, and never no rebate.
I guess old Shake was quite a sport from what I've heard them tell.
They say he "Tamed a Shrew" one time, and I bet he done it well.
His "Merry Wives of Windsor" led him many a merry chase,
And I guess old Bill warnt slow himself in setting up the pace.
Bill took a voyage once across the briny deep,
The "Twelfth Night" out a storm cum up which must bin hard to beet.
It proved to be a "Tempest," but Bill didn't make "much ado,"
He thought it wasn't nothin' after what he had bin through.
There's lots of good in Shakespeare, and some of his writin's fine.
That one 'bout his sister Portia is almost sublime,
Where it speaks of the quality of mercy, and how it's never strained
But drops from heaven on the earth beneath—you know—jest like it's rained.
And how it blesses him that gives, and also him that takes,
And that's a quality that we ought all to emulate.
I think I like Katrina best, fer if she *was* a shrew,
She learned to mind her husband as all wimmen ought to do.
Once a year the litry club has a blow out which is great,
And the men folks air invited at fifty cents a plate.
And the best thing Maria ever jined since she jined herself to me,
Was when she jined the litry club of this here town—D'ye see?

—*G. Earl Stebbins.*

· A Summary of ·
President Taft's Service

THE third year of the Taft administration finds a general opinion that Mr. Taft will receive the Republican renomination in 1912. During the last year sentiment toward the President has varied almost as markedly as the temperature of a summer resort. Public sentiment changes, but the President has kept on his course with a chart of safety and progress before him, regardless of squalls. He is the same Taft who was in unconscious training for the presidency in years past. The perplexities of the Philippine question bequeathed to him by McKinley he finally mastered; in the Cuban entanglement he settled matters wisely and saved the young nation from the throes of insurrection. He cleared away the obstructions in the Panama Canal construction work.

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The passage of the Reciprocity bill without amendment is regarded as the greatest personal triumph of the Taft administration. Almost alone and single-handed the President set out to carry through a well-matured and reciprocal arrangement with Canada. It has been strictly a presidential campaign from the time he opened negotiations with the Canadian authorities with the maximum and minimum clause of the Payne-Aldrich tariff bill. There have been dark days and bright days, but never once has the President swerved from his purpose in identifying this measure with his administration.

The extra session had, indeed, borne fruit. The executive power of a President has been fully vindicated and established in the resulting reciprocal pact with Canada. The President officially and publicly acknowledged to members of the Democratic party an appreciation of their assistance, and especially commends the refusal of the Democratic leaders to "play politics" when so important a measure was under consideration. Pulling with a twain of strong oars for reciprocity and arbitration, the President has identified himself with measures of enduring national and international moment.

He is willing that on the virtue of these propositions his administration will stand or fall. It furnishes a keynote for a presidential campaign in 1912 that will confuse the old party lines and issues.

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This summary of achievement reveals the man. Never spectacular, sometimes seemingly slow and deliberate to exasperation—it is habitual with him to steer direct for conclusions without any ceremonious wig-wagging. The result is the one thing upon which he concentrates his energies with unflagging, although somewhat phlegmatic, zeal.

During the excitement attending the return of Colonel Roosevelt from Africa, President Taft maintained his poise and remembered his promise to carry out the Roosevelt policies—on the Taft plan. These never varied in the main, and although the procedure may have differed, he never failed to honor the purposes of his predecessor.

His conservation speech at St. Paul was a comprehensive address—a clear expression of practical conclusions that has characterized the many important public addresses which he has since delivered.

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The hearty support of the Taft peace policy by such British statesmen as Earl Rosebery, Rt. Hon. A. J. Balfour, Premier Asquith and Rt. Hon. John Burns indicates the drift of this idea in England.

Sir Edward Grey's endorsement of President Taft's suggestion that all questions leading to unfriendly relations between England and the United States should be settled by arbitration, is regarded as a seven-league leap toward realizing the dream of universal peace and disarmament. President Taft's plain words on the question have evoked a world-wide interest and approval. Many regard the proposed agreement between the United States and Great Britain as the opening wedge of a world-wide international arbitration policy that will extend until the great powers and nations of the world will adjust their burdensome military taxes and reverse the foreign policies associated with centuries of history.

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The statement of Sir Edward Grey on the subject of "Peace and Arbitration" is regarded as one of the most important utterances made in the British Empire since the days of Edmund Burke. Its sentiments awakened a world interest in the subject, and the document is already historical. The reference made to President Taft is especially interesting as a European estimate of his work:

"I should perhaps have thought that I was not spending the time of the House in asking them to look to arbitration as something which could really touch this great expenditure had it not been that twice within the last twelve months, once in March and again in December, the President of the United States has sketched out a step in advance in arbitration more momentous than anything that any practical statesman in his position has ventured to say before, pregnant with very far-reaching consequences.

"I should like to quote two statements by the President of the United States. Here is the first: 'Personally I do not see any reason why matters of national honor should not be referred to Courts of Arbitration as matters of private or national property are. I know that it is going further than most men are willing to go, but I do not see why questions of honor should not be submitted to tribunals composed of men of honor, who understand questions of national honor, to abide by their decisions as well as in other questions of difference arising between nations.'"

* * *

A similar strong endorsement comes from France. A motion was made in the French Chamber of Deputies to secure consideration at The Hague of the question of the advisability of simultaneous national disarmament. This indicates how President Taft has brought the question where it indicates the growth of an anti-war public sentiment groping its way to the light, and with it a desire to reduce the taxes imposed by the burdens of militarism. In Switzerland the proposition was long ago approved.

In the German Reichstag the movement for disarmament was not so well received. Pride in a perfected military organization dampens the ardor of the peace propaganda in the Fatherland.

Factional disputes in his own party were annoying, but when he wanted information, he conferred with a Democrat, an Insurgent, a Progressive or a Stand-Patter—whoever in his opinion could furnish the best evidence. Judicial and federal appointments were made entirely without consideration of party, race or religious discriminations, as in selecting his cabinet advisors. He appointed a Democrat and Roman Catholic as chief justice and two other Democrats as justices of the Supreme Court. A lawyer and a judge himself, he has been called upon practically to reorganize much of the federal judiciary. His administration spans an era covering vital and important judicial decisions, and at no time in history has it been more necessary to have a well-trained, legal and judicial mind in the White House than during the past three years.

The President has steered his course by his stern sense of executive duty, guided by a temperament that is thoroughly judicial. The question of a renomination has apparently never occurred to him. The satirical comment of his "non-partisan" administration has not swayed his judicial attitude in treating national and international questions, and his friends believe that this will ultimately result in the unification of his party upon the issues to be presented to the people in the campaign of 1912.

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In meeting the trying questions of a tariff bill and party revolt due to new measures President Taft has shown that progressive and conservative policies have each their time and place to be heard. The tasks and worries incidental to an extra session of Congress for the discussion of reciprocity and other measures have not deterred him nor disturbed his habit of accumulating evidence.

A Republican President supported in Congress by members of the opposing party is unusual. He has remained at the Capital to exercise his executive duties in the enactment of such legislation as he believes desirable from a patriotic rather than a party standpoint, and best for the welfare of the entire country.

The great responsibilities of the office of President rapidly develop strong men, and President Taft has not been an exception. The last half of his first term reveals a President growing stronger each day, encouraged by the commendation of thoughtful people, irrespective of party affiliations in all parts of the country, despite what are considered annoying blunders in smaller matters.

* * *

President Taft is not even an average politician. Experience has taught him to be on great questions fundamentally right, and his convictions sooner or later have been approved by public sentiment.

With a world-wide and mutual commerce established and maintained without force of arms, the dream of a substantial and universal peace as advocated by President Taft and voiced by Sir Edward Grey in behalf of his colleagues in British affairs, begins to look more like a practical reality than an academic dream.

The cool-headed and positive method of placing troops on the border during the Mexican revolt is evidence of a personal knowledge of the border situation, where he met the Mexican President, and a proof of the broad statesmanship which he has developed during his incumbency. The determination to maintain peace and to preserve the Monroe Doctrine was plainly shown when he mustered troops on the frontier without showing the slightest hostile intent.

Never for a moment has President Taft doubted the vital importance of that famous message written by the fifth President of the United States, and no President since has manifested a more friendly interest in the progress and development of the young republics of Latin-America.

In calling the extra session was indicated the uncompromising determination of the man when backed by conviction, although it meant great personal sacrifice and a long, hard pull during the hot and trying summer. Following the long tariff sessions of the previous years, the President has served with Congress in almost continuous session for a greater length of time than any of his predecessors. In his dealings with Congress he indicated his belief that the legislators of the country are ready and willing to do their full duty when the general welfare of the country is concerned, even at a sacrifice of party traditions and personal inconvenience, to say nothing of the hazard to political fortunes.

The extra session of Congress and the general trend of affairs may have occasioned a "slow-down" in business, but it is felt that it will in the end result in a much more healthful and permanent development than could be possible with the country in a restive state of mind under existing conditions of the past.

This remarkable executive foresight and breadth of policy is more clearly appreciated in the light of subsequent events.

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The three questions of reciprocity, international peace and the Mexican Border situation have been foremost on the Executive calendar these six months past. A story is told of the mother who requested the President to suggest names for her week-old triplets, when the situation was tense at Washington. The President replied with genial humor that he had triplets of his own to take care of just now, and that they were named Canadian Reciprocity, International Arbitration and the Mexican Border Situation. There never seems to be a time nor an occasion when the geniality of the President does not assert itself, even if tinged with playful sarcasm. This quality is the safety valve which carries him beyond the discords of political or personal wrangle.

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When his interest is absorbed in a case he adopts it with all the force of his physical and mental powers. The multitude of speaking engagements he fulfils, aside from other duties, would seem impossible of physical fulfilment, but the great-framed giant-President appears everywhere according to schedule, and in every case he goes with an undaunted determination. He makes revision after revision in his speeches, which he delivers with all the care of a judicial charge to representative bodies when the facts and evidence ought to be effective. The steadfast, popular confidence in President Taft everywhere in the land is to him far more important than mere personal popularity or the exhilaration of cheers. He seems to have a faculty of grasping big problems with a firm hand, no matter how he may act in the little courtesies that create or unmake a personal following.

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Judicial, Just and Jovial—these three alliterative "J's" can be aptly and appropriately applied to President Taft at the close of twenty-nine months in the White House, without awakening enmity or arousing cheers.

The expression of public sentiment through the judicial tribunals into the final law of the land has characterized the Taft administration and disclosed why Theodore Roosevelt was so insistent and unreservedly pronounced as to his successor. This genius of crystalizing sentiment into final conclusions is judicial and administrative as well as executive.

When the people have chosen a President, if he is not amenable to a process of impeachment he remains *our* President. Respect rather than carping criticism is his due, for he directly represents all the people as no other one individual.

* * *

In the recasting of the Supreme Court through the appointive power invested in the Chief Executive, President Taft has approached the problem by carefully analyzing the actual decisions of the Judges, rather than their personality before offering promotion. As President of the Republic at a time when the country is overfed with legislation, he looked into these decisions of the judges and learned their ability and their possession of legal common sense.

The Taft administration will be known as a legal era. The demand for new legislation to meet changing conditions denotes an era when popular feeling may lead to excesses that will destroy meritorious progress unless kept within reasonable restraints. The limitations of the words "*reasonable*" and "*unreasonable*" as emphasized in the recent decisions of the Supreme Court have already become a subject of comment and criticism of judicial decisions.

* * *

"Judge" Taft is a distinctive title that may outlive the honors he may win as President. This is as he would have it. His ambition to occupy a seat on the Supreme bench has been more than fulfilled in the wise and conscientious way in which he has re-created the Supreme Court, and has left its impress on the history of American jurisprudence as well as on the executive administration of a great nation.

While the making of appointments and federal patronage has been the bane of President Taft's executive life, it is one thing in which he has equalled the judgment of McKinley, especially in filling the important posts. They have been made to effectively carry out the administration policies with as little regard for personal wishes as Lincoln manifested. When the perplexing problems of political policy are before him his brow wrinkles and his mental appetite for facts is whetted. No matter how large the mass of detailed information involving a fundamental decision or policy he is a happy man—happy with a task that would appall the ordinary man, but the petty annoyances of patronage are his abhorrence.

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The unanimous expression of appreciation from lawyers everywhere concerning the work of President Taft is a high professional compliment, if not a pledge of political support. The searchlight spirit of investigation has been a marked feature of the Taft administration. There is not a corner of any department into which he has not turned the lantern of the Administration. The administration of the Post Office Department in decreasing the deficit by the millions, through investigating into the expense accounts, shows that broad business principles have not been overlooked in judicial determinations.

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William Howard Taft stands out among the presidents of the Republic as a great lawyer, statesman and judge—an Executive who combines these rare and peculiar qualities at a time of a general prosperity and peace, when most required for the Republic to fulfill its destiny in safeguarding the welfare of the people, and not shirking the responsibilities which the progress of the world and the growth of the country thrusts upon us in the affairs of nations.

Joe Mitchell Chapple

THE
NEEDLE OF TIME

By

FRANK E. EVANS

THE main truck light of the United States steamship "Yosemite" held fleeting communion with the bustling roadway of the Brooklyn Bridge. Tiny squares of light grew and dimmed in the heights of the downtown skyscrapers, and the lights of the bridge swayed athwart the night sky like a giant necklace on a goddess. A few small crafts were astir in the broad reaches of the lower harbor and across the night came the softened blare of music on the Coney steamers; but the "Yosemite" sought alone the highway of the main ship channel. The twin lights at the Navesink Highlands winked their cheery goodby, the pilot had gone over the side, and in the lee of the weather cloth the captain and the navigator bent over a chart and shaped the first leg in the run for Anegada Passage, gateway to the Caribbean.

Six thousand tons of supplies—the gift of a nation awed by the tragedy of Mont Pelee—were stowed away. Volcanologists who sniff the breath of volcanic dust as a war correspondent scents friction on troubled frontiers; star newspapermen hurriedly jumped from Park Row offices to cover the big story; army officers in charge of the distribution of the supplies voted by Congress; artists and magazine writers; photographers and Martiniquans lined the rail aft or were already struggling with refractory hammocks.

Jerome Lefevre, correspondent of the *Sphere*, lingered long at the taffrail, watching the screw of the "Yosemite" churning her wake into phosphorescent weavings, dreaming of the days that lay before him with their rich promise of life in the tropics. Later, as he swung in his hammock on the berth deck, listening to the small noises that people a ship at night, he smiled at the thought that every turn of the pitching screw was carrying him toward the goal of dreams. One hundred years before, certain of his ancestors had settled in the French West Indies, lured there by dreams of golden days, and the fiery breath of Pelee had driven then from their island home to the States. But to him they had bequeathed a legacy that strangely fretted his soul with the desire for the tropics. Vague and shadowy at first, it had assumed no tangible form until the day that he had relieved the "ship news" man of the *Sphere*.

The trail of a story that had led him to the cabin of a West Indiaman lying off South Street, and as the skipper spun his yarn of a derelict and a brace of waterspouts that had enlivened his last run, the lure fastened on him. Over a "green swizzle" the skipper's tongue loosened, and when Lefevre left the cabin the wanderlust of the tropics was brewing magic in his soul. Their talk had been mostly of St. Pierre, the old sailor's favorite port of call, and the youngster remembered anew the quaint old cemetery in which the skipper had seen the name of Jerome Lefevre over a vault built into the hilside. They had become great cronies since, and only the pride of his work had held him from the tropics' insistent call.

The odd combination of dreamer and performer had been rarely blended in Lefevre by his training on the *Sphere.* His French ancestry had brought to the daily exactions of his work a rich imagery of language; a pathos equal to the suffering uncovered in his police reporting; an unforced humor that illumined straight news stories. An intimate knowledge of all the little worlds over which Park Row keeps jealous vigil came with versatile experience of their distinctive moods, and to them he held a flawless mirror that give them back to the city.

By the time Anegada Passage lay in their wake Lefevre and the "Bull Surgeon," as the navy knows the senior medical officer aboard ship, had in particular become fast friends. The scented breath of the tropics was now in their nostrils. It lulled to sleep the man of action in Lefevre and emphasized the dreamer. The clean-cut chin and the eyes of a poet that dream above it had strongly attracted the older man, and much of the time they sat together looking out over the rail. Awnings had been spread and officers and crew were uniformed in white. The sea smiled at Lefevre under the warm sun. Schools of flying fish broke from the bows in headlong, silver flight and bumped abruptly into the curling waves as though chased by mermaids in a deep sea frolic. The shadow of smoke from the buff-colored stack lay like a velvet plume of black on the blue sea. Close to the shadowy horizon were piled up "the orderly clouds of the trades," and the dim shapes of islands were climbing from the blur of the sea to the amethysts and opals and rubies that the dying sun spilled over the sky. The colors shaded into a sunset of shimmering pink, and, as Lefevre raised his eyes from a volume of Lafcadio Hearn, nature and the poet sowed deeper the magic of the tropics in a thirsty soil.

With a sigh of repletion Lefevre turned to the surgeon.

"The only detail lacking in the stage setting, Dr. Winslow, is a fleet of Spanish galleons off to leeward with rakish pirate craft in hot pursuit. Lord, sir, but how these tropics appeal."

"Yes, they draw one back with golden chains of desire. You may fancy yourself satiated with them in a week, but you won't be back in New York a fortnight before you'll be wishing for the lazy days at sea under the awnings and the starlight nights in port. Hearn is the one man who has caught their spell and transferred it unimpaired into cold print."

An hour later the blazing jewels of the Southern Cross invited men to share their confidences. Their cigars were winking in the velvet dusk and the rhythm of the screw came to their ears like the beating of soft wings.

Lefevre was the first to break the silence, drifting naturally to a theory that had long appealed to him—the old faith of reincarnation with its gallant dreams of loves that bridge the centuries for those who banish weak unbelief from their souls.

"Do you recall Hearn's translation of Arria Marcella, where, as he phrases it, 'the needle of time had moved backwards twenty secular hours upon the dial of eternity,' and then a bit further on, 'For surely naught could be impossible to a love which had the strength to make Time itself recoil, and the same hour to pass twice through the sand-glass of eternity'? I believe such a faith must be true, don't you?"

The surgeon smiled, an indulgent smile it seemed to the younger man in the moonlight.

"Sometimes I think so," he said slowly. "We all would like to believe it at times. Down here with the glamor and mystery of the tropics knocking at our inner selves, it's not so hard to believe it, but how is one to know? One must cross the border to learn that secret."

"It may seem foolish to you, sir," said Lefevre, a note of defiance tincturing his voice. "But tomorrow we will look upon a place where a city had been; a place of weird and ghastly sights, where the 'border' cannot be far distant. Pelee may allow the faithful a peep behind the curtain and help swing back the 'needle of time.' It may be that I will find my lady fair—she that has eluded me so completely on this earth—in the ashes of St. Pierre," and Lefevre laughed softly.

"And you have a test for your lady fair?" challenged the surgeon.

"Yes," rejoined Lefevre in the same tone of banter. "I'll not ask for her Cinderella slipper; that would be too fragile a token to live through a volcanic eruption. I'll fit this old ring on her wedding finger and see if her name corresponds with these initials."

Soberly enough he drew a dulled gold ring from his hand and passed it to the surgeon. It was a beautifully chased one of snake design and twin emeralds flashed in the eye sockets as Dr. Winslow held it under a deck light for closer inspection. Inside he read the barely decipherable initials "J. L." and "M. C."

"It's an heirloom," said Lefevre, "and it was worn by a great-great-grandfather of mine for whom I was named. He lived in Martinique until Mt. Pelee drove the family out early in the last century."

"A splendidly executed head of a fer-de-lance," remarked the surgeon critically. "Remarkably like the head of our rattlesnake, triangular in outline, flatter on the top. The scales are larger, but both have those deep pits between the eye and the nostril. A remarkably fine piece of work that some French goldsmith must have fashioned in the old heyday of Martinique. 'Death of the woods,' the natives call it. We're not apt to meet any in St. Pierre, however, after Pelee's work of ruin."

The surgeon was called to the sick bay on a case and Lefevre brooded over the promise of the morrow. He slept heavily and through his dreams stalked curious jungle folk; a lovely maiden bent over him with speech of a soft, foreign patois, and the city editor of the *Sphere* took him sharply to task for dereliction of duty.

The thunder of anchor chains rushing through the hawse pipe awakened him, and through a gun port he saw the sun dancing on the water, and at its edge a town, framed in the vivid green of the tropics with red-tiled roofs peeping through the verdure, smiled a greeting. Bumboats, filled with tropical fruits and vegetables, were swarming about the cruiser that was laden with casks of codfish and barrels of apples for an island people whose waters teem with fish and whose plantations run riot with fruit. Foreign cruisers lay at anchor in the landlocked bay; the benediction of peace and plenty seemed to hover over the splendid picture; and the pleasantly animated quiet gave no hint of the holocaust masked by the Carbet Peaks in the vague background.

The official calls prescribed by deep-sea courtesy, the crack of saluting batteries and the slow progress of "morning colors" up the slim flagstaffs of the cruisers all conspired to hold him in leash before he found a seat in a crowded shore boat. Fort de France held no visible signs of the eruption of Mt. Pelee. Shops were open in the narrow, balcony-shaded streets, and the cafes about the Savane were dispensing their fragrant West Indian swizzles to white-helmeted officers. But Lefevre, after a visit to the cable office where he filed a despatch with a hollow-eyed clerk who gave him news of a fresh eruption two days before, and a visit to the hushed, crowded cathedral where women tearfully fingered their beads, likened the quaint old town to a green and gold lizard. The lizard, immobile and inert in its tropical setting, needs but the creaking of a twig to send it terror-stricken into cover. And two nights before the rattling of stones on the roofs of Fort de France had filled the cathedral from wall to wall.

A strange sense of familiarity had invested the village, and the feeling of a return from one's travels gripped Lefevre. He found himself looking for certain vistas that soon broke on his puzzled view, and he caught himself smiling at the gaily-turbanned natives and the few French merchants who were astir in the sun-flooded streets. His dreams of the tropics were strangely matched in reality, and the tragedy of Pelee became a personal one. On a second visit to the cable office one of the "Yosemite's" midshipmen, Leary, gave him the news that the navy tug from the station at Porto Rico would leave in an hour for St. Pierre.

The decks of the tug were crowded with naval officers, American and Dutch predominating, and with the curiously-assorted passenger list of the "Yosemite." All were animatedly discussing news of the eruption of two days before and the immensity of the story sobered them all. Past the murmuring shores of the Caribbean steamed the tug at a ten-knot clip. Here were knots of villagers gathered about slim-waisted canoes meditating flight to Fort de France; towering palms further on guarded the red-thatched roofs of a village, but the roofs had been crushed by the rocks hurled from Pelee. The faint gray of volcanic dust now tinctured the panorama. The tug swung abruptly about a high bluff and the place "where a city had been" lay stricken before them.

To the westward the cape which they had rounded in the night watches sloped upwards to where Pelee's flanks were swathed in a winding sheet of fantastic pennons and streamers of dull, white smoke. The gaping, smoking, half-hidden mountain, color of an elephant's hide, seemed like the nightmare of a degenerate genius. Dead ahead lay the ash-colored memory of the city that Pelee's fiery throat had blotted out. A gray shell, without light or shadow to break the grim monotone of color, rearing its meaningless fragments to a sky blue and hard as turquoise; and over all not a vulture with ready talons nor a beast skulking in the ruins. The picture of sudden annihilation gave way in Lefevre's mind to that of a decay droned out through centuries.

A spar lifted its sail-draped head above the water, marking the grave of a sunken coaster. A sailorman made a line fast to a white, flat-topped buoy—its fellows lay on the wreck-buried beach with gaping rents in their frames—and the tug's falls broke the heavy silence as her boats were rigged out and lowered away.

"Pelee may cut loose at any time," warned the captain of the tug, "and if I sound two blasts on the whistle, make your way on the run to the beach. The rescue party was almost caught two days ago."

Not a stringpiece was left of the landings that St. Pierre had boasted, and the crews jumped overboard as the bows grated on the beach and hauled them well up. Pelee, smoking sullenly in the background, was soon forgotten, her handiwork absorbing the faculties of the landing party. The streets were almost impassable and gaping walls disclosed the tragedies that followed swift on the eruption that engulfed the careless, merry city. Here and there amid tangles of twisted beams or at the foot of uprooted giant palms lay a brown, grisly thing that looked like a fire-log. The fire-log was sometimes broken, though, and the unmistakable gleam of bone showed through the break. At other times Lefevre, tramping through dust the color of a good Havana's ash that reached to his knees, stumbled as his foot slipped on a body enshrouded. Some of the party were roamng through the streets of the dead city with no definite plan, but Dr. Winslow had mapped his campaign with care. He had been ashore in St. Pierre but a year before and had read with avidity everything bearing on St. Pierre contained in the ship's library or hurriedly purchased in New York before sailing. But from the start a mild wonder at Lefevre's astonishing familiarity with the terrain was on him and it grew apace. The market place and the Hotel de Ville seemed as intimate to the newspaperman as Madison Square and City Hall Park.

They had covered a remarkable lot of ground and now, with unerring accuracy, he led the surgeon through the debris to the cathedral. Lefevre, whose knowledge of church matters was confessedly a restricted one, was pointing out to the wondering surgeon the beautifully carved doors of the sanctuary, candelabra broken like pipe-stems, the shattered marble where once had been the altar. Then suddenly, while the older man was bending over a piece of marble pictured with a biblical carving, Lefevre caught his arm and in a constrained voice, shaken by some strong emotion, said:

"Come! We must see the cemetery and the burial vaults in the side of the hill before the tug's whistle calls us!"

The surgeon followed without a protest, and Lefevre led him through the obliterated trails of the city with the craft of a woodsman in the hills. Climbing upwards for a scant half mile, skirting the more impassable ruins, they came upon the cemetery du Mouillage, the most forlorn and sinister spot in all the vast charnel house that engirdled it. At the very entrance they found the charred body of a man, face upwards, half buried in the gray mud and ashes.

Built into the retaining wall of the military road that skirted the grounds on the west were a score of vaults, each with a chapel opening to it. The grilled iron doors were open to many of them, and the names of men and women, some gone centuries before, looked mutely out at the intruders. The irreverent ashes of Pelee had penetrated even here, and the checkered flat slabs were covered in places by a depth of two or three inches. The open doors also revealed ash-coated wreaths, handsome lamps swinging by silver chains and beautiful slim vases of porcelain, still filled with faded flowers, but splintered on the side near the smoking mountain.

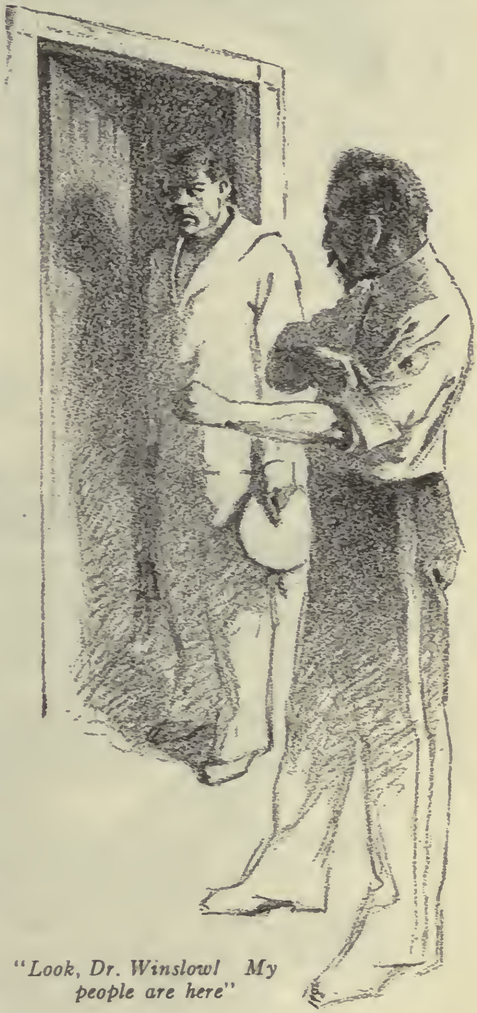
At the very end of the line Lefevre stopped before an open door and called to the surgeon.

"Look, Dr. Winslow! My people are here."

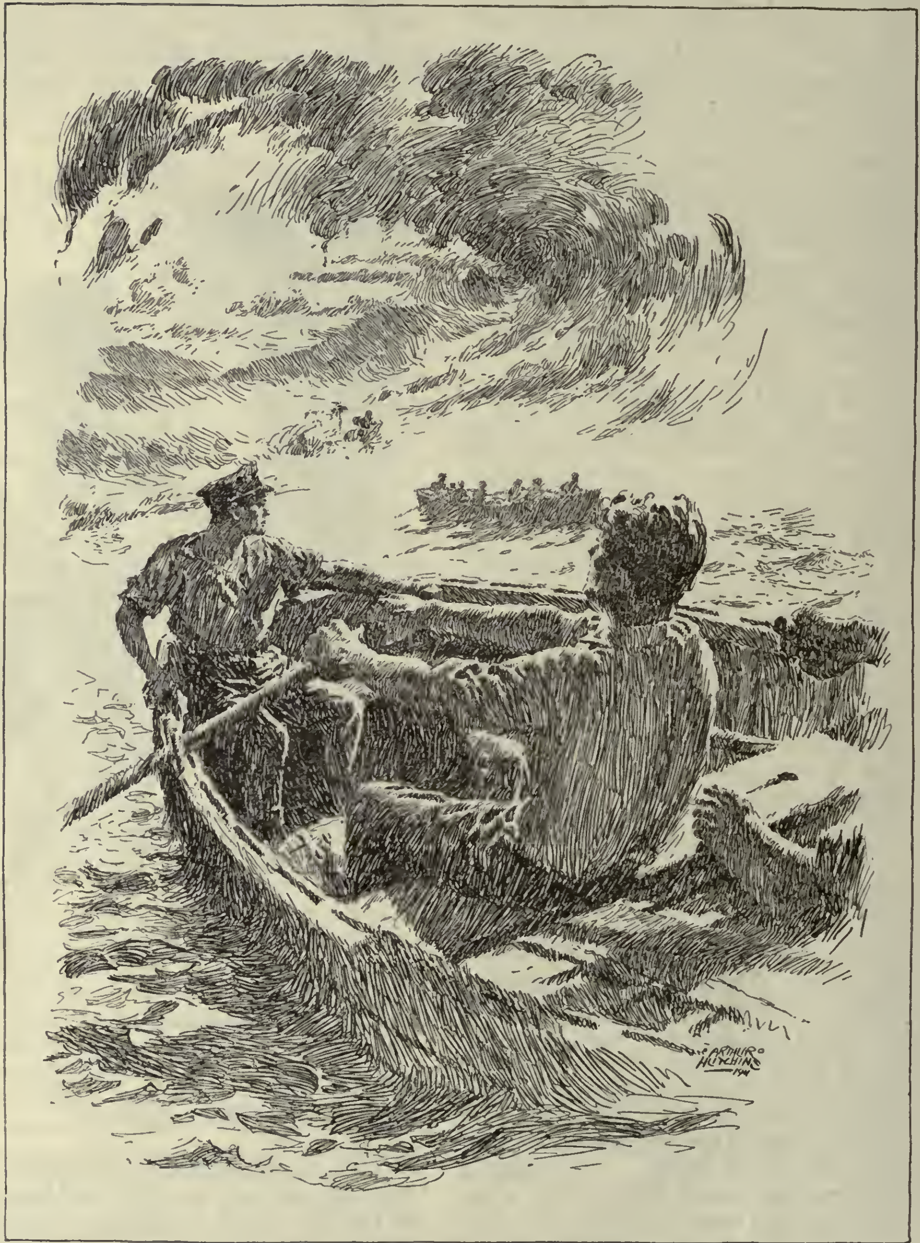
With bared heads they entered the vault, and a silver crucifix, flanked by delicate old vases, stood out in startling relief before the marble square on which they read "Jerome Lefevre." There were other names, but below that of the ancestor whose ring he wore they read the name "Martha Celeste." Lefevre's face was creased with emotions and the fabric of dreams was weaving swiftly within him when the unearthly stillness was split asunder by the shrieking boom of the steam whistle. The surgeon shook him angrily, for again the boom of the whistle reverberated in the hushed vault, and Lefevre groped toward the open. Instinctively they looked at Pelee, and the sight swept the web of indecision from them.

A gigantic plume of black smoke was rising, lighting with streaks of fire and the glare of incandescent rocks, twisting, writhing far above the clouds that had obscured the crater. Then, with the irresistible sweep of a thunderbolt, a huge wave of inky blackness detached itself from the lips of the crater and seemed to launch itself toward the stricken city. A dull and fearful rumbling heralded its coming, and the torn flanks of the volcano seethed with giant columns of steam. The surgeon's heart was hammering like a sledge when he reached the beach and was hauled into a boat, unnerved and exhausted by the race through the ruck of the debris-piled streets. Another boat was taking on a passenger who had waded waist-deep toward it, and he thought he saw Lefevre seated in the stern sheets.

Looking backward at Pelee, a concerted gasp of relief surged through the boats. The black, fire-streaked avalanche had swerved to the westward and had emptied its poisonous vials on mouse-colored flanks that ended in the sea. The tug's moorings had been slipped, smoke was rolling from her stack, and, with the dull rumbling of the balked volcano to urge the laggard propeller, she raced to sea. A sudden shift of the wind plunged her into a cloud of dust and cinders, and fear again gripped her company. As swiftly the wind again veered; the skies showed blue and smiling, and Pelee in ghastly outline held the eye



"Look, Dr. Winslow! My people are here"



"Another boat was taking on a passenger who had waded waist-deep toward it and he thought he saw Lefevre seated in the stern sheets"

with masterful fascination. The southwest flank was bared to them over the port quarter and for the first time the crater was visible. As though to requite for the terror it had multiplied, Pelee took a deep breath and from the sweeping curve of the crater there rolled up a pearly mass of smoke against the turquoise blue; a giant crumbling together a mass of white worsted and tossing it high in the sky.

Stunned by the swift rush of emotions, no one on board missed Lefevre, and when his absence was commented, it was generally accepted that he was ashore filing his story for the *Sphere*. Night brought no word of him, however, and the captain was quick to act when his absence was reported. A searching party with Midshipman Leary in charge boarded the tug in the morning, and Dr. Winslow, both by reason of his profession and his earnest solicitations, accompanied them. Hope fell when the whistle of the approaching tug discovered no lone figure waiting on the tangle of St. Pierre's beach. In silence the surgeon and Leary, foreboding at their hearts, led the squad of bluejackets up through the wreck and uncanny quiet of the unfortunate city to the cemetery on the side of the hill.

They found him lying in the vault of his ancestors, the silver Christ smiling down at him from between the delicate old vases. He was curled up as though in sleep and a smile was graven on his face, but his hand dropped limply when the surgeon felt for his pulse. A soft, musical note of gold falling on the stone floor smote on their ears in the awesome silence of the place, and from the dust of Pelee the surgeon picked up a ring of snake design that had slipped from the dead man's hand. A similar one gleamed on the other hand; the ring that he had seen under the deck light of the "Yosemite." He turned the dust-coated ring in his trembling palm and inside the circlet read the initials "J. L." and "M. C."

The midshipman broke the silence with quick queries. The ring prompted one and the surgeon answered:

"No, Leary. No fer-de-lance could have lived through this, even in the shelter of the vault. There's no sign of a death from that."

He slowly turned toward the crucifix and read aloud: "Jerome Lefevre"—"Martha Celeste."

Leary, baffled, said: "What did kill him, Dr. Winslow?"

"Sometimes men die of too much joy," said the surgeon.

The midshipman stared back, uncomprehending, and then: "Bear a hand, men, back to the tug! Jackson, spread your neckerchief over his face!"

THE WRITING ON THE WALL

A BROODING hush enwraps the golden hour
Like silken garment fine; and in the air
There breathes an essence exquisite and rare
Soul of the trampled leaf and perished flower
Afar the hills in majesty uptower
Magnificent, stair after gorgeous stair
Soft carpeted with clouds of ermine fair
And roofed with skies like some celestial bower.

Yet in the glorious palace of the year,
And in the gardens and the flaunting trees
The shadow of an evil seems to fall:
The sumach flames with conflagration clear—
And autumn, like Belshazzar stricken, sees
The dread handwriting blaze upon the wall.

—*Edward Wilbur Mason.*

EVERYWOMAN

A PLAY ENTITLING BOTH THE AUTHOR AND PRODUCER TO THE KNIGHTHOOD IN AMERICA'S ORDER OF MERIT

SINCE we apply the word "play" to all theatrical productions, we often must speculate as to the real meaning of the word. Is it a "play" for pastime, or, forsooth, because it "plays" upon our sensations and emotions? If Henry W. Savage, the distinguished producing manager, did nothing else but produce the play "Everywoman," he would be justly entitled to knighthood in America's Order of Merit—the rare decoration conferred by an appreciative army of playgoers.

The production of such a play required rare artistic insight and a courage that brooked no fear of diminished box-office receipts. It demanded the knowledge of human nature such as marks the great *maestro*, as well as the successful business manager, to present such a play as "Everywoman."

The throngs that have witnessed its performance week after week in New York long since assured the box office that "Everywoman" had won popular favor, but ticket coupons are not always considered the best indication of a play's true merit and influence.

If I were to name the play that most impressed me during years of theater-going in many cities and countries, I should say "Everywoman." A play of today's ideas, even including the vernacular of the times, "Everywoman" is written in the form of Shakesperian verse and recalls that immortal writer's remark, "The play's the thing." Not for a moment do the dignified lines waver into the jocular colloquialism of second-class vaudeville.

Connected with the production of "Everywoman" hangs the somber shadow of tragedy—the pathetic story of its author's untimely death. For Mr. Walter Browne died during the final rehearsal, just when the great glow of success illumined his future, and when the masterpiece of his career had found its brilliant meed of appreciation. Walter Browne was a journalist in the true sense of the word, and his incisive intuition, his keen humor and his subtle analysis are revealed in every line of "Everywoman."

* * *

The play represents Everywoman's pilgrimage in quest of Love. The first canticle, showing a room in Everywoman's home, reveals Nobody, clad in grim green, who recites the prologue. Then appear Youth, Beauty and Modesty, companions of Everywoman, who later joins them, and starts forth on her search of the great King Love. As she looks in her mirror on departing, Sir Flattery flashes forth as Herald of the King, and so pleases Everywoman that she does not heed Truth, a witch, and fails to see Love, Truth's son, who appears as a yeoman.

At Youth's suggestion, Everywoman seeks the stage as a medium for locating King Love. Behind the stage, as shown in Canticle II, Everywoman, crowned with operatic success, is surrounded by new companions. There is real humor in the characters Bluff and Stuff, theatrical managers; in Puff, the press agent; in Passion, the play actor; and in Father Time, the tottering Call Boy. Then there are chorus girls, with the titles bestowed on them by the "Johnnies" in their familiar designation. Youth, Beauty and Modesty have joined the chorus, but Modesty is quickly banished, and bids Everywoman farewell in the meeting with Passion.

In sharp contrast with the grim scenes back of the stage is the dinner given after the play by Everywoman, crowned with triumph. Wealth, a millionaire, and Witless, a nobleman, are prominent guests. Self, Greed and Vanity are in the merry party, and Age appears as Youth's companion. In the flush of Everywoman's glory, while she feasts upon the adulation of admirers, Beauty dies.

This dinner scene represents a subtle study of all phases of human character and emotion, such as has seldom been expressed save in the era of old Grecian plays. The song of Conscience, the maid of Everywoman, reveals a motif in the play as deep and as strong as has ever been attained in operatic rendition.

The same study of life is revealed in Canticle IV, a New Year's eve scene on Broadway, which shows Everywoman in search of Wealth, who abandoned her at Beauty's grave. Nervously she quarrels with Youth, who glides away with Time. With Youth and Beauty lost, Everywoman is scorned by Wealth, and in despair she welcomes Charity and Truth. In the last canticle, Everywoman, once more at home, finds the true Ling Kove awaiting her, and Nobody appears to deliver the epilogue:

"Be merciful, be just, be fair,
To Everywoman, everywhere;
Her faults are many—
Nobody's the blame."

* * *

The music of "Everywoman," notably the song of Passion, has the force and effect of grand opera. Who but Savage would have thought to engage for this work the services of that master composer, George Whitefield Chadwick? The selections show a scope and a deftness that perfectly harmonize with the text. The orchestration suggests Wagner, and in the magnificent staging Mr. George Marion has achieved his greatest success. As one leaves the theater, the words of the epilogue still ring in his ears—just as in the Elizabethan days of old.

"Everywoman" is a play that one can see again and again—it lingers, as does a forcible sermon, though without the feeling of "preachment." It is indeed a morality play; its lesson is so impressive and yet so delicately expressed that it will never be forgotten by any young girl or any young man now fighting the battle of life. "Everywoman" points its moral without the sting of a pulpit indictment.

In the ensemble the entire gamut of human emotion is touched upon with such delicacy, yet so clearly, that one feels the effect of the whole range of life during the few hours consumed by the acting. "Everywoman" is unique. The intense interest of the audience is powerful evidence of the intelligence of at least a portion of American theatre-goers for real substance as well as melodrama, light opera or farce, on the stage.

* * *

Those who have followed the development of theatrical or operatic production during the past fifteen years know that Henry W. Savage has always presented to the public both that which they felt they wanted and that which was best for them. His rigid adherence to wholesome plays, keeping in mind the development of his productions from a business standpoint, has done much toward making his work so remarkable a success. It is difficult to conceive of any manager save Savage attempting to produce "Everywoman." That tells the story in a nutshell. It evidences the breadth of his viewpoint. And in contrast to this epochal play, his Pullman car comedy, "Excuse Me," with its up-to-date air and with the fascination of a minstrel show in the porter's comment, shows the diversification of the Savage productions. Every one evidences a study of man, following Pope's philosophy that "the proper study of mankind is man."

Ranging from the charming gayety of the "Merry Widow" and the "Prince of Pilsen," and covering a range of theatrical productions from musical extravaganza to grand opera itself—in all his work Mr. Savage first recognizes the rights of the public.

Perhaps no man has made a more heroic effort to popularize grand opera in English, and persistence is not the least of Savage's endowments. An enthusiast upon the possibilities of American opera, Mr. Savage is to produce "The Girl of the Golden West" during the coming season.

To this end Mr. Savage is now in Europe visiting the great musical cities of the continent in search of artists for the Puccini-Belasco music drama. Mr. Savage will next season have fifteen theatrical attractions on tour, employing upwards of one thousand actors. He is independent of either of the so-called theatrical syndicates, and is on the closest of friendly relations with both factions. He selects and books his own routes, and every theater manager throughout the country makes a special effort to secure the bookings of attractions bearing the Savage imprint, because it is to theatergoers equivalent to an assurance that both production and cast are of the highest standard. The Savage opera companies have long been recognized as standard. Since assuming the role of producing manager, the great purpose of Henry W. Savage has been to maintain the standard of the stage.

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His work is conducted in a constructive, businesslike way, and he studies, with the intensity of an artist, every phase of a production. There is a place for this and a place for that, and he arranges for the notes and tunes of his plays as though a symphony were to be rendered in which all parts must blend. Every detail of production, the slightest expression and gesture of each actor, every position of the scenic picture—all are studied and developed even as an artist would ply his brush. In the cast of a play, Mr. Savage seems to have an intuitive sense in selecting just the right people for the parts. This was notably instanced in the production of George Ade's most successful plays. The individuality of an actor is always encouraged rather than suppressed.

Mr. Savage has always had a way of making a success of whatever he undertakes. His name still remains at the head of a prominent real estate firm in Boston. He took hold of the old Castle Square theater to protect certain clients in a financial way, and from this minor interest organized and developed the successful Castle Square Stock and Opera companies.

Rigid in his discipline, and insistent that every individual who appears before the footlights shall give to the public the best within him, the "Governor," as they call him, is recognized as the type of man who has one dominant purpose—to give the people the best all the time and every time.

Constantly on the alert, he keeps in touch with theatrical and operatic productions in all parts of the world. Not content with the reports of his agents, he is on hand in person to take command when decisive questions must be settled. And he settles them—with all the calmness with which he plays his game of dominoes when seeking rest on a sea voyage, or during a tour at Swan Island to impersonate Robinson Crusoe. Mr. Savage has taken an absorbing interest in the progress of the New Theater of New York, because, despite Sydney Smith's satire upon the American play, Mr. Savage has an uncompromising faith in the ability of the American artist and playwright to give true expression to American ideals. He knows American talent because he has mingled in the rough and tumble of everyday business life.

THE UNTEMPERED WIND

A PHOTOGRAPH

by

PAUL V. BUNN

WHEN I think it over my greatest regret is that I didn't see more of 'Squire Jamie and know him more intimately. It is only now that I realize what a privilege it was to be acquainted with him, to visit his home, shake his hand, and partake of his hospitality. My friendship with him was during my early boyhood, and I was only sixteen when I last saw him alive, but the impressions received from that friendship will last.

The 'Squire was born about 1810, in Cumberland County, North Carolina, twenty miles from Fayetteville, in the house which had been built by his father about the year 1800. His great "gran'-feyther," Bruce Campbell, had come there from Scotland in 1728, and a barn on the premises today, built of brick brought from England, bears that date.

I don't know the construction of the earlier residences on that spot, but the house in which 'Squire Jamie was born and raised was a delight to the eye of the wayfarer, and could be seen from almost any point within several miles. It was painted a snowy white, with the greenest of blinds, and was three stories high, with an attic, the first story being of the English basement style, with very high ceiling. The entire basement floor was of black granite slabs about three feet square, which had been highly polished by pickaninny feet long before my time.

Across the front of the house, which was at right angles to the road, there was a high porch nearly twenty feet deep, even with the high second story. This porch was reached by a flight of wide steps from the beautiful flower yard. In the rear of the house was a similar porch, not quite so deep.

The mansion stood at the apex of an elevation toward which the high-road climbed gently from either direction, the bed of the north valley being about two miles away, and that of the south valley about a mile. Through the south valley flows Cottonmouth Creek, a rushing stream of reddish tinge, usually infested with the snakes that gave it its name.

On this Creek, and just by the road, stood the 'Squire's grist mill, where he ground corn and wheat, and also his saw mill, which prepared all the lumber used for miles around. Both mills obtained their power from the Creek, which had been dammed into a pond about two miles long, and the dam itself was used as a roadway across. The pond always frightened me during my earlier childhood, especially around dusk, because most of the big trees had been left standing, and in the passing years the water had gradually killed them until the small limbs and all the bark had dropped off, and their smooth naked trunks and long limbs had become a dull gray. Silhouetted against the sky, they seemed to my childish mind to be gaunt spectres standing there, waiting to catch me in their skinny arms and sink with me to their watery grave.

The 'Squire's general store stood at one end of the dam, near the saw mill, and in one corner of this building was his little office. Here his greatest activities were centered. It was here that he talked politics, dispensed justice, gave advice, and performed marriage ceremonies.

Everybody loved and respected the 'Squire, and all who could not agree with each other on business matters had no other thought than to submit their differences to him for decision. He was the General Arbitration Board and Peace Conference for the community, and his verdicts were less questioned than are the decisions of our Supreme Court today.

My first memory of him was when I was five or six years old. I had found several beehives in his yard, and a long pole which was fine to "jiggle" a hive with and make the bees come out, which they promptly did. The 'Squire happened to see the attempt, and grabbing a veil he put it over his face and ran to my rescue, his promptness saving my life.

From that time until I was eleven, my parents took me with them on visits to his house at least once a year, and oh, the delight of those trips and those visits!

We always made the trip in the summertime, starting by 4 o'clock in the morning, because the twenty-two-mile trip included long stretches of "sand-bars," passing through which the heat of the summer sun would be terrific. So my father aimed to arrive about 10 in the morning.

As we came from the south way, we got to the mill before reaching the house, and when the pack of dogs around the store would start up their usual howling at the approach of strangers, the tall form of the 'Squire would emerge from the door of his office—and then we would get a welcome worth going for! And how his kindly eyes would twinkle, and his fascinating smile play on us all!

"Well! Well! Well! Fred and Nannie—and Buddie, too! And what a long time it has been; and won't Chis'n Viny (*Cousin* Viny, his wife) be glad to see you! Here you, Tige, get down. And dear little Buddie, such a big man he is growing to be—almost as big a man as his feyther!" and picking me up in his strong arms he tossed me high into the air, catching me easily and landing me on the porch of the little store.

Then, while the horse was resting and eating, he brought out a pitcher of sparkling cider and another of cold spring water, with a plate of "Chis'n Viny's" doughnuts, which had been sent down for the boys at the store. "Hush," I heard him say to one of them, "I will bring you some more after dinner." Meanwhile he was telling Dossey, his young "nigger," who seldom left his side and who followed him around like a spaniel, to hitch up his mule, Blue Bill, and to drive up and tell Chis'n Viny.

The 'Squire had dozens of fine horses, many of them thoroughbreds, but he would rarely drive one of them. He was never in a hurry, and he liked to use Blue Bill, the mule, because he was safe and sure, if slow. He never left the road, and would stop still if anything happened. The 'Squire could drop the reins around the dashboard, forget all about his means of locomotion, and talk to his companions with both lips and hands, or he could sit quietly and think, or even sleep, without any worry whatever. So he always used Blue Bill in preference to his horses. and called him his "*personal* mule."

There was some distant relationship between our families, but I never learned just what it was, mainly for the reason that relationship had nothing to do with the friendship that existed.

My father was born and raised about three miles from the 'Squire's, and when my mother, at that time a girl of eighteen, had come from Goldsboro to teach school, the 'Squire and his wife took a great fancy to her, so that instead of letting her move monthly from one boarding house to another, as was the custom, they insisted that she stay all the time with them; and the only occasion on which she ever hurt their feelings was when she proffered them pay for her board at the end of the first month. They practically adopted her for their own daughter. My father, at that time a prosperous farmer of twenty-five, "came a-courtin' " at the 'Squire's for a year, and at the end of the second year he and the young teacher were married.

It was in these years that the 'Squire was in the zenith of his glory. Picture to yourself his estate as I remember it—

the beautiful white mansion on the hill—the big rooms with high ceilings, the sweet-smelling bedrooms with their high four-posters, with feather beds so fluffy that they lulled you to sleep before you had time to enjoy the "feel" of them; the big dining room in the basement with its long table at which twenty-five or even thirty people would sit at once; and it made little difference to Chis'n Viny as to warning her about the coming of visitors.

And then after supper there was the large sitting room with its snapping fire of oak and hickory logs, around which gathered the ladies, with their tatting or other fancy work, listening to the gentlemen discussing politics or the topics of the day, while they smoked the light native tobacco in long slender clay pipes. The horses and cattle were snug in the barns, the "niggers" all housed in the clean quarters down the road, enjoying themselves in their own way, as the occasional sound of a banjo would testify, and not a man or beast on the three thousand acre plantation had aught for which to crave.

"My father 'came a-courtin'' and at the end of the second year he and the young teacher were married"

Frequently the 'Squire would drive home from Fayetteville, with a procession of vehicles containing friends or political cronies, having gathered up any that he would run across, and they rarely ignored his command to "fall in line" when they got a chance to join that cheerful company. Within an hour after their arrival their horses and buggies would be well cared for, and the entire company would be seated at a table so loaded with good things that a dozen more would not have taxed it. Tender chickens fried in batter, fresh laid eggs, sugary sweet potatoes, sugar-cured hams, and platter after platter of hot biscuits, browned and flaky, all kinds of berry jam—ah, me, the memory of it all!

Usually about nine o'clock Chis'n Viny would say, "Well, feyther, we will leave you to finish your pipes." The 'Squire would then take his Bible from the center-table, a respectful silence would fall on us, and, after adjusting his steel-rimmed spectacles, he would read several verses reverently. Then we would all stand, while with closed eyes and uplifted hand he offered a short prayer. Then he would carefully light a candle in a brass holder for each lady, open the door for his wife, and bid all of them a tender "good-night."

When the gentlemen had resumed their places at the fire, on which fresh wood would be thrown, with one or two "fat lightwood" knots underneath, crackling and spitting, the real evening, for me, would begin. It was usually my good fortune to have all to myself a small bedroom just off the sitting room, and as soon as I had put out my candle I would open the door two or three inches, and, lying there, I could see and hear all that passed. Rarely did I go to sleep until the 'Squire and his friends had left the sitting room. Don't fear, however, that my young ears heard anything improper—such things were never heard in 'Squire Jamie's house, and his very presence at any gathering was sufficient to prevent the oath or the unseemly jest which would not have hesitated to obtrude itself elsewhere.

As soon as the ladies left, Old Tobias, who had been dozing out in the hall, would come in softly, dressed in a long black coat and snow white cotton gloves, and proceed to the sideboard. In a few minutes each gentleman would be provided with his favorite beverage, whether it were old applejack, straight Bourbon, mint julep, or plain cider. Very few failed to drink at such times; but rarely did anyone take more than one drink in an evening, and none ever took too much; and yet men were often there who, at other places and under other influences, would have finished "under the table." Such was the quiet influence for good of 'Squire Jamie's personality.

And the stories that I heard: Love, war, adventure, accident, and travel. What a volume could be written of them, had one the pen!

It was a treat to hear the 'Squire tell how he had assisted old Tobias in the stealing of his wife "Petruchy," now the deft cook in the region below stairs; of the time he had broken up a political caucus at the old Yarborough House in Raleigh by liberating in the room about a million voracious mosquitoes which Tobias and Watkins had lured into a netting with raw beef; and of the time he repaid Jared Whitley for some scurvy trick by making him climb a high pine tree and stay there all night, in fear of imaginary wolves. No one could resist the witchery of his manner in telling these stories. His recital of even the most commonplace incident threw his hearers into paroxysms of mirth.

I think the story that I liked the best, and the one that he told with the most unction, related to an incident in his boyhood when he was in temporary disgrace, and when, in fear of his father's severe anger, he had stayed away from home three days, sleeping down at the quarters. He laid all his troubles to Big Marge, a rawboned cook, who did not approve of his pranks. He was about fifteen years old at the time, and was an expert with a cross bow, using sharp-pointed reeds for arrows.

After wandering through the woods with his bow all day, he was finally overcome with homesickness, so he sneaked around the stables, ran along behind a hedgerow, and finally raised up and peered over the window sill. There stood Big Marge, in her stocking feet, churning, with her back to the window, and with one big heel shining through a hole in her stocking. The temptation was too great. Fitting an arrow, he carefully laid his bow on the window sill, and when he pulled the trigger he knew the arrow had found the mark, for Marge leaped into the air with an unearthly scream, kicked over the churn full of milk, and, as she recognized her tormentor, the sad-iron she threw at him just missed his head. He was making tracks for the woods, frightened half to death, for he had not really intended to hurt her, but he had seen the arrow remain sticking in her heel, and he feared that he had killed her. He did not return home for a week, staying with his cousin, Billy Crauston, but he took pains to learn that Marge's case was not serious, and that the pointed arrow had simply pierced the skin on the side of the heel just enough to hold it.

But to have the 'Squire tell all the details of that episode was worth everything to a story-loving boy, and I made him repeat it at every opportunity.

* * *

Such, then was the life and abode of 'Squire Jamie Campbell, Gentleman, from my first remembrance of him, about ten years after the war. A magnificent estate, a grand man, loved and respected by all, a gentleman of the old school; a dispenser of kindness, help and hospitality.

If he heard of a case of illness, even though it were miles away, he would have Dossey hitch up his "personal mule," and, with a basket of fruit, delicacies, a bottle of wine, and a few medicines, he would drive over and light up the invalid's existence by his cheerful presence.

Did an unfortunate owe him a debt, it was forgotten. If one wished a loan, it was granted. Did a neighbor trespass, it was overlooked. Truly he tried to do for others much better than he ever hoped to be done by. He loved his family and his neighbors, and it seemed as if the Fates could not have selected one more deserving of favors.

* * *

There followed three years during which I did not see 'Squire Jamie. Then, as a lad of fourteen, visiting my father's old home nearby, I drove over one day to see him. I had heard things had not gone well with him of late.

Chis'n Viny had died of typhoid fever a year previously, and I had heard that he had taken the blow badly, but I was hardly prepared for the changes I found. The upright figure was stooped from rheumatism and from grief, the bright glance was gone, while only the ghost of his cheery smile remained. He walked slowly to the driveway as he saw me coming, using a cane and a crutch, and as I grasped his hand, he said, "Well, well, Buddie, did the little mannie come to see the old 'Squire again? It's been a long time, Buddie—a long, long time," and the tear that stole furtively down his cheek told me that his mind was not so much on the length of time, nor on me, but on the events of the interim.

"I looked for you at the mill, Uncle Jamie," I said, "but you were not there." Had I known that his two rascally ne'er-do-well grandsons had cheated him out of the store and mill property two years before, I should not have made that remark.

A little spasm of pain crossed his face. "Gracious," he tried to laugh, "these rheumatics do grip a fellow's muscles!" Then in a moment he added, "Yes—the mill—well, you see, since I got so bad with the rheumatism, the damp air down there made it worse, and I jes' couldn't stand it. So I turned all that work over to Nervy's boys—yes—to Nervy's boys."

"Nervy" was Minerva, his only daughter, who had married a handsome but unprincipled fortune hunter, and whose two sons, now about twenty and twenty-two, had done credit to their father's principles. When they were not drinking they were plotting how to squeeze a little something more of value from the 'Squire. I learned this later, but not from the 'Squire himself, for he was to the blood loyal, and never whimpered. He always took the misfortunes that came his way just as if he deserved them.

I spent the day and night with him, but the changed conditions made my heart bleed for the old man, and I hastened my departure.

I found that the property had dwindled to a bare sixty acres, most of that being undesirable land, covered with sassafras; and the stock was gone, except one or two cows, a few hogs, two poor horses, and old Blue Bill, the mule. All the "niggers" had left the place except faithful old Tobias, and he and his master seemed to be "going to seed" together.

To my youthful mind the contrast was torture, and the worst feature of it was the pitiable attempts made by both of the old men to keep up appearances for me, as of old. The 'Squire was just as kind and deferential, and just as hospitable, and the remnants of the old customs were still there. Tobias still wore white cotton gloves when he served at the lean table, and he still asked me if I would "lak some refreshins—some cidah?"—but the gloves were ragged, and the range of "refreshins," I judged, was limited to the "cidah."

Dear Chis'n Viny was gone, and there was no merry company, no strumming of banjos in the quarters, no laughing pickaninnies chasing butterflies. The flower garden, once so perfect, thrived only in weeds, and barn doors and gates were off their hinges, the halls and bedrooms were damp and cold. But still the 'Squire read his verses at 9 o'clock, offered his short prayer, and afterwards made a vain attempt to tell me a humorous story. He then carefully lit a candle for me, and I started for the chilly bed, which once had been so warm and cheerful.

* * *

Two years passed before I saw the 'Squire again: Let me tell it quickly. He could barely walk, and was almost blind. Tobias was nearly as bad. They lived in the basement, for the entire upper part of the house was now uninhabitable. The windows were all out, the roof leaked, and a storm-struck tree, in falling, had broken down nearly half of the porch. The once cosy bedrooms were now the abode of pigeons and bats.

Blue Bill was still there, thin from foraging for food, and old Tige, the dog, partly wild, and with one foreleg broken, fled through the shoulder-high weeds which covered the yards clear to the doors. The fences were all down, and the orchard bare, except for a few scrubby apple trees. Desolation, desolation, everywhere, and back of it all the ghosts of the used-to-be !

I found the 'Squire crouching over a little fire in the big kitchen, softly talking to himself. As soon as he recognized me he seemed glad to have me, and brightened up as we talked of the past. He tried to tell me again about shooting Big Marge in the heel, but did not realize that he stopped before the tale was finished.

He laughed gently when I confessed to him how the gaunt trees in the mill pond had once been so terrifying to me, and said, "Well, my mannie, if you never have other than *tree* spectres to worry you yours will be the happy lot!" He said Tobias was out on an errand at the time, and that otherwise I should have been received with more "politeness." I knew that the old negro's errand was to scrape up a little something to eat, for I had inquired down the road, and neighbors had told me the facts.

There were dozens of these neighbors willing to help him, but the indomitable pride of the old man prevented. He would not accept a penny for help of any kind from anyone, and he never mentioned his daughter, nor his son-in-law, nor his grandsons.

I had found that as soon as the grandsons had gotten the mill property well into their clutches they had sold it for cash, which had been spent in riotous living. Then they demanded more property or more money from the old man, and, failing to get it, *they beat him with their fists*, left him unconscious, and departed.

Anticipating the conditions, I had brought with me a well-cooked ham, several bottles of old port, a bag of flour, some meal and sugar, and some good tobacco. I cannot detail the diplomacy required to get him to accept them. I fear I had to tell several white lies about the big store my Uncle Bill owned in Rockingham, and the traveling men always sending him big samples, and how my Uncle Bill wanted him to try this and that, and to let me know, etc.

I did not remain over night. I could not, even had there been accommodations for me and my horse. When I shook hands with the old 'Squire and Tobias I knew it was for the last time; and as I rode away I could not help wondering whether in this case the wind had been tempered to the shorn lamb.

* * *

Three months later I saw this paragraph in the *Fayetteville Observer*:

"Last Monday, the 12th, as Jake Murray, of Laurinburg, was going past the dilapidated old Campbell place, twenty miles south of here on the Burrville road, his dog ran into the high weeds in the yard and was savagely attacked by a wild dog which had a broken leg. Jake went in to investigate, and to his horror he found the dead body of the old Squire lying face downwards in the weeds, where he had evidently been for several days, guarded by his old dog. Undoubtedly he had fallen there from weakness, and had been unable to get up. It was learned that his old colored servitor, Tobias, died about six weeks ago. There was no one around the premises, and no other live thing except a starved old mule. It is a very pitiable case, for it has not been many years since 'Squire Jamie Campbell was one of the foremost men of Cumberland County, rich, popular, a leader in our best country society, and in politics. There are many old friends who will mourn his sad departure."

* * *

And so the shorn lamb found its rest, where chill winds never blow.

THE TWILIGHT OF HUMOR

by

LUCIUS BIGELOW

THE late Edmund C. Stedman, a few years ago, pointed out that "the twilight of poetry prevails alike in England and America." What is true of poetry is equally true of genuine humor. The age is one of intense and increasing plutophobia, and such an age cares nothing for the work of a poet as distinguished from that of a clever versemaker, or of a genuine humorist as separated from the grimaces and gags of the literary buffoons and scribbling clowns who direct themselves to the profession of the jokesmiths in the newspapers. Of this race of professional jesters, whose talent is that of the old women who, in Queen Elizabeth's day, made the court and the crowd roar by grinning through a horse collar for a prize, we have certainly enough and to spare, but the squibmakers are not humorists, because mere cheap drollery is no more genuine humor than the tender, sympathetic smile of Hamlet greeting Horatio is identical with the horse laugh of Tony Lumpkin. A humorist is not a punmaker, a gag annunciator or master of what we might call literary horse play; a humorist is a high comedian, not the hero of a roaring farce; a humorist is an April day of both smiles and tears; a humorist is a man of soul and sensibility, alike apprehensive of mirth and melancholy, equally master of the minor key of human joy and sorrow, of hilarity and pathos. A genuine humorist as a master of the high comedy of human nature must be able at will and in turn to gently touch your mind and heart, as well as tickle your superficial risibles. The humorist must be able to occupy the middle ground between mere heartless, coarse, alehouse fun that is never blended with contagious kindliness or tinted with sentiment, and the dark and bloody ground of tragic mood and feeling. A humorist is, therefore, a rare man, while a mere jester or laugh maker is generally rather a cheap and shallow creature.

On the stage Jefferson was a true humorist or high comedian when he played "Rip Van Winkle," while Dixey, when he played the burlesque part of Adonis, was not a humorist at all, but a mere "funny" actor, who made all the crowd laugh with about as little intellectual effort as is excited by a polecat in making the crowd all melancholy.

Humor belongs to the English mind in distinction from cold, keen wit, which is a salient characteristic of the French or Latin genius, the modern revival of Attic wit. This is true, as a rule, despite the fact that the greatest humorists in literature, next to Shakespeare, were the Spaniard, Cervantes, and the French Gascon, Montaigne. While some of the great English humorists were trenchant satirists, too, the characteristic of the English mind is humor rather than cold wit and keen satire, while French literature is instinct with wit and satire rather than humor.

The same is true of Italian literature. The Latin has reflected better than the English or German mind the influence of the Greek satire of Aristophanes and the Roman satire of Horace, Terence, Martial and Juvenal.

Greek and Roman humor never seemed to rise much above the level of the coarse, ribald jest of the sidewalk. Pure satire is not conspicuous in the English mind save in Dryden, Pope, Swift and Byron.

Passing from England to the United States, which was chiefly colonized by the English race, we would naturally expect a genius for genuine humor rather than satire, nor are we disappointed. Our best literature is touched with fine humor rather than bitter, blasting satire. This is natural, because a young, vigorous nation is always notably gay and optimistic rather than pessimistic, for pessimism and cynicism are the characteristics of old age, ill health, infirmity or misfortune.

Benjamin Franklin may be said to have been our first humorist, but we did not have a notably humorous literature until Washington Irving appeared with his "Knickerbocker History of New York," his best, because his only original book of American birth and breeding. Cooper, a famous writer of really fine and enduring fiction, is almost destitute of humor. The genius of Holmes, Lowell, Hawthorne and Whittier is lighted up with fine humor. Bret Harte was a true humorist, but Mark Twain, with all his great talent, is chiefly a satirist rather than a genuine humorist of permanent quality, whose best living representative is James Whitcomb Riley. Something of the sweet natural quality of Burns is in this fine singer. His work and his best moments recall his description of the voice of his fiddle, "She's a wooin', cooin' pigeon singing 'Love me' every note." Riley is easily the best of our true humorists in his dialect poetry. Lowell's dialect poetry is fine satire, it is eloquent of patriotism, but to the tender, domestic side of the rustic Yankee nature, Lowell, outside of his beautiful verses, "The Courtin'," does not devote his genius. But Riley's fine spirit is in tune with the best of Burns. He loves the beauty of nature; he loves flowers and little children; he loves men and women of sweetness and light, of sensible, honest hearts and sensible heads, men and women of peace and good will, and they all love the sweet and tender and true voices of human nature that he has played so finely on the oaten straw of his primitive shepherd's pipe.

But it is from the South rather than from the North that we may continue to expect an increasing number of genuine humorists, both in poetry and fiction. A purely peddling, money-potting, trading, speculating civilization like the North cannot be prolific in fine poetry or books of genuine humor. There is nothing in the sordid life of a civilization permeated from top to bottom with the mad love of money-making as the sole end of life, rather than as the means to the increased enjoyment and elevation of existence, upon which a true poet or humorist could feed, or by which he could be stimulated to effort that would be acceptable to the public. The "reform age" of England from 1828 to 1868 was favorable to poetic effort, as was the "reform age" in America from 1835 to 1865, because there were great questions of vast moral seriousness that kept the social and political sea ceaselessly heaving to and fro. During all this time the fine native literary genius of the South slept. Slavery stifled the free expression of noble political ideas and the indolence of its civilization was repressive of industrious literary effort. But with the death of slavery and the replacement of its enervating system by the energy of a new civilization, the South waked from its long lethargy and began to give free play to its fine natural genius for the literature of poetry, fiction and humor. Its English stock had always preserved its purity far more successfully than the North, which had been diluted, colored and qualified by the inferior infusion of foreign emigration, and even when there was not actual mixing of blood, there was the debasing influence of civic contact and social attrition. The native English stock of the South included, therefore, a larger number of natural born humorists than the North, and beyond that the South was a land where people furnished more primitive types of character and more spots where unique and exceptional social life and conditions still survive than the North. The various types of the old Southern partisan manhood, the light and shadow of eccentric humble life exhibited by the slave-bred negro, the slavery-started "poor white," the wild traits of those Albanians of America, the Southern mountaineers, all made the South, rather than the comparatively artificial civilization of the North, the finest feeding-ground for the born poet, novelist and humorist. Nearly all the best names that have been added to the roll of American literature since the Civil War are Southern bred. The South is the optimistic, easy-tempered, genial section of the country, the natural breeding place and feeding-ground of humorists. The North, east of the Mississippi, is too full of Puritan inherited pessimism for genuine humor; the North, west of the Mississippi, is arrogantly optimistic, but it is at the same time too restless and impatiently hustling after pelf to breed humorists or poets. But our land of true humor, of fresh fiction that touches elbows with hearty, unspoiled, if not unspotted, genuine human nature, our land of eloquence; pathos and song will be South rather than the North. There are few humane appeals or sympathetic voices heard today at the North above the shriek and rattle of railroads; the nasal accents of planing mill, the roar of blast furnaces, the hum of factories and the dust of trade, save the wailing of pathetic poverty and the gnashing of the teeth of vice in great cities, and these are not the nutriment of humorists, but the stock in trade of the prophets of pessimism and coming social woe. The South will continue to nurture the true American humorist in distinction from the professional American jokesmith.

Among the characters created by Shakespeare, Falstaff, Prince Hal, Lucio, Rosalind and Sir Toby Belch make us laugh because they are all true humorists, but Sir Andrew Aguecheek makes us laugh, not because he is a humorist, but because he is a fantastic, silly, drunken dude. Dogberry, Shallow and Slender make us laugh not because they are humorists, but because they are vain, stupid, altogether ridiculous folk. It is something so with the true humorist and the fellow who only thinks he is a humorist because his broad grin, his grimaces and his contortions make us laugh. If we eliminated from Pickwick Papers everything of sentiment, benevolences, gayety and geniality and left nothing behind but the Wellers and the Fat Boy, that is, nothing but the broad grins, vulgar winks and chuckles, how high would Dickens rank as a great humorist?

THROUGH STORM AND SUN

By EDNA DEAN PROCTOR

THROUGH storm and sun the age draws on
  When heaven and earth shall meet;
For the Lord has said that glorious
  He will make the place of his feet.
And the grass may die on the summer hills,
  And the flower fade by the river,
But our God is the same through endless years,
  And his word shall stand forever.

A REVOLUTIONARY PUZZLE

INTERESTING INFORMATION IN REGARD TO AN ODD POEM WHICH WAS WRITTEN BY A PATRIOT AT THE TIME OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION AND RECENTLY PUBLISHED IN THE NATIONAL

To the Editor of the National Magazine:

In looking over a copy of your magazine, I find on page 247 of the December number some verses entitled "A Revolutionary Puzzle," with the statement that the author is unknown.

The author was my great-great-grandfather, Samuel Dodge, who wrote them in 1769 and read them in 1779 before the New York Legislature, of which he was a member from Dutchess County. I have the original manuscript in my possession. The latter half of each stanza should commence with a capital letter. It is entitled "Political Sentiments of the Author." It was read before the members while in recess, and the writer was called down for "avowing such damned Tory sentiments," when a standerby showed the proper way of reading it, and the "execrations were changed to plaudits."

The verses alluded to, as well as some others bearing on historical events of that time, are very interesting.

Robert Sylvester Morris, M.D.

152 East Seventy-first Street, New York City.

(If read as written these odd rhymes are a tribute to the king and his army, but if read downward on either side of the comma, they indicate an unmistakable spirit of rebellion to both king and parliament.—Ed.)

POLITICAL SENTIMENTS OF THE AUTHOR

Hark, hark the trumpet sounds, The din of war's alarms
O'er seas and solid grounds, Doth call us all to arms,
Who for King George doth stand, Their honors soon shall shine,
Their ruin is at hand, Who with the Congress join.
The acts of Parliament, In them I much delight.
I hate their cursed intent, Who for the Congress fight.
The Tories of the day, They are my daily toast,
They soon will sneak away, Who independence boast,
Who non-resistant hold, They have my hand and heart,
May they for slaves be sold, Who act the Whiggish part.
On Mansfield, North and Bute, May daily blessings pour
Confusion and dispute, On Congress evermore,
To North and British lord, May honors still be done.
I wish a block and cord, To General Washington.

Silly Sally Hood

BY

Minnie Barbour Adams

"THIS one is a fine specimen, McDuff," said a man's voice near me.

"Ye-es," agreed another voice, somewhat grudgingly, it seemed to me; "but she won't talk."

"Won't?" commiserated the other.

"Not a blamed word. Lonesome, I guess; folks been away for years."

The voices receded and were lost amid the shrill din of McDuff's bird emporium; and, curious to see a "she" that wouldn't talk, I withdrew my longing eyes from the heartlessly displayed wares of a bakery and stepped around a screening case of bird supplies.

The lonesome "she" was a gorgeous blue and gold parrot; but something in her dejected "Oh, what's the use?" appearance aroused my sympathy. I thought I knew how she felt, for were not my folks all away, though with this difference—mine would never come back?

"Poor old Polly," I said pityingly, and gave a little startled cry at the unexpected result.

"Glory Hallelujah!" shrieked the bird, with wings outstretched and every splendid feather on end. "Glory, glory hallelujah!" she cried, over and over again, so shrilly, so exultantly, that I was divided between a desire to run and to risk a tweak by stroking the glossy wings and neck till she was quiet again. Oh, it was awful!

"Glory, hallelujah! Ha! ha!" screamed the parrot; and every living thing in the store or near it that could squawk or squeak echoed it in their several ways. Passersby stopped in wonderment at the din; and in the midst of it the brave McDuff himself came hurrying breathlessly out, followed by all his retainers.

"Why, what in—?" he began.

"Hallelujah!" sang the parrot.

"Why, it's the Van Schuyler bird," chortled McDuff delightedly.

"An' she's bust loose at last," supplemented the errand boy gleefully.

"Did you ever?" lisped the stenographer.

"Who—what done it?" McDuff demanded excitedly of the staring crowd; then, following the pleading glance of Polly's eyes and wings, he saw me shrinking against the window. I didn't wait for further questioning.

"I did it," I said meekly, in a voice that sounded very small amid Polly's renewed cries at the sound of it.

"Oh, my! ain't she a daisy?" she sang, such pleading, coaxing tenderness in her voice that I had to swallow a lump in my throat, though the crowd laughed.

Mr. McDuff waved them an airy dismissal, and, seizing the perch, parrot and all, turned toward the door.

"May I speak to you a moment, young lady?" he asked respectfully.

Rather curious as to what he could want with me, I followed him and the coaxing Polly down the aisle into a comparatively quiet room at the end.

"There!" he said, giving me a chair and depositing the bird beside me, where she began immediately to rub her head against my shoulder and talk baby talk to me in a soft, cooing voice.

"Do you like animals?" McDuff asked, watching with great interest the antics of the bird.

"Very much," I answered promptly.

"And they like you?"

"I believe they do; I was never bitten nor scratched in my life," I told him.

He looked me over speculatively, from my disreputable old shoes that tried in vain to slink out of sight beneath my short skirts, to the drabbled, faded hat that I was certain was awry.

"Once in a great while," he began meditatively, "we find a soul attuned so fine; a personality so ingenuous—" He abruptly turned his attention to the errand boy who had staggered in, bearing two caged parrots; and I never, to this day, found out what ailed me, for of course it was me he was talking about.

"Put 'em down by her, Bud," he said to the grinning boy. "Now, my dear young lady, would you mind speaking to them?"

I began to see the possibility of something more in it for me than the outlet for a lonely heart, and spoke to the most promising of the two sullen-looking creatures. For some time he regarded me scornfully with his wicked little eyes; but, at length, broke out into a perfect torrent of laughter and shrill cat-calls, interspersed with a lot of chatter I did not understand.

"You're one of 'em!" McDuff declared with conviction, gleefully rubbing his hands, and Bud nodded in corroboration; "one of those rare souls— Here, you Bud, take 'em away and bring that blue devil."

"Lay on, McDuff," I whispered encouragingly, while the parrot I had not yet induced to speak, as he disappeared through the door, croaked warningly: "We are all poor sinners."

"Now, what I want to know—that is, are you—?" Mr. McDuff began, again taking an unconscious inventory of my shabby attire, "—or, could you—" he added; but I couldn't wait another instant on his pokey, roundabout way, for I hadn't swallowed a single thing that day except the lump in my throat engendered by Polly's sympathy.

"You think it possible that I might be of assistance to you?" I asked bluntly.

"Yes," he returned with equal brevity. "And, about salary—"

"Anything, so it's a quarter in advance," I interrupted, clutching a chair for support, as a darkness, for which the gathering twilight was not accountable, filled the room.

"You poor child!" I heard him say pityingly as he pressed a dollar into my hand at the street door, to which he had guided me. "You poor child! There! Right across the street where you see the pies in the window. Then come back and we'll talk it over."

It was thus I learned that my soul was attuned to that of a parrot; and from that time on, I sought by consistent effort to lead them beyond the familiar "Polly wants a cracker" stage to linguistic heights undreamed of by the ambitious McDuff.

"Doc says," Bud announced one day confidentially, as he set a covered cage on the table in my private "talkatorium," "Doc says that if we can't coax this critter to talk, he'll wring his fool neck."

I nodded comprehendingly and continued my writing.

"I told him," Bud babbled on, "that if you couldn't jar him loose, nobody could; an'—" The covering was off now, revealing a great, solemn-looking fellow, blinking in the sudden light.

"O Bud, isn't he a beauty?" I cried impulsively, and then staggered back, clutching my hair, for at the sound of my voice the parrot, as he settled a straying feather to his liking, casually remarked:

"Silly Sally Hood."

Now, I am Sally Hood; the Silly being an alliterative exasperation prefixed by one it were wiser to forget, especially as he had forgotten me.

"Silly—Sally—Hood—got—lost—in the—wood," continued the bird, speaking slowly, as though recalling each word from the dim past.

"O Bud, whose is he?" I demanded of the astonished boy.

"Why, Doc. Bellamy's, of course. Holy smoke! What ails ye?" he demanded.

"Tall, dark, perfectly lovely man?" I asked breathlessly.

"Tall and dark, but he's no beaut, as I can see," Bud returned disgustedly.

It was Jim, beyond a doubt, for it was he who had taught that wretched doggerel to Polly the time Percy Dalrymple, the artist who was spending the summer at Primghar and I wandered off to the picnic and got lost in the woods. Jim was awfully, unreasonably jealous; and I—oh, well, I suppose I was rather horrid about it, and teased him a lot, and—and then we had that awful quarrel; and Jim sold out that night to Sue Pettingill's brother, and—and I'd been miserably unhappy ever since.

It served me right, too; every blessed thing I got after that: grandma's death, which I believed had been long deferred—she being over ninety—to give me a home till I had reached the age of reason—which I never have; the deflection of most of my pupils to that tiresome Professor Stubbs, who cut prices to five for a dollar, which, in time, made it necessary for me to come to the city to earn my daily bread, which I had—without any butter.

Oh, I thought, if Jim only knew how sorry I was, how dreadfully sorry. Of course it wouldn't do any good now; he was likely married by this time, for it had been three long, long years.

I dropped my head on the parrot's cage, unmindful of consequences and Bud, and cried. Hearing a suspicious sniff, I looked up to see him going desperately through his pockets.

"There!" he said at length, in a tone of relief, thrusting a dime into my hand. "Go over to Pooser's and get an ice cream sody or some lickerish, or somethin'; it'll make you feel better. And say!" He poked his head in the door when I thought he had gone, "if you want anything done to that doctor chap, I'll lick his office boy or pizen his dog." And he glared menacingly and sniffed again.

After having my happy past flaunted in my face, as it were, it was very difficult being a bright, amiable companion to my half dozen aristocratic birds. They all belonged to "top-notchers up-town," Bud had told me, with his usual pride in the business. They noticed, and were saddened by—I mean the parrots, of course; the "top-notchers" would not have been so susceptible—the least suspicion of melancholia; so at least before them I had to be cheerful.

Bud, too, tender-hearted, loyal Bud, caused me considerable uneasiness. He was firm in the conviction that the doctor had wronged me in some way; and in spite of my repeated assurances that I had been the offender—if there had been one—he hinted darkly at "gettin' even" and "doin' him up yet."

"Have you ever seen any—well, any women about that looked—oh, you know what I mean, Bud," I said "that looked as though they belonged there?"

Bud nodded, and though I knew it was just what I had expected, I felt sick at heart; but, at his next words, I felt foolishly happy.

"She's just about so wide," he explained, stretching his arms to their fullest extent; "an' she's a' swabbin' down the front steps every morning when I come by. Oh, she belongs there, all right, all right," he concluded.

"But do you see anyone with him, any girl?" I persisted.

"Ye-es," he admitted reluctantly, "a stunner with proxeyed hair an' black eyes, an'—an'—"

"Go on, Bud," I said weakly.

"An' when I'm scootin' back from dinner on my wheel, a nurse comes out a' herdin' three an' pushin' a double-header—"

"A what?" I asked in surprise.

"Twins," he explained. "An' when she gets 'em all spread out in the park, they look like a Sunday-school picnic."

I laughed then. Of course they could not be his, whatever the "proxeyed" lady might be; and, anyway, it was no affair of mine. I had had my chance when we were two semi-rustics together in dear old Primghar, and I had lost it. The prosperous city doctor I knew him to be, with his fine home and cultured friends, would not look twice at the shabby little language promoter with bird seed in her hair.

With the coming of an unusually early winter, misfortune fell on the house of McDuff. An epidemic broke out among the feathered portion of our happy family, and its ravages were so severe that one bleak, rainy night, as I stood outside the door, the only quotation I could find to fit my case—and I have never yet been at an entire loss for one—was "My occupation's gone," and I was too scared and dispirited to remember who said that.

I was glad that Jim's bird had been sent home before it was exposed; and I hoped—oh, what did I hope? Something for which I had no foundation, of course;

nevertheless, I hugged it close and warmed my aching heart with it many times.

From that time I did many things, indifferently, and managed the bread question successfully, though still minus the butter, till the beginning of the tearful, peevish new year found me away out in Paterson as companion to a dreadful old woman who made me earn my pittance many times over. She wasn't nearly so good company as the parrots, nor so dependable. True, she wouldn't bite or scratch, but she would fly at one at the slightest provocation.

I was very lonely. I missed kind, fatherly Mr. McDuff and Bud, belligerent Bud, most of all. He had told me the night we parted that he was tired of "messin'" round with birds; that it had always been his ambition to be done up in braid and buttons and tend door for some "swell" up-town; and that now he'd give one of them a chance to get in on the ground floor.

I kept track of him for a time, or allowed him to keep track of me, only to lose him when I needed him most. I even made a trip over to the city in the hope of finding him, at least of seeing Mr. McDuff; but the familiar sign was gone, and ribbon and flowers and poor, lifeless, songless caricatures of birds filled the little store. I even walked slowly back and forth a number of times before a rather imposing house up-town, wistfully reading the shining name plate on the door, which informed the public that James Bellamy, Physician and Surgeon—I never got any further owing to the cold wind making my eyes water so dreadfully; but there was something that looked like an example in arithmetic beneath it.

I was so afraid of being seen that I suppose I acted suspiciously, for a policeman suddenly confronted me and asked what I wanted, and I had just sense enough to grasp my jaw and tell him I was trying to get up courage to have it lanced. That night when I sort of settled things up for the day, I didn't ask forgiveness for it, either, for it was pretty near the truth.

One cold, cheerless afternoon in February I stood disconsolately at the window. The trees sighed drearily and waved their bare, dripping arms in protest against the biting wind; the dead leaves scurried across the walks and huddled in sheltered corners as though for warmth; and all Nature looked as forlorn and hopeless as I felt.

My employer, after wearing out herself and me, had fallen into a cat nap—really, I never before knew the expression to be so applicable—and I hoped to have a few minutes to myself. What were they—well, say Bud—doing just now, I wondered. Did they—Bud—ever by chance think of me and the dear old days when we were everything to each other? No, for the dove of peace—in this case a parrot—bearing an olive branch, had found no place on which to rest her—Oh, gracious! I was getting all mixed up, but it didn't matter. Nothing mattered any more. Oh! if only—well, say Bud again—

Why, who was that coming in the gate? He was reading the number and scanning the house in the quick, alert way that could belong only to one boy. It was Bud! He had seen me! His face lit up like a June sunrise, and his cap was off. But what did he mean? He was gesticulating violently and making horrible grimaces, his hand to his ear. Now he was turning away, now running like mad down the avenue.

I was so disappointed and hurt that I cried, though with hopeful peeps through the tears now and then in the direction he had taken. Neither lasted long, however, for in ten minutes he came racing back. I met him at the hall door, and he beamed, blushed, even snivelled a little, at the warmth and moistness of my greeting.

We both talked at once and he told me all he knew about the fortunes of poor Mr. McDuff; and at length I grew calmer. Not so Bud. His excitement increased every minute, but I didn't think much of it till the lining of his cap began littering the floor.

"Bud, dear," I expostulated. "Come and sit by me and tell me—you didn't—you haven't bothered Doctor Bellamy any more, have you?"

He gave me a quick, suspicious glance, and a button that marked the joining of nine wedges of gray cloth rolled unheeded beneath the couch.

"Have you?" I asked again.

"Naw! Your hair looks mussy and your collar is up in the back," he remarked irrelevantly.

Wondering greatly, I remedied the defects as best I could.

"And your belt's skewey," he continued critically.

I tried to interest him in my doings since I had seen him, but his abstraction increased as his cap diminished, till about all he did was to gyrate between the clock and the window.

"Oh, dear! There is her bell," I said at length as an impatient jingle sounded above. "Now, Bud, of course you'll take supper with me, and then we'll—" I was at the door now, only to find him with his back against it.

"Naw you don't," he cried decidedly. "Holler up that you're sick—fell downstairs—anything—"

"But, Bud," I objected.

He coolly pressed the button at his side and, when the maid appeared, blocked the door with his pompous four feet two.

"Tell the old party upstairs that Miss Hood can't come," he said condescendingly, "That I'm the bearer of a telygram sayin' she's the long-lost heiress, and that she's now swoonin' on the sofy." He shut the door in the face of the astonished girl and renewed the nervous shredding of his cap and his pendulum-like swing between the window and the clock.

He paid no attention to my expostulatings or coaxings till, as nervous as he was, I started violently at the shrill peal of the door bell. Before it had ceased, he had flung open the door of the small reception room in which we were sitting, and shouted triumphantly to someone without.

"Here she is, Doc; here's your patient!" Then, his face working pitifully, he flung what was left of the cap into a corner and plunged recklessly through an opposite door, regardless of where it led him.

Greatly alarmed, I started after him, but was arrested by a sharp cry of "Sally!"

I knew as I stopped, breathless and panting, not daring to look around, that it was the voice I had been listening for for years; and then—oh! I don't know what happened next, only arms were around me, and when there was no obstruction, I was looking into the truest, most steadfast eyes in the world; eyes that had lost or gained nothing but an added wistfulness since they had looked into mine on the way to that horrid picnic.

"But how do you and Bud happen to be friends?" I asked, a long time after, when I was recovering from the "O Jim, Jim!" stage.

"Why, when I returned a week ago—I've been gone for months, Sally—"

Ah! That accounted for several things. Jim must have thought so, too, for he stopped to kiss me contritely.

"When I returned, I saw him hanging about, furtively watching me and the house, and I asked him what he was looking for one night when I stumbled over him, fast asleep on the doorstep. 'Is she here, Doc?' he demanded, rubbing his eyes. 'Who?' I asked. 'Oh, you know, fast enough; and if she ain't, I'm a mind to lick you!' "

It sounded so like Bud that I laughed hysterically. "Then what did he do?" I asked.

"He asked if I'd seen the parrot. I admitted that I hadn't; didn't even know whether McDuff had returned it. Well, somehow, he got me into the house and back to the housekeeper's sitting room, and there was Polly, and Polly talked; and—"

"Recovering nicely, mum," we heard Bud politely inform someone in the hall outside; "Doctor's with her now. Sa-ay, Doc," he whispered cautiously through a crack in the door, "don't forget you said I could be your office boy if I found her."

"Office boy? Partner, if you want it!" Jim declared huskily.

"There! I can't keep 'em off'n you any longer," he announced disgustedly a moment later. "The old party herself is comin' to investigate."

"But, Jim, what did Polly say?" I asked, while Bud's polite protestations and the querulous voice outside grew louder.

Jim tipped my head back and smiled quizzically down into my face. "The truth, I hope," he said teasingly.

"But what—" A hand fell on the knob in no uncertain manner, and the querulous voice was angry now. "But what, Jim—"

"Just this, very mournfully and many times: 'Silly Sally sorry! Silly Sally sorry.' "

Two

TWO gather lilies and wade the sweet clover,
Shouting glad songs in their morning of May;
Gold are their dreams and the clouds that float over,
And golden the future far stretching away.

Two launch their boat for a voyage of long sailing,
The bright ripples play, and the wind is off shore;
While the red light of morning is failing,
Steady and strong sails the bark—dips the oar.

Two, hand in hand, climb over the mountains,
Footsore and weary from tempest and toil,
With only a moment to drink from the fountains
Renewing their strength for tomorrow's turmoil.

Two when the Autumn has put on its glory,
Sit by the shore of the beautiful past,
Whose solemn waves break with a wonderful story,
Of fanciful ships which went down in the blast.

Two, in the chill of the snowy December,
Talk of the Winter that leads to the Spring,
Two sit and dream over faggot and ember,
Of castles in air, and of birds on the wing.

Two lie at rest under blossoming roses,
Winter sifts over them gently the snow,
Sunlight of Summer above them reposes,
Their places are filled—and the years come and go.

—*Frank Seaman.*

MUSICAL RECORDS FOR THE MONTH

By— FREDERICK HULZMANN

NEVER has a talking machine better fulfilled its power to amuse than when installed in a boat. It may be a canoe, or a launch, or even an old-time "flat bottom," but let a place be reserved for the phonograph, and the party on board may fancy themselves in Venice, if they will, blest with "music on the waters," whether their taste run to opera or popular song.

* * *

Favorite American comedians are well represented on the Victor list for August. Montgomery and Stone, George M. Cohan and "Gene" Greene—here is a trio whose efforts have amused thousands. "Gay Paree," the comic duet offered by Montgomery and Stone, is said to be a particular favorite with "the boys," whose infectious humor is well reflected in the reproduction, twelve-inch record No. 70042.

Two Cohan records are listed, No. 60044, "I'm Mighty Glad I'm Living, That's All," and No. 60045, "I Want to Hear a Yankee Doodle Tune," both popular among Cohan enthusiasts. "Gene" Greene sings the late song "Cancel That Wedding March" and "King of the Bungaloos" in his own inimitable way.

There are popular songs a-plenty among the double-faced records. No. 16876, "That Railroad Rag" and "Clara Jenkins' Tea"; No. 16878, "On Mobile Bay" and "Toddling the Todalo"; No. 16884, "All Alone," and "When I'm Alone, I'm Lonesome" represent a good portfolio of the summer "hits."

In covering the double-faced offerings for August, mention should be made of the excellent band records—No. 16883, "Canhanibalmo Rag," rendered by Arthur Pryor's Band, and "Blushing Maiden March," Vessella's Italian Band; and No. 35191, with selections from "Fra Diavolo" and from Donizetti's "Daughter of the Regiment," both rendered by Vessella's Band.

The famous Rachmaninoff "Prelude in C Sharp Minor" is admirably recorded by Arthur Pryor's Band on ten-inch record No. 5856. Still another good band record is No. 31832, twelve-inch, Goldmark's famous "Sakuntala Overture," the rendition of which introduces Kryl's Bohemian Band to Victor owners.

Some very attractive Grand Opera records are listed, among them renditions by Miss Alma Gluck, John McCormack, Miss Frances Alda, Albert Reiss, Sammarco and Witherspoon. A large following is predicted for Mr. Daniel Beddoe, who has recently entered into a contract with the Victor Company, and who is singing Miss Lang's "Irish Love Song" and Mendelssohn's "Elijah" this month on records Nos. 64195 and 64196.

* * *

Josef Hofmann, the world-famous pianist, is now under exclusive contract with the Columbia Company, and his first record, No. A5302, on the August list, will, of course, be of great interest to the many Columbia owners who are familiar with the work of this brilliant master of pianoforte technique. Mr. Hofmann's introductory record is twelve-inch double-disc, the selections rendered being Rachmaninoff's "Prelude in C Sharp Minor" and the famous Schubert-Taussig "Marche

Militaire." As most phonograph owners know, the recording of piano tones calls for the most exacting technical skill. That Hofmann himself has pronounced the records satisfactory will be accepted by Columbia owners as the best endorsement No. A5302 could possibly be given.

A record of the famous "Lucia Sextette" should, to appropriate a much-abused phrase, "have a place in every home." Few there are whose hearts have not been stirred by the strains of this beautiful composition of Donizetti's. Columbia owners may have both the Sextette, sung excellently by the Columbia Italian Opera Company, and other selections from "Lucia" on record No. A5305. This is one of the popular-priced records on the "blue label" list, and is offered at $1.25.

One may have his choice of popular songs—"When You're in Town" and "Who Are You With Tonight?" are arranged on No. A1021; "Baby Rose" and "Hannah, Won't You Smile a While on Me?" on No. A1023. Then there is No. A5304, with the "hit" from "Dr. De Luxe"—"For Every Boy Who's Lonely, There's a Girl Who's Lonely, Too," facing the popular waltz from the new comic opera, "Marriage a La Carte." An excellent instrumental record is No. A5293, with the Lustspiel Overture and the Overture to "Masaniello." Both are played by Prince's Band.

* * *

What Edison owner can forget Mr. Fred Van Epps, the banjoist, whose records on the Standard list of some few years back are still brought forth in many a home when "the merry mood" prevails? Mr. Van Epps and his fiddle are assured of a warm welcome upon his reappearance among Edison artists. His record is No. 747 Amberol—"Infanta March," which calls for the same skill of execution that has always characterized the playing of Mr. Van Epps.

A vaudeville specialty by Murry K. Hill seldom needs more than casual mention in order to interest Edison owners. This month Mr. Hill has a story to tell of Arizona, its resources and possibilities. Arizonans may insist that Mr. Hill was in his Pullman berth when he saw these strange visions in their state, but be that as it may, "Back to Arizona" will hold its own, and is certain to amuse.

Lovers of old songs will appreciate the arrangement of "The Old Oaken Bucket," which is offered on No. 763. The Knickerbocker Quartet, composed of such celebrated artists as Messrs. Harry Anthony, Harvey Hindermeyer, Reinald Werrenrath and Wm. F. Hurley, represents one of the finest male quartets in the country. "Forsaken" is listed as No. 10510 on the Standard list, and rendered by the Whitney Brothers' Quartet.

There are half a dozen excellent Lauder records, "Roamin' in the Gloamin'," "The Scotch Errand Boy," "Just Like Bein' At Home," "Mr. John Mackie," "That's the Reason Noo I Wear a Kilt" and "The Weddin' of Sandy Macnab." The last two have already appeared and have been popular on the Standard list; the first four are new and will deeply appeal to the host of Lauder admirers.

NUMBER FIVE

by Emma B. Harvey

I AM forty. I am fat. I am not fair. I have wondered sometimes in my philosophical moments how much life's vicissitudes depend upon complexion. Why is it men persist in thinking a little woman needs more sympathy than a big fat one, and that a pink and white skin is in reality the reflection of a pink and white soul?

Yes, I am large as well as fat. I am at the uncertain age of forty, and I always have had a bilious look. If you want to know anything more about my disposition or my reputation suffice it to say I have taught school for twenty-two years! Yes, I know what you will say, "Twenty-two years of blessed opportunities in the field of youth. Hundreds of bunches of possibilities to direct. Dozens of United States Presidents, and aldermen, and ministers, and authors, and editors, and general scoundrels to come back and say: 'God bless you! I owe it all to you! Here is a bunch of violets or an automobile in loving memory of what you did for me!' " Yes, I have it all by heart, only *my* celebrities never come back!

Discipline is my strong point, as you already have probably discovered, but I don't try the celebrity act since my experience with Timothy O'Brien. I had just given him a thorough rattanning. He deserved it, too. Then by way of a coda (I never punish without a coda, it is against my principles) I told him if he would only behave himself he might yet become an alderman. He commenced to weep piteously and informed me, "It is useless! The old man won't move!"

"For goodness sake, what has that to do with your becoming an alderman?" I asked.

"Boo, hoo! Boo, hoo! I can never get to be an alderman in Ward Two. He says so. Boo, hoo!" Then say that geography isn't the determining influence of life after all.

Something new has happened—another substitute for Room No. 10. This is number five, I believe. Number One is in the hospital, Number Two has recently decided to study dressmaking instead of teaching. Number Three has gone south for the winter, and Number Four has not been heard from.

I don't know just what is the matter with Room Ten, but it certainly has possibilities for anyone who undertakes to teach there. I wonder where Number Five will be tomorrow night. She certainly will be somewhere on her *way*.

Something unusual has happened in Room Ten today, for I didn't have to shut my doors to hear myself think. I heard someone say that Number Five was very pretty, but I must confess I don't see it. I think she is very pert in every way. What do you think? Sam Skalatsky insisted in pushing into my hands this morning a miserable antiquated pink. Now, I know Sam's father is not a florist, but is an undertaker, and I will not cherish flowers that have passed through all the vicissitudes of a wake. So, of course, I told him to put the old thing in the basket where it belonged, and if you will believe it, that woman, that *girl*—for I must confess *she* is neither forty or fat, and is considered by superficial people who only look skin-deep fair, she said, "O Miss R——, please let me have it if you don't want it. I am so fond of flowers." At these words that monkey of a Sam grinned from ear to ear, while in my iciest tones I said, "Miss Number Five, you are welcome to all of Sam's offerings present and future," and then I walked out with my head high.

There are eight of us teachers who eat our lunch together in the Teachers' Room, and didn't we have fun this noon pulling Number Five to pieces! Of course, we have nothing against the child, and we never thought we were in particular an ill-natured set as schoolma'ams go, but when noon after noon one sits and has nothing to talk about but the superintendent, the committee, the master, and all their wretched doings, a new topic is certainly refreshing. We could find a great deal to say about each other, only for our lives no one of us dares to be absent from this daily professional conclave.

This noon, Mary Ryder—she is sixty if she is a day and she is lank and lean. It is bad enought to be fat, I know, but anyone would prefer an elephant's contour to being a Mary Ryder. You can't imagine it, but she is so thin and tall and wiry that Mike Donovan once drew a picture of the master using her instead of a rattan to give him a whipping. It was the funniest thing you ever saw. Well, Mary Ryder had just made the kind remark that Number Five showed in her face that she was a fool, and Miss Brown had sweetly said in an absent-minded sort of a way, "How much she looks like your niece, Miss Ryder," when there was a timid knock upon the door and Number Five came hesitatingly in.

"Who asked her?" grumblingly whispered Mary Ryder. No one looked guilty. No one would have been so foolish. Everyone was busy eating.

Number Five found a broken chair, the only unoccupied one, and sat down. There was dead silence. I suppose we were mean and horrid. Finally the little girl with very bright eyes and very red cheeks turned to me and said, "Thank you so much for that flower, Miss R——. It has made the whole day go so much better." I grunted something—I myself don't know what. Then Miss Brown, who sat next to her, deliberately said to the rest of us, "I get so tired in school hours of talking to children." I'll own up it wasn't funny in the least, but we all giggled like schoolgirls.

Number Five crumbled a piece of bread in her hands and tried to eat, but didn't seem to have much appetite. I thought she was going to cry, but I didn't know her. It must have been martyrdom, but she stayed and stayed until the bell rang. Then somehow she managed, I don't know how, to say something nice to each one of us before she went down into her room. What was it she said to me? Oh, I remember—"Miss R——, I am so glad your room is opposite mine for with you so near I'm sure I shall not be lonesome." I looked at her. Was she in earnest? Yes, I am a regular Sherlock Holmes at detecting insincerity. There was none there. And the strange thing about it was I really liked it because she said it. It got on my nerves, though, and if you will believe it at four o'clock somehow I found myself in her room offering her the use of my rattan. I have never lent it to anyone before. I am very choice of my rattan. It is the best one in the building, and I keep it well soaked to preserve it in a fine condition.

What I didn't understand was why the room was so quiet. I suppose though it was my presence that did it. The children do know that I can *whip*. I wonder if she will ever enter the Teachers' Room again after her experience today. She is nobody's fool. She took it all in, and somehow or other I have sort of a sneaky feeling she took us in, too. Well, tomorrow will tell the tale. What makes her so different from the others? Yes, *she* may stay longer than tomorrow night. I am not quite sure.

THE NEXT NIGHT

What a strange day this has been—one of the strangest I have ever known in school, and it is that Number Five that is at the bottom of it all. In the first place I was on the car with her this morning, and what do you think she did? On the way from the car to the school she spoke to every child she met. Of course, she didn't know any of them. I said to her, "Why in the world do you do that? You don't know any of them, and you'll need to talk enough the rest of the day." "I know it," she said with the prettiest little laugh. "I suppose it is all my vanity. It is such a little thing, but it does seem to brighten up their faces so, and then, too, haven't you noticed, Miss R——, how, even if you don't feel real sweet yourself and if you *act* as if you did, before you know it you really do feel so?" I sniffed rather unenthusiastically, but she didn't appear to take any notice, she was so eager talking. "You see how it is, my dear Miss R——" (she is the only one that ever dared to call me "dear Miss R——), "the responsiveness on their faces will help me to teach better today." I stared at her. I felt ugly. I didn't want to do it at all, but just as we were going up the steps she had made such an impression upon me that I found myself saying, too, to a group of children, "Good-morning, children," and at once I felt glad I had done it. Such an unusual feeling came over me as I heard the glad note of their "Good-morning, Miss R——!"

Before I knew it I found myself patting the head of a strange boy whose name I didn't even know. His pleased look of surprise did me good and has followed me all day.

Room Ten and its teacher are certainly a mystery. The children are behaving wonderfully well. I should think it were my rattan, only I know she has not used it yet. I took pains to step over there this afternoon. It was so quiet that I thought it ought to be looked into. Who knew what improper methods such a child might use? I found her telling a story. Everyone was in splendid position and looked interested. I caught these words: "Act happy if you don't feel so, and before you know it happiness will come. Unhappiness is simply selfishness." (Such nonsense!) "Yes, children, it is a great thing first to try to make someone else happy and then, never mind how you, yourself, feel, to act as if you were happy yourself." Such nonsense for children! She is a strange girl, and her words have been going through my head ever since. I wonder if there is anything to them? "Act happy, make someone else happy, and happiness will come!"

Goodness knows I am unhappy enough. Happiness and I have never known much of each other. Can it be it has been my fault after all?

At noontime she came again. I might have known she would. She is that kind. She was there almost the first one, and before we knew it she was doing something for each one of us. Before, we had always grabbed for the two best chairs, and never thought how mean it seemed, but the way she offered those chairs to the two oldest of us before anyone else had had the chance to seize them was interesting. It was even more interesting to catch the sweet way we thanked her!

Sarah B—— had left her sugar downstairs. Before we knew it Number Five had tripped down three flights of stairs and was back with "Sweets to the sweet," in such a pretty little way we all laughed. It was a different kind of a laugh, too, from what is usually heard in that room.

Maria W—— started up to say, "The old man is meaner than ever." Number Five's innocent look of regret and sympathy and utter ignorance as to the identity of "the old man" with our honored principal, and the funny story she had at once to tell of a little boy's composition set us all to giggling again, but no one felt brave enough to break the charm by some other ugly remark. We are not so bad a set, after all. We merely are tired out and overworked. I don't know how she did it. She wasn't at all forward, neither did she monopolize the conversation, but she seemed so joyful and happy that not one of us cared to be ill-natured to mar it all.

When the bell rang we were surprised, for it had not seemed time for it.

"Act happy if you don't feel so, and before you know it, happiness will come." Strange how those words stick by one! "Try to make someone else happy"—pshaw—it is all well enough for that child to talk. *She* probably has never had a care or sorrow in her life. I want happiness bad enough, and if I can do it without trouble I don't object to making other people happy, but I am too old and fat and ugly to ever hope to do much in either direction now. I haven't had an easy life by any means. I know I am ugly and am getting uglier every day, but who could help it and go through what I have?

THREE MONTHS LATER

What a beautiful world this is! How true it is what Stevenson says—"Just to talk happiness does one good." Is it possible I am the same woman who first wrote in this diary. Yes, I am forty still and a little more. I am still fat, and my complexion is anything but fair, but thank God my disposition is improving. Neither have I quit teaching, but I am as happy as a queen, and I am a queen; for the first time in my life I am ruling my kingdom—that wonderful kingdom that He meant when He said, "The kingdom of Heaven is within you."

I love my work. Three months have made a great change, haven't they? There is still room for improvement, but I've made my beginning—and the little girl has done it all. From the moment I found out that, young as she is, she had been through more trouble than I had, I watched her. It didn't take me long to find out that she was different from me, very different. I couldn't help liking her better than I liked myself, and then I tried to be like her. It didn't come easy, but I persevered. First, I started in trying to smile mornings the way she did. Half the time I felt so ugly that I must have appeared like a grinning hyena, but it was wonderful how the effort helped me myself.

The next step was more difficult. She said she never let a boy or girl go away from her at night to whom personally she had not said some bright, cheery little word during the day. I waited three weeks before I dared to attack that job. Then what foolish things I said! Just "You've tried today, Tommie," or "How pretty blue looks on you, Bertha!" or "What a fine speller you are, Harry,"—foolish nothings but words which I reverently believe God transformed into pearls of wisdom, they have so changed my life. You see doing that all in five hours didn't leave any time for my scoldings!

Then our noon lunches! If you want an oasis in a wilderness come there. Some way instinctively everyone knows now all gossip is prohibited, and the nice things there are in the world that nine women can find to talk about are simply wonderful! I get blue, sometimes, of course, in just the same old way. Of course I do, but just as soon as I feel the symptoms, just so fast as I can I find some human being—man or boy, girl or woman. It is all the same, and by the time I have told him five times how happy at heart I really am, my heart knows its duty and bravely marches up to make good.

Tonight I feel as if my cup were running over. True, no president has returned to thank me for molding his clay, but Mike Donovan did call today. He is a salesman now in New York. He came, he said, to tell me that I had made an honest man out of him. Hurrah! the procession has started—presidents, lawyers and editors may fall in. Who knows?

Now, the pupils really act as if they liked me. They never used to, and it gives one a mighty comfortable feeling. Another happy thing—for the first time for weeks I have dared to step on the scales, and actually I have lost two pounds.

The best I have saved to the last. Sammy Skalatsky brought me a beautiful little rosebud tonight. It was a little faded, I know, but Sammy had done it up carefully in a piece of newspaper and handed it to me so timidly that the children all being gone I just hugged him on the spot. I remembered that his mother had died when he was a baby, and I couldn't help it. What do you think the dear boy said? His little lips trembled, but his eyes were very bright. "O Miss R——, why didn't God make you my mother? You are so beautiful."

Do you wonder that I am happy tonight? Did ever child give to teacher a bigger compliment? Me—ugly me, a worn-out school ma'am! "You are so beautiful. Why didn't God make you my mother?"

I'll confess that visions of the probable second Mrs. Skalatsky for a moment dimmed my vision and dulled my ecstasy—but only for a moment.

I may never see a president, but thank God, at last I am queen in my kingdom. I feel tonight I can never be really unhappy again, for to one child I am wearing the crown of ideal womanhood.

THE GAS PROBLEM
IN CHICAGO

By

W. C. JENKINS

INTEREST in the Chicago gas controversy has spread to every part of the United States. In that city important financial interests are at stake and principles are likely to be established that will act as precedents in the settlement of similar questions in every state of the Union. Having been in Chicago during the entire controversy and having watched with considerable interest the various moves made on the checkerboards of finance and politics, I cannot but feel that an analysis of the matters in dispute and the methods of procedure in bringing about a result will be interesting.

On February 14, 1911, an ordinance fixing the rate for gas at ninety-five cents a thousand cubic feet, with a ten-cent discount if bills were paid promptly, expired in Chicago.

In considering a renewal of the rate agreement, some of the aldermen favored the adoption of a graduating scale of prices, while others opposed it on the ground that the small consumer should not be compelled to pay more for gas than the larger user. Others thought that a flat rate is not scientific and maintained that the cost of supplying gas to the customer should be considered as the medium in fixing the price the customer should pay to the gas company.

During the early discussions it was suggested that the company should place at the convenience of the committee and its experts the books of the corporation and any other papers which would be required in the investigation.

The company in previous years has had unpleasant experiences as a consequence of permitting outside auditors to examine its books and records, and as such a privilege is not required by law, the officials took the position that it would only submit its books when the party selected to make the examination was considered entitled to their confidence.

The company was subsequently informed that William J. Hagenah, who had been one of the chief employes of the Wisconsin Public Utility Commission, had been selected to take charge of the investigation, and that access to the books was required in order that an intelligent report might be made to guide the action of the council. It was held out by members of the committee that they had great confidence in Mr. Hagenah and expected to accept his report as a basis for a new gas ordinance. Mr. Hagenah's standing and ability were investigated by the company, and it was decided to give him full and free access to all the books and records of the corporation.

At a meeting which was attended by the chairman of the committee, Mr. Hagenah and officials of the company, it was agreed that the information gathered by Mr. Hagenah would be treated in confidence, except that all necessary information should be contained in the report to enable the sub-committee to pass intelligently upon the merits of the case and to recommend to the council a price for gas which would be fair to all concerned. Totals might be used much in the same way as the Federal government treats information gathered by the Department of Commerce and Labor in its investigations.

It was the opinion of several members of the committee that the new rates should be based on cost of production and the earnings and investments of the company. This inquiry should take up the amount of the construction work, investments of all kinds and earnings and operating expenses.

Members of the committee would not declare themselves in favor of lowering gas rates, but simply said that the justice of the present schedule and what rates should be fixed for the next five-year period would develop from the inquiry. They asserted that the city had been lame in the past in allowing the public-utility companies to make their own investigations and issue statements for the city to accept.

Early in the investigation it became apparent that politics were to play an important part in the proceedings, and, from a business standpoint, the *Daily News* sounded this note of warning.

"Everybody knows that the municipality has the right to fix rates, and the reasonable way to do this is on a basis of what it actually costs the companies to produce service and the actual capitalization and investments.

"It is desirable that the price of gas be fixed solely on the basis of the conditions prevailing in the gas-making and distributing industry.

"To let the question run over into the city campaign and become an issue at the April election would be unjust to all interests."

From a political standpoint the Examiner ventured the opinion that "The people wish to have this matter widely and fairly discussed before an ordinance is passed. And they believe that, as a mayoralty election is close at hand, this question should be postponed until a city council, reinforced by a number of aldermen fresh from the people, may have a chance to consider the matter. We caution aldermanic gentlemen that any 'snap judgment' scheme to hurry through an ordinance will not be relished by their constituents."

Early in December a combination of individuals, under the alluring characterization "The Seventy-Cent Gas League," secured a charter from the state of Illinois. It was announced that the league intended to form an organization in each of the thirty-five wards and 1,482 precincts of Chicago that would make itself felt in any action with regard to the gas propositon in the council. It was stated that every alderman would be called upon to pledge himself to support the seventy-cent gas rate. If he refuses, it was declared, the fact will be used against him in his campaign for re-election.

Alderman Bauler, one of the principal champions of the seventy-cent gas proposition said: "Citizens should see their aldermen, impress upon them the importance of the question, and pledge them to a seventy-cent or lower rate. No alderman can furnish any excuse for refusing. Gas can be manufactured and sold for a profit for less than seventy cents, and a real investigation will prove this. There is good authority for saying that even at sixty cents the company would be making large profits. Now is the time to act. Now is the time when the council under a state law is to fix the 'reasonable price' for the next five years. Let the people see to it that they get what the law offers. Five years ago the gas question was not settled right. Eighty-five cents, according to Professor Bemis, an expert, is an extortionate price. In the sale of bonds the company brazenly boasts of its monopoly and huge earnings on what I believe to be watered stock."

The council appropriated $10,000 to be used by the committee in making an investigation preparatory to the passage of the new ordinance fixing the rate for another five years.

When the work was begun in October, 1910, seventeen expert accountants and engineers were employed, and it was understood that the investigation was to be thorough in every respect.

The experts must examine hundreds of thousands of books and papers and check over millions of items. They must make a thorough examination of the company's plants and place values on them and on its other property. They must figure on the company's capitalization and its indebtedness and must learn the operating expenses. Upon these facts must the rates be based.

Alderman Bauler and his political allies did not realize or care that in making the question of rates on the service of a public utility a football for party or factional politics, is to make honest corporation service difficult to obtain. They did not give consideration to the fact that clamor and guess work are usually the chief stock in trade of office-seekers, and that such means never promote industry, good government or even justice.

The most obtuse citizen could not fail to have been impressed with the farcical side of this campaign for seventy-cent gas because to anticipate the findings of the committee and to say in advance of its report that sixty cents, seventy cents or eighty cents is a fair price virtually was to declare the work of the committee to be idle and unnecessary. In effect the whole work of the league tended to subordinate the findings of a body of specially trained men, who had made a complete and thorough examination, to a man's private guess. Happily, however, the opinions of experts have more weight with courts than all the cunning arguments that are drawn from inferences and probabilities.

As a matter of fact no politician pretended that the demand for seventy-cent gas was based upon intelligent study of the subject, either expert or otherwise, and not a single convincing reason was advanced why the price should be seventy cents rather than seventy-five cents or some other rate.

In one of his political speeches Mayor Harrison is quoted as saying: "Seventy-cent gas is no unreasonable demand, and yet my insistence upon this point has subjected me to a criticism so sharp, so prejudiced, as almost to lead me to doubt the sincerity of the critics. In the face of all that has been said in the discussion, my views remain unchanged, and I am confident that when the city's experts shall have made their report, my position will be found to be unassailable and cheap gas will be won for the people."

Here was a virtual admission that he had no adequate basis for naming a specific figure. If he were merely expressing the opinion that the experts would find seventy cents to be a reasonable rate, his position would be less open to attack. But he went further. He and the men associated with him in the Seventy Cent Gas League required candidates for aldermen to pledge themselves absolutely to the seventy-cent rate and to vote for no higher in any event. This was clearly a demagogic attitude that reflected no purpose of honest policy or prudence. It involved a specific promise without an adequate basis. It was a campaign to carry a point of party and to satisfy a personal rancor.

TROUBLE TO BURN!

The seventy-cent gas cry was a political device, a campaign slogan and a vote-getting catchword. It had nothing behind it but politics, always a treacherous basis for rate-fixing. The proposition in effect invaded the rights of capital and at the same time offered an insult to the understanding of the people, who were compelled to listen to declamation without argument, strong assertions without proof, and violent censures without dignity or moderation.

The seventy-cent gas league issued a report giving the names of the candidates for aldermen who had subscribed to the pledge of the league. By the pledge each signed, in the event of his nomination and election as alderman, he took upon himself the following obligation: "I further declare that I will not in any case support an ordinance fixing the price of gas in the city of Chicago at more than seventy cents per thousand feet."

Shortly before Mr. Harrison's inauguration the Hagenah report was handed in to the committee, but no comment was made other than that it had been received.

After Mayor Harrison assumed office a new committee was appointed, consisting of some old and some new members of the council. A new sub-committee was formed, and Alderman Bauler, the seventy-cent gas champion, was made chairman.

In his report submitted to the council committee on gas, oil and electric light, Mr. Hagenah as chief investigator asserted that the company could sell its product at seventy-seven cents and still pay seven per cent interest to its investors with an annual surplus of at least $141,753. The saving of eight cents per thousand feet would mean, he estimated, to Chicago consumers, a saving of more than $1,250,000 a year, or about $7,400,000 during the five-year contract.

Considerable prominence was given in the report to the fact that the high candle power of gas furnished in Chicago increases materially its cost to consumers.

This was the third effort in ten years to drive the price of gas in Chicago below eighty cents. In Mayor Harrison's last previous term the council passed what is now characterized as the famous "seventy-five cent gas ordinance," which the company carried into the courts. Every tribunal up to and including the Supreme Court of the United States declared the ordinance void.

Under Mayor Dunne an investigation of several months ended in the passage of an ordinance establishing the eighty-five cent rate, which superseded the old rate of one dollar per thousand. Mayor Dunne vetoed the measures, but the council passed it over his veto almost unanimously.

The Hagenah report was manifestly unsatisfactory to the advocates of seventy-cent gas. They had lost a battle, but not the war, and were ready to renew hostilities.

"Well, I guess there are some more reductions that can be made somewhere and we'll find them and if it is necessary, we'll start over again," Alderman Bauler, president of the Seventy-Cent Gas League asserted. "I think we should pass at once an ordinance making the price of gas seventy cents. Then if the gas company thinks the price is unreasonable, it can start suit, and the entire question will be thrashed out. We will know in that way just what it costs to make gas in Chicago. I favor the passage of the ordinance at the next meeting of the city council if it can be prepared in time."

The primary mischief of the first magnitude which the new sub-committee perpetrated was to seek someone who would make a report on the gas question which would be more in harmony with the pre-election promises of the politicians.

Where could such a man be found? Some one suggested Edward W. Bemis of New York, and the entire sub-committee shouted "Bemis" in unison.

Mr. Bemis, it is claimed by public-utility men, is neither an engineer, nor an accountant, and the officials of the Peoples Gas Light and Coke Company assert he had no knowledge of the cost of manufacturing and distributing gas except what he may have gathered from the published reports of gas companies, or from reading the testimony of others in rate-regulating cases. Five years ago he appeared before the Gas Oil and Electric Light Committee of the Chicago Council on a previous rate-making controversy. He was testifying against the gas company, but he left anything but a favorable impression with the aldermen.

It is claimed that Mr. Bemis has been for several years picking up scattered information on public-utility matters. As no two gas companies that are not affiliated keep their books in the same manner or give their account headings the same names, Mr. Bemis has on several occasions become badly mixed when under cross-examination by gas company attorneys by referring to cases and precedents which proved nothing to the purpose, or in maintaining propositions which were either not disputed, or whether admitted or denied, were entirely indifferent as to the matter in dispute. He would attempt to apply every detail in other companies that was lower, to bolster up his argument, but

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②
WHEN YOU GET THERE PUT IT IN A SAFE PLACE AND KEEP IT AS THE GAS TRUST WILL HAVE TO PAY YOU A REFUND SOME DAY
③
FATHER DEARBORN
MACK

invariably refrained from applying details that were higher. Summing up a number of cases of lower details, omitting all reference to the higher ones, he would make his deductions regarding the cost to manufacture gas in the particular case under investigation.

At any rate, in conformity to the wishes of the members of the Seventy Cent Gas League, Mr. Bemis recommended an average price of seventy cents per one thousand cubic feet for the next five years. The proposed cut was divided as follows:

Seventy-five cents for the first year; seventy cents for the second, third and fourth years and sixty-five cents for the fifth year. Mr. Bemis declared these rates will enable the company to earn seven per cent for the next four years and six and one-half per cent for the fifth year.

To reach the desired rate all that Mr. Bemis found necessary was to reduce the amount allowed for working capital, cut down the cost of manufacturing gas, reduce the operating expenses, change the amount allowed for depreciation and eliminate altogether the allowance of about $9,000,000 which Mr. Hagenah made for going value. This position Mr. Bemis subsequently abandoned and allowed $10,000,000.

The Bemis report was recommended to the council by the committee, and on July 17, 1911, an ordinance was passed which embodies all the principal features of Mr. Bemis' findings.

Suspension of the ordinance was immediately demanded from Judge Gibbons in the Circuit Court by the Gas Company. Judge Gibbons issued a restraining order preventing the city from enforcing the ordinance which made the rate on an average of seventy cents for the next five years. Pending a decision in the matter the judge fixed the rate, which the company might charge its customers, at eighty cents per thousand cubic feet.

CHICAGO EVENING AMERICAN, MARCH 18, 1911.

The Professor in Politics

THE GAS PLANT IS INDIGENOUS TO THICKLY POPULATED DISTRICTS—THRIVES ON PUBLIC NECESSITY AND BLOOMS FREELY BUT PRIVILY—HARD TO CROSS WITH MUNICIPAL ECONOMY.
CIVIC PLANTS AND THEIR RELATIONS
HELLO PROF.
SPECIMEN BOX
ELECTRIC PLANT
GAS PLANT
TRACTION PLANT
WATER PLANT
PRACTICAL POLITICS
HARRIS

The Hagenah report, which was contemptuously ignored by the council, was worthy of consideration because its authorship commanded respect. It was awaited with much interest throughout the entire country as it was a problem of great importance. Every stockholder in a gas corporation was interested in the result of the Chicago investigation. Expert Hagenah realized that it was the largest gas investigation in the history of the world and he knew that in all probability it would end up in the courts. From the most selfish reasons he was anxious to present to the committee the most complete and thorough report that could possibly be prepared. He wanted it to be his best effort, something he could point to with pride. If he succeeded he could expect to benefit materially by having done a splendid piece of work. To doubt that he was not in a better position to recommend an equitable rate than Professor Bemis is to reject every evidence the human mind is capable of receiving.

The Peoples Gas Light and Coke Company of Chicago is considered the greatest gas-serving corporation on earth. It has been ready to show that its present physical equipment in Chicago represents an actual investment of nearly $80,000,000, and that figure does not include the franchise which is a perpetual one and probably worth many millions. The company was not satisfied with the Hagenah report because the officials contended he had taken out items amounting to millions of dollars from its investment accounts that properly belonged to them. The company could not understand why it should be asked to accept less than seven per cent on its investment when the street railway companies, in which the city stands in the attitude of a majority stockholder, gets ten per cent.

The question of what rate of return is to be taken in a property like the Gas Corporation of Chicago depends upon a great quantity of factors which are not found in the same relation in any two cases, and hence it is difficult to find precedents that are helpful.

So far as I am aware the question of what is a reasonable rate of return has never been considered by the courts. They have, it is true, on many occasions had before them the question of what constitutes confiscation, and they have been frequently called upon to examine into the question of what is that minimum of return which the investor must be permitted to receive in order that it may be held that his property has not been confiscated.

It has been suggested that the true method of determining in any case a reasonable rate is to apply the test of what probable rate of earnings must be shown in advance in order to obtain money for the enterprise; and to reach any satisfactory answer to this question it is essential to consider every surrounding circumstance which bears upon the conditions of business and particularly upon the character of the risk.

The gas business contains several elements of uncertainty, due largely to the constantly diminishing supply of the principal raw material for its manufacture and to the greatly increased competition of electric light corporations. These facts have a distinct bearing upon the rate of return to be permitted.

It is probable that the city officials of Chicago have a mistaken idea of the profits of the gas corporation of that city. They seem to have believed that they could arbitrarily fix such a price as they wanted because the company would be afraid to open up its affairs to the extent necessary to contest the matter in the courts. In other words, there was an element of "bluff" in the proceedings which the city officials felt sure the gas company would not call.

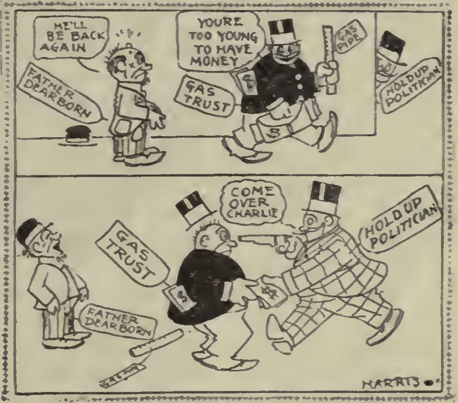
Not one person in a thousand knows the conditions surrounding the manufacture of artificial gas. Few people ever stop to realize that the public-utility company is a fixed unit in the community. It cannot leave. The manufacturers of almost every other commodity can pull up stakes and follow the march of industry wherever it might go. They are not obliged to stay when trade wanes and the population decreases. But in the case of a gas or electric light corporation it is as much of a fixture as are the monuments in the cemetery.

Then again, the idea seems to prevail that the larger the company and the more gas it sells the cheaper it can be produced. A moment's reflection will show where such a proposition would end. Carrying this theory into practice if it were possible, would eventually lead to a point where gas could be served without cost; and carrying it still further would place the corporation in the position where it would be paying its customers money to use the commodity, all of which is, of course, absurd.

It is true that a small gas company in a growing community will experience decreased cost of production per one thousand feet as the city grows and customers increase, but this is only true up to a certain limit. After this limit has been reached, there will be no reduction in cost of manufacture. Just where this line or limit may be placed is an open question, but it is generally conceded that it could not be placed at a higher daily output than five million cubic feet. As the gas company of Chicago manufactures fifty million cubic feet each day, it is plain that increased consumption offers no hope of relief from the drastic enactment of the common council. The suggestion that because the consumption of gas in Chicago is greatly on the increase, the price should be correspondingly reduced, is mere trifling and impertinence.

CHICAGO EVENING AMERICAN, FEBRUARY 10, 1911

"*Robbing the Robber*";
It's an Old Chicago Game



Maybe the Rector cafe holdup cooperators get their ideas from these

Another mistaken idea is that a lower rate increases consumption. Again this statement is not borne out by facts. When the price of gas was reduced in Chicago from $1.50 to $1.25 there was an increase in the annual consumption per customer. The same result was witnessed when the price was reduced to one dollar, and it may be accepted as a basis for calculation that, following reductions down to the dollar mark, an increase of consumption may be safely expected. But when gas gets below a dollar there is no apparent increase in consumption. Evidently people have gotten into the habit of using all they need at the dollar price so that any less figure does not tempt them to burn more. When gas was reduced to eighty cents in New York there was no increase in the consumption, the percentage of increase in the company's output being identical with the percentage of new customers.

In 1895 when the price in Chicago was one dollar the average annual consumption per customer was $30.84.

The following year, when the price was eighty-five cents the average annual consumption per customer was $27.90.

In 1907 the average rose to $28.69 and has remained about that figure ever since.

The gas business is one that requires immense capital owing to the large investment in pipes through the city streets and in the laterals to the customers' homes and business offices. This capital is not turned over several times a year as is the case with many business enterprises. It takes several years to turn over the capital of a gas company once. Therefore the amount of money which must be earned on each one thousand feet sold is considerable, in order to pay the interest on the investment alone.

It is also a fact that gas companies having a capitalization of five dollars per one thousand feet of their annual output are considered in the class of corporations whose real value is equal to their capital. With corporations which have a much smaller capitalization than this figure the conditions have been brought about by excessive earnings in previous years which have been used in the extensions, or otherwise charged off from the capitalization account; so that in certain cases, like many in Massachusetts, the value of the company's property is oftentimes twice the capitalization. The capitalization of the People's Gas Light and Coke Company of Chicago is in the neighborhood of $4.50 per one thousand cubic feet of annual sale, and therefore its real value will approximately equal its capitalization.

What a sorry plight we should place ourselves in before the nations of the world were we to give the actual facts regarding the losses in public-utility ventures during the last quarter of a century, and what a strange commentary upon our American system would be a presentation of the actual number of public utilities that are today serving their respective communities at less than cost.

Men who engage in public-utility ventures must prepare for events that will demand their utmost patience and arouse their warmest indignation. From political factions they can, as a rule, expect nothing but the worst. But the fair-minded citizen who gives credit where due will resent injuries to individuals even though they are perpetrated in the name of politics. He expects from reformers a proof, not only of their zeal, but of their judgment. The campaign for a reduction in the price of gas in Chicago was so shamefully injudicious, with regard to the methods, that it cannot but make the efforts of the seventy-cent gas league very questionable with the people the league pretended to serve. When they see a measure, excellent in itself, either not made the principal object, or extravagantly loaded down with conditions, palpably absurd or impracticable, they can easily satisfy themselves that the men who propose it are either insincere or willfully ignorant.

No one can object to an effort to get the rates of gas reduced, but every honest citizen can with consistency object to illogical and questionable methods to bring about the reduction.

The uncertain state of politics generally sets all the speculation of individuals at defiance. Men, oftentimes, come together by a sort of fortuitous concourse and do nothing but jostle one another. Sometimes measures are proposed that have the mark of sincerity, but the original creating case which drew the atoms into existence can generally be traced to a love for political distinction with its consequent emoluments.

Under our system of municipal politics the very circumstances which strike terror in financial circles are often such as inspire politicians with confidence and presumption. It is a matter for serious consideration to observe the growth of anti-corporation sentiments in this country. There is such a pernicious vigor in their vegetation, and such a rank luxuriance in their soil that when they seem to have been destroyed, they suddenly shoot up in some other place, under some other and perhaps more dangerous appearance. A fair and impartial consideration of questions at issue seems difficult to obtain—men apostatize from their principles and betray their constituents all for the questionable applause of an unreflecting element of the community.

The development of public-utility corporations of the United States has been phenomenal. Practically every hamlet in the country is today supplied with electricity and gas for lighting and power. This has been brought about by liberal policies which permitted a reward to recompense the hazards and the courage incidental to experimental days. As a result of this liberal policy, we have in this country telegraph lines, telephone and lighting service superior to any in the world. In the full belief that they saw recognition and appreciation the public-service corporation officials have extended their operations, pledging their credit and the credit of individuals to the extent of billions of dollars, believing that the temper of their patrons warranted the investments and as soon as patronage permitted they have voluntarily reduced their rates.

It is true there have been greedy and grasping corporations and many scandals have shocked the people. It is also true that prejudices and passions have carried the discussions beyond all bounds of respectability and reason, and whatever the original necessities may have been we cannot blind ourselves to the fact that a mistaken zeal for reform has been one of the greatest curses the financial interests of this country have been compelled to encounter.

In reading the history of honorable American public-service corporations whose rights have been invaded by a system of politics unknown in any other nation in the world, our feelings tell us they have been submissive even to the extent of a manifest loss of dignity. In Illinois the situation, at the present time, is alarming enough to arouse the indignation of every man who pretends to a concern for the public welfare. If the rate-fixing question needs discussion, let it be entered into with candor and decency. Respect is due the men who have invested millions in corporation securities as well as to the men who make a business of politics. If we see a corporation obedient to the laws, prosperous in its industry, respected in financial centers and furnishing a service that is not surpassed in any municipality on earth, we can reasonably presume that its affairs are conducted by men of ability, experience and honor. If, on the contrary, we see a rapid depreciation of physical assets, a loss of respect among bankers and investors and dissension in every department of the business we may pronounce, without hesitation, that the management is weak, distracted and in all probability corrupt. Under such circumstances politicians are justified in demanding an accounting; and the people can be relied upon for indorsement and support. This condition, however, does not obtain in Chicago; and yet in that city there is an extremity of political buncombe which, in itself, is calculated to drive capital to despair.

It is not the disorder, but the physician—it is not the accidents or uncertainties of business, it is the pernicious practices of a reckless political system—which casts discredit upon our methods of government. The laws which protect men in their civil rights grow out of the constitution and must fall or flourish with it, and hence the Chicago gas question is not the cause of the stock and bond holders of the Peoples Gas Light and Coke Company any more than it is the common cause of every citizen of this country.

The political gas rate makers of Chicago should pause to reflect that in the home of the Fourteenth Amendment, the courts are possessed of considerable powers and that they are still holding sessions. What they will do with the "guess ordinance" which was recently passed in the Chicago Council will form the subject of interesting comment in days to come.

* * *

"Knowledge is the knowing that we cannot know. The dull pray; the genuises are light."—*Emerson.*

LET'S TALK IT OVER

NEW YORK CITY'S simplified spelling board is fighting persistently for a less puzzling system of spelling "English as she is spoke," and its twenty-fifth circular embodies a very candid and logical speech made by William H. Maxwell, LL. D., superintendent of schools for New York City, at the fifth annual dinner of the board.

Frankly premising that "by training and temperament" he was "opposed to simplified spelling," he went on to say that it was a necessary innovation in view of the demand for individual improvement and social progress among the masses of people in the vast heterogeneous population of our cities.

But is it not going too far to sacrifice every tradition of scholarship and literature to the supposed needs of a horde of uneducated "foreners" who certainly need to undergo something of that educational "setting up drill" which all Americans have undergone in their childhood?

Is it wise to make the splendid accumulated literature of centuries a sealed book or at least an obsolete one to the very people who more than anything else need the uplifting power of mental exercise and training, and the inspiration of noble and helpful words?

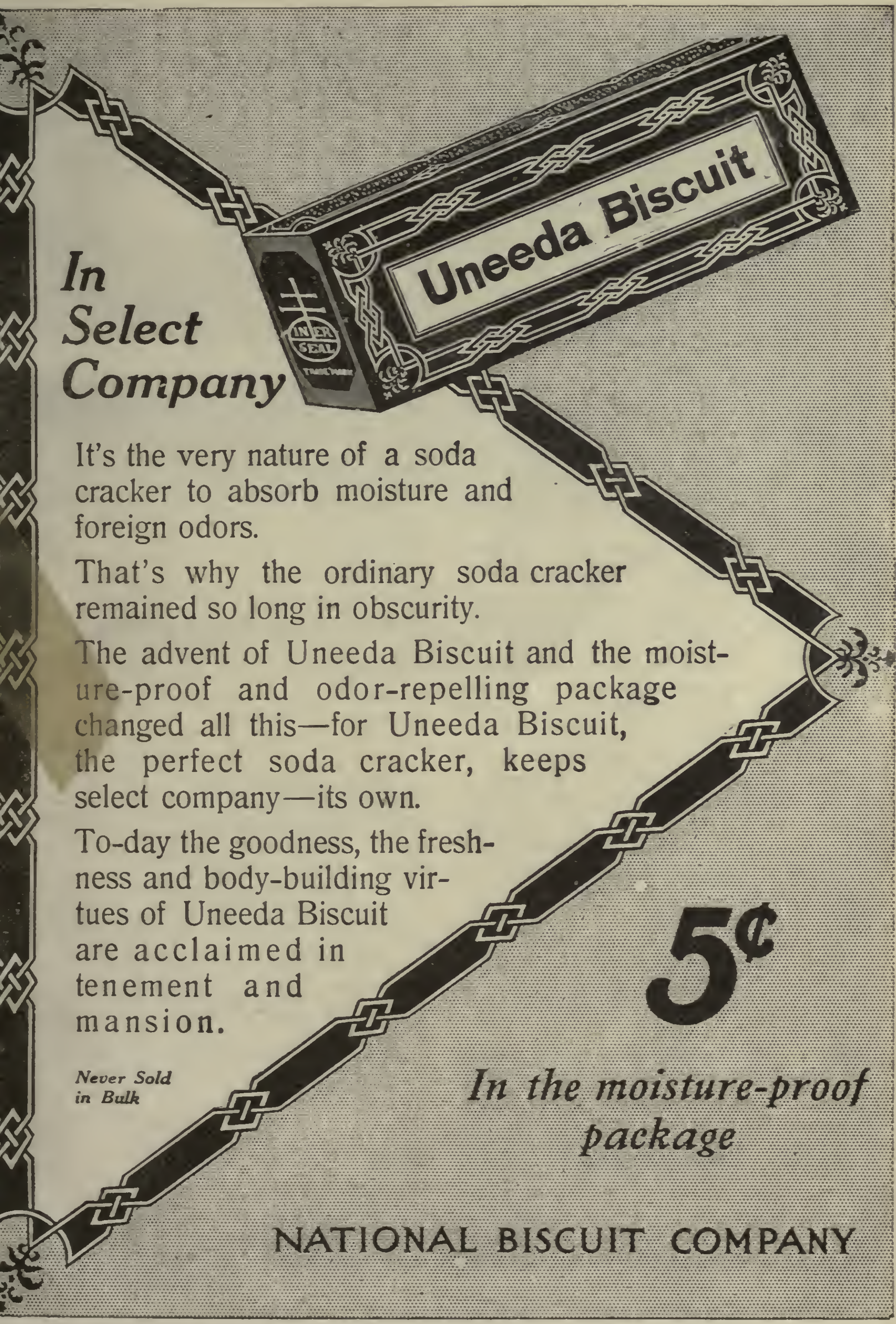
Every language has its own peculiarities —the French has its peculiar idioms, the German its agglutination of adjectives and cart-before-the horse arrangement of verbs, not to speak of an obsolete and puzzling alphabet, and yet equally radical changes in their languages in this interest of easier acquirement would cost millions in publications made obsolete and literature branded by the censorship of up-to-date philology.

It will be some time before Longfellow and Tennyson, Emerson, Pope, Dryden and Carlyle, Macaulay and Parkman—nay, the Bible itself—will be published in accordance with the views which embody the spelling affected by the most illiterate scholars of the existing regime.

* * *

THE little histories comprising the book of "Hard-Tack Tales" relate largely to the actual experiences of soldiers of the Civil War which, fifty years ago, called Northron and Southron to that great "Wager of Battle" which for nearly five years raged over hundreds of thousands of square miles of territory and along many thousands of miles of riverbank and seacoast, bringing into the field millions of brave men, and costing the precious lives of half a million combatants.

Nearly every public man who supported or opposed the contentions which then divided us have passed away. Scarcely one-fourth of our fighting men, chiefly the youngest and last to be called to the field, remain to tell of what was achieved, endured and suffered under the Stars and Stripes, or the Stars and Bars. Even the weapons, warships and tactics of our warfare are obsolete and almost archaic in comparison with those of modern warfare. Now "the white weapon," the knightly sword, pennoned lance and ruthless bayo-



In Select Company

It's the very nature of a soda cracker to absorb moisture and foreign odors.

That's why the ordinary soda cracker remained so long in obscurity.

The advent of Uneeda Biscuit and the moisture-proof and odor-repelling package changed all this—for Uneeda Biscuit, the perfect soda cracker, keeps select company—its own.

To-day the goodness, the freshness and body-building virtues of Uneeda Biscuit are acclaimed in tenement and mansion.

Never Sold in Bulk

5¢

In the moisture-proof package

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

net have little more than a sentimental value in modern armaments.

In Sir Walter Scott's "Waverley, or 'Tis Fifty Years Since," with all its revival of the days of Highland tartans, Andrea Ferrara claymores, Doune steel-butted pistols and Scottish feudal lore and pedigrees, the weapons and conditions were not further removed from the military experiences and equipment of his own day than those who witnessed the use of flint-lock and muzzle-loader, cutlass and boarding-pike, columbiad, Dahlgren and Rodman artillery, hand-grenade and brass howitzer, and indeed every weapon that seaman, soldier, or sportsman had carried for a century before.

Incidentally, it was the beginning of the end of that long and unsparing struggle between the Indian for his tribal domain and autonomy and the ever-increasing floodtide of Caucasian immigration and settlement. Not the least interesting features of these recollections deal with fierce border struggles and the fortunes of savage chiefs and famous Indian fighters.

A number of family traditions and historical gleanings of Revolutionary and Colonial achievement rescue from oblivion certain brave adventures by land and sea not previously made public. It is believed that the broader scope of this book, recounting the stirring scenes of march, battlefield and bivouac in all American wars, had made it of more absorbing value both to the general reader and those who may still wish to add to its attractions.

The comrades and foes of the great Civil War are to be congratulated that the time has come when both can appreciate the self-sacrifice, devotion and gallantry of American soldiery and say sincerely that a blow was well and gallantly struck, and that self-denial was sublime on either side of the bygone contest.

In all ages past the people find absorbing interest in border foray and ancient revolts and civil wars, so in the Great Republic we may be content to remember the strange providences and sore chastisements that brought a better appreciation of our country and of each other. From these "Hardtack Tales" the reader is assured that Southern fire and Northern endurance is always to work together in war and peace for a united nation. And as we cherish the mementos, the wars of the past, the sword and musket, the uniforms and documents, so these tales our fathers have told, recounted while the glow of memory recalls the blaze of campfire, the fatigue of march, and the tragic horrors of battle and skirmish, remain a common heritage.

* * *

OUR summer-time mail would indicate that HEART THROBS and HEART SONGS went along to country or seashore in many a suitcase. The sentiments expressed in these letters bear out our conviction that HEART SONGS should have a place on every piano, and that without HEART THROBS no library table is complete.

HEART SONGS brought back the old plantation, with its pickaninnies, the old black mammy, the big house, and the quaint, clean shacks, the country store with the "professor" and "colonel" and their audiences, grandmother and mother. It is truly a wonderful work.
C. D. B., New Bern, N. C.

HEART THROBS is a conscience reviver.
J. A. B., Jr., Albany, N. Y.

To say that I am well pleased with HEART SONGS is expressing it mildly. The book surpasses anything I have seen in its line.
Mrs. M. L. S., Glen Ferris, W. Va.

I have just had an opportunity of glancing through HEART THROBS and HEART SONGS. I recognized so many old-time acquaintances and friends that it seemed like a reunion of warm-hearted, inspiring friends.
F. A., Philadelphia, Pa.

Both books (HEART SONGS and HAPPY HABIT) are masterpieces in themselves, and treasures which any booklover should be proud to possess.
Mr. and Mrs. F. L. B., Yoncalla, Ore.

"I took the NATIONAL MAGAZINE and bought the books HEART THROBS and HEART SONGS and consider them the two best books I have secured. They ought to be in every family. The NATIONAL is my favorite magazine. Shall take it as long as I live."
Mrs. E. W., Alder, Mont.

* * *

TODAY the much-decried "militia system" of the several states would furnish at short notice one hundred thousand men, a very large proportion of whom

Lieutenant Santelmann and the United States Marine Band, familarly known as "The President's Own", who play at all musical functions, official and private, at the White House, also play for you at your pleasure if you have a Victor in your home.

Make up a program like this played by nine of the greatest military bands on earth:

5690	**Marsovia Waltzes**	**U. S. Marine Band**
16385	**Chimes of Normandy Selection**	**Pryor's Band**
	Poet and Peasant Overture	**Pryor's Band**
1183	**Washington Post March**	**Sousa's Band**
16473	**Dollar Princess Waltz**	**Victor Orchestra**
	Waltzes from A Chocolate Soldier	**Pryor's Band**
31831	**Cavalleria Rusticana Prelude**	**Vessella's Italian Band**
35000	**Carmen Selection**	**Sousa's Band**
	Freischutz Overture	**Sousa's Band**
31832	**Sakuntala Overture, Op. 13** (On sale July 28)	**Kryl's Bohemian Band**
31676	**Semiramide Overture**	**Police Band of Mexico**
4678	**Lights Out March**	**Pryor's Band**
5792	**Second Chasseurs March**	**Garde Republicaine Band of France**
5777	**Apache Dance**	**Black Diamonds Band of London**
16479	**"De Guardia" Two-Step**	**Royal Military Band of Madrid**
	Dance "Luis Alonzo"	**Royal Military Band of Madrid**

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are qualified marksmen, and represent at least two hundred thousand more who have passed from one to four years in the service, and are almost equally effective as sharpshooters.

Besides these, in spite of laws which in almost every state make it a crime for citizens to march and drill with weapons, there are probably over a million of men who are good marksmen with rifle and revolver, first-class horsemen and thoroughly used to "roughing it."

It is certain that not less then 1,250,000 men could be hurried to any threatened part in case of invasion, whose effectiveness as light infantry and cavalry would make it very uncomfortable for any invader seeking to occupy any part of Uncle Sam's domain, and there are millions more who would need no urging to form the reserve, which would "feed the fighting line" until not a man of the invading force was left to conquer.

* * *

THOMAS NELSON PAGE, the genial litterateur and author, got in a very neat thrust at the highly talented gentlemen who from time to time earn generous honorariums from certain magazines, by demonstrating how helplessly we shall submit to the Japanese invasion and occupation of our Pacific Coast.

Page was presiding at a banquet in Washington, and introducing General Wood, Chief of Staff, U. S. A., who was scheduled for a speech on the necessity of being prepared for war in time of peace. He concluded his graceful little address by saying:

"I am not, however, one of those who believe a certain people can come over here and gobble up half our country before the other half knows that they are doing anything but waiting on our tables."

* * *

EVERY time I pass a letterbox in Washington, Mr. John Marr's charming story concerning the initiation of letter-boxes and free mail delivery in the United States mail service comes to mind. Today through the modest letter-box on the corner in cities and the rural box on the highways, the people are brought into close touch with the physical equipment of the great government which moves on at Washington. A little more than a half century ago the letter-box was unknown. The inventor was Joseph William Briggs, nephew of a former governor of Massachusetts. As head clerk in the Cleveland post-office he studied the needs of patrons, and after correspondence with Postmaster-General Dennison upon the subject Mr. Briggs took a train for Washington, bearing a pasteboard model of the letter-box under his arm. The postmaster-general saw the merits of the plan and appointed Mr. Briggs as special agent to establish the letter-box and letter-carrier system.

The first letter-box was attached by clamps to a lamp-post that stood in front of a Cleveland drug store, and not a year had passed before fifty-two different cities had adopted the system. At that time people were accustomed to write letters on large foolscap sheets, which they took to the post-office to mail. The sender was asked whether the letter consisted of one or two sheets, and if two, the postage was doubled, regardless of weight.

Through Mrs. Mary Briggs Mastick, a reader of the NATIONAL, daughter of the man who invented this system which has meant so much in exploiting the national postal service, we have been able to secure a photograph of her distinguished father, whose enduring monument is seen in the letter-boxes scattered throughout the nation. His life study of mail service is an inspiring example of efficient, although unobtrusive patriotism.

* * *

THE diamond trust, with headquarters at London, claims that the yield of the diamonds mines as a whole is decreasing, that the Kimberley has practically exhausted its supply of large gems and has limited the productions whenever there was any sign of weakness in the market.

While the numbers and output of the diamond cutters of the world have greatly increased, prices have continued to advance on all large and perfect diamonds, which are said to be from ten to twelve per cent higher than a year ago. Diamonds if bought at wholesale price are a pretty good investment.

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bottled beers has been earned by Anheuser-Busch for ***"The Old Reliable"***

Budweiser

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St. Louis, Mo.

THE HOME

ANN RANDOLPH is at our women readers' service on any subject that may come within the offices of the NATIONAL'S *Home Department. Replies to general questions will be printed unless otherwise requested; particular inquiries will be personally answered.*

FADS may come and go, and the no-breakfast plan, which has gained so many followers in all parts of the country, seems now to have "gone out," for a time at least. Mrs. E. D. writes me that she "tried it first to reduce weight," but after six months of faithful starvation—"and a morning's housework to do"—the scales show only a three-pound loss. And who can say that this decrease was not due to the change from winter to summer clothing?

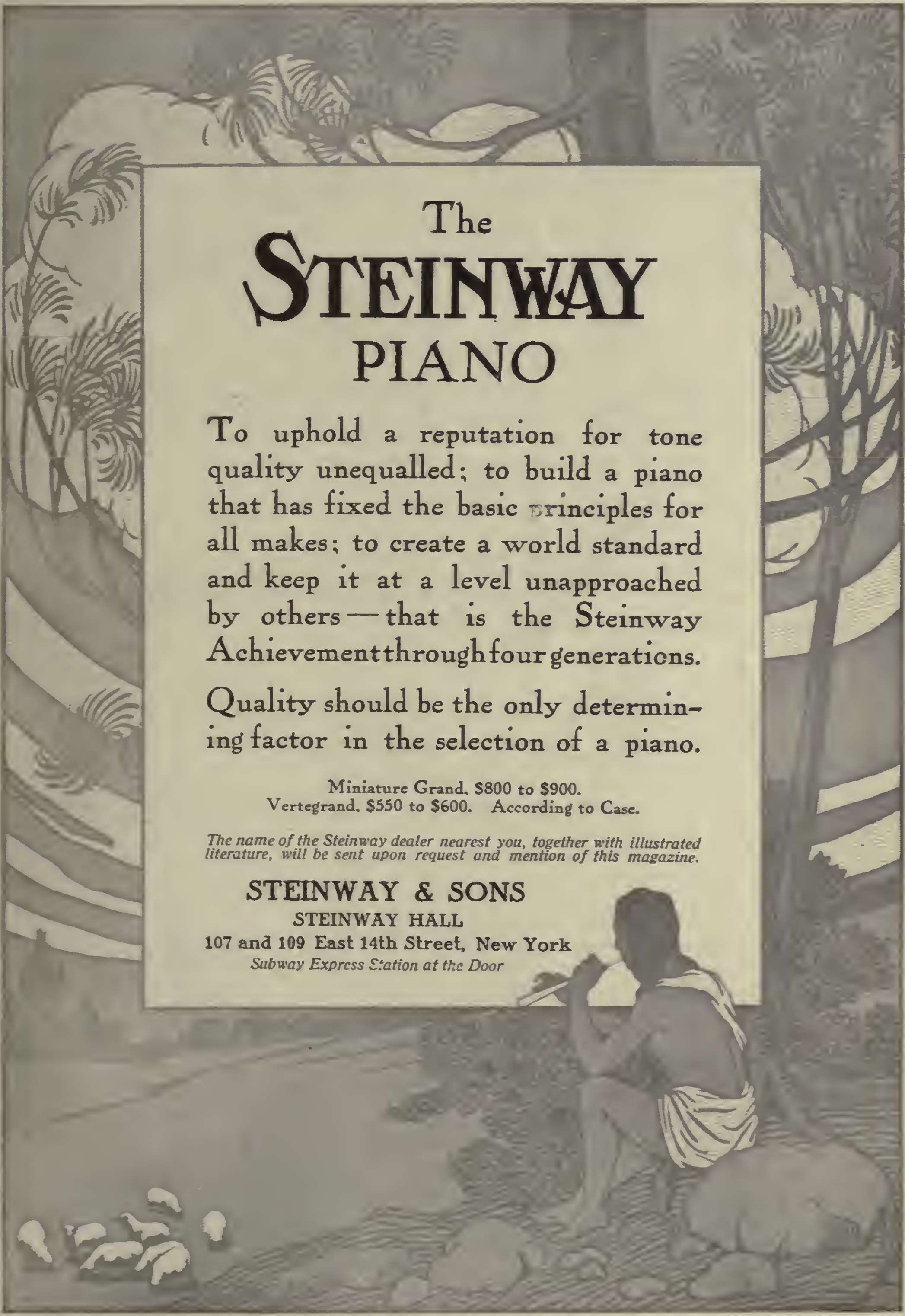
Now Mrs. D. has "cultivated her stomach," so that she no longer craves for food in the morning, but along comes her doctor to remedy the indigestion for which she cannot account, and orders that she "eat a good breakfast." He points out to her that the stomach rebels against absolute emptiness from six in the evening until twelve the following day.

This sounds logical enough, and Mrs. D. may well believe that the stomach is indeed an unpromising object for "cultivation" such as is not in accordance with natural laws.

INDEED no, Bessie M., our Home Department's "policy" is not "against the discussion of health and beauty hints"; quite the contrary. But there is such a flood of this "health and beauty" literature pouring in upon us from all sides that I fancied our women had assimilated as much of it as was possible. Therefore I have personally answered all inquiries of this nature.

A friend who conducts the "Beauty Column" of a certain daily told me the other day that one week she received two hundred queries for a skin purifier. Requests for skin bleaches, cures for tan and sunburn, nail polishes, and freckle removers average about a hundred a week, she estimated.

Horace Mann declared in one of his most famous essays, "I wage no war against wealth"—nor would it be wise for us to wage war against "beauty hints," for we have been learning and reading and believing always that the first duty of every woman is to look as well as she can. But the Beauty Column editor said "Bah!" to this and insisted that she agreed with a



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Vertegrand, $550 to $600. According to Case.

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certain quotation of Turgenev's, to which other women might say "Bah!"

It may be that the two hundred skin-bleach requests had got on the Beauty Editor's nerves; perhaps she had written "dimpled fingers," "dainty feet" and "peach-blown cheeks" too many times that day, or she may have had a plain "grouch." But Bessie M. should have seen her stamp her own very dainty foot as she snapped, "If they'd look—to their digestions—they wouldn't want—skin purifiers."

* * *

WHAT is the most forceful story you ever read? A party of teachers were discussing the subject on one of the boats going out from Boston harbor. As arguments for one or another favorite waxed fierce, many fellow-passengers became interested and joined in the conversation. Balzac, De Maupassant, Dante and Poe seemed to be the most popular authors of the "thrillers," for the question, you understand, was not as to one's favorite story, but rather as to the work that had made the deepest impression.

Tongues were in a frightful tangle between French, Italian, German and Russian when someone suggested a consideration of forcefulness in our own fiction. Oh, yes, some of Poe's weird tales were impressive—but general opinion maintained that Anglo-Saxon literature seldom "carried away" the reader.

A little old lady who sat inside deck could stand this rank disloyalty no longer. "Have any of you ever read Kipling?" she burst out—*"Rudyard Kipling?"*

Why, certainly—Kipling wrote "The Recessional" and some Indian stories.

"Exactly," she agreed, "and one of those stories has a force that no piece of foreign fiction ever surpassed. You may shake or shudder or shiver at 'La Grande Breteche' or 'The Horla' "—glancing toward the admirers of Balzac and De Maupassant—"but the man or woman who can read 'The Light that Failed' without a real heart emotion—that man or woman is not to be impressed."

There was a tear in her eye as she picked up her magazine and walked quickly toward the lower deck. I had been sitting quietly in a corner jotting down the approved "thrillers." Since then I have covered them all, and I have found nothing more "impressive" than "The Light that Failed."

* * *

VACATION days are nearly over for our boys and girls, but it is to be hoped that they will not forget the Alphabet drawings, and that many of our young artists will try their hands at illustrating the verses of E. F. and G.

And then Old Ketchum wandered on until down by the sea
Just ready to go in to bathe was great, three-legged "E,"
Who sat erect upon the ground just like a big white hare;
Old Ketchum put it in his bag and fastened it with care.

He looked around a long, long time till he thought "nothin' lef',"
But Ketchum was mistaken, for just then a slim, trim "F"
Was standing like a German stork behind a great big nest,
And Ketchum gathered it in, too, and put it with the rest.

Old Ketchum took a sailboat then and cruised around at sea,
And there he found, a-floating 'round, a great big letter "G,"
He hitched a tow-rope to it and pulled it to the shore,
And to his list of letters there was added this one more.

* * * *

LITTLE HELPS

TO SAVE A PLUMBER'S BILL

By Helen K. Norton

When the kitchen sink gets stopped up put a tablespoonful of baking soda in the pipe, then pour in two tablespoonfuls of vinegar, closing the pipes immediately with a close fitting stopper and you will find that the gases will open the sink pipes at once.

TO REMOVE MILDEW

By J.

To remove mildew from fine white material, make a thick paste of table salt and buttermilk; cover the spot with it and put in the hot sun for a day, renewing the paste at the end of four hours; if obstinate, repeat the next day.

"The more women know about babies the better babies we will have" said President Wm M'Kinley

IF YOU LOVE A BABY

READ

"The New Baby"

The following are vitally interesting chapters. "The Expectant Mother," first symptom, proper diet, clothing, exercise, etc., by Thomas M. Acken, M. D.,—"Care Baby Needs," feeding and hygiene, by William L. Stowell, M.D.—"Baby's First Tooth" and the other thirty-one, by Stephen O. Storck, D. D. S.,—"Things You Can Make or Borrow," how to prepare for the new baby, by Sarah J. Keenan, a maternity nurse for twenty years without ever losing a baby.—"Schedule of My Baby's Day," showing just what to do, by Eva James Clark, a mother.

In addition are 433 illustrations of baby's clothes, toys, accessories, in fact everything for a child from birth to five years, and how to get them direct from the manufacturers, at lowest prices.

By special arrangement with the publisher, we can send you an advance copy of "The New Baby" if you will send us your address and 25c.—ADDRESS—

Home Editor
NATIONAL MAGAZINE
Boston, Mass.

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DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD'S
ORIENTAL CREAM
OR MAGICAL BEAUTIFIER

Purifies as well as Beautifies the Skin. No other cosmetic will do it.

Removes Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth Patches, Rash and Skin diseases, and every blemish on beauty, and defies detection. It has stood the test of 62 years; no other has, and is so harmless we taste it to be sure it is properly made. Accept no counterfeit of similar name. The distinguished Dr. L. A. Sayre said to a lady of the *haut-ton* (a patient): *"As you ladies will use them, I recommend 'Gouraud's Cream' as the least harmful of all the Skin preparations."* For sale by all druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers.

GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL TOILET POWDER

For infants and adults. Exquisitely perfumed. Relieves Skin Irritations, cures Sunburn and renders an excellent complexion.

Price 25 cents, by mail.

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Removes superfluous Hair. **Price $1.00. by mail.**
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No heat, solder, cement or rivet. Any one can use them. Fit any surface Sm
Sample box, 10c. Complete box, assorted sizes, 25c, postpaid. Wonderful opportunit
live agents. Write today. Collette Mfg. Co., Box 1176, Amsterdam,

CHEAP MUCILAGE

By Mrs. E. H. Rollins

The gum that is often found on the branches of cherry trees, placed in a small quantity of water, will gradually dissolve and make a good mucilage.

For a Bolster

One who has been bolstered up in bed with quilts, pillows or chairs, will appreciate a bolster made by stuffing a large sack, burlap is good, with straw or hay; it does not slip and is very handy.

A New Ointment

An excellent ointment for burns, cuts or other such injuries, is made by mixing five cents worth of wintergreen oil in a ten cent bottle of vaseline.

Set the bottle of vaseline in a dish of warm water till well melted; with the handle of a teaspoon or other smooth instrument, stir the wintergreen oil in thoroughly, then cool.

Pie Crimper

A common large screw makes an excellent pie crimper if pressed firmly into the edge of the crust.

A CURE FOR WARTS, WITHOUT LEAVING SCARS

By E. Latta Lutes

Many remedies for warts have been suggested, but the surest, and one which is absolutely painless, and leaves no scars, I have never seen in print, and that is, oil of cinnamon. Get five cents worth of the oil, touch each wart two or three times a day with a drop of oil on the end of a toothpick, and within four or five weeks at the longest, the warts will shrink away and disappear entirely and for good, leaving no soreness or scars of any kind. If the oil gets on the flesh around the wart, it does not do any harm, beyond a slight burning sensation. It can be applied at any time, after washing the hands or when most convenient, and I have never known it to fail.

WATERPROOF SOLES

By H. P.

A simple and effective way to waterproof the soles of boots and shoes is to warm a little beeswax and mutton suet together until they form a liquid; then rub some of it lightly over the edges of the soles for the space of an inch or so and it will repel the wet.

For the Bathroom

To remove unsightly marks caused by drippings from the faucets in bath-tubs and basins, nothing is better than pulverized chalk, moistened with a little ammonia; apply with an old tooth brush and they will quickly disappear.

A NEW TOASTER

By Mrs. Caroline Vinton Henry

There is no better way for toasting bread than by placing in a corn-popper; lay slices on the bottom and hold over the hot coals; the long handle enables one to stand back from the heat. In this way small scraps can be toasted quickly and easily.

A Work-Basket Hint

Keep in your work-basket several large-sized safety pins and use them to string loose buttons, hooks and eyes, etc. Keep those of the same size on the same pin; keep black hooks and eyes on a black pin and white ones on a white pin, etc. Thus you will never be delayed by not being able to find instantly that for which you are looking. Fasten the pins on the lining of your basket.

HOOK AND EYE HINTS

By Grace Brown

When sewing the hooks and eyes on the placket of a skirt, sew one pair at the very bottom, fasten them and crush them flat. This will keep the placket from ever tearing or ripping at the end. On a wash dress the eyes should be sewed on the upper flap and the hooks on the lower. The top flap can then be ironed flat, without the little lumps left by ironing over hooks.

In working on heavy materials, alternate the hooks and eyes—first one eye, then a hook on one flap, with first a hook and then an eye on the other. This method will hold the dress shut and save much discomfort and embarrassment.

TO KEEP THE IRONING BOARD CLEAN

By Mrs. R. A. H.

Make two slips (like pillow-slips), out of heavy unbleached cotton cloth; at the open end sew tape, four pieces, six inches long; then slip case on board, tie tapes and it will fit nice and smooth. When that one is soiled the other is ready.

To Prepare Dried Peaches

Take quantity desired, pour boiling hot water over, let stand till cool. The skins will slip off like beets, and it does away with that "fuzzy" feeling that so many dislike.

MINCE MEAT A LA MODE

By Mrs. W. J. Snell

Chop fine four quarts of green tomatoes and cook in water half an hour. Add two cups sugar, one pound of raisins, two-thirds cup of vinegar, one teaspoonful of cloves, also cinnamon and nutmeg. Add a pound of currants, if liked. Cook together and seal in quart cans for use. This mincemeat is very fine and something new.

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Oswego Serge—for men's attire depends not on fashion's whims. It is a staple fabric and worn through all seasons.

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NEW USE FOR CHLOROFORM

By Margaret M. Kenney

For cleaning white kid gloves, chloroform is wonderfully satisfactory. Wet a piece of white stockinette or of ribbed undervest material with the chloroform (closing bottle instantly to prevent evaporation) and rub the cloth rapidly over a part of the glove, continuing the process of wetting cloth and rubbing glove until the latter has all been cleaned. You will find it as soft and white as when new. This is quickly done, leaves no odor and the glove is uninjured. The best professional cleaners use something that causes injury, so that often after their first cleaning, gloves tear so they cannot be worn again.

I discovered the above myself, and it has been of the utmost satisfaction to me personally. Others may know about it and have used the method, but no one to whom I have mentioned it had heard of it.

I removed a score or more of candle-grease spots that were splashed over a fine gray cloth spring coat by scraping off the thick candle grease, then using blotter and hot iron (which spread it and made it like any ordinary grease-spot, but would not remove it), then rubbed the spots with soft rough cloth wet with chloroform, and all trace of them wholly disappeared.

Chloroform is also the best thing I have ever found for removing grease spots, as it quickly removes every trace of grease and leaves no water mark. Rub the edges dry, however. I have used it with perfect success on spots that soap and water had no effect whatever upon.

INDIVIDUAL SHORT-CAKES

By Mrs. S. G. B.

Among the many recipes being published just now, in the magazines and papers, for that most delicious of all desserts, the strawberry shortcake, I find none quite so dainty and good as the following:

Make a rich baking-powder biscuit dough, roll very thin and cut with a large-sized biscuit cutter; soften a little butter and spread each piece, placing two buttered sides together, thus avoiding the use of a knife to cut them open; bake in a quick oven; when done, open each biscuit and spread crushed and sweetened strawberries on the lower half; cover the buttered side of the other half with whole or split berries and powdered sugar and put on top; place on a pretty dessert plate and use plain cream instead of the whipped.

A Dainty Sweetmeat

A dainty sweetmeat may be prepared from the thick skin of the grape fruit which is usually thrown away.

Carefully remove the tough and bitter parts and prepare as you would orange rinds for crystallizing and cook in the same way.

TWO BAKING HELPS

By Irena Edwards

Grease with butter basins in which puddings, macaroni, etc., are baked and save much trouble in washing them.

In baking puddings, etc., set the basin containing them in a larger one of water (put some nails, a knife or something of the kind in so pudding pan will have water under it). The pudding will cook without drying up and wasting so much; if the oven is very hot, cover until nearly done.

For the Pie

Rubbing sweet milk over top of pies before baking improves their looks wonderfully.

New Way to Cook Liver

Roll liver in flour, then cook in deep fat (like you would cook doughnuts) until nearly done; then put in a kettle that has a tight cover, add a little boiling water, and steam for fifteen minutes. Liver cooked that way is a delicacy.

PUTTY KNIFE

By Mrs. Fred Gilbert

I find a putty knife in my kitchen such a convenient article for scraping pots, pans, or any flat surface, that I would not be without one for any consideration, and I am sure, if the National readers would try one, they would feel the same.

To Dye Goods

A very easy way to dye small articles, such as ribbons, lace or stockings, is to take crepe paper, the color desired, cut off a small piece and put in a pan of water, either cold or warm; dip in a piece of cloth first, to see if it is the shade desired; add more water if too deep, or more paper if too light.

HOME-CLEANSED GLOVES

By J. H. L.

Add a drop or so of oil of cedar to naphtha or gasoline used for cleaning gloves and they will not have the very objectionable odor after airing that "home-cleansed" articles always have.

Castor Oil for Plants

If a fern does not thrive, add fresh earth and dig a trench all around the outer edge near the pot and pour in castor oil; it does remarkable work in putting new life and vigor into the plant; the same treatment is good for rubber plants.

AN ONION HINT

By Bertie Norrell

I find onions can be prepared for cooking quickly and easily by pouring hot water over them; cut the roots off and peel toward the top; slice from the top toward the root across the grain.

Quality
Is
Economy

"He is thrice armed that hath his quarrel just."
—Shakespeare.

Our quarrel is with the idea that cheaply-made, cheaply-sold varnish is economical.

Pine costs less than hickory, but it is not economical in buggy spokes and axe handles.

Green lumber is cheaper than seasoned, but is not economical in pianos and violins.

Pot metal costs less than silico-manganese steel: not economical in motor car springs.

When you speak of economy you mean price in its relation to use.

Murphy Varnish has the fineness of silico-manganese, the seasoning of violin lumber, and the endurance of hickory.

It lasts two or five or ten times as long as the varnish of lower or much lower or lowest price.

The Varnish That Lasts Longest

Murphy Varnish Company
FRANKLIN MURPHY, President
Associated with Dougall Varnish Company, Limited, Montreal, Canada

NEWARK, N. J.
CHICAGO, ILLS.

MINCE PIE RECIPES

By Patience

I hope someone will try my recipe for mince-meat; it is inexpensive, only calls for suet, and is very nice.

Two pounds of apples, pared and chopped; three-fourths pound beef suet, minced fine; one pound each of currants and raisins; one-fourth pound citron, if you like it; a tablespoonful each of cinnamon and allspice; one teaspoonful cloves and two of salt; two pounds brown sugar and nearly a half pint of vinegar; it depends upon the quality of the vinegar about the quantity to be used; if strong use some water and seven or eight drops of extract of rose.

A Delicious Combination

Sometimes when you do not know what to get for dinner, but want something tasty, hot and nutritious, try this:

Pick over one pint of white pea-beans and parboil as if to bake, then drain and cover well with boiling water and stew steadily; when about half done, put in two or three slices of salt pork and a little later add one-fourth cup of rice, or more; serve with crackers or bread and you will have a dish both delicious and nutritious, and one the most delicate stomach can digest.

For the Lamp-Burners

Those who live in the country and have to depend upon kerosene for light, need to keep the burners in the best possible condition. When they get black place them in a basin and pour over them the water in which you have parboiled beans; place on the stove and boil two or three hours; scrub with a brush, and if that does not remove all the black, use a knife and it will scale off; put in new wicks and you will find them as good as new.

FOR THE KID GLOVE

By Alice Campbell

In a damp climate where kid gloves mould and spot, they can be kept in perfect condition by placing in a glass jar with the top screwed on tight to exclude the air.

For the Iron

Save soap wrappers to rub smoothing irons on while ironing, as it keeps them in good condition.

FIG SANDWICHES

V. V. H.

Remove stems and finely chop one-half pound of figs, add one-fourth cupful each of sugar and boiling water, and a teaspoonful of lemon juice. Cook in a double boiler, stirring constantly until of the right consistency to spread, then cool. Spread on thin slices of buttered bread, sprinkle with finely chopped peanuts and cover with pieces of buttered bread.

GELATINE DESSERT (Original)

By Mrs. Oscar McCartor

One package gelatine in one cup cold water, and soak for ten minutes. Add three cups of boiling water and let cool. Add one quart strawberry preserves, juice of two lemons, one-half cup sugar. When it begins to jell add beaten whites of two eggs. This fills fifteen sherbet cups. Serve with whipped cream.

Cleaning Zinc Table Covers

I want to tell the ladies the very best way to clean zinc table tops. Wash with vinegar until the stains are off. Wipe off and scour with any scouring material.

To Clean Gold Chains

For cleaning fine gold chains, put the chain in a dish of wood alcohol and let soak half an hour, then brush until perfectly clean.

Gasolene Circle

To prevent a circle showing when using gasolene in taking out spots, put a piece of blotting paper under the cloth before the gasolene is applied.

Useful Suggestions

Be sure to stitch your summer silks over strips of newspaper to keep the stitching from drawing. The paper comes off easily. You are well repaid for your trouble.

To Remove Machine Oil Stains

My husband got his shirt sleeve soaked in machine oil and by washing it in coal oil the stain was entirely removed.

HOW TO SWEEP A ROOM

By Damariscotta

Wet and drain thoroughly several whole newspapers, dust and remove the furniture, then spread a row of the damp papers across the room, about six feet from one side; sweep toward the paper; then move them along and sweep the next strip; you will not have to wait for the dust to settle, for there will be none.

How to Black a Stove

Sisters, do not "black" the kitchen stove! Wash it off every day with clean soap and water and it will be black and smooth and shiny and your hands will be clean.

A Delicious Pie

This is for those who have trouble in keeping the juice from boiling out all over the oven.

Put the apples in the crust in the usual way; sprinkle with water and put on the upper crust, *not* sticking the edges together; while it is baking, make a syrup of three-fourths cup sugar and two spoonfuls of water; when the pie is done, lift off carefully the upper crust; add spice and bits of butter and turn over the syrup; replace the crust and you will have a pie fit for a king.

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